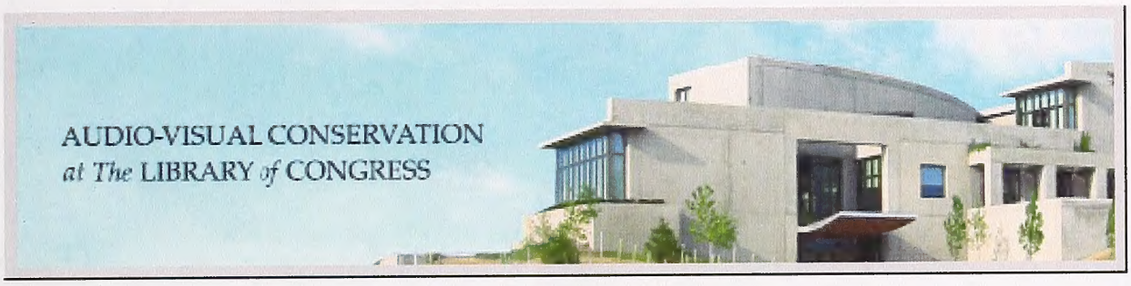
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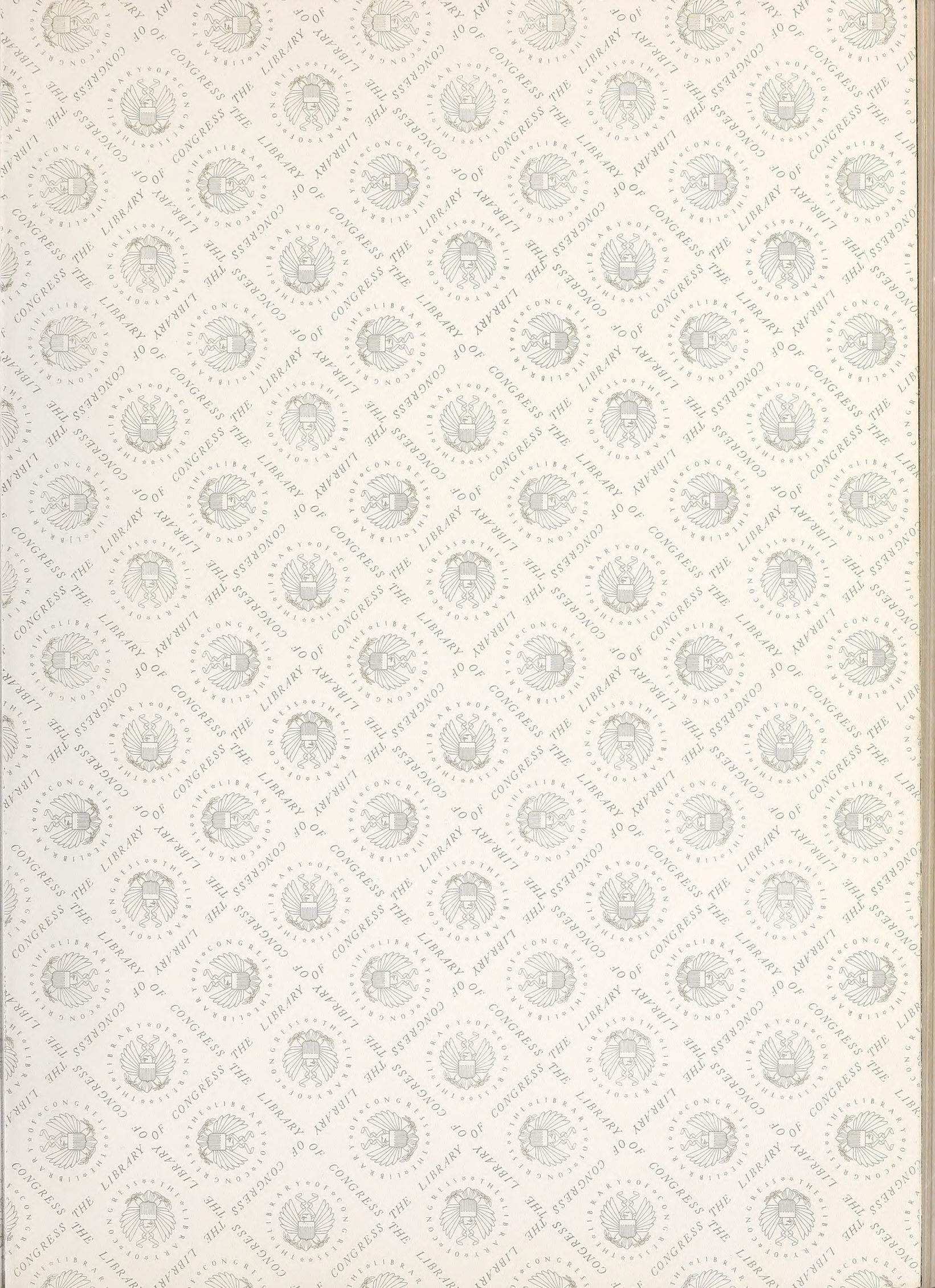
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FEATURE NO FAN SHOULD MISS BY FANNIE HURST

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

FEBRUARY

JAN - 3 1933
1933
JAN 27 1933



Bette Davis

HOLLYWOOD IN 1933
an Uncanny Prophecy

The Strange History of
"FRANKENSTEIN" KARLOFF



He took them from his mad menagerie...nights were horrible with the screams of tortured beasts...from his House of Pain they came re-made... Pig-men... Wolf-women . . . thoughtful Human Apes and his masterpiece—the Panther Woman throbbing to the hot flush of love.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

From H. G. Wells' surging rhapsody of adventure, romance and terror, "The Island of Dr. Moreau" with CHARLES LAUGHTON
BELA LUGOSI
RICHARD ARLEN
LEILA HYAMS—AND THE
PANTHER WOMAN

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Her Hats are the Last Word
But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums . . .
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

PEOPLE glance at her hat and think, "How smart!" Then—they glance at her face—and see her dingy-looking teeth. Are *your* teeth bright? Are *your* gums firm?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile are *all* in danger!

For "pink tooth brush" not only may lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but may be a threat to the polish of your teeth.

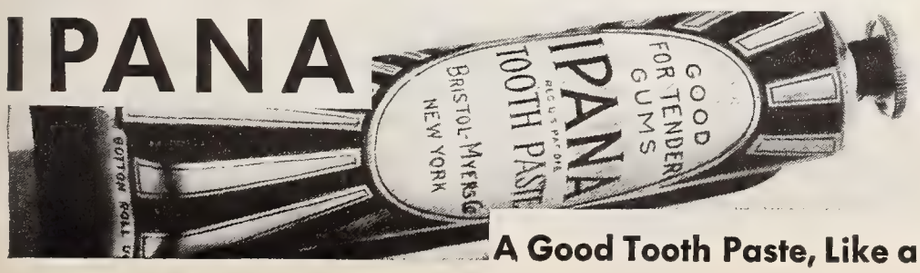
Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink Tooth Brush" will depart.

IPANA



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

Jan. 3, 193

This Month in MODERN SCREEN

MODERN SCREEN

These famous authors give you their very best



Fannie Hurst, *certainly one of the most famous of all famous writers, is more than welcome to the pages of Modern Screen. We're proud to add her name to our list of illustrious writers. Read what she has to say (on page 22) about the movies as they are today—and their new maturity.*



Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing Prison, *wrote a book called "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," from which a fine movie was made. Now, for the benefit of all of you, Warden Lawes writes a fascinating article which tells how the men in Sing Sing react to the movies which they see on the screen there. You'll be both surprised and intensely interested. It's on page 28.*

Faith Baldwin, *our regular contributor, has some fine sentiment to express concerning the amazing courage—and we mean both moral and physical—of Clara Bow. It all starts with an incident about a poisonous snake which occurred on the "Call Her Savage" set. You'll learn some amazing facts about Clara's life in this article. And it's written as only this writer can do it.* (See page 26.)

Katherine Albert *has an amazing story to tell about Connie Bennett. If you are one of those people who believe that Connie is utterly cold and hard—well, read this. It will have an amazing effect upon you. Page 36.*

Besides that there are our old standby fan writers—Caroline Somers Hoyt; Harry Lang; Carter Bruce; Walter Ramsey; Curtis Mitchell; Charles Grayson; Helen Louise Walker, and Virginia T. Lane among others. And, of course, our regular Beauty, Recipe, Gossip and other Departments.

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Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, Associate Editor **Walter Ramsey, Western Representative**

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NO MORE HARD-WORK WASHDAYS FOR HER!

by D'ALTON VALENTINE



"It's more economical," says Mrs. W. J. Neeld of Williamsport, Pa.

"RINSO is such a big help around the house. And it's more economical than other soaps. With one big box I washed the dishes 7 times, sinks and tubs 3 times, floors 6 times and all these clothes:

14 doilies
2 bedspreads
3 bureau scarfs
7 face cloths
10 napkins
12 pillow cases
8 sheets
9 luncheon cloths
44 towels
27 handkerchiefs
12 pieces children's underwear
8 children's nightclothes
10 house-dresses
4 nightgowns
11 aprons
24 pairs socks
8 pieces underwear
4 nightshirts
4 pairs pajamas
28 shirts

A little Rinso gives a lot of thick suds that soak out dirt—*even in hardest water.* That saves the clothes—saves your hands, too. Rinso is great in washing machines. Great for dishes—and *all cleaning.* Get the BIG box.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

Millions use Rinso—it's so easy on the hands

BEAUTY ADVICE

By Mary Biddle







(Left) How far apart should your eyebrows be? Anita Page shows you. (Right) The upper and lower pictures show the side-front and back of Minna Gombel's new bob. Note the flat, smart line at the center back and the clever way the ear tip is partly concealed.

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. You may write more than once if you like. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope please

MAKE-UP, this month. That's what we're going to talk about. For several past issues, I've been drilling you on more important subjects like proper care of the skin—how to attain loveliness and smartness on practically no money—and on how to attain the same things if nature gave you precious little real beauty to start with.

So now I think it's time we had a little fun. The winter party season is with us. And we'll just sit in front of our well-lighted dressing tables for a while and put all kinds of cosmetics on our faces and see what the effects are. Then we'll try them out on our next important date.

First of all—I can hardly wait to tell you about this—I have on my desk, right this minute, a little thingamabob that solves the lipstick problem. "Please tell me what shade of lipstick to wear," cry the letters I receive every day. And the dear girls state their coloring and so forth and I say to myself, "Well, it seems to me that she ought to stick to a good, clear raspberry shade." And I write and tell her so. Then, like as not, the good, clear raspberry shade isn't the best shade for her at all. Maybe she has misrepresented her own coloring, quite unintentionally. Maybe she has given a correct, honest description of herself—but even so, she may have a very small, or a very large mouth, which would influence her choice of a lipstick shade just as much as her coloring.

Well, this problem-solver which I'm looking at is nothing more than a neat little folder, with a strip of cellophane set in the cover. Through this cellophane you can see eight samples of lipstick. The samples are really, truly samples of lipstick—not pieces of colored cardboard. *You try on your lipstick before you buy it.*

Oh, yes, there have been *similar* stunts before. You may wonder why I'm making so much whoop-de-de about it. Good department and drug stores have, for a long time, had little cards attractively displayed on their counters with lipstick shades painted on them. But every sane woman knows that a color is one thing on a piece of cardboard and another color on the friendly old mouth. Then, too—the swankier New York department stores have allowed you to try on your lipstick with a sample of the genuine article. But this isn't a wide-spread custom. Naturally, it costs the cosmetic manufacturer a little money.

ON this sample folder, as I said, there are eight shades. Each has a number. And alongside each is a little advisory note. For example: beside my pet shade it says, "A vivid orange-red when applied generously. A delicate coral pink when applied sparingly and blended in." The shades vary from the most daring orange "costume shade" to the most un-obvious rose color to which even the most conservative lady couldn't object. I've tried all the shades and solemnly swear that not one of them turns your mouth purple. The texture is lovely—blends in like a whizz and never cakes. They're indelible enough so that they won't come off with the first sip of a cocktail, but they're easily removable with cold cream, skin tonic or plain soap and water.

The manufacturers are sending me as many of these little folders as I—or, more important, as many as you want. Drop me a note and a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you'd like one. You can have a lot of fun with this little folder, trying the different shades on yourself. Let me caution you to clean off one shade before trying another—unless you try the effect of two shades blended together. And—shh!—there's enough lipstick on these cards to last several days. The regular lipsticks cost a dollar and are great-big.

While we're on the subject, let me say another word or two about lip make-up. You have noticed, of course, how the movie stars can change the shape of their mouths. The present fashion seems to be a full, sensuous mouth. Like everything else, it's being (*Continued on page 89*)

Some new make-up tricks this month—that you'll all want to try

Red chapped hands

made smooth and white in 3 days!

Soreness relieved instantly

EVERY TIME you wash dishes, clothes, peel vegetables, clean with harsh alkali cleansers or put your hands in hot water, you dry out the precious protecting oils in your skin.

The skin then roughens and if exposed to winter weather, chaps and cracks open. Hands then become so unsightly they seem fairly to shout "housework!" to all who see them. And often they're so painful you almost want to cry.

But now, with a dainty *chiffon-weight* cream you can instantly put back the natural lubricating oils in your skin—and secure immediate relief from all pain. The moment you apply it, your hands actually feel soft and soothed. It's almost like magic!

And in 3 days the skin is completely healed—without a sign of those rough, ugly cracks, those swollen knuckles, that dry chapped scaliness.



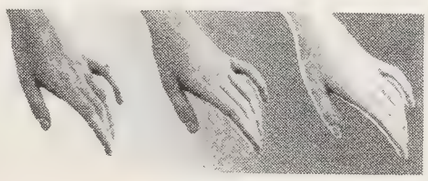
Does not dry the skin

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Such preparations often contain excessive drying substances that coarsen and parch the skin. Hinds is entirely different—a delicate, *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores. Hinds actually leaves an invisible "*second skin*" that acts as a constant protection to your hands.

Thousands of housewives, business girls, sportsmen and outdoor playing youngsters, from coast to coast, depend on this simple method to keep their hands smooth and comfortable.

***A 7-day trial bottle for you*—FREE**

Try Hinds at our expense. Mail coupon at right for a 7-day trial bottle. Smooth it on after any hand-roughening task, after exposure and *always* before going to bed at night. The very first day should see hands much softer and whiter—hardly a hint of chapping. Next day, still lovelier. The third day, a complete transformation! And to *keep* this new loveliness always, just *continue* using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! An aid in manicuring, too. Fill out and mail coupon *now*.



· TODAY : TOMORROW : NEXT DAY

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honey and almond **CREAM**

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Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

BETWEEN YOU and ME

This is where you become contributors to MODERN SCREEN. Send in your criticisms and opinions of the talkies and the stars if you haven't done so

Dear Friends:

Well, the Academy Awards for 1931-1932 have been made. Helen Hayes receives first feminine award for her never-to-be-forgotten work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Fredric March receives first masculine award for his work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Wallace Beery, receiving only one less vote than March, was given a special award for his acting in "The Champ."

These are the stellar attractions in this annual pageant of prize-giving. (There are some pictures of the Award Banquet for you to see starting on page 38.) Just in passing, it's fun to turn over the pages of MODERN SCREEN for the past year and see what we said about these people and those pictures. Our review of "Madelon Claudet" hailed "Helen Hayes, it's star, as a cinematic personage." Of "Dr. Jekyll," we said, "It's March's picture all the way." Both Beery and Jackie Cooper, his co-star in "The Champ," were lauded for hitting a "double-barrelled bull's eye."

However, there are others who should be commended for their work this year. Directors. Writers. Adapters. Art directors. Frank Borzage received the Academy Award for the best direction of the year in "Bad Girl." MODERN SCREEN'S review said, "This trashy tale of love among the dumbbells has been wrought into a picture which demands audience attention and critical respect because of the fine directorial work of Frank Borage. . . ." "Grand Hotel" was voted the best all-around production of the year—which vote, of course, points a complimentary finger at the director, Edmund Goulding.

Now—what I want you to do is this: During the following year, pick out commendable bits in the movies you see that do not necessarily have anything to do with the stars playing in those movies. You see, the big fellows always get the pats on the back. But the lesser players (we've spoken of this before, if you remember), the story writers, the directors, the cameramen, the hard-working souls who do the settings and costumes, and the almost-never-mentioned boys who attend to the sound-recording—so that you can hear the dialogue and sound effects distinctly—how about them?

If you want to know why I'm asking you to do this, it's because I know that you, as movie-goers and fans, are the only ones who can change movies for the better. If you will consistently commend the good and disapprove of the bad—and will say so, with reasons—you will, gradually we admit, have some effect upon the calibre of the talkies produced. Let's hear from you.

The Editor

Please address all letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The polls are still open. Who gets your vote?

S. R. AITA of New York City, sends in his "diamond dozen" list of the year's pictures:

"Arsène Lupin," "Back Street," "The Champ," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Five Star Final," "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "Red Headed Woman," "Scarface," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Smilin' Through," "Tonight or Never" and "The Washington Merry-Go-Round."

(*And he hit the prize-winning vehicles of Helen Hayes, Fred March and Wally Beery.*)

MARY FASSELL of Burnaby, B. C., Canada, wants bouquets made up for the following players:

Herbert Marshall, for his work in "The Blonde Venus." Marion Davies for "Blondie of the Follies." Charles Ruggles for his work in "Love Me Tonight." Una Merkel and Andy Devine for their comedy in "The Impatient Maiden." Miriam Hopkins for "The World and the Flesh." Ralph Bellamy for "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Dolores del Rio for "Bird of Paradise." Sylvia Sidney for "Merrily We Go to Hell." Bette Davis for her secondary part in "The Rich Are Always With Us."

CLAIRE LAWRENCE of Green Bay, Wisconsin, sends in a great big long list of stars and players whose work she admires (*sorry it's too long to print, Claire, but we were interested in reading it*) and adds the following very intelligent note:

Good looks are important to me. We can see common-looking people any time and without paying for the privilege, so why not favor the different types, blessed with beauty plus acting ability. I care very little for sweet, baby-faced types in women, nor do I care for the very young, immature men. I like different pictures like "Mata Hari" and "Bird of Paradise." But "Back Street" is my favorite to date. I shall never forget it.

(*There's a story by the author of "Back Street"—Fannie Hurst—on page 22, Claire.*)

GLORIA GAYLORD of Birmingham, Alabama, picks out some new favorites:

There are a few players who can redeem any picture any time. I believe the greatest of these artists is Aline MacMahon. Miss MacMahon has the almost extinct quality of being perfect. Her name in a cast has a stronger appeal to me, than one reading "Garbo and Dietrich in 'Twin Sisters'." Two other players who are always good are Bette Davis and Warren William. Together they are beyond comparison. I'm tired of seeing the half-way acting of Loretta Young, Anita Page, Marian Marsh. Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea and David Manners. Give us lots of pictures with Sylvia Sidney, Crawford, Stanwyck, Chatterton, Dvorak, Morley and Bette Davis. For men I'll take Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, George Brent, Paul Muni, Eddie Robinson, Lewis Stone and Walter Huston.

(*You can see your favorite Alice MacMahon and Eddie Robinson in "Silver Dollar."*)

Another plea for Westerns

ANNIE MAE GRIFFIN of Tavares, Florida, wishes they wouldn't change the stories:

I read the article written by Zane Grey in the December MODERN SCREEN and I liked it very, very much. He wrote in that article what I have thought but never expressed. I sincerely believe that if I ever get a chance to act in the movies I will play in nothing but Westerns. It always makes my blood boil to see some company buy a Western novel and change it the way they want it. You may think that only boys like Zane Grey's novels but you are mighty wrong, as my friends and I just about devour them when we get one we haven't read.

(*We agree with you, Annie Mae. We hope you're not disappointed in "Wild Horse Mesa."*)

She wants Mickey Mouse

MRS. G. S., of Bloomfield, N. J., is kinda goofey about Mickey:

So you want to know whether we like Mickey? You bet we do. I never have heard of anyone who doesn't enjoy him.

(*Continued on page 81*)

The story of a thousand MEN WITHOUT WOMEN ... and of their women who can't do without men!



Never such a sensationally novel spectacle! Condensing into one mighty film a thousand unfinished love stories—and ONE that ends in a soul-gripping thrill! Every scene a blazing highlight from the endless drama that parades before Sing Sing's famous warden. He knows enough inside stories of headline criminals to make 20 motion pictures . . . Instead he's packed it all into 1933's first great hit . . .

"20,000 YEARS IN SING SING"

FROM THE WORLD-ACCLAIMED BEST-SELLER BY

WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

With a huge cast including

SPENCER TRACY

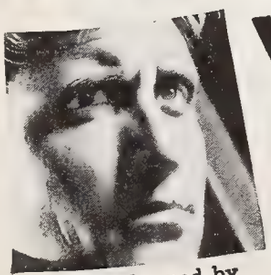
BETTE DAVIS

and Arthur Byron. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Ask your theatre now when they're going to play this amazing

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE



The girl outside who couldn't wait.



The man doomed by her love.



Warden Lawes, who lives on a volcano of human passion.

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PICTURES

. . . Short reviews of the current talkies which will give you tips on the right pictures to see—both for yourself and the children, too







Here are three excellent movies: (left to right) "Red Dust," with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. Thrilling love scenes. Picturesque settings. And good acting. "Tess of the Storm Country" brings Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together in an old favorite. And "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," with Paul Muni, is real adult movie fare—gruesome but worthwhile.

THE AGE OF CONSENT (Radio)—Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, Richard Cromwell, Eric Linden and Arlene Judge do excellent acting in a nice little picture of college life. **Good—but take a look at it yourself before sending the children.**

THE ALL AMERICAN (Universal)—What happens to a football hero when he leaves college. This different picture with Dick Arlen and Myrna Kennedy answers that question. **Good—the children will like some of it.**

AMERICAN MADNESS (Columbia)—The depression made into a thrilling drama. Real acting by Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien and Constance Cummings. **Good—parts of it will be liked by the kids.**

AS YOU DESIRE ME (M-G-M)—Don't miss Garbo's latest picture. **Excellent—but it will probably bore the youngsters.**

BACK STREET (Universal)—A poignant little story of unconventional love written by Fannie Hurst and acted by Irene Dunne and John Boles. **Good—not very suitable for children.**

BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (Radio)—Don't miss this. It's Katharine Hepburn's first picture and she's a real screen find. John Barrymore does his greatest work. Billie Burke is fine, too. It's about hereditary insanity. **Excellent—children, however, will find nothing amusing about it.**

BIRD OF PARADISE (Radio)—The story about the native girl and the American lad doesn't seem very original any more but Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea are interesting. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—As a novel, this was excellent. As a talkie, it loses something, but is still well worth seeing. Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther are in it. **Good—not entertaining for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

BLESSED EVENT (Warners)—Screamingly funny dialogue, Lee Tracy, Ned Sparks and Mary Brian make this Winchellian story a bright little movie. **Good—the kids will love Lee Tracy's clowning.**

BLONDE VENUS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich in her first film with an American locale. Fine work by Herbert Marshall and the youngster, Dickie Moore. Beautiful photography. **Excellent—keep the kids at home.**

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE (Radio)—If you haven't already seen Frank Buck's wonderful animal picture by all means do so. **Excellent—and the children will love it.**

CABIN IN THE COTTON (First National)—Here's a touching little yarn about southern "po' white trash" and "quality folks," with Dick Barthelmess, Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan. **Good—maybe the children will like it.**

CALL HER SAVAGE (Fox)—All we need to say is that this brings back Clara Bow. **Very good—children will like some of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford in a story of which the entire action takes place in a park. **Very good—children will enjoy parts of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

CHANDU THE MAGICIAN (Fox)—Eddie Lowe is swell in these fascinating adventures of the famous radio character. **Good—children will be crazy about it.**

CONGORILLA (Fox)—Another grand animal picture (this one made by the Martin Johnsons) that you must be sure to see. **Excellent—and don't leave a single kid at home.**

CYNARA (Goldwyn-United Artists)—The suave and charming Ronald Colman in a nicely worked out little story about a marriage triangle. Kay Francis is the wife and Phyllis Barry the other woman in his life. **Very good—but it will bore the children.**

THE CRASH (Warners)—It's too bad. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent try so hard but this depression story just isn't there. **Poor—children will think it dull, too.**

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP (Paramount)—This is a morbid story but the acting of Charles Laughton is so wonderful that you won't mind. Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper have the leads. **Good—but don't take the children.**

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY (M-G-M)—The story of what happens to youngsters when there is divorce. It's beautifully played by Jackie Cooper, Lewis Stone and Lois Wilson. **Very good—the children will like parts of it.**

FAITHLESS (M-G-M)—As a spoiled darling who loses all her money, Tallulah Bankhead turns in her best acting performance in some time. Bob Montgomery is fine, too. **Good—not particularly suitable for kids.**

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou are marvelous in this beautiful story of the war. **Excellent—better not take the children, though.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

FAST LIFE (M-G-M)—Another William Haines comedy. Madge Evans is his leading lady again. **Good—children will like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE FIRST YEAR (Fox)—Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor in a sweet little story about young married life. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

FLESH (M-G-M)—Wallace Beery, Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez in story about the wrestling racket. **Excellent—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE GOLDEN WEST (Fox)—A Western with a good story, beautiful scenery, plenty of fast action and George O'Brien. **Very good if you like Westerns—grand for children.**

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)—Don't fail to see this marvelous picture with the all-star cast of all time—Garbo, Joan Crawford, John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt. **Excellent—children won't be so entertained by it.**

THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH (Radio)—A story of publicity rackets, with Lee Tracy and Lupe Velez. **Very good—the children will be amused by Lee.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

HAT CHECK GIRL (Fox)—Sally Eilers, Ben Lyon and Monroe Owsley make an old plot seem new and sparkling. **Good—parts of it children will enjoy.**

HELL'S HIGHWAY (Radio)—Richard Dix turns in a fine performance in this brutal and sometimes gruesome story of chain gang life. **Excellent—but don't take the children.**

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount)—Randolph Scott in a Western that could have had more punch. **Good—the children will eat it up.**

HORSE FEATHERS (Paramount)—The merry, mad Marx Brothers in a grand and goofy comedy of college life, the zanies. **Excellent—and children will get plenty of laughs.**

HOT SATURDAY (Paramount)—A nice little story about an innocent affair that is magnified into a scandal. Nancy Carroll, Randolph Scott and Cary Grant are in it. **Very good—children won't like it, though.**

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (Warners)—Paul Muni—what a performance he gives as the returned soldier unjustly sentenced to hard labor! **Excellent but gruesome—decidedly not for children.**

IF I HAD A MILLION (Paramount)—A grand novelty, with Charles Laughton, George Raft, Wynne Gibson, Alison Skipworth and Gene Raymond. **Excellent—children will like some of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE KID FROM SPAIN (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Lavish production, amusing situations, a group of beautiful girls and Eddie Cantor make this worth your while. **Excellent—fine for the kids, too.**

KONGO (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Virginia Bruce, Conrad Nagel and Lupe Velez all involved in a morbid, tropical melodrama about revenge. **Good, if you like this type of thing—not for children.**

LIFE BEGINS (First National)—A gripping story with Loretta Young, Eric Linden and Aline MacMahon. All about the pathos and comedy of a maternity hospital. **Very good—but keep the children at home.**

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (Radio)—Mitzi Green proves herself the fine actress she is in this story about the comic strip character. Buster Phelps is swell, too, and May Robson splendid. **Excellent for everybody.**

LOVE ME TONIGHT (Paramount)—Nice, light musical fare with Maurice Chevalier, and Jeanette MacDonald. **Very good—but children won't be amused.**

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM (John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran)—A German picture (with English titles) about the tragic problems of adolescence. **Very good—not suitable for children.**

THE MATCH KING (First National)—The adventures of Ivar Krueger in talkie form. Warren William and Lili Damita are in it. **Good—not much in it for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (M-G-M)—Boris Karloff, Lewis Stone and Karen Morley in a blood and thunder mystery thriller. **Very good of its type—if you don't mind the children seeing such exciting stuff, it's okay for them.**

ME AND MY GAL (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy in a rough and tumble picture of the waterfront. **Good—okay for the youngers if you don't mind letting them see rough stuff.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

MEN OF AMERICA (Radio)—Chic Sale does his best but he can't lift from mediocrity this impossible story about a small town store keeper and some city slickers. Dorothy Wilson and William Boyd are also in the cast. **Fair—children will be bored.**

MERRY-GO-ROUND (Universal)—Eric Linden and Sidney Fox turn in good work in a story of crooked politics and police departments. **Good—children won't be especially interested.**

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME (Radio)—Here's a different picture with extremely thrilling action and marvelous acting by Leslie Banks, Fay Wray and Joel McCrea. **Very good—better see it yourself before deciding to send the children.**

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE (United Artists)—Douglas Fairbanks at his very most bounding best, having amazing adventures in the South Sea Islands. **Very**

(Continued on page 113)

This was an amazing triangle!

THE two women in Tom Collier's life were as far apart as the poles. But the difference between them dawned upon him too late.

With sudden horror he realized he had married a girl who might have been his mistress, while his wife in spirit became "the other woman."

This really unusual love tangle is the sensational play which gripped New York as "The Animal Kingdom." Hailed by all as a really different love story, it faces life with a frankness and sincerity which make a masterly tale.

Leslie Howard, star of the play, is also in the picture production, with Ann Harding and Myrna Loy. And SCREEN ROMANCES this month brings you the complete fictionization of the picture, illustrated by many vivid scenes from the production.

But that's not all. Nine other screen stories appear in the same issue. Think of it! The complete, absorbing love stories of 10 fine, new motion pictures between the covers of one magazine. And *what* a magazine. Be sure to try it this month for real reading entertainment!

Screen Romances

At All Newsstands—Now!



Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, and Leslie Howard in a scene from "The Animal Kingdom."

Read these
COMPLETE STORIES
in the February
SCREEN ROMANCES

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. *Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy.*
NO MAN OF HER OWN. *Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Dorothy Mackaill*
THE KID FROM SPAIN. *Eddie Cantor, Lyda Roberti*
FLESH. *Wallace Beery, Karen Morley, Ricardo Cortez*
NO OTHER WOMAN. *Irene Dunne, Charles Bickford, Gwili Andre*
MADAME BUTTERFLY. *Sylvia Sidney, Cary Grant, Charlie Ruggles*
LAWYER MAN. *William Powell, Joan Blondell*
CENTRAL PARK. *Joan Blondell, Wallace Ford*
THE MUMMY. *Boris Karloff*
EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE. *Warren William, Loretta Young, Alice White*

(All stories profusely illustrated with scenes from the motion picture productions)



Madame Butterfly! Could there be a better choice for this Oriental heroine than Sylvia Sidney, with her amazing eyes, and sweet, sad face? Paramount is making the film—as a drama, with incidental music from the Puccini opera. Carey Grant will be the American who loves and leaves—Madame Butterfly.

Bette Davis will be the American girl. Charlie Ruggles is in it, too.

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 1, NO. 12 HOLLYWOOD, JANUARY, 1933 SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION

"BEER" STORIES ARE HOLLYWOOD'S FILM CYCLE NOW

Frantic for New Stories, the Producers Turn to Amendment for Material

At one time it was the gangster cycle of films. Then came the horror films. "Dracula," "Frankenstein" and all the rest. Then the "Grand Hotel" type of thing. And, after that, the political stories.

The producers are—at all times—looking for stories which are different. And, when Governor Roosevelt won the election and promised beer—well, what better subject for a new cycle of stories?

Radio's doing "Bugaloo." M-G-M has "Beer." And Paramount has "The Legal Racket."

No doubt you'll soon hear that Fox, Warners, First National and Columbia are all making pictures having to do with beer.

Maurice Chevalier Is Rushing a Leading Woman. Romance?

Marguerite Churchill is lovely enough on the screen. But off-screen—well!

And nobody appreciates this loveliness more than Maurice Chevalier. For he is rushing Marguerite very much at present. But, and here's the surprising thing, Maurice has competition. In the person of a charming Princeton lad who also seems to think that Marguerite is the cats, the berries and the what-have-yous.

Loretta Young and Grant Withers Are on Same Lot!

Remember the days when a talking picture was a novelty and Grant Withers became famous overnight? And how he and L. Young flew to Yuma in an elopement, like and got married?

Later, if you can still keep those memory muscles working, they got divorced.

Well, folks, darned if Loretta and Grant ain't working right on the same lot. So Hollywood, of course, is all agog wondering if they'll fall in love again. We don't see why Hollywood should wonder about it—still, they are.

Gloria Swanson Sued For $45,000 By Maurice Cleary

There was a time when Maurice Cleary signed with Gloria Swanson to handle some publicizing work for her. It was back in the days when Gloria was making "The Loves of Sunya," her first United Artists picture.

It's a long time ago, but it seems that then the contract was prematurely cancelled and now Mr. Cleary thinks he wasn't given fair treatment. Hence the suit.



Frank Morgan and Elissa Landi Walk-Outs Hold Up Productions

Hollywood has walk-outitis again. It seems to be a recurrent disease out there. Frank Morgan, of New York stage fame, is the latest. He played the title rôle in "Topaz" when it played on the stage and, when it was put in the movies, Frank was asked to play the second lead. So, fireworks!

As for Elissa, she walked out of "The Masquerader" because the dialogue was not to her liking.

What did her producers do but threaten to drop her and put someone else in the rôle—if Elissa didn't be a good girl and come home to the lot. At the moment, Elissa hasn't decided just what course to take.

Radio Master-of-Ceremonies Job for Fatty Arbuckle

Fatty Arbuckle has a new job. He has been signed up by the radio folks—on a big hook-up, as master of ceremonies of their broadcasts. Personally, we can imagine no one better suited for such a job than the genial, comical Fatty. However, we must add that this decision on the part of the radio people is more or less experimental—they are convinced that Roscoe would be perfect for the job, but they're not quite sure of the public's reaction yet. The producers are watching fan letters carefully for this reaction.

Flashes from Here and There

Will Rogers has had to go on his first diet. He gained fifteen pounds on his South American tour.

Billy Sunday, the evangelist, visited the set of "She Done Him Wrong" at Paramount and talked to Mae West. Wonder what they said?

Clara Bow read eleven books on the train coming East. "So's I can spell and use swell words in writing my book," she said.

Marlene Dietrich has been rapped by a Hollywood critic for wearing trousers in public. Critic says she owes public some consideration.

Louise Fazenda and hubby Hal Wallis expect the stork along about March.

Lew Ayres has been lonesome and miserable—because wife Lola took a trip to New York.

Garbo has gained considerable weight while abroad. M-G-M is having a fit.

JESSEL DIVORCE GUARANTEE DENIED BY N. TALMADGE

"I'm Fed Up with It All. Go 'way," Says Norma Angrily To The Reporters

You know, of course, the rumors there have been about a romance between Norma Talmadge and George Jessel. It has been denied and re-affirmed and denied again and—. Well, anyway, the report leaked out that Norma had settled $100,000 on the former Mrs. George Jessel and, in return, Mrs. J. had withdrawn her alienation of affections suit against Norma. Now Norma denies this report hotly. However, a Brooklyn lawyer, Frank L. Ippolito says it's true, and also the Supreme Court records indicate some such thing happened.

Which to believe? Reporters, seeking Norma out on the sands at Santa Monica, could get no interview. "I'm fed up with it all," cried Norma. "Go 'way."

Reconciliation for Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver

Last month we told you that Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver were seeking a divorce—not that they weren't very fond of each other, but marriage interfered with their respective careers. Now, it seems, they've decided to return to each other. Now the two of them call their recent decision to break up just "nerve-strain threats of divorce."

Players Recovering From Various Winter Ailments

The winter flu bug hit Hollywood a bit ago. Carole Lombard was the first to go home sneezing. Then Clark Gable. And then Dorothy Mackaill. But they're all getting better now

More serious is Mae Clarke's case—she's being operated on for appendicitis. Too bad, after her recent nervous breakdown.

Leslie Howard is in the hospital with a bad case of shattered nerves and Roland Young is recovering from a painful session with neuritis. Our sympathies to all.

Dick Powell Romancing With Patricia Ellis on Same Lot

When you see George Arliss' next picture, "The King's Vacation," take a good look at Dick Powell—the crooner chap who made such a hit in "Blessed Event"—and little Patricia Ellis. These two, both near-newcomers to Hollywood, are gazing into each other's eyes and holding hands between "takes". Dick was married once before, but it didn't work out very well. Maybe he'll try again.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . . .

● **Hollywood was shocked to learn that another "perfect marriage" had gone on the rocks! It was believed that the marriage of King Vidor to Eleanor Boardman in 1926 would be one of those lasting affairs—especially when, after her marriage, Eleanor gave up her screen career. But "another woman" entered Vidor's life—and Eleanor, gathering her two children under her wing, sought a divorce.**



J. B. Scott

Jimmy Dunn took none other than Maureen O'Sullivan to the Ascot Auto Races at the Ascot Legion Speedway. Does this mean they're romancing again?



Wide World

When Mary Pickford decided to go to the Thalian party at the Cocoanut Grove, who would escort her? Doug was away. So Mary chose two: Johnny Mack Brown and Charles Farrell.

HOLLYWOOD is holding its breath waiting for Tallulah Bankhead's expected firecracker comments on movie town now that she is back in New York. It is no particular secret that Tallulah left Hollywood with a set of grievances and complaints a mile long. Tallulah felt that none of her movies really gave her the opportunity she deserved on the screen . . . and then there is what she terms the "misrepresentations" of her personality by certain members of the Press.

As Tallulah isn't exactly the type to suffer in silence Hollywood is waiting—to duck. . . .

Tallulah, after failing to get together on a contract with either M-G-M or Paramount, closed up the artistic home of William Haines, which she has been renting, and boarded the train for the East. Just what her plans are, has not yet been revealed.

● Before his sudden and surprising separation from his wife, Kathryn Menjou, Adolphe was known as a stay-at-home boy who decidedly preferred his own fireside to the bright lights of Hollywood's midnight entertainments. Even when Adolphe *did* step out to a party with Kathryn he would begin to get "going home" ideas about ten o'clock. This was said to have been quite a bone of contention between them, Kathryn being a social and fun-loving girl.

But now that they are definitely separated, Hollywood is thoroughly surprised to find Adolphe Menjou conspicuously among those present at all the late hour festivities including the bicycle races, the Club New Yorker, the Mayfair *et al* and remaining until the last flicker of the electricity. Perhaps no one is more justly surprised than Kathryn. . . !

● Clara Bow is planning a little vacation jaunt to Paris practically immediately, and will the French designers be mad when they learn that Clara spent $8,000 (so we hear) on clothes made in Hollywood before she took off? Clara's excuse for her pre-Paris shopping spree is that she wanted to "vacation" in Europe and not stand for hours for fittings!

● Miriam Hopkins figured there wouldn't be much left for her to do in "No Man Of Her Own" with Clark Gable and Dorothy Mackaill in the cast—so she simply walked out of the picture! Neither did "Happiness Ahead," a former Colleen Moore flicker, suit her—so Miriam hied herself off to peaceful Palm Springs to rest and reflect. Then Paramount offered her "Sanctuary" and it looked like the willful Miriam was at last satisfied.

But it was not to be so . . . Miriam suddenly packed her bags and left for New York. Maybe she's planning to do a play—her contract al-

Tallulah Bankhead packs up and quits Hollywood! For good?

● **Although John Warburton, English actor, proudly announced his engagement to Estelle Taylor the other night—Estelle says there's absolutely nothing to it!**

Maybe the reason is that she still has a feeling for that handsome Lyle Talbot she's been going about with!

Poor Lyle—he seems to be torn between blonde and brunette. Estelle or Wynne Gibson—which one of them will it be?

● ***Is Garbo married?***

The English papers are carrying the report that a record of Greta Garbo's marriage to Mauritz Stiller (the director who brought her to this country) in 1924 has been uncovered. The ceremony is supposed to have taken place in Constantinople—and was *very, very* secret.

This may be a fact and then again it may just be another one of those things.



Keystone-Underwood

Lyle Talbot, it seems, divides his time between blond and brunette. In other words, Estelle Taylor and Wynne Gibson (see item at top of page). Here he is with Wynne at a Hollywood night club.



J. B. Scott

Warren William and his wife returning from a deep sea fishing trip off Mexico. They were passenger-listed as Mr. and Mrs. Krech — (Warren's real name).

lows her to do a play now and then.

But your guess is as good as ours!

● Katharine Hepburn is back at the studio working in "Three Came Unarmed." After her tremendous and almost sensational hit in "Bill of Divorcement" the public can hardly wait to see this exotic young person again.

Katharine, who drives a swanky foreign-make car, persists in wearing her beloved blue overalls (they have a new seat now) and her faded turtleneck sweater with the sleeves torn off, around the studio. Can't say that sounds much like Bryn Mawr fashions—but then you can expect most anything from this Hepburn gal!

● A young chap hearing "The Sign of the Cross" was to have its grand premiere, said: "I suppose 'The Sign of the Cross' is a sequel to 'X Marks the Spot'?"

● It was with a heavy heart that Hollywood received the news of the death of Belle Bennett, beloved trooper of the old silent days. Miss Bennett suffered a complete breakdown while on a vaudeville tour. She arrived in Los Angeles by plane and was taken to the hospital by Mary Pickford, a close friend for years. She died a few weeks later.

Miss Bennett is best remembered for her famous mother rôles—and in particular, "Stella Dallas." (See story on page 76.)

● Coming as a pleasant surprise to Cinemaland was the engagement of Karen Morley and Charles Vidor, young director. The romance started on the M-G-M lot where both are working—and according to the prospective groom, "It won't be so long before the wedding bells will be pealing."

Karen has been making rapid strides in her film work and young Vidor (no relation to King Vidor) has a very brilliant future.

P.S. Some say they are already married—so this "engagement" stuff might be a lot of hokum. Don't say we didn't warn you!

● Kay Francis paid Hollywood one of the shortest visits in history. Flying here from New York, Kay stepped out of the plane just long enough to sign her name to a new Warner Brothers contract—then hopped in the plane again and flew back to New York. The big rush was, no doubt, on account of hubby Kenneth McKenna who is rehearsing a play in the East.

Kay's next picture will be "Keyholes" with that new Kay Francis-George Brent combination. A lot of the fans are objecting to this new team. They want their Francis-Powell and Chatterton-Brent combination! But just wait and see . . . you may be surprised!

What's all this talk about Greta Garbo having been married?

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . . .

● Joan Crawford evidently made quite a hit in Europe. Because she was so unaffected.

Upon being introduced to the Prince of Wales, Joan gazed up at him in schoolgirl adoration, and exclaimed, *"Gosh!"*

Another time when attending a party where Laurel and Hardy were also present, Joan walked up to them and said: "Hello, folks! My name is Joan Crawford."



Sari Maritza knows a good magazine when she sees one. Well, well, we didn't realize it's Modern Screen she's perusing. We're that pleased!



Have you met Cliff Edwards and his new wife—Nancy Dover is her name. They married while Cliff was preparing for his rôle in William Haines' "Fast Life."



Good Lord! Will you look at Ramon Novarro! Why, he's had his hair all cut off! Isn't that shameful! It's for his new picture. Lily Pons is with him.

● Sally Eilers is the latest one to don the Garbo garb! She has been sporting a strictly English tweed suit with brogues, beret and all—and we must say little Sal looked mighty chic!

The studio is certainly keeping this little gal plenty busy! She's hardly given breathing spells between pictures. Her next is "Grand Central Airport" for Warners and right after that she will go back to her home studio and do "Sailor's Luck" which was bought especially for that Sally Eilers-Jimmy Dunn team. This combination is about the most popular in pictures outside of the Farrell-Gaynor duo. Their picture "Bad Girl" won its director first prize at the Academy Awards banquet, you know.

● Neil Hamilton missed out on an excellent part just because he couldn't (in spite of all the tricks of make-up) make that young, handsome face of his look old! Neil, who will probably still be able to do juvenile parts when he is sixty, decided that even though he is father of an eighteen-year-old child, he wasn't so hot—and graciously stepped out while John Boles happily stepped in.

● Irene Dunne was terribly upset about the rumor floating around Hollywood recently. The gossips would have it that there was to be a divorce! Irene and her husband, Dr. Homer Griffin, are one of the happiest couples in filmdom and a separation is the last thing they are considering. While her husband was in the hospital, after undergoing an operation for appendicitis, Irene was constantly at his bedside. That ought to prove something or other. . . .

"The Lady," for M-G-M, is Irene's next flicker, and will afford her plenty of opportunity for some swell acting.

● There was a lot of monkey business going on in Katharine Hepburn's dressing room the other day.

Amos, spoiled and petted young monkey, who will be seen with Katharine in "Three Came Unarmed," has been given all kinds of privileges around the studio. The other day while Katharine was applying her make-up, he was allowed to repose on her shoulder and proved to be quite a nuisance. No sooner had she applied the cold cream than Amos would quickly wipe it off. After this had gone on for several minutes Amos was finally locked up and the job of applying the make-up finished.

But Amos, the rascal, found his way into the dressing room via windows and ledges and with one grand leap, found his place on Katharine's shoulder, and off went the make-up!

NOTE: Amos is in the doghouse (or is it the monkeyhouse?) now!

● We understand the stork is hovering around the Dick Arlen home

Don't miss reading just how Joan Crawford greeted the Prince

● Just as Al Jolson was about to go on the air for the first of his series of national broadcasts, a telephone call came in from a pal in the East.

"That was a swell broadcast, Al," raved the friend.

"What?" asked Al. "I haven't even started!"

There was a pause—then:

"Sure, but you forget the three hours' difference in time. You're all through here!"

● Don't say Marie Dressler hasn't a swell sense of humor.

Polly Moran took a drive with her old friend the other day and suddenly they found themselves on a country road, some few miles from Hollywood. As they came to a cross street, they noticed a couple of repair men climbing up two telephone poles.

"Fools!" exclaimed Marie. "They must think I've never driven before!"



Acme

Of course you heard all about how Helen Twelvetrees was busy having a baby. Well, here it is. It's a he. And will be known as Jack Bryan Woody.

. . . and are the Arlens thrilled! You see, this will make the first heir in that family.

Jobyna plans to spend most of the winter months at Palm Springs, with Dick coming down every week-end. He has bought himself a swell outboard motor boat and (unofficially) has bettered the world's record for outboard racing by seven or eight miles!

● Everything was going wrong on the set of "State Fair." Dozens of scenes had been made of Will Rogers and Blue Boy, the Champion Iowa hog, but Blue Boy just wouldn't emote properly.

"We'll have to take it over again," sighed the director. "Blue Boy didn't look so good."

"The only place that hunk of pork would look good," replied the Oklahoma gum-chewer, "would be on the breakfast table, right between two eggs!"



Wide World

Since his divorce from Natalie Talmadge, Buster Keaton has been stepping high wide and 'andsome in the night places. This time it was May Scriven.

● It looks like that romance between Eleanor Holm and Junior Laemmle is getting pretty serious. When people start holding hands in darkened theatres—it's almost a sure sign of *love!*

● Claudette Colbert's a patient girl and all that—BUT there's a limit to all things!

Joan Crawford, who had been reclusing at Palm Springs to the extent of even avoiding the maid when she brought in her meals, finally consented to pose for *just one* picture with Claudette Colbert.

After cooling her heels for about twenty minutes, Claudette said—what the heck—she'd go and play a game of tennis.

When the game was well under way, Joan finally put in an appearance but by this time Claudette had decided that Joan could jolly well wait until she had finished the set.

No . . . there was *no* picture taken that day! (But there was later—see above.)



International

When Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert both happened to be at Palm Springs on vacation the cameraman got a shot of them together—after some delay.

● Maybe Connie Bennett has realized that her household would be more peaceful without a child . . . anyway, she has decided to drop her plans for adopting the four-year-old boy whom she has been taking care of ever since his parents were killed in an automobile accident. Connie planned to keep the adoption a deep secret—but, of course, it would out!

● All that talk about Katharine Hepburn and her sixteen millions is —*just talk!* Her father is a surgeon in Hartford, Conn. It is true that Katharine has been abroad but in a very modest way. She and her chum saw the European sights via an old run-down car, which was also used for their sleeping quarters.

MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 84

So Connie Bennett isn't going to adopt the four-year-old after all

WHEN THE LION ROARS, THE WHOLE WORLD LISTENS!

Imagine! You're going to have a peek at the "inside production plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. It's fun to look ahead to see what's coming from the producers of "Grand Hotel", "Smilin' Through", "Red Dust","Strange Interlude","Prosperity","Flesh" and all those other fine screen entertainments. Here is just a rough idea of M-G-M pictures of interest now being shown, soon to come and others planned for production. Listen to the Lion ROAR! What a treat for the months to come!

NORMA SHEARER comes "Smilin' Through" with a new hit "La Tendresse" from the thrilling French play.

JOAN CRAWFORD in an exciting romance written especially for her by William Faulkner, noted author.

MARIE DRESSLER (beloved star!) with **WALLACE BEERY** in "Tugboat Annie."

MARION DAVIES has the role of her career in "Peg o' My Heart."

"CLEAR ALL WIRES" the Broadway stage hit has been captured by M-G-M!

HELEN HAYES, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO.**

RAMON NOVARRO will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

IRENE DUNN and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"RASPUTIN" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

JOHN BARRYMORE wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"MEN MUST FIGHT" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

JEAN HARLOW'S next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

"HAPPILY UNMARRIED" is a delightful M-G-M original story soon to come to the screen.

JIMMY DURANTE and **BUSTER KEATON** and **JACKIE COOPER.** What a trio for "Buddies!"

"PIGBOATS" is a picture not to be missed! Robert Montgomery . . . Jimmy Durante...Walter Huston...Madge Evans! Swell cast in a grand picture!

Isn't it the truth? When the Lion ROARS you're sure of a happy hit!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Ronald Colman for his sophisticated, charming work in "Cynara."



We honor Ann Harding and Richard Dix for their splendid character work in the "The Conquerors."



Photograph by Wm. E. Thomas

We honor Elissa Landi and Fredric March for their beautiful portrayals in "Sign of the Cross."









(Above) The author herself. (Further above) Irene Dunne and John Boles in Fannie Hurst's "Back Street." (Above, right) Clark Gable and Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude." (Top, right) Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young in a scene from "Life Begins." Miss Hurst tells why these particular pictures prove that the movies are growing up.

By the author of "Back Street,"

FANNIE HURST

Who, besides "Back Street," also wrote these enormously successful stories: "Five and Ten," "A President is Born," "Appassionata," "Lummox," "Star Dust" and "Humoresque." No need to remind you that "Five and Ten," "Lummox," "Humoresque"—and of course, "Back Street"—were all made into movies

WHAT about this alleged retarded mental development of the motion picture?

Physically, this youngster of the arts (let us call her Cinema) has shot up into gangling proportions. Mechanically, she becomes more and more perfect. A fine specimen of a creature art. Good strong-developed body, sinews, lungs, chest measurement.

Beautiful but dumb does by no means apply, and yet there is no gainsaying that Cinema remains mentally immature, in a manner out of all proportion to her beautiful and amazingly rapid mechanical development.





ARE MOVIES GROWING UP?

(Above) Wallace Beery and Joan Crawford had scenes in "Grand Hotel" which the movies would never have countenanced ten years ago. (Above left) John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn in "A Bill of Divorcement." The subject matter of this, too, would never have gotten by the movie moguls a decade ago, says this author.

Believing that we fans want intelligent and adult movie fare, this world-famous author answers that vital question fearlessly. All sincere movie-goers should read every word of this significant and timely document

How old is this youngest of the arts? Or rather, how young does she remain?

Born so long after her last sister art, Cinema has been a problem child. She belongs to that peculiar class of the isolated youngest offspring, who is born of elderly parents at a time when her sisters and brothers are already adult.

It is not surprising that Cinema exhibits all the earmarks of a precocious, erratic, highly nervous youngster, shooting into a sort of premature adolescence that is a bit puzzling to her elders. She has shot up too fast.

The age of Cinema does not synchronize with her peculiar mental and temperamental behavior.

In some ways she is over-mature; in others, she has remained harassingly under-developed. Compared to her sister arts, who have achieved immense age, she is to be regarded as an infant in swaddlings, but that is a state in which we seldom find the child prodigy lingering. And Cinema is in the child prodigy class.

To use a classic figure, Cinema in some ways may be said to have sprung full-grown from the brow of a mechanical age. Her development, if you regard her in

the light of an offspring of a Zeus, has been shaped by industry.

From its very inception the motion picture has been half art, half industry. Therein is where Cinema became a problem child.

Small wonder she has been so over-developed in certain ways and so painfully backward in others.

We look at the mechanical perfection of the screen, we see how unworthy of it is the under-developed pictorial side and we feel bewildered at the many puzzlements connected with this problem art.

Why, considering the billions that have been poured into the development of the child Cinema, have pictures seemed reluctant to grow into the adult class? Her education has cost kings' ransoms. Why did the prodigy develop physically, but leave so much to be desired in her mental growth?

The reply becomes a vicious circle.

Producers still continue reluctant to rate the composite public mind above the age of fourteen. The very cornerstone of Cinema's education is that she must talk down to her public. Because, say the producers, the adenoidal public will not go to see pictures that tax more than the fourteen-year-old brain.

SOME OF THE THINGS FANNIE HURST SAYS IN THIS ARTICLE: "CINEMA IN SOME WAYS MAY BE SAID TO HAVE SPRUNG FULL-GROWN FROM THE BROW OF A MECHANICAL AGE + + + IS THE LOW-BROW PRODUCER RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ALLEGED LOW STATURE OF HIS PUBLIC, OR HAS THE PUBLIC PINIONED HIM TO THE MAST OF ITS YARDSTICK? + + + ALREADY THE WIND BEFORE THE DAWN OF AN ERA OF HIGHER STANDARDS IS CARRYING THE POLLEN OF CHANGE"

Result? The production average, as the mills of the motion picture studios continue to grind out their mentally standardized products, continues to hover around the standards of the under-developed adult mind.

Motion pictures geared beyond that age are still regarded as dangerous speculations.

Cinema must not be allowed to grow up. Keep her in pigtails, even after her hair should be up and her skirts down.

It is safe to assume that "Strange Interlude," without the compelling drag of the O'Neil name, would never have been regarded as a picture possibility.

Over this heated subject of adult picture entertainment for an adult world have raged years of heated and berating controversy.

The motion picture producer, whose ideals are purported to reach exactly as high as what the public wants, is attacked for his unadventurous, unaltruistic and even illiterate standards.

The public is attacked for making possible the success of the malnutritious, meretricious banquets which are served up to it under condiment of kitchen bouquet, tabasco sauce, hokum, bunk, and sticky mayonnaise.

A vicious circle flowing around a problem similar to the old one of which came first, the chicken or the egg. Is the low-brow producer responsible for the alleged low stature of his public, or has the public pinioned him to the mast of its yardstick?

Be that as it may, the motion picture customer, dropping into the average motion picture house for an hour's recreation, is not yet sure of adult fare.

THE legend persists in the mind of the producer; a legend which all these years has been pressing against his pocket-nerve, that his public is not mentally all there.

Meanwhile Cinema, the wonder-child, must not grow up.

One of the current revues now popular on Broadway indulges in this jest of a skit which rings with sufficient truth to make it side-splitting, and tragically real:

A motion picture magnate enters his private projection room which is in his home. He is about to see a new picture run off.

The only person he permits in the room besides himself is his unfortunate imbecile son, a cretin with the typical marks of idiocy on his face.

The picture is flashed upon the screen. The magnate watches not the picture, but the responses of his idiot son to this latest effort of his studios. If the cretin shouts with glee or makes animal-like noises of approval, the magnate knows he has a box-office success. If, on the other hand, the idiot boy registers lack of interest, the magnate knows the worst concerning his latest production.

Funny, if it were not so tragic.

Laughable, if it were not to weep.

Behind this travesty is sufficient plating of truth to make it strike home!

Which worm is to turn first, the public or the producer? Probably both. The producer to be shamed into it; the public to be disgusted into it.

Already the wind before the dawn of an era of higher standards for pictures, is carrying the pollen of change. Either the public is becoming conscious and resentful of the low caloric value of its entertainment, or suspicion is beginning to stir in the minds of producers that the composite mind of the public is more mentally mature than he heretofore has had the wit to realize.

But, judging by recent symptoms, Cinema is going to be allowed to grow up.

More than that, compared to various of the foreign language motion pictures that from time to time adorn our screens, American pictures are maturing over and above the imported products.

THE average picture out of Russia, for all their self-assurance to the contrary notwithstanding, is frankly juvenile and keyed to the lower literacy of the masses. For some reasons, the Germans, who five or six years ago set such high standards in pictures, have not only become Hollywoodized, but seem to be going Hollywood one better.

American pictures, not only of vast pictorial beauty but of more promising mental stature, are beginning to come out of the studios these days.

Pictures like "Bill of Divorcement," "Strange Interlude," "Grand Hotel," "Life Begins," are adult entertainment, keyed to the mature mind and assuming normal mental development on the part of audiences.

The growing demands for current-event pictures and authentic travelogues must also indicate to the producing mind that the mentally under-nourished public is clamoring for vitamines.

Even censorship seems to be placing its ear to the ground these days and discriminating between the merely salacious and the factual side of life.

Little Cinema, if she is to develop along modern lines can no longer be treated by the censor as the shame-filled mothers of a generation ago treated their adolescent daughters. Cinema must learn to call a limb a leg and must be taught that storks don't bring babies.

Pictures with themes bearing frankly on cardinal aspects of this business called life are now beginning to be presented with dignity and intelligence.

The theme of my own "Back Street" is one that five years ago would have been considered outside the poor pale of the fourteen-year-old mind. "Life Begins," which deals frankly with childbirth, *(Continued on page 106)*





Ramon Novarro is taking a particular interest in his current picture, "The Son-Daughter" (above), with Helen Hayes. It's from a stage play which Belasco produced about ten years ago. Read in this story why Ramon has changed from a hermit to a gay and charming host.

DO YOU KNOW THE NEW NOVARRO?

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

FOR eleven years Ramon Novarro has been a star and during that time he has led one of the strangest lives that any star ever led. Long before the craze for privacy that Garbo started, Ramon Novarro had been almost a recluse.

Now his mode of living has changed—completely—and he is happier than he ever was before.

First, to give you the complete picture, let me tell you how he used to live. Then I'll explain his new existence.

Instead of having a home in Hollywood, Ramon, when opulence first came to him, bought a place in one of the exclusive residential districts of Los Angeles. There—with his enormous Mexican family, his mother, brothers and sisters—he shut himself away from all studio contacts. Very, very few people—other than his Mexican friends—ever visited this house, but one of my most pleasant memories is of the time that I had tea with Ramon there.

At the studio he was, unlike Garbo, a "regular fellow"—mixing gayly with his co-workers, making lusty Latin jokes with the prop men and electricians and being anything but the recluse and the hermit he was in his private life. The point was that Ramon led two sorts of lives—one at home with his family and the other at the studio with his working comrades.

You remember the death of his brother—a loss that hurt Ramon deeply. He took a trip to Europe shortly after that and upon his return everybody said that Ramon had changed. As a matter of fact he had not changed much in his heart and his soul, but he did start going to parties—which was an unusual thing for Ramon to do. He was always super-gay, a little too gay to be quite convincing, as a matter of fact.

He was restless. He was not, he remembered, growing any younger. And he was watching the tree of his good deeds bear fruit. His family was amply provided for—the boys in college, the girls following whatever vocation they chose. Love them, he still did—but now they did not need him so much as they had. They were older, too. They were at the place where they must carve their own careers.

During that time when Ramon was getting his name in the papers (you remember when, at a party in a friendly scuffle Elsie Janis' arm was dislocated) and people were shaking their heads and saying, "Tcht, tcht, this is not the charming, poetic boy we used to know," he was, in reality, simply feeling the pangs of growing pains. He was experiencing that restlessness that comes to everyone who sees that his lifelong responsibility is no longer a responsibility. I knew, at that *(Continued on page 98)*

Get up-to-date on your knowledge of this famous young man

She actually

The scene in "Call Her Savage," in which it was found necessary to use a poisonous snake because a non-poisonous one hasn't the necessary liveliness. That snake episode is the basis of this remarkable story on Clara's courage.



By FAITH BALDWIN

IN the filming of "Call Her Savage" there is a sequence which calls for the heroine's encounter with a snake. Non-poisonous snakes were tested but were too lethargic to be used. A snake which had not been deprived of its fangs was finally selected and in the process his keeper was badly bitten and taken to the hospital in danger of his life. Despite this, Clara played her scene, and the large stills of the actual motion picture negatives will show that she came within a foot of that crawling, poisonous creature and tormented it into making a dart at her breast, barely missing its goal, after which it is whipped from the scene by Clara herself.

Rex Bell, hearing of this, rushed to the studio, and demanded that if any such scenes took place he would remove Clara from the picture. But the director told him that he was unduly nervous. "The scenes are perfect, in the first place—no retakes are necessary; and in the second place *Clara killed the snake,*" he said.

I think that Clara, with courage, audacity, an utter lack of wisdom, no counsel and no thought for herself has always killed the snakes. There have been many—poisonous, creeping, secret and dangerous. But she has whipped them all off the scene. I tell you this girl has guts. No matter what she decides to do in the future she rates your admiration and your loyalty. For sheer native-born courage in the face of adversity, disaster, calumny, scandal and heartbreak, I give you Clara Bow.

Despite her long retirement from the screen the Clara Bow controversy still rages. I know of no other motion picture star, man or woman, who has aroused more comment and inspired more loyal champions. But one thing is very certain . . . even her worst enemies could not say that Clara Bow lacks courage. This she has in abundance and the vitality to use it, even when its employment might bring down all sorts of misfortunes upon her luckless but eternally gallant little head.

LET us look briefly at certain episodes in her short, crowded life, episodes, many of which are well known to you through the wide and sometimes unfavorable publicity they have received but which, contemplated

KILLED it!



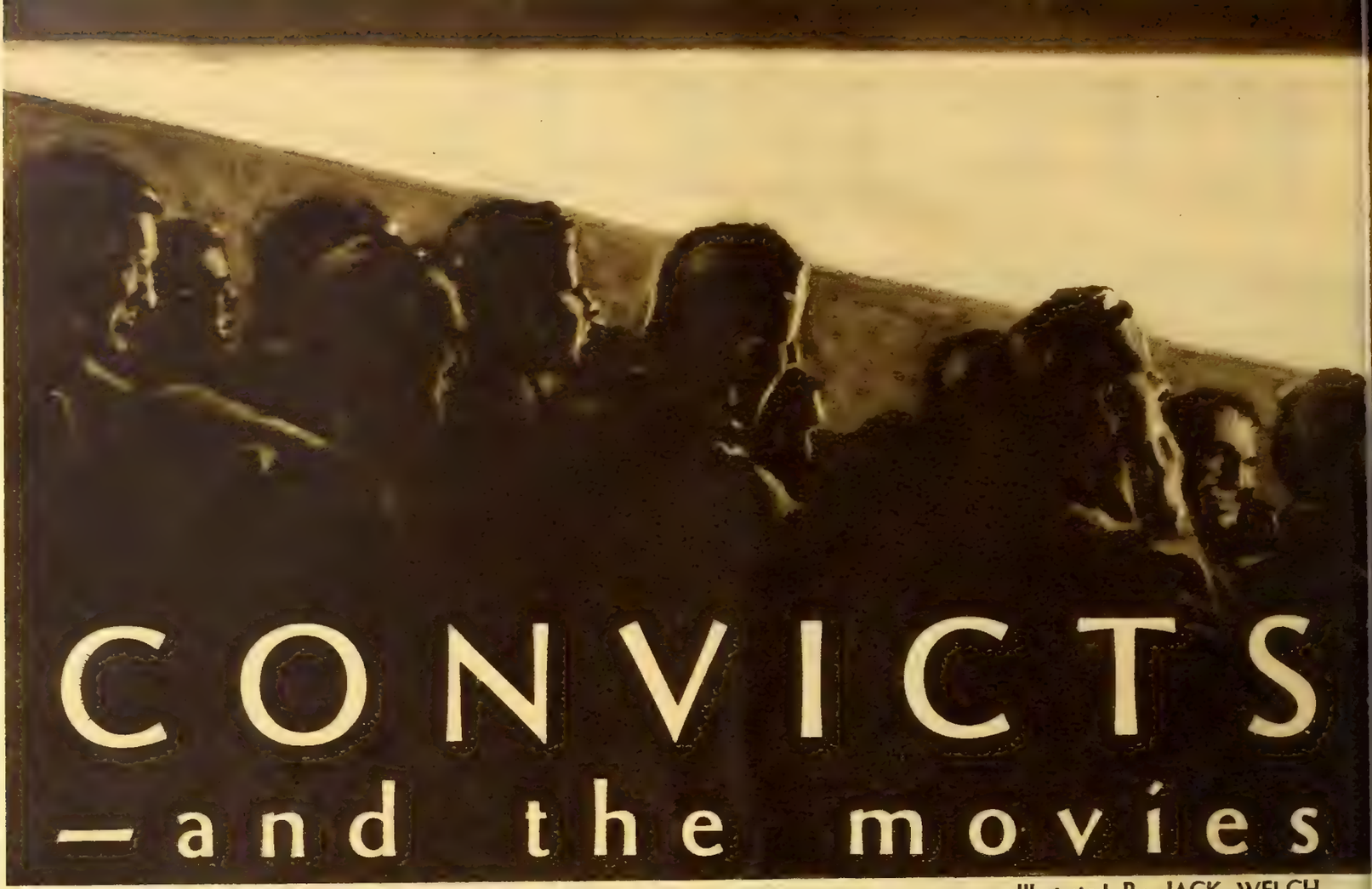
Her encounter with a poisonous snake in a scene of "Call Her Savage" is only one of the reasons why this famous author has selected CLARA BOW as THE MOST COURAGEOUS GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

in the strong white light, not of publicity but of personal courage, take on a new meaning.

Remember for a moment her upbringing and her early background. The daughter of a Coney Island waiter, existing on the little he was able to contribute to her support, the daughter of a woman who was mentally unbalanced and, at times, homicidal, Clara Bow grew up in surroundings of not only poverty but terror and gloom and despair which few girls could have conquered. How easy it would have been for this child of the Brooklyn streets, limited in education, barred from happy normal childhood associations, to have remained in the dark rut of the unfortunate situation into which she was born. But she did *not* remain there, she pulled herself out by her bootstraps, by that indomitable spirit which is part of her, by her fighting blood and her matchless courage.

I know something about children. I know how sensitive they are and how conservative. When I say conservative I mean that children run with the pack. The child who does not or who cannot run with the pack is marked down as a natural prey—the lone wolf, the outlaw. Children run very true to form. If one child appears on the street with a new sort of hat or toy, the gang must follow suit. Clara couldn't. She was the shabbiest child on her dingy street. She was made an intolerable butt by the slightly more fortunate little girls. Any one who knows children will realize what this would do to the average child. The psychologists are always telling us that inhibitions and complexes and behavior patterns become part of the miserable infant who has not been able to enter into his or her "social" surroundings during childhood. If ill treatment and calumny and ridicule marked Clara Bow it marked her in a very different manner from the usual one. It put her head up and her chin high. She could take it—on that little chin. She has taken it ever since.

This attitude of the girls of her own age did something else to her. It gave her a bias towards boys as playmates. Boys are more lenient. Clara could run and race and climb and be as active as a boy. The boys therefore accepted her, they were at an age when externals didn't matter. Later, externals would (*Continued on page 96)*



CONVICTS —and the movies

Illustrated By JACK WELCH

By LEWIS E. LAWES

Warden of Sing Sing

WHAT is the effect of the average movie viewed by the prison population of Sing Sing?

What are a prisoner's emotions while watching a picture?

What type of picture is favored?

What kind of picture is most liable to make good citizens?

These and similar questions have been put to me, particularly since the announcement that my book, "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," has come to the screen, bringing with it, I sincerely believe, the spirit of its pages, with its message to the world.

Let some of the inmates answer the questions. I know the answer, naturally, as I am in a position to know these things. The movies are shown no less than twice a week to the men here. They enjoy them, and I believe it is good for them. We exercise our judgment in the selection of the program, and this is comparatively easier to do than it used to be, as the quality of the movies has greatly improved.

WE will take the viewpoint of two or three of the men, selected through their fitness to answer the questions. I smiled when I noted that each reply included a rather elaborate mention of the movie version of the book. We will eliminate these references, and confine the symposium to movies in general, as they have been seen in the prison. Following are the answers of, let us say, Tom, Dick and Harry, and they embody the opinions of a majority of the inmates.



A graphic scene from the movie, "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing." This powerful story was based on Warden Lawes' book of that name.

Is the Crime Picture Harmful?

"Yes, I think the crime picture *is* harmful," declares Tom. "Motion picture companies are in the business for a livelihood and they know the best way of earning it is to give the public thrills. The plain truth is seldom ever thrilling; so the picture producer creates thrills by making the hero a handsome, devil-may-care kind of gangster, loyal to his mob and poison to his enemies—in whom there is no fear. Or they make him a hard, ruthless type, with courage of a kind, who reveals a sudden and unexplained strain of tender heartedness. In short, they create mythical types and situations that strongly appeal to certain kinds of minds by stimulating their imaginations.

The famous warden—and author, too—makes some interesting disclosures about



Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis in a scene from "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing." Warden Lawes knows the men of the big house well—which is why his book is so powerful.



Opposite was a scene from the movie dealing with Sing Sing. This is the real thing—the men out for their exercise. It's from Lawes' book.

"I have often stood near a group of young prisoners with undeveloped—almost moronic minds—and listened to them reciting stories of their deeds—stories which I knew were entirely fictitious figments of their imagination—all because of cheap crime pictures and wild accounts of bold crimes published in the newspapers.

"Watch a young prisoner, just beginning his stretch, and see how he tries to walk, look, act and talk like he believes Jack Diamond or some other of his underworld heroes would. It would really be funny were it not so serious.

"On the other hand the public swings to another extreme, which, in my opinion, is just as harmful as the 'glorifying-the-criminal' picture. It is the 'glorifying-the-police' subject.

"The police are necessary to human safety, of course, but the methods they usually employ in dealing with those who fall into their clutches are anything but heroic. We hate to see a big fellow jump on a little fellow and beat him up. And when a dozen big policemen do the jumping—no matter how detestable the prisoner may be or how loathesome his crime—we may not sympathize with him, but on the other hand, we cannot exactly pat the dozen husky bluecoats on the back, and exclaim, 'My brave heroes,' when they get him in the backroom and beat him up.

"To think that any good can come through the employment of so false a bit of sentimentality is wrong. It only awakens a sneer in the mind of the evil-doer, crystallizes a spirit of resentment, and a determination to 'show them.'

"If any phase of our social structure contains the material from which a lesson may be learned, that will bring about some good, then that material needs no embellishment—no glamorous treatment at all. The bare, unadorned facts should do the turn.

THE so-called underworld life is drab and sordid any way one looks at it, and if it must be depicted, it should be depicted as it is—neither magnified nor glorified by writers with over-developed imaginations, and directors with a flair for dramatic effects.

"I personally cannot see how any underworld picture can be a real healthy impetus *(Continued on page 98)*

the men of Sing Sing and their reactions to the movies shown there

. . . That's the way a certain woman described Fredric March. But she said it because Freddie had told her something which—but read it for yourself . . .

By
KATHERINE ALBERT



(Below) Fredric March and Elissa Landi in "Sign of the Cross." (Below, right) With Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through." Fred is a most unHollywood person—perhaps that's one reason why the woman called him dull.



THAT is what a disappointed admirer called Fredric March. It happened after she had met him and this is why it happened.

Seems that she had seen him in "Smilin' Through" and had thought him the very essence and epitome of everything that was swashbuckling, daring, debonaire and dashing. She had, in fact, thought that maybe he might turn those romantic eyes in her direction and that they would light up with some of the fire that burned in the love scenes between him and Norma Shearer.

In some way—maybe she was the friend of the third assistant director's assistant—she met Freddie March. It happened that he was between scenes in "The Sign of the Cross" and looked like all the handsome Roman gladiators of history rolled into one. The lady heaved a couple of long sighs and asked him what he thought about love.

"Love is grand," said Fred (the lady lowered her eyes), "Florence and I have been in love ever since we were married." He said it with great enthusiasm.

And then, not noticing her look of disappointment, he went on to tell her about his wife—Florence Eldridge (did you see her in "Thirteen Women"?)—his home, his family and in a simple guileless fashion, recounted stories about his brothers and sister, his father and mother, adding that he and Florence were so thankful to have a home, at last—a permanent home in Hollywood.

The lady was unsatisfied. "And haven't you ever, Mr. March, been in any sort of—well—scandal or anything like that?"

Just at that moment the omnipotent Cecil B. De Mille called him before the cameras and Fred had no chance to answer. The lady watched him work—doing frantic love scenes with Claudette Colbert—for a little while and then asked to be taken off the set. Later someone asked her what she thought of Fredric March and here's what she said, a trifle bitterly perhaps, "He's a very dull young man."

And that is what a lot of women and girls who yearn

"A VERY DULL YOUNG MAN"

Freddie March won the 1932 Academy male award for his work in "Dr. Jekyll." See the spread about it on page 38. (Below, left) on the set and (right) with his wife.



for burning glances—the sort with which he endows his close-ups—get from Freddie March. Fred is adored, not only by his feminine fans, but by many of the famous stars of Hollywood as well. But there is where Florence Eldridge steps into the picture.

Florence knows how to cope with the situations that arise. Married to this handsome young fellow, she sits back quietly while women fawn upon her husband.

Florence, however, is equal to the occasion. Once—it was shortly after the release of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—a very glamorous star was giving Freddie a rush. Unable to arouse Florence's jealousy she came up to her one night at a party and cooed, "Oh, Mrs. March, I wonder if you would let your good-looking husband dine with me some evening. I'm sure you wouldn't mind having him away from you for one evening, when you see him so much." The star had thought that she would annoy Florence and would cause a scene to put the wife at a disadvantage while she became a heroine not only in the eyes of Hollywood but in Fred's eyes as well.

Florence, unflinching, looked at her for a long time and then said, "Why do you ask me? I'm sure I have never tried to manage Fred's personal affairs. There he is now—go over and ask him if he would like to dine with you one evening."

And what—pray?—is an amorously inclined star to do with a woman like that?

MEASURED by Hollywood standards—certain Hollywood standards—I imagine the Marches might seem like pretty dull people. For Fred has never—and this answers his fan's question—been embroiled in a scandal. No more gray hairs will ever be put in Mr. Will Hays' head by Freddie. He does not go in for sensational antics, he does not make wild statements to be picked up by newspapers all over the world. He does not wrangle with his studio, nor with his family. He is, in fact, a normal, sane, very nice (*Continued on page 102*)



The news for Doug, Jr., is not so good for 1933. But cheer up, Doug. Maybe 1934 will be better. There is some good news but also a warning for Joan Crawford. Gable gets a warning, too. About accidents of several kinds. But, professionally, he'll be all right. Dareos has a prophecy to make concerning Joan Bennett's marriage to Gene Markey.

COMPARE THE THINGS WHICH DAREOS PREDICTED FOR 1932 IN MODERN SCREEN WITH WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED. IT'S A FINE RECORD

WHAT DAREOS PROPHESIED	WHAT HAPPENED
Four divorces of big stars.	Of the two score film divorces in 1932, exactly and only **four** were of rating stars: Ann Harding, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Maurice Chevalier.
A great scandal in midyear, involving big screen names, with the possibility of the murder of a screen star.	The suicide of Paul Bern, with resultant newspaper publicity, great word-of-mouth gossip and scandalmongering, involving big screen names.
Garbo: To leave Hollywood for six months. Get future salary boost.	She did.
Gable to have good year professionally, though "unsettled." In domestic affairs, no change, despite jealousies hovering about.	Gable had a good year in pictures, but ups and downs in the value of his films. Despite much gossip, his marriage remains apparently firm.
John Gilbert: "No promise" professionally. Career virtually at end.	Apparently still true.
Fredric March: Great professional year. No domestic disturbances. Danger of aviation accident in midsummer, with Dareos' advice to stay out of planes.	March had a skyrocket success in 1932. His home life remained tranquil. And he stayed out of airplanes and is still whole.
Ina Claire: Professional success. Betrothal by end of year, marriage in 1933.	Professionally, Ina Clair has done so-so. Bethrothal?—not public by late October, anyway.
Doug, Junior and Joan. Domestic unrest. Possibility of baby. Glorious professional success for both.	Their domestic affairs are open gossip. But the "possibility" of the baby didn't develop. Professionally big successes for both.
Chaplin: To marry in 1932, or early in 1933. Will do interesting work in writing field.	No known marriage by late October, but plenty of talk that he'll soon wed Paulette Goddard. He wrote a story of his recent trip, soon to be published.
Durante: Rise in 1932 to be phenomenal.	Well, that schnozzle certainly did rise in the woild.
Lupe Velez: Two bethrothal announcements in 1932, but no marriage.	Well, up to October, she's still single, anyway.
Clara Bow: To marry Rex Bell "early in 1932," with attempt to keep it secret. To find great happiness with Hubby Rex. No scandal. Return to screen, with success.	Clara beat Dareos by marrying Rex late in 1931, just after his prophecy was made. They did try to keep it secret. She is happy with Rex. And they say "Call Her Savage" is a wow.
Fatty Arbuckle: Return to screen, with neither failure nor success. To wed Addie McPhail and find happiness.	100 percent correct.
Norma Shearer: Unruffled home and professional life.	Correct.
Nancy Carroll: Unkind year, both professionally and domestically. Summer black, with domestic upset likely due to too much devotion to work.	The stars had the zodiacal signs on Nancy, all right. It all came out just like that.
Connie Bennett: Okay for marital happiness. Illness and operation for Connie.	Connie and her Marquis are still very, very happy. And she was ill and was operated on.
Bancroft: Domestic tranquillity; danger of aerial accident in fall.	Domestically, all's well. Aviation accident—not by mid-October.
Bebe Daniels: No return to screen till late in year. Marital bliss.	Correct.
David Manners: Will give others a run for it, reach heights in 1932. Will make contract change.	Correct.
Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor: Professional separation on screen. Charlie and wife Valli will be happy; no baby in 1932. Janet and hubby not so blissful, particularly at year's end.	Wrong on that screen separation business. The Farrells seem happy, babyless. Janet—but the year's not over as this is written.
Stu Erwin and wife, June Collyer: Marital happiness, and baby in 1933.	They beat him by more than three months on the baby business.
Bill Powell and wife, Carole Lombard: Will stay together through the year.	Correct.

SUMMARY: In Dareos' predictions for 1932 there appeared about 50 definite items of forecast. Of these 50 definite predictions, 34 came true, 9 were proved false, 7 are inconclusive at the time this is written.

Dareos' score: 68% correct, 18% wrong, 14% inconclusive.







There is an amazing prediction concerning Greta Garbo and her welfare. She will overcome the happening, however—according to Dareos. Chevalier is due for a lot of disillusionment, if the planets can be believed. The prognostication on Jean Harlow concerns a new romance for her. And George Raft! Well, what success he's due for. Gather round, Valentino fans.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOUR FAVORITES IN 1933?

. . . Dareos, the famous Hollywood prophet and seer, again makes some exciting and surprising predictions—this time for 1933

By HARRY LANG

Illustrated By CARL HAUPTMANN

LOOK out, Hollywood! 1933 will be your "Scandal Year"! So says Dareos.

Dareos is Hollywood's favorite seer. And of his prophecies for 1932, as published in MODERN SCREEN at the beginning of the year, less than one out of five of the things Dareos then predicted failed to come true!

For years, now, Dareos has held his position as the favorite seer of cinemaland. You'd be surprised if you knew the names of the great and near-great of Hollywood who go to Dareos for advice, for forecasts, for analysis, for horoscopes. Stars—both male and female—and the executive big shots of many a studio consult Dareos before going ahead with any major project. That's how highly his ability is regarded in movieland. And so, when he cuts loose with what he says will happen in and to Hollywood in 1933, it's interesting—and it's a cinch that more than one of Hollywood's greatest will read this prognostication with concern.

So let's go! Here's what Dareos says about 1933 in Hollywood:

IN the first place, what he calls Hollywood's luck and success in keeping the lid on the scandal pot will not last. The year will bring forth no less than *seven* separate scandals, of greater or lesser magnitude. Two of these will "break" in the spring of the year; the other five will be bunched along toward the latter part of the twelve month.

But one of these end-of-the-year quintet of scandals will break out into the open with some of the worst things that could be dragged across the pages of newspapers and court records. Because that's where it'll break—in open court, with scandalous accusations and revelations that will involve several names of star rank.

It may be that this one open scandal will be the only one of the year's seven that will get much publicity. As in the past, strenuous efforts of hushers-up and sup-press agents will manage to keep the steaming details of most of



This chap—Kirkland by name—is due to surprise the entire film world.



Dareos' prophecy concerning Janet Gaynor is not exactly a halo of cheeriness.



The exciting prediction about Charles Farrell has to do with his married life.



And Ann Harding—according to Dareos—will find romance in a big way.

the other scandals under cover, says Dareos.

But—before the end of the year, the lid will blow off. "It'll be like a volcano, with all hitherto covered-up and tied-down scandal popping out of bounds," says the seer.

That's enough for the scandal. But Dareos has more to excite you. He says there'll be two violent deaths of film "names"—either murder or suicide. There may be a third, say the stars, but this is not certain. The two are certain, however, and both will be classed in the news columns as "mystery deaths."

In midyear, there will be a sensational attempt to kidnap one of the foremost female stars of the screen, but it will fail.

The divorce courts will, as usual, be busy. "It doesn't require any abnormal mind to foretell that," Dareos admits. But, as in 1932, he is specific. In 1933, he says, there will be only two "star" divorces. But there will be at least five others with "big" names.

SOMETIME during the year, a noted star will die. So will one of Hollywood's foremost film executives.

Two female stars, now apparently happily married, will make more or less public spectacles of themselves by going violently "on the make" for actors *not* their husbands! At least one of these upsets will eventuate in divorce, says Dareos.

There will be far-reaching changes in the line-up of producing firms, with Fox emerging at the end of the year as the most powerful company, having absorbed at least one, possibly several of the other present front line outfits!

The threat of a big studio fire disaster, which Dareos foretold for 1932, and which did not materialize, is still indicated, he insists, and will almost certainly take place early in 1933.

And now as to specific individuals:

One of the most interesting romance developments of the year will center about exotic Anna May Wong, the Chinese charmer. There will be a much talked about romance between Anna and a prominent young American actor, with much of the discussion dealing with the fact that the marriage of the two will be openly talked about as a possibility. However, Anna will not marry during 1933, although in addition to the young American, a well-to-do Englishman will offer marriage to her. Eventually, but not in 1933, Miss Wong will marry a wealthy man of her own race.

Joan Bennett's year is dark with danger of domestic upheaval. Her marriage to Gene Markey, Dareos says, was not in accord with what the stars had for her. "It is not pleasant to have to tell such things, and there is nothing personal in it," he explains. "I only tell what the science of astrology indicates."

Joan Crawford, professionally, will continue to find success after success. But scandal hovers near, scandal involving the name of a now well-known actor. There is the threat of some "sudden and great trouble," says Dareos, in her life in 1933. However, despite the possibility of scandal, it is indicated that she and Doug Fairbanks, Junior, will go through the year side by side. But all that talk about a baby is not to see fulfillment in 1933.

Doug Junior, unlike wife Joan, faces not so good a year professionally. At least, not as good as 1932.

AMONG DAREOS' 1933 PREDICTIONS ARE:

A great deal of Hollywood scandal to be aired.

Two divorces of big stars.

Much exciting romance for Anna May Wong.

Unpleasant news about Joan Bennett's domestic affairs.

Amazing plot against Greta Garbo.

News concerning Dietrich and Von Sternberg.

A serious warning for Clark Gable.

New romance for Jean Harlow.

GRETA GARBO will come back—and "with a bang"—in pictures. She will return to M-G-M, but first, she will do some work abroad, either on the stage or screen. She will continue her policy of mystery and silence. Her personal, intimate life will continue "as is," with the usual chitter-chatter of whispered gossip about her friends. Her health is threatened.

Greta is the star against whom a sensational kidnap attempt will be directed toward the end of the year. However, the attempt will fail, because of the fact that Garbo will maintain a strong personal guard.

Marlene Dietrich will do "lovely things" professionally. But in private life, she will be the target for much malicious scandal-talk. She will find that her own sex will be her worst enemy; she must be careful about her women friends, Dareos says the stars warn. There are portents which are indicative of Dietrich being involved in a scandal which will also involve *(Continued on page 103)*

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



WOULD YOU GIVE BACK



$1,000,000

THE MOST AMAZING STORY EVER



(Left) Constance being awarded the Distinguished Service Medal recently by the Lexington Post of the American Legion. (Above) Connie and Phil Plante, the man for whom she gave up a splendid movie future to marry—because she loved him. This story has to do with an amazing new angle of that famous million dollar settlement. On the opposite page you will find a new portrait of Connie and also a scene from her newest film "Rockabye"—which has Paul Lukas and Joel McCrea as well as Connie.

I HAVE just heard one of the strangest and most beautiful stories about Constance Bennett—a story so worthy of print and one which gives you such a new insight into this girl who has been called the most disliked woman in Hollywood that I can't resist telling you about it.

Here is how I heard it.

We were sitting in a charming Hollywood patio late one evening—a few stragglers remaining after a party. It was quite dark and we could not see each other's faces. There were only four of us and we had been talking about the fact that so often wrong impressions grow about people who do things that look hard and cruel to the rest of the world but are, in reality, things done for a good purpose.

Suddenly one of the men—a star, himself—said, "I know an example of that. It's something I suppose I shouldn't tell, because the girl it concerns wouldn't want it known—but I think it is so remarkable that I'm going to tell it anyhow."

And this is the story I heard:





OOOO ?

TOLD ABOUT CONNIE BENNETT

By KATHERINE ALBERT

"Constance Bennett loved that young fellow Phil Plante—her second husband. At the time of her marriage there was disapproval from her family and her friends. Connie was so young and seemed to have so much of the stuff of which great actresses and great women are made, that no one could understand why she chose to give up her career, that was just beginning to flower, for a wealthy play boy like Phil Plante.

"But who is to say why love comes—and how. She must have loved him deeply, else she would not have married him at a time when she was being hailed as one of the greatest potential stars. Her first big picture, 'Sally, Irene and Mary', had received marvelous notices when she quit her job and married this Plante.

"They went to Europe. They lived a gay and fascinating life—in Paris, the Riviera, Monte Carlo—oh, you know what young people with lots of money do. And if Connie found it an empty life, she did not say so because she was in love.

"But—after a long trial—she found it wouldn't work, that marriage. You folk know why. I don't need to go into that. But remember that she had given up her career and had brooked her family's disapproval to marry this lad she really loved.

WHEN the divorce came, Plante settled a million dollars on her and he is said to have made a very cruel remark which implied that that was all she had wanted from him, anyway. She must have been cruelly hurt by his words. For she knew how well she had loved him and that it was never his money that made her marry him. But she was too proud to tell him any of that.

"She returned to America—a glamorous, exciting young divorcée with a million dollars, a European background, the smartest clothes and all the *savoir faire* of a woman twice her age.

"Naturally, she was envied by Hollywood—and when her first talking picture was an instant success, she was almost hated. It seemed, to those girls who had struggled along the torturous path of stardom and had reached its end only after great trials and sacrifices, that things had come too easily for Connie. It is no wonder that they were envious and jealous of her.

"Connie heard all the talk. Connie knew that it was said that she was shrewd and clever and hard. Then she, by her own wit in dealing with men of finance, wrangled a contract that paid her one of the highest salaries ever paid a star—$30,000 a week when she was working. The jealousy and the gossip reached a high point then.

"Of course, she did not get the $30,000 every week. The contract was signed per picture but it figured out at $30,000 while she was working and her criticizers did not stop to consider this—or give her the benefit of any doubts.

"The fact remained, however, that she had driven a hard and a shrewd bargain and since envy breeds hate, Connie was hated.

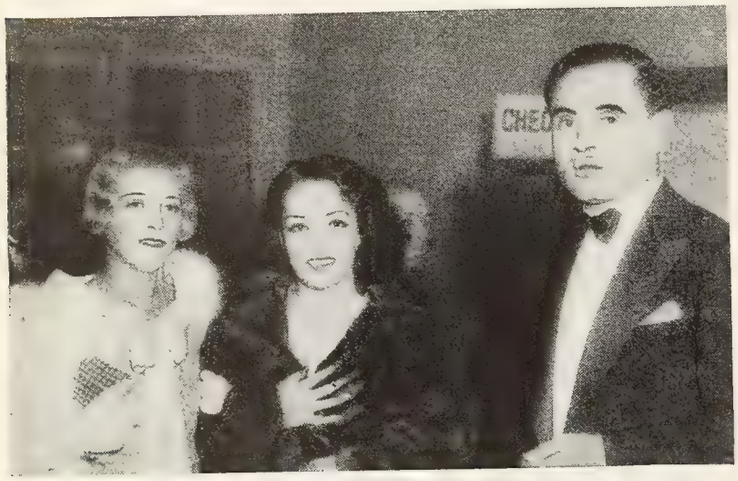
BUT here's what nobody knew—and what Connie, who never justifies herself (she's too big a person for that) would not tell. When she had received the divorce settlement from Phil Plante and when he had said the words that hurt her so, she made a solemn vow that she would pay back to him (*Continued on page 90*)

. . . The yearly awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences are the most sought after Hollywood honors



Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, Helen Hayes and Lionel Barrymore. Miss Hayes won the award for her work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

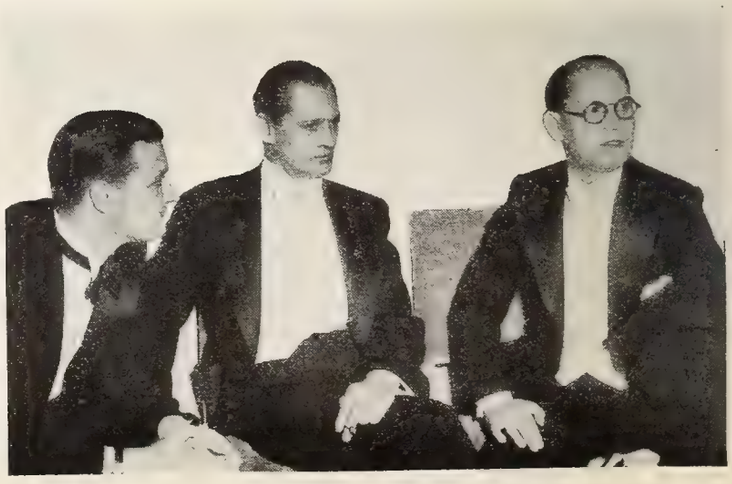
THE ACADEMY



Lupe Velez leaving the banquet (left). The gentleman at the right is the maitre-d'hôtel, Jimmy Manos. (Below left) Spencer Tracy and his wife; Stuart Erwin and his wife, June Collyer. They dropped into the Cocoanut Grove after the Academy Awards were given. (Below) George Barr Brown, Lionel Barrymore, and Mike Levy. Lionel won the award last year for his work in "A Free Soul." Marie Dressler was the other winner—for "Min and Bill."

Pictures in this feature by J. B. Scott, Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman.







. . . So let us congratulate Helen Hayes and Fredric March—the recipients of the 1932 Academy awards for acting honors

Helen Hayes and Fredric March. Fredric March was awarded the honor for his work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He is fast becoming a big star. (See page 30.)

AWARDS BANQUET

(Below) Wallace Beery leaving the Academy Award banquet. He received a special award as well as honorable mention for his work in "The Champ." Wally got only one less vote than March. In consideration of this fact, the judges thought he deserved a special prize. (Below right) Stan Laurel, Hal Roach and Oliver Hardy. Laurel and Hardy recently returned from their European jaunt. (Right) Lilyan Tashman and husband Edmund Lowe arriving at the Academy Award banquet.







HELEN HAYES AND FREDRIC MARCH WIN!







(Above) Walt Disney and his wife. Just in case you don't know, Walt is the creator of that highly popular movie actor, Mickey Mouse. There's Mickey Mouse's award—Mrs. Disney is holding it. (Above, left) The winner again, Fredric March, and his wife, the former Florence Eldridge. You'll find her spoken of in the story on page 30. (Left) Alice White and friend Cy Bartlett. Did you know that Alice has a new nose? (Lower left) George O'Brien arriving. (Below) O'Brien again—with some of his friends during a lull between Academy Awards, as it were.





BUDDY ROGERS—HERE AGAIN



. . . When Mister Charles Rogers heard that he had left Hollywood because he was "through," it aroused his spirit. So he chucked his orchestra job and decided to "show them." He did, too

Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian at the opening of the Little Club. (More pictures of this event on page 60.) Buddy is once again a Hollywood fixture—for six months of every year.

By CARTER BRUCE

BUDDY ROGERS is back in the movies! Yes, Buddy returned to Hollywood a week ago . . . and today he signed a long-term contract with M-G-M studio. One of the most unusual contracts ever written. *" . . . that the party of the second part shall make motion pictures for a period of twenty seven weeks each and every year (during the period of this agreement) and, further, he shall make personal appearances and appear over the radio for the remaining twenty five weeks of every year."*



In other words, Buddy Rogers is the first motion picture star whose stage talent has been recognized and capitalized on by a studio!

This is exactly what Buddy wanted. The day we met him at the train, he expressed the hope that he could sign a contract that would allow him to appear in New York a part of each year. This not only *allows* him . . . it *forces* him! And thousands of fans are happy . . . because, in spite of the arrival of Clark Gable and George Raft, there was a place left vacant by Buddy's departure that no one else could fill. Buddy is happy too—but for an entirely different reason . . . a very personal reason:

In spite of what many critics and writers said; in spite of what a part of Hollywood thought—Buddy Rogers is *not* through! More important, he has proved it to himself!

When Buddy left Hollywood eleven months ago, contractless and free, he did so of his own volition! He was anxious to get away from Paramount where he believed he had been made to do too many poor pictures. He left because of an offer to lead his band in exclusive New York hotels . . . appear on the stage and over the radio—an offer so BIG, by the way, that it made his movie contract look like cigarette money! So you can see that he left because he *wanted* to!

Imagine his surprise, just six months later, when he read that he was a "has been"—comment in movie columns said that "Miss America" had outgrown her former "Boy Friend" and replaced him with more sophisticated appeal of other movie gentlemen! To add to the injury, whenever a Hollywood juvenile failed to click he was referred to as "just another Buddy Rogers who couldn't make the grade"! The idea began to gain momentum until, within the last few months, he began to overhear the whispered comments of the boys and girls who danced in front of his band.

"Well," the high-school sheik would whisper into his lady friend's ear, "There stands your secret passion, America's Boy Friend!"

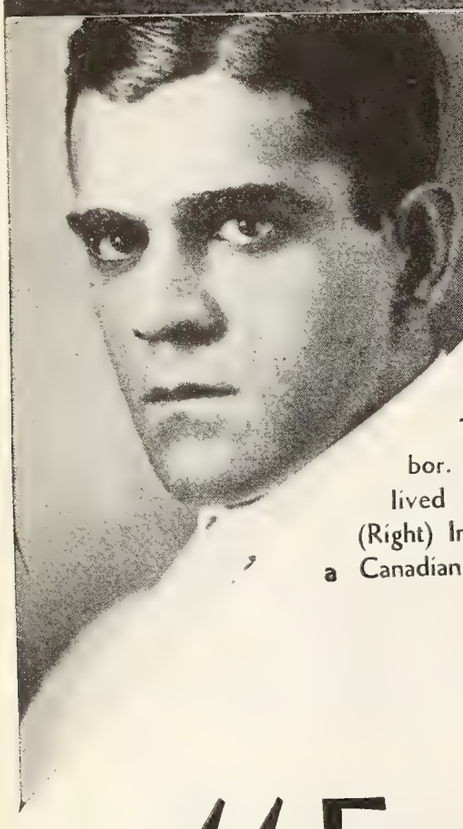
"Where do you get *that* idea?" Miss Sixteen would yip, "He's last years' stuff. Bet he couldn't get a contract in Hollywood if he *wanted* to!"

It hurt! It hurt a *lot*. There is something almost ridiculous about any boy twenty-nine years old being a "has-been" in the first place! It seemed even more ridiculous to Buddy because he had walked out on movie offers of his own free-will to accept bigger offers on the stage! And even his $6,000.00 weekly (*Continued on page 106*)



By WALTER





(Left) Boris Karloff at the age of twenty-four. He was playing in stock companies at the time. (Above) Off for a ride at the age of seven. The little girl is an admiring neighbor. This was when Karloff's family lived in Dulwich, a suburb of London. (Right) In a character role when he was in a Canadian Repertory company years ago.

THE STRANGE "Frankenstein"

I ARRIVED at the Karloff home in the evening. In the dark the house—set back among the trees—seemed almost forbidding. After I had been admitted at the front door; led through a series of long halls and deposited in a large, roomy-chair in the light of an open-fireplace, I was informed, by Karloff's aged man-servant, that, "the Master will be a little late." I settled back to enjoy the fire and the unusual Egyptian antiques that filled the room.

My thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a very charming person in white. "I am Mrs. Karloff," she began. "I hope that you will forgive Boris for being a fraction later than he intended. I'm sure it was unavoidable."

Her apology was punctuated by the ringing of a bell deep inside the house somewhere. Mrs. Karloff started to her feet. "That is the front door," she announced slowly, "and I have just dispatched Dennis to mail a letter. I wonder if you would mind coming to the door with me? After it begins to get dark, I'm afraid to open the house alone . . . we're so far from the highway."

I rose and followed her, thinking it rather odd that

No wonder Boris Karloff grew up to be a past-master of horror roles

RAMSEY



(Left) "Frankenstein" at the age of three and a half. Not exactly frightening then, was he? (Right) Ah, that's more in the "Frankenstein" mood. B. Karloff as Rob Dow in Barrie's "The Little Minister." That was in 1911-12. (Above) Boris Karloff in private life—suave, polite, a gentleman. Yet, with something else, too—something rather weird.

HISTORY OF KARLOFF

the wife of Karloff should be *afraid!* I stood behind her as she opened the door. It was only a department store delivery boy making a late delivery. Yet, as he stood there, the faint light from the hall seemed to give him a curiously unreal appearance. I realized it was my imagination playing me tricks—but I could understand Mrs. Karloff's fear now—when I hadn't before.

FIVE minutes later my host arrived. A tall, slenderish man with unusually dark skin and expressive, brown eyes; immaculately groomed in a grey suit, he presented a life-sized picture of what is commonly referred to as a cosmopolite. He apologized for his tardiness and, with true British appreciation, sat down to a cup of late tea which his wife had poured just before leaving us.

Karloff is so radically different from his screen characterizations that it is startling . . . even to an adult. Here is a man of soft, cultured voice; a kindly outlook on life and an almost super-sympathetic insight into human frailty. Yet as our talk went on through midnight and into the early-morning hours; as he warmed to the details and emotions of his life story, I came to realize that the

Even as a child he loved to dress himself up in terrifying outfits





(Above) As the mad servant in "The Old Dark House." (Right) The Frankenstein monster rôle brought him nationwide fame as a marvelous portrayer of horrible characters.

true Karloff lies somewhere between the two extremes of his professional and his private personalities. Karloff is a gentleman . . . but Karloff is also an Unknown! To the majority of the climaxes of his life he has brought human control and mastery. . . .

Yet he told me that, once, in a rage that swept all control and reserve into nothingness; in the tremendous sweep of his own emotions; he had almost clubbed a man to death with his walking stick!

KARLOFF was born in Dulwich, a suburb of London, in one of the most terrific storms ever recorded for even an English November. That would be forty-five years ago. And although he was called Karloff (after his Russian mother's maiden name) from his early youth, he was actually christened William Henry Pratt. His arrival, however, was of no particular moment to his parents . . . the arrival of eight other children before him had totally erased the novelty. In fact, his English father in referring to his birth could recall nothing but the beastly, shrieking weather.

The large, damp, stone house—already filled to overflowing with children ranging from two to fifteen years—was hardly the ideal cradle for the nurturing of such a vague thing as *individuality*. Yet Karloff's father, official of the British Indian Civil Service, began complaining early in Karloff's life that the "youngest" was a "strange one"! In time, his mother began to notice the "strangeness", too . . . and took a high pride in it. William, she boasted, was more like *her* people . . . more Russian than British . . . truly a *Karloff!*

To his militaristically-inclined brothers, any eccentricities on the part of the "youngest" were merely excused on account of his youth. It was not until he was well out of his infancy that several of them began to resent the fact that he would rather remain to himself than play "soldier" or "King's Guardsmen" with them.

Yet they couldn't exactly call him "sissy". For instance, when storms would rage, as they frequently did in climate-tossed Dulwich, young William never ran to his mother to hide his head from the shrieking of the wind or the explosive thunder. The wilder the storm, the better he seemed to like it.

When he was seven, his strange penchant for reading books—exploring attics and cellars and making weird, crazy noises that didn't seem to mean anything (except to him) riled his British father so thoroughly that he began to call the boy Karloff in sarcastic tribute to the Russian in him. Thus it was that many years later, when William Pratt sought the stage for a career, his mother's name of Karloff was as much his, through long usage, as it had been hers.

He was a serious child. As soon as he could read (his mother taught him long before he entered school) he spent hours each day pouring over imaginative stories of





(Left) In make-up for "The Mummy," his latest weird part. That's his wife with him. Imagine having to put up with such a make-up around. No wonder she's afraid when she's alone in the house (see story). (Above) As Dr. Fu Manchu in "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

goblins, ghosts and other weird creatures. On the first Christmas which he remembers, he received a small box of paints. Immediately he retired from the family group, hieing himself to the attic where he painted his face in a series of atrocities as horrible as his juvenile mind could make them. This was his first escapade into the art of make-up and he continued tampering with it all his life.

Just off the main attic of the house was the room in which trunks and luggage were stored. It was always kept locked, but young Karloff finally found the key. Upon his first exploration of the room, he was delighted that it was even darker than the attic.

Knowing that his brothers thought of the room as "haunted", he invented numerous contrivances that would make strange sounds and shrieks at intervals. After frightening his older brothers almost out of their wits by his strange noises, he would walk calmly into the trunk room and close the door! Once inside, he proceeded to "haunt" the room in an even louder and more gruesome manner until he had the rest of the boys afraid to climb the attic stairs. This accomplished a two-fold purpose: respect and solitude.

When Karloff was nine, the family moved to Enfield and took up a larger and more comfortable house close to the city. Closer to church, too . . . which meant that Karloff must attend. He didn't like it at first, but after he found out that the rector arranged the occasional plays that were given in the church hall, he began to like it much better. He found time each day to go to the church and wander around in the silence alone. He enjoyed the somber music of the organ as the music master practiced from time to time . . . the deep tones of light from the stained-glass windows and finally he even struck up a friendship with the old Rector. This pleased his parents, but to his older brothers it was just another manifestation of his "strangeness."

KARLOFF had reasons other than spiritual guidance for his visits with the rector. He wanted a part in the next church play. The rector gave him long talks about "uplift plays" and at first Karloff was only bored. Soon, however, he found that the rector really meant plays in which there was a struggle between "Right" and "Wrong" . . . in which "Right" always triumphed. Ah, that was better!

He finally talked himself into the rôle of the "Demon" in the play "Cinderella." So well did he portray the Demon, that the rector was called upon to advise him that: ". . . you mustn't make *Evil* so strong, my boy . . . *Evil* is always weak when it encounters *Right!*" But Karloff continued to play the Demon with a mighty gusto! As the performances progressed, he made the Demon even more grotesque than he had in the beginning and added horns to his devilish head. In his last performance he looked for all the world like a midget *Frankenstein* . . . a more recent Karloff creation.

The first authentic tragedy of Karloff's life came with the death of his father some months after moving to Enfield. Not that his father's passing caused him to grieve (they had never been close) but Karloff noticed that his mother was visibly hurt . . . and *that* caused *his* heart to ache. Almost immediately after the funeral, the older boys began talking of "the (*Continued on page 107*)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THEM!



Elmer Fryer



Clarence Sinclair Bull



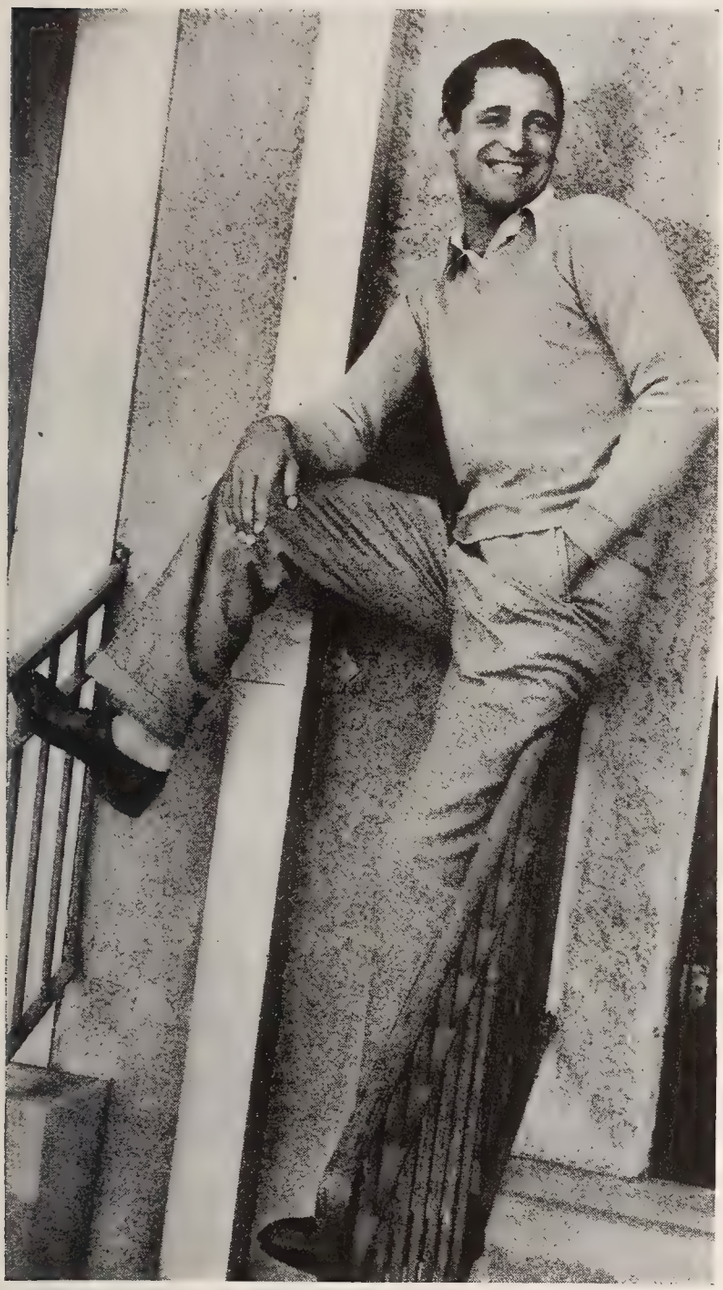
Ernest A. Bachrach



Otto Dyar

(Above) Constance Cummings. She made hits in "American Madness" and "Movie Crazy." You saw her in "Night After Night." And you'll see her in "The Mind Reader." (Left) Arline Judge's first picture was "Are These Our Children?" Since then she's appeared in several RKO films, including "Age of Consent." Her next is "Sweepings." (Left, above) Diana Wynyard's first important appearance is in "Rasputin." You'll be seeing her in "Cavalcade." (Top left) Dick Powell. His first big picture was "Blessed Event." He's in "42nd St."

. . . Too often the screen newcomers are neglected for the well known favorites. We believe in giving the up-and-comers a break.



Eugene Robert Richee



Hurrell





(Above) Cary Grant was first seen in "This Is the Night." He appeared in "Blonde Venus" and "Hot Saturday." He'll be in "Madame Butterfly." (Right) Zita Johann has been seen in "Tiger Shark." Her next is "The Mummy"—the Boris Karloff thriller. (Right, above) Her first picture was "Million Dollar Legs." Her current is "The Kid from Spain." She has been signed by Samuel Goldwyn. Name? Lyda Roberti. (Top right) Alexander Kirkland has been seen in "Passport to Hell." But he made his first big hit in "Strange Interlude."



Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms." The story of a light-hearted and light-loving soldier and the nurse who becomes terribly enamored of him, this will thrill and delight you.



Zita Johann and Boris Karloff in "The Mummy." Boris "Frankenstein" (see story on him on page 42) is starred in it, and if you enjoy thrilling, chilling stories, don't fail to see this one.

REVIEWS—A TOUR

A FAREWELL TO ARMS
(Paramount)

All you fans who adored this story as a novel—do not worry. The poignant tale of the officer and the nurse in Italy during the war has lost none of its enthralling drama in transcription to the screen. There is magic in Helen Hayes in every rôle she creates. As the infatuated, love torn nurse, she is superb. But Gary Cooper is the real "surprise" of the production. As the devil-may-care light o' love officer who begins the romance with the little nurse so casually, Gary is nothing short of a revelation.

The direction of Frank Borzage is inspired. All in all a picture you can't help enjoying.

THE MUMMY
(Universal)

Karloff is back once more to chill your very marrow . . . if the depression has *left* you any! This piece starts down in Egypt where a group of scientists open a tomb and read some ancient script . . . whereupon Karloff (in regulation mummy swaddling clothes) comes to life and the shock kills the nearest scientist . . . which makes everything even.

The "alive dead man" then proceeds to do some high class magic and haunting.

After much horror, science *returns* the Mummy to his rightful tomb and all ends nicely. If you are willing to pay dough to be scared to death . . . step right up!

CENTRAL PARK
(Warner Bros.)

Here's another "Grand Hotel" idea—only this time everything happens in a park.

The first people you meet are two hungry young unfortunates (Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford) whose romance starts when they snatch a pair of hotdogs from a cart. Then there's the faithful old copper (Guy Kibbee) who goes blind on his last beat. Your thrills and shivers are furnished by a crazed lion keeper who escapes prison—and feeds his cruel successor to his pet lion. Your fun begins when the lion escapes and visits the swanky ballroom, where a gang of crooks are pulling off a rather shady deal. You will like this picture.



Clara Bow as she appears in the New York sequences of "Call Her Savage." It's the story of a half-wild girl and what happens when she loves—and hates.

CALL HER SAVAGE
(Fox)

Clara's back—and how—in a hotcha rôle all about a wild kid from the prairie land who lashes rattlesnakes—and men—with equal joy.

If there are certain little talking screen technicalities which Clara has not yet mastered—if at times she seems a trifle self-conscious about the microphone—you will easily overlook it in the verve and spirit she puts into the part.

A hair-pulling contest between Clara and Thelma Todd is a highlight of the film.

SON-DAUGHTER
(M-G-M)

San Francisco's Chinatown provides the background for this excellent picture depicting the love story of a Chinese boy (Ramon Novarro) for a lovely flower of his native China (Helen Hayes). Heartbreak and drama enter the plot when the girl's father (Lewis Stone) sells her to rich merchant (Warner Oland) for $25,000 which he sends back as a contribution to his battletorn and beloved country, China.

The tender love-making between Ramon Novarro and Helen Hayes will entrance you.

Going to the movies? Are you sure it's the sort of picture you'll like



Greta Meyer, Wallace Beery and Karen Morley in "Flesh." Wally plays a dumb wrestler who is always having things put over on him. It's a grand picture. You mustn't miss it.



Lupe Velez and Lee Tracy in "Half Naked Truth." Lee is a barker who later becomes a high-powered press agent. A very fast moving story which holds the interest all the time.

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." It's the story of a missionary worker (Barbara) who becomes involved with a Chinese General.

BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)

Barbara Stanwyck arriving in China during the Civil War to marry her missionary sweetheart, is captured by a Chinese army headed by General Yen (Nils Asther). The general forsakes his sweetie of the slanting eyes and proceeds to make love to his white lily in true Oriental fashion. But the Chinese never forgive—and the little Chinese girl has her revenge when through her efforts, Nils is captured by his enemy. The general then goes noble by drinking the bitter tea.

ME AND MY GAL (Fox)

The cop on the beat of Pier 13 (Spencer Tracy) falls for the sassy cashier of a waterfront coffee house (Joan Bennett) and is torn between romance and duty when he finds out that Joan's sister has been playing around with the very gangster the cop is out to "get."

There are certain close-ups that will prove offensive to the squeamish onlooker . . . but if you don't get a bang out of the more-than-warm love scene between the cop and the cashier—well, you're unmovable.

FLESH (M-G-M)

Beery is a waiter and wrestler in a German beer garden. Enter the villain, Cortez from New York. Ric talks Beery and his manager into coming to America where he and Miljan (the big fight promoter) decide to frame Beery.

Just before sailing, however, Wally picks up a street-walker (Karen Morley) and marries her. This addition to the wrestler's family makes for plenty of opportunity for the old double cross.

But when the big moment comes (the result of a frame up) Wally is *just* dumb enough to spoil the whole gag.

We have a hunch the whole family will rave about this.

HALF NAKED TRUTH (RKO)

Lee Tracy rings the bell *again!* This time he starts as a barker for a side-show and winds up as a slam-bang press agent with high powered ideas. What a natural.

Tracy falls in love with Lupe who is the side-show dancer—puts on a huge publicity campaign and lands the gal on Broadway where she promptly gives him the high brow and the outdoor air. Tracy decides to show her that it was *his* talents that put her in the limelight by picking up the first girl that comes along and making her a world sensation. The *first gal* just happens to be the chamber maid in the hotel. . . . It's a fast moving picture.

IF I HAD A MILLION (Paramount)

This film is broken up into eight different versions of what "I would do with a million dollars." An eccentric old millionaire decides to pick several names at random out of the telephone book and give each one a million! A Salesman in a china department . . . a forger . . . a marine . . . a prostitute . . . a book-keeper . . . an inmate of the old ladies home! Can't you just imagine some of the marvelous possibilities?

The best part of this idea is the fact that each little episode is done with a different cast . . . another writer and a special director. It's really the "Grand Hotel" of the Paramount lot . . . only better in our estimation.

These reviews give you the detailed low-down on the newest movies



William Haines and Madge Evans in "Fast Life." About mechanics and their efforts to win a motorboat race. Fine if you don't insist on too much romance.



Lew Cody, Gregory Ratoff and George Raft in "Undercover Man." About a man who turns stool-pigeon to avenge the murder of his father by a gang of crooks.

FAST LIFE (M-G-M)

The usual Haines yarn—chuck full of action—and plenty of laughs.

Bill and Cliff, two pal mechanics, get an idea for building a speedboat that will out-speed any known boat. With the oncoming of the race, they try desperately to get the necessary financial backing. Failing—they turn pirate—steal the money—and win the race. When love enters Bill's life in the shape of Madge Evans, Bill's conscience bothers him—so the money is repaid and all is forgiven.

If you like boats and racing—here are some real thrills for you!

ROCKABYE (Radio)

Constance Bennett in a tear-y, but dressy rôle of a stage actress with suppressed maternal instincts, looks beautiful and glamorous and will please the rabid Bennett fans. Joel McCrea is totally lost in the rôle of playwright whose wife does not divorce him in time to marry Connie—thus making for an "unhappy" ending. Paul Lukas, as Connie's stage manager, looks on, apparently as bewildered by the plot as the others.

If you like drama a little overdone—if you like good looking clothes, and Connie—you'll probably enjoy "Rockabye" in spite of the movie reviewers verdicts.

WILD HORSE MESA (Paramount)

Maybe the kids will go for this one with a wild whoop . . . but the adults (we have a hunch) won't give a whoop, or even a mild cheer.

Zane Grey's heroes are too, too pure . . . the heroines too, too unwilling and the villains overly villainous. But when Randolph Scott starts out to wipe out a gang of horse trappers (who are using barbed-wire traps); when the gal falls for his younger brother and when Fred Kohler blows up safes and picks fights with Randy . . . combined with some swell riding in the early dawn, you have the average western.

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE (Radio)

A hair-raising thriller, with plenty of mystery—and murders!

Briefly, the story concerns a Russian maniac who kidnaps and hypnotizes a girl (Gwili Andre) and poses her as Princess Anastasia, only surviving heir of the Tsar, in hopes of getting access to her large inheritance. This is where the French police come in and their secret methods of operating lends plenty of action to the picture.

Frank Morgan as the brains of the police department does some fine acting. Others in the cast are Gwili Andre, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton.

UNDERCOVER MAN (Paramount)

George Raft turns stool-pigeon in this one to avenge the death of his father by a gang of racketeers. Nancy Carroll, whose brother met the same fate, teams up with Raft—and what a team they turn out to be! Their scheming and plotting—Nancy's vamping of the "master mind" (Lew Cody) and unconsciously giving away the works—the many tight spots they get into—and are they tight! . . . all make for tense, fast-moving drama.

Raft is in his pet rôle—and gives an excellent performance.

THE MATCH KING (Warners)

A timely and immensely interesting story based on the life of the late Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish "Match King."

Warren William as Paul Kroll (Kreuger), who starts in the gutter, rises to rule the world and ends in the gutter, is the whole picture. Arriving in Sweden to re-establish a dwindling match industry, Kroll achieves stupendous success through shrewd but unscrupulous methods.

His downfall comes when the banks refuse him more credit, and his sweetheart (Lily Damita) deserts him for another man.

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL (Warner Bros.)

Nothing new in the line of stories, but Joe E. Brown causes plenty of good laughs.

As the mistaken swimming champion, Brown is carried off to Catalina Islands to participate in the $25,000 marathon. Not knowing how to swim, Joe gains confidence when he succeeds in wearing a non-sinkable swimming suit of his own invention. The marathon is the laugh high-light of the picture. The end is a riot, with Joe winning the pot as well as the girl (Ginger Rogers).

You'll like the bespeckled Joe in this one.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)

Those two excruciatingly funny sad people, ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville, together with Roland Young and a very important supporting cast make this comedy worthy of your time. The story is a top-notcher for a comedy—not too slapstick to be beyond probability. The scene where ZaSu goes swankily horseback riding—and the horse really and truly runs away—and Slim goes after her, has honest thrills as well as a great big laugh. ZaSu's flapdoodle hands and great big sad eyes and Calamity Jane voice, together wth her superb gift for pantomime, almost steal the show.

PORTRAITS



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

The Harding hilltop home is a very quiet place since Ann's divorce from Harry Bannister. Ann has sold her beautiful plane and has returned to horseback riding for exercise and diversion. Baby Jane is simply blooming, thank you. Ann loves long automobile trips into the mountains and the desert. She's had automobile pillows made to match her gowns—she simply can't stand wrong colors together. Having finished "Animal Kingdom" with Leslie Howard, she'll start work on "Christopher Strong." No romance rumors about Ann yet.



Photograph by George Hurrell

Meet Miss Boots Mallory, whose real name is Patricia. Her baby nickname of Boots has stuck. She was a Ziegfeld discovery. She also appeared in George White's "Scandals." She will be seen with James Dunn in "Walking Down Broadway" and, again with Dunn, in "Handle With Care." She was born in New Orleans, is married, sketches and writes verse for fun, loves dogs, is not superstitious, likes bowling because she thinks it's good for her figure, is five feet six, weighs one hundred and twenty and has ash blond hair and blue eyes.



Photograph by Freulich

Richard Arlen's only luxury is a very small yacht. He loves outboard motor racing and is planning to enter the races at Saltensea for the world championship. Dick plays no cards since the ribbing he received for wondering why B. P. Schulberg's pair of "ones" beat his own pair of deuces! Dick and Joby are having their home done over to resemble a Monterey farmhouse. Object: work for unemployed interior decorators. Dick has worked for Paramount for eleven years. Next pictures: "Island of Lost Souls" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."



Not one person, even in jealous Hollywood, begrudged Helen Hayes that Academy Award. (See pictures on page 38.) Helen is appearing in "The Son-Daughter" with Ramon Novarro. There is almost nothing to say about Helen's married life except that she is completely in love with her husband, Charles MacArthur, the writer, and he is completely in love with her. Both worship their baby, little Mary MacArthur. Helen claims that she is filling her own mother's suppressed desire to be an actress. Her next will be "The White Sister."



Photograph by Irving Lippman

This is Lyle Talbot, one of the latest heart-throbs. You may see him in "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," "No More Orchids" and with Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Sucker." He works for Warners. His real name is Lysle Hollywood—honest. He was born in Pittsburgh and wants to live in London. He likes golf, tennis and handball. He isn't married. His hobby is collecting first editions. He's quite a reserved young man but he has a delightful sense of humor. He pals around alternately with Estelle Taylor and Wynne Gibson.



Photograph by Ray Jones

Tom Brown has been on the stage since he was a baby. He's started a novel called "Trouper to the Last," based upon his stage experience. He's crazy about writing. Tom has had no serious romances. He likes lots of girls in a nice, friendly way. He is humorously referred to in Hollywood as the masculine counterpart of the American co-ed. He's nineteen years old. He recently finished work in "Laughter in Hell" and is now busy on "Destination." He has freckles, an attractive snub nose and a "way" with girls of all ages. Keep an eye on Tom





AT THE MAYFAIR OPENING

... Come with the glittering stars to the glittering events of the social season. The Mayfair, The Cameramen's Ball, The Invalids' Benefit

Pictures in this feature by J. B. Scott and Wide World

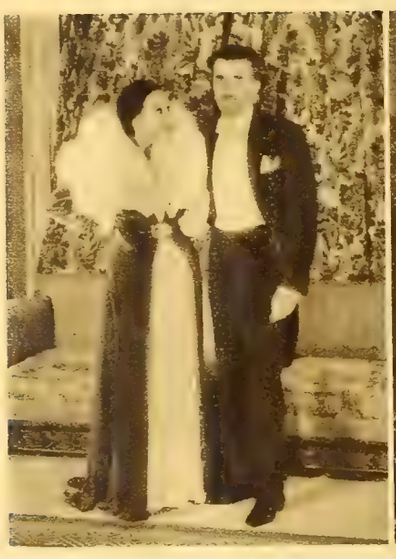




(Top of page) General view. See if you can find Edmund Lowe, Sylvia Sidney, Kay Francis and Skeet Gallagher. (Above) Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer. (Right) Ricardo Cortez and Marian Nixon. (Extreme right) Sylvia Sidney.

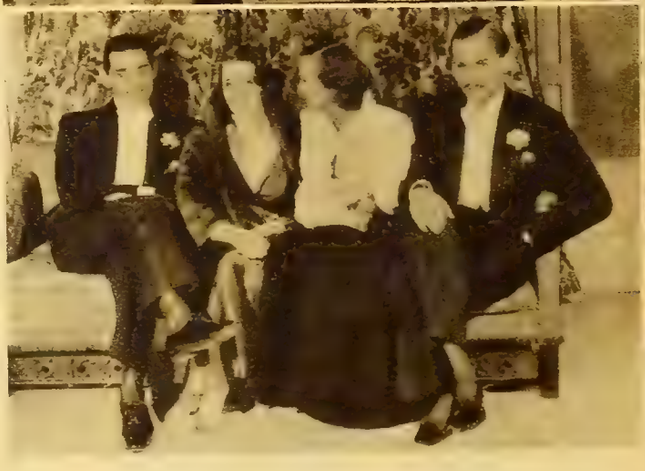


LOOKING IN ON HOLLYWOOD SOCIAL EVENTS











(Above) Dolores Del Rio and husband Cedric Gibbons. (Above, right) Sharon Lynn, Helen Hayes and Dolores Del Rio. (Above, extreme right) Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. (Right) Gable, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr. (Extreme right) Gene Raymond.



THE MAYFAIR OPENING—BIGGEST HOLLYWOOD EVENT IN MONTHS











(Above) Thelma Todd and husband Pat De Cicco. (Above, left) Joan Crawford dancing with Clark Gable. (Above, extreme left) Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge. (Left) Sally Eilers and hubby Hoot Gibson—happy again. (Extreme left) Gable and his wife.

AT THE CAMERAMEN'S BALL



Mary Carlisle, Russell Gleason, Carole Lombard and William Powell. The occasion was the opening of the Little Club with a Cameramen's Ball at the Ambassador Hotel.

LOOKING IN ON HOLLYWOOD SOCIAL EVENTS









(Above) Pat De Cicco and Thelma Todd waiting for their car at about 5 a.m. (Above right) Clara Bow demonstrating make-up secrets at the Club. (Above extreme right) Vivienne Gaye and Randolph Scott. (Right) The Little Club hat check girl, Chico Marx, Ginger Rogers, William Powell and Mervyn Le Roy.



AT THE INVALIDS' BENEFIT

George Raft with Patsy Joe Tracy at the benefit for the Mount Sinai Home at the Shrine Auditorium. This was taken backstage—see the rope? Another admirer, George?

THE TWO EVENTS PICTURED ON THESE PAGES DREW MANY STARS





(Above) Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck. (Above left) Lew Cody and Fifi Dorsay. Fifi is appearing in another picture. In "They Just Had to Get Married." (Left) Eddie Garr, Sam Hardy and Lew Cody again, taking time out for a quick smoke between entertainment events at the Mount Sinai Invalids' Benefit.

WHAT YOU SHOULD

MADGE EVANS



. . . How she went from fame as a child actress into obscurity. And how she later went on the stage, and through that, ironically enough, again crashed the movies

(Picures at left, starting at the top and reading down.) 1. With William Haines in "Are You Listenin'?" 2. With Frank Albertson, Kane Richmond and Ramon Novarro in "Huddle." 3. With Robert Montgomery in "Lovers Courageous." 4. With William Haines again, in "Fast Life."

Al Jolson



BY CURTIS MITCHELL

enigma? I cannot. But ask those M-G-M executives for whom she works in Hollywood. They are men wise to the ways of temper and temperament. They know all the answers—except those that apply to Madge.

Remember her recent tilt with them when her contract came up for renewal? She walked out when they offered to take up her option at no increase in pay. And let them know that she didn't give a fig for their wordy promises of what they would do when business got better. Did she mean it? Was she bluffing? Would she actually throw up one of the most promising careers in the picture business? They don't know, for they quibbled a bit and then renewed her contract.

I can tell them this. I can tell them that Madge Evans isn't a poseur. Or a bluffer. I wouldn't be at all surprised if, some of these busy days, she tosses her golden head at the movie mahouts and walks right out of their gilded temples forever and ever.

And the first thing she would do, I think, is to marry.

Who? Well, it is no secret that Tom Gallery, California sportsman and ex-husband of ZaSu Pitts, has been her escort for many uninterrupted months. It might well be genial, generous Tom.

Madge has told me that she wants above all other things a perfect home and happiness. She wants what she calls a "guaranteed peace of mind." These last two years in the limelight have taught her what, as a child star, she was too young to understand; namely, that a screen personality sacrifices almost all of his personal freedom and liberty. Madge's secret hope is this: she wants to become an everyday sort of person with an everyday sort of person's privacy and privilege. Now, the merciless glare of publicity prevents it.

Not long ago, she said, "If I could live my life over, I'd be a small town girl with freckles and braids and go to a little red school in a village (*Continued on page 101*)

KNOW ABOUT . . .

CHARLES LAUGHTON



. . . How he annoyed everyone around him as a child. And later tried to learn the hotel business—finally landing in a stock company, then the movies











(Pictures at right, starting at the top and reading down.)
1. With Melvyn Douglas in "The Old Dark House."
2. With Tallulah Bankhead in "Devil and the Deep."
3. With Maureen O'Sullivan in "Payment Deferred."
4. With Fredric March and Claudette Colbert in "Sign of the Cross."
5. With Richard Arlen and Leila Hyams in "Island of Lost Souls."

By CHARLES GRAYSON

CAN you picture yourself as a plump homely child, terrifically sensitive, turning between periods of extreme shyness and extreme cockiness—but always feeling yourself a person apart, lonely, fanciful, unhappy? I know one man who was a youngster like that. And perhaps that is why today, at thirty-two, Charles Laughton is close to being the finest young actor in the profession.

The other little boys and girls of Miss Saunders' School didn't like that child, Charles, very well. He didn't have many of those lovable traits characteristic of English kids of the tadpole stage. True, his family was one of the nicest in Scarborough. His father was respected for his ownership of the local hotel, and loved for the way in which he neglected it to putter around in his garden. Mrs. Laughton was admired as one of the town's gracious ladies; and her other son, Tom, was known to be a regular sort of chap. But Charlie—

There was something about Charlie that set him apart. There still is. There always will be.

But now Charles isn't grieved by his difference from the ordinary run of humanity. If people like him, well enough. If not, that is too bad. But those days are past when shyness beat down on him in great suffocating waves. Days when he was tortured by the fact that he was not as popular as he would like to be—and so anxious to prove himself a regular fellow that one day he conquered his great shyness, grabbed a little girl and kissed her soundly, to the combined shock and horror of all Miss Saunders' school.

Charles laughs about that incident now. But it wasn't funny then. Things like that simply weren't done. Just another example of Charlie Laughton's difference from the rest of the gang. And another reason why—as the miniature scandal ran its course—he retreated further and further into the world where he could be as dashing and attractive as even his demanding nature craved. The world of his imagination.

And oh, how much more *(Continued on page 94)*

Marian Nixon's Midwinter







(Furthest left) That is a dress which could go to the smartest bridge-tea without a qualm. Black ribbed velvet, with a cape collar trimmed with Belgian lace. (Directly left) Marian calls this a house dress—but one could wear it to school or to the office. Red and white silk in a tiny check fashions it. (Above) With one of the dressy short jackets which are so popular this saucy horsehair hat would be perfect.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

THIS is one of those stories that read like a midsummer night's dream —you know, the kind you believe never happen.

It concerns an eager young girl not so very unlike a million other eager young girls the world over. She lived in a small Southern town. A somnolent town where the current of existence runs smoothly and slowly. One day she looked at the dark, serious little creature in her mirror and shook her head sadly. "Marian," she said, "I wish *you* had pretty clothes. I'm so tired of the old dark sweaters you wear . . . and the sensible heavy shoes . . . and faded gingham dresses." And suddenly her fairy godmother whispered in her ear—or maybe it was just her own common sense speaking—"Tut, tut, my dear, what nonsense to think you can't have pretty clothes. Use your head!" So Marian Nixon did. She used it to such excellent advantage that today she has a wardrobe fit for a princess —only, as a rule, royalty doesn't have such good taste.

Marian came to Hollywood and kept both brown eyes and her dainty ears well opened. She learned an amazing number of things in this land where personal appearance is first and foremost. She discovered, to her utter astonishment, that people who could afford to spend any amount on clothes and who had a flair for buying chic things, quite often had no ability to wear them! "Now why is this?" she wondered. And pretty soon she had the answer. *They were not paying enough attention to the small details of their costumes.* They expected a dress of lovely quality and line to rest on its own merits, unsupported by a suitable hat worn at the most becoming angle, and by the correct shoes and gloves. Mentally, Marian made a note of the first maxim of style: *Watch out for the little things in dress and the big things will take care of themselves.*

SHE saw to it that the seams of her stockings were straight, that her hands were well cared for and her hair neatly arranged before she turned her eye fashion-

Wardrobe—*and yours!*









(Above, large picture) "As trig and trim a dress as you'll find in a day's travel" says Miss Lane. It's a most useful fuchsia color wool dress, made with raglan shoulders and there's a detachable beaver stole scarf which can be worn with a collarless-neckline coat. The little hat is fuchsia color fur felt. A warm, luscious shade. (Small picture, top) Marian has a mink coat to wear for all daytime occasions. We can't all have real mink, of course, but we can take a note of the simple lines of this coat and seek one just as smartly plain.

(Above, large picture) A grand wine-red satin semi-formal gown—one that can go a great many places with perfect assurance that it's just right. There's no elaboration of any kind. It's high in front, dips way down low in the back and has a dropped shoulder line that gives it the appearance of a sleeve. Take a note of this frock—whether you're a little thing, like Marian, or a big, tall girl. It's amazingly adaptable—makes little folks look taller and the wide shoulder line is immensely becoming to tall girls, too. The small picture shows the back. Now turn over the page and see what we have for you.

ward. Then, having looked after the essentials of good grooming, she went shopping.

In those days Marian had to count every penny twice. By purchasing a complete costume at one time, she found she saved money in the long run. Otherwise, she'd be apt to get a cute hat that had attracted her one week, only to find it wouldn't go with the suit she bought out of her next pay check. Oh, here were a great many things she pondered over and solved in that bright little mind of hers. One day she saw a famous film beauty in a store. Marian studied her. The beauty had an unconscious grace that was charming—she stood with one foot slightly behind the other, her hips swayed forward, her shoulders seemed to be proud of giving an *(Continued on page 99)*





5120

Marian Nixon is one of the tiny girls in movie stardom who knows that a dress of two materials is vastly becoming to her type. She has chosen a candy stripe silk for the upper section—a really de luxe candy this, of black and gold and white. The skirt is made of black velvet. You can have a pattern—the number is 5120—for this dress in your own size and, really, there is no more fashionable design for a dinner or an afternoon dress. If you decide to make an afternoon dress from this pattern, the skirt should be cut shorter than the one shown in the picture. The thrill of this gown lies in the fact that it can be adjusted flatteringly to all types of figures from the smallest to the largest. Patterns come in sizes 12 to 20 and 36 to 42. In ordering this pattern, follow carefully instructions on the next page.

MODERN SCREEN'S PATTERNS
FOR YOUR MIDWINTER WARDROBE

To order patterns: enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered. Be very sure to state the size or sizes wanted. Write your full name and full address plainly on the letter. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. For Canadian and foreign orders, send twenty cents in coin—Canadian and foreign stamps will not be accepted.

5114—The puffed sleeves in this dress may be long or short, shirred or left plain. Sizes 12 to 18, 32 to 42.

5124—Excellent for daytime wear in wool or silk is a tailored dress with scarf attached. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 42.

5117—This gracefully fitted gown may be made with or without sleeves. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.

5115—Pointed neckline and upper section of skirt make this dress becoming to every figure. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 42.

5127—As a relief from too many details this classic dress has a strong style appeal. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 42.



WHAT MEN DISLIKE IN WOMEN

. . . Men are alike the world over, whether it's a Hollywood star or the boy next door. Consequently, men will find this story highly amusing. And women will find it helpful, too





(Right) Hardie Albright's objection regarding girls' conduct has to do with the way they carry on at sport events. It's had quite a serious effect on Hardie. (Left) As for Jackie Cooper, there are a whole lot of things women do which annoy him. Poor kid! He's suffered at their hands.

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WE were walking across the Paramount lot—Georgie Raft and the strange little man, Mr. Finn, whom Georgie calls his "bodyguard," and I. A beautiful girl passed us, wearing a raincoat, thrown over an evening dress from under which little bedroom slippers peeped. The men gazed after her, speculatively.

"I *wish* women wouldn't wear flat heels—ever!" Georgie exploded. "They spoil a woman's carriage, her figure, the shape of her feet. They don't look *feminine*. I like a woman to be dainty—to make me feel that I should like to ask her to dance with me at any moment—"

"Knickers!" Mr. Finn murmured, dreamily. "They shouldn't wear those, either."

Georgie nodded. "Very few women look well in pants," he agreed. "Unless they have had a good look at themselves in the *back*, they should be careful about pants."

Mr. Finn's mind was wandering in pleasant channels. "I wish they wouldn't always say, 'I've had a simply *lovely* time!,' when you take 'em home from some place. They can't always have a lovely time. I'd like to meet one just once who would say, 'It was terrible. The evening was a flop. I never want to see you again.' That would be *somepin*."

"I wish they wouldn't try to coax kisses when they've had a few drinks," Georgie added. "If I want to kiss a woman, I'll take some step about it, myself—and I'll like it much better if I take the initiative. Just when you are trying so hard to be a gentleman—to be nice and polite and respectful because you think she deserves it—she has three Martinis and spoils your illusions. I wish women wouldn't drink, anyhow. Their faces fall apart!"

The conversation was becoming most illuminating. "What *else* do you wish women wouldn't do?" I urged.

Georgie was emphatic. "Talk baby talk!" he began. "Or be noisy in public places or swear—" Here we were interrupted and I didn't learn the other things to which George objected in the feminine sex.

BUT I thought about the matter a little bit. It would be interesting if women could hear some of these expressions of opinion from the men whom they try to charm. The men in Hollywood meet the most attractive women in the world—women whose ability to charm is





(Left) Wouldn't you think that Clark Gable—he-man of he-men—would want women to be utterly, completely and devastatingly feminine? If you do think so there's a surprise in store for you. (Below, left) George Raft has certain dislikes which concern women wearing flatheeled shoes. (Below, right) Bob Montgomery says girls ask too many silly questions. Isn't he the meanie?

worth millions of actual dollars at the box office. These men should *know!*

I recalled a conversation I had one time with David Manners.

"Women's possessiveness," he told me, earnestly, "causes more trouble between the sexes than any other one thing. I was in love—almost—a little while ago. I took the girl home one evening, rather early. It was warm and there was a moon and afterward I drove alone to the beach and sat gazing at the ocean for a while—thinking about her—being pretty romantic. The next morning she called me and made the most frightful row! It seems that she had called me at home, had not found me there and had immediately suspected all sorts of things. That I had gone on to another party after I left her. That I had called on some other girl. Silly things! She wouldn't believe me when I told her the truth.

"It was all so small and unpleasant. It made her seem shrewish and it frightened me. All the fragile romance of that evening died—and I lost all interest in that girl.

"Men don't like to be called to account. The woman who demands an accounting of the hours a man spends away from her, who 'checks up' on his story to see whether he has lied, destroys something very lovely in their relationship—trust. Only a very stupid woman will do it!"

I WENT into the matter further. Little things, I found, were what destroyed charm for these men. A woman might spend hours—days—making herself lovely for a certain occasion, rehearsing her rôle of glamorous siren and then destroy the whole structure in a moment by some unconsidered gesture.

Freddie March, the handsome, intelligent, conservative Freddie, confirmed this. "If they would only display some *reticence!*" he moaned. "A woman who seems sensitive and fastidious will so often startle you by discussing personal—even intimate—matters in a crowded elevator! She will enter into a chummy conversation with a friend at the next table in a restaurant. She will gossip in front of servants. She will discuss her husband, her best friend or her neighbors with her hairdresser. If she could know how such indiscretions make men squirm, she wouldn't commit them. Not that any of these things are important. It is merely that they show a lack of good taste.

"Women give themselves away so! The woman who makes a catty remark about another woman to a man destroys something. Men like to think that women are kind, that they are fair and tolerant and generous. There is nothing that puts a man on edge more or that makes him more uncomfortable than *(Continued on page 104)*





WOMAN

By MARTHA KERR

Loretta is twenty on the sixth of January. When she played opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," (small picture above) she was just turning fifteen. She lied about her age and said she was seventeen! Odd thing for a woman to do!

IT couldn't happen anywhere else but in Hollywood—I mean Loretta Young's being the pet of the intelligentsia.

Imagine, if you can, a girl who won't be twenty until the sixth of January yet who is a vogue. Imagine the people in Hollywood Who-Are-Supposed-to-Know taking you aside and telling you, "That Loretta Young—there's a girl with real intelligence, real wit, charm and poise."

Imagine that child of nineteen entering a smart drawing room and immediately finding herself the center of an adoring group—a group of men and women, some of them twice her age, who hang on her words, laugh at her *bon mots* and are entranced by her sophistication.

I have looked at her in amazement and wondered how it could happen. In other walks of life sophistication comes with living and intelligence and with maturity. But not in Hollywood. Not, at least, in the case of Loretta Young.

She is only nineteen—but I want you to glance at her career.

Eighteen pictures are chalked up to her credit.

Her engagement to various young men has been rumored many times.

She was one of the leading characters in a romantic, run-away marriage with Grant Withers.

She is now a divorcée, with sturdy views on life and love.

Loretta Young has far more poise than the average mature woman of the world

(Below) With Eric Linden in "Life Begins." It was of her work in this picture that Aline MacMahon, superb actress, said: "Her wonderful restraint is something I can never forget." (Below right) With Louis Calhern, George Brent and David Manners in "They Call It Sin." (Right) With Alice White in "Employees' Entrance."







OF THE WORLD — before twenty

She is one of Hollywood's most popular and sought after women and her friends are not people of her own age—oh my no! They are the cleverest writers, directors and executives in Hollywood.

She has been called by critics—and members of her own profession, as well—an actress of rare emotional ability; a true artiste.

And Loretta Young is only nineteen years old, the age when many girls are entering their Sophomore year of college. She is at an age when most girls are just beginning to take an interest in the affairs of the world.

NOW, I wonder, how does this phenomenon occur? Is she a child genius or is she, probably more accurately, simply the product—a very heightened sort of product—of that amazing town of Hollywood which gives its children very much at a very early age?

Let's look back over Loretta's career and find out how she came to be, as she enters her twentieth year, a poised and sure woman of the world.

The second picture in which she ever appeared was "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," in which she was leading woman for Lon Chaney. She was, at the time, fourteen, but she fibbed about her age and said she was sixteen. As a matter of fact, she had her fifteenth birthday on the set, while she was making the picture, and said it was her seventeenth. Actresses often fib about their ages, but not to the extent of saying they are older than they are.

It was that picture, I believe, which started her on the mature road she has followed, for she was put through scenes and situations on the set that would have sent most fourteen-year-old girls home crying to their mothers. Loretta cried—and cried plenty—but she wept alone in her dressing room.

The director was Herbert Brenon, a fiery Irishman whose job it was to draw from this girl, for camera purposes, the emotions of a woman much older—to make her feel, so she could transmit that feeling to her audience, the love and joy and sorrow that usually is felt only by grown-ups. This gave her the background that now allows her to be a woman at nineteen instead of a child.

I remember one day on the set when Loretta was doing a very emotional scene. She could not get it, somehow. As what fourteen-year-old girl could? So Brenon said, before the entire company, "You should be ashamed—such a pretty girl, but such a rotten actress. If I hadn't already taken so many of your scenes—the pretty scenes that you can do well—I'd chuck you right out of the picture. But maybe I won't need to do that. Maybe we could finish with your sister, Sally Blane; she looks like you and is a better actress.

I saw Loretta's sensitive young face flush under her make-up. I watched that kindliest of men, Lon Chaney, go over to Brenon and whisper, (*Continued on page 90*)

She is twenty this month. How did this almost-child attain such sophistication?

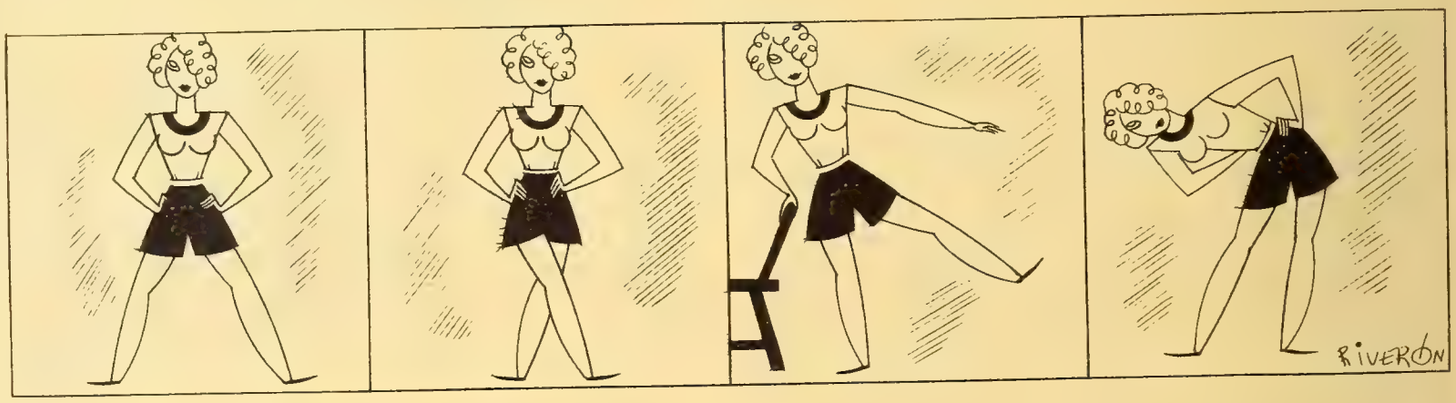
PERFECT BEAUTY AND . . . THROUGH PROPER

This is the final article in our "Beauty and Health" series. The first dealt with general reduction of weight by proper diet and exercise. It presented a seven-day elimination diet and the first half of a thirty-day reducing diet. The second article took up "spot-reduction" and—something entirely new—self-massage. It also gave the second half of the reducing diet. You may obtain these valuable articles by writing for the issues in which they appeared—issues dated December and January—and enclosing ten cents for each issue



By WALTER RAMSEY

Are you lacking in health and pep? Tired, nervous, or run-down?





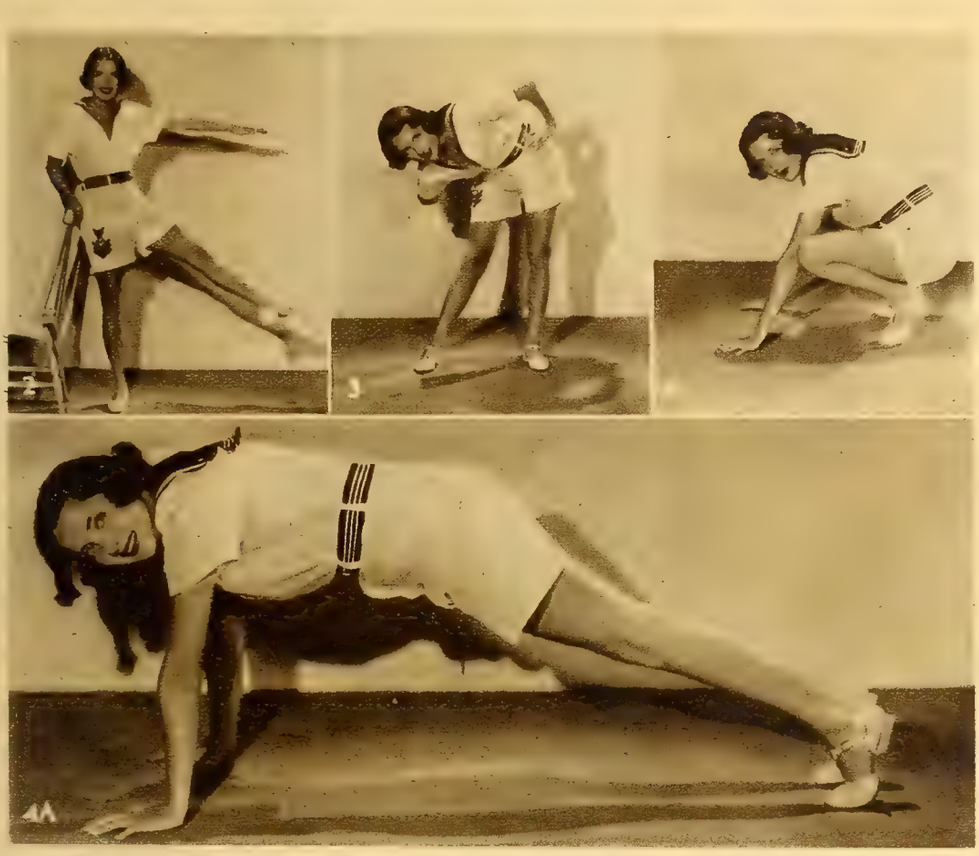
A muscle tensing exercise for developing the chest and giving you lovely shoulders. You'll find it explained fully in the article.

RICHARD KLINE and Jim Davies are, respectively, the physical director and the dietician-masseur of the Paramount studios. They are the ones who keep your favorite Paramount stars and players down—and up—to their proper weights, in the best of physical condition—in perfect health and perfect beauty.

Now, this month, these two gentlemen have a new—and often neglected—phase of diet and health to discuss. It concerns the building of health and energy—for all kinds of people. Chiefly, of course, for those who are under-weight and generally run-down. But—you fat ones and you people who think you're "just about right"—don't skip this article. It contains much that you can profit by. So let's read what these two men have to say.

PERFECT HEALTH

DIET AND EXERCISE . . .



(Follow the numbers on the pictures across the two pages) Here's a group of splendid "health and pep" exercises. Susan Fleming, Paramount player, poses them for you. 1. Starting with heels together and hands on hips, jump to side, feet well apart. 1A. Jump from there, bringing right foot across in front of left foot. Jump to side again and then cross left foot in front of right foot, and repeat. 2. Balancing weight on a chair, raise right leg from hip to side, keeping knee straight. Move right arm to horizontal position. Repeat with left leg and left arm. 3. Take a wide stance, hands on hips. Bend forward and roll upper body from hips in complete circle to left four times, then four times to right. 4. Take squat position on balls of feet, heels together, hands flat on on floor. 4A. Extend legs to rear. Return to squat position and repeat.

Whatever your weight, these conditions can exist. Read how to correct them

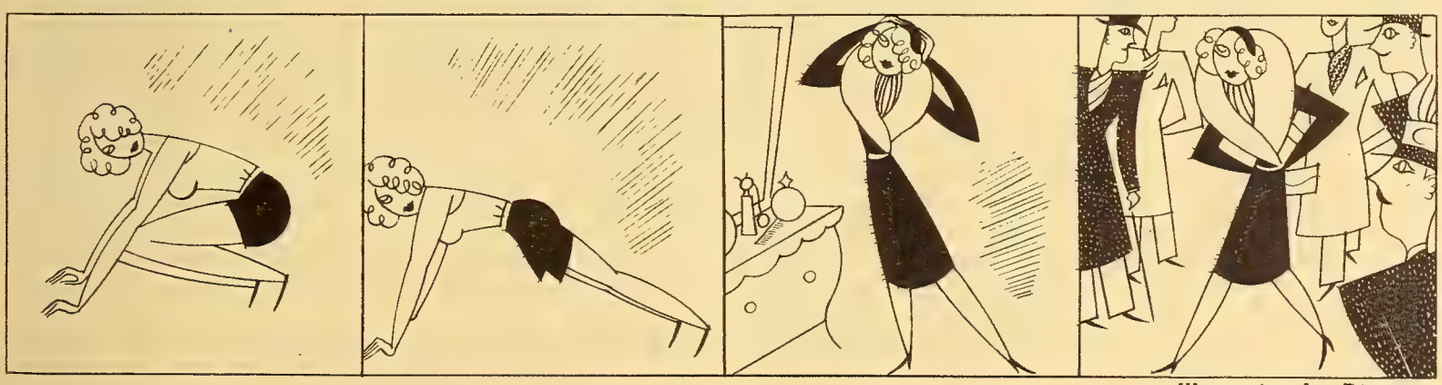


Illustration by Riveron

BELIEVE it or not," said Dick Kline, perching on the end of the rowing machine in the Paramount Gymnasium, "but there are almost as many people trying to build up their weight and strength as there are those who are trying to lose fat! The main difference between the two classes is the fact that there is very little heard about those who are trying to gain . . . and they aren't apt to receive much sympathy for their plight. Nobody can break down and weep over a person who can eat all the chocolate cake in a pastry shop and never gain a pound!"

"As a matter of fact," interrupted Jim Davies, master masseur of the studio physical culture emporium, "there are more persons underweight in America than overweight . . . only a great proportion of them either do not



One of the fatigue-destroying exercises for office workers. This, too—and other fatigue-fighting stunts—you'll find in the article.



You must take breathing exercises for health and pep. Wynne Gibson is showing you in these two pictures the correct gestures for deep breathing. Inhale, rising on toes, extending hands above head. Exhale, lowering arms slowly and dropping the heels to the floor. Both inhaling and exhaling should be done very, very slowly.



realize it, or (in the case of many women) they look upon their lack of weight as a social blessing.

"And let me make the statement right here: *those who have the idea that they can build up their thin, weak bodies by eating 'pastry shop concoctions' are absolutely mistaken.*

"So many women have come to me with joy in their voices to say that they can eat all the candy and sweets they want and not put on a single pound. They actually think this is a funny twist of fate that works in their favor. It isn't funny at all . . . *actually, they aren't eating the foods that really put on flesh and contribute to strength.*

"It may be difficult for you 'weight wooers' to believe me when I say that the following lists of foods are just what you should be eating for the best results:

"Celery, lettuce, carrots, spinach, endive, green peppers, string beans, asparagus, peas, artichokes, swiss chard, parsley, cucumbers, cabbage, summer squash, onions, beets, cauliflower—*if and when eaten with:*

Such fruits as pineapple, oranges, cherries, peaches, apricots, plums, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, cantaloupes, musk-mellons and honeydews.

A HEALTHY body of normal weight requires both fruits and vegetables. Fruit eaten alone will clog the system. If one eats vegetables alone they will tend to eliminate and tear down. But the combination of the two builds and repairs.

"I shall never forget our build-up experience with Buddy Rogers. He was then under contract to Paramount, and when he first came to us he complained that he weighed but 152 and his aim was to weigh about 180 pounds if possible. Naturally, the first thing he asked for was a build-up diet. We gave him the following:

For breakfast, one raw egg yolk beaten up with a little honey, a pinch of vegetable salt and the juice of two oranges. (Taken twice a day, this drink will quickly build up strength and add some weight.)

For luncheon, try eliminating tea, coffee and ice water from your meals and drink in their place the juice of one lemon in a glass of water with a little honey or a small amount of orange or grapefruit juice . . . then *eat what normally appeals to you.* In trying to build up strength, fruit juice taken with the meals helps to digest all the other foods, thus adding to the nourishing qualities of each meal.

For dinner, whatever hits your fancy, plus that glass of fruit juice.

"Well, you can just imagine Buddy's surprise. 'Look here!' he protested, 'I want to gain weight, not lose it.' We assured him that we had given him just the ticket. He could hardly believe it, but he decided to give it a fling anyway. All the time Buddy was away from Hollywood on personal appearance tours, he followed this diet. Of course, Dick gave him some of his body-building exercises, too—and Buddy thought so much of the necessary exercises that he has carried a personal trainer with him ever since."

Buddy returned to Hollywood weighing 180 pounds . . . and not an ounce of fat on his body!

AND let me remind you," spoke up Dick Kline, the expert on exercise, "not to forget the great value and necessity of careful exercises combined with the diets if you are anxious to gain weight. The healthy person usually gives exercise to his legs as a matter of course, but for the person who wants to build up his strength let me advise particular attention to the neck and abdominal muscles . . . the very seat of the nervous system. Nerves are a great reducer in themselves and consequently, if one is to gain weight, the nerve centers must be kept exercised and relaxed. Here are some exercises for the neck and abdomen that both Jim and I are anxious that you follow:

"Actually, the neck is one of the most important points of nerve access to the entire body. Keep the nerves healthy and you won't have to worry about being underweight.

"Sit erect so that the body does not move. Turn the head slowly toward the left shoulder and then move it gradually across the back to the right shoulder. Do this three or four times, very slowly. (*Continued on page 92*)

Proved BY 2 GENERATIONS
Preferred IN 26 MILLION HOMES
Used BY 70 NATIONS . . .



. . . and now in STAINLESS form . . . if you prefer

VICKS VAPORUB

. . the better method of treating colds — *externally*

YEAR after year use of Vicks VapoRub increases steadily. Holding its old friends. Winning countless new ones. There is only one Vicks. Tested and proved by two generations as best for colds, it maintains its unique place as the family standby.

Famous Direct Double-Action

Applied over throat and chest at bedtime, Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, "drawing out" tightness and soreness. At the same time, it gives off soothing, medicated vapors which are carried with every breath direct to irritated air-passages. It is this *direct double-action* that has given VapoRub overwhelming preference and world-wide fame. It brings quicker relief—and safely, too.

Mothers Know What's Best For Colds

Mothers everywhere have set VapoRub apart as outstandingly the best treatment for the family's colds —especially children's colds. Applied externally, it can be used freely and as often as needed, even on babies. It avoids the digestive upsets that so often follow constant dosing.

For Severe, Deep-Seated Colds

Stronger Stimulative Action—When there is much tightness or soreness, redden the skin with hot, wet towels before applying VapoRub—then spread it on thick.

Stronger Vapor Action—When the air-passages are badly clogged—or there is much irritation or coughing—also melt a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water and inhale the steaming medicated vapors for several minutes.

Further Solution of Your Problem of Colds

VapoRub is the foundation of the new Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. In clinical tests among thousands last winter—in schools, colleges and homes—Vicks Plan reduced the number and duration of colds by half!—Saved two-thirds of time lost from school due to colds!—Cut the costs of colds more than half!

How to follow Vicks Colds-Control Plan in your home is fully explained in each package of VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds.

BELLE BENNETT'S BIRD OF DEATH



The story of the omen which always presaged death in Belle Bennett's family is one of those touchingly tragic things which is as rare as genuine emotion. Belle's own death—bemoaned by all her fans—has its own place in this amazing story.

By KATHRYN WHITE

IT couldn't be told until now—for obvious reasons you'll better understand when you've finished this strange tale. It's one of those stories that makes you wonder if, really, there isn't a "something" we scoff at because we don't understand. . . .

Let me take you back to a little less than a half year before this story was written. Last Spring, it was.

The scene was the hillside home where Belle Bennett, that grand screen mother whose "Stella Dallas" was one of the finest things done in movies, was fighting for her health. Her face was not only pale, it was what might be called transparent—there was no color, no substance to the skin. Every drop of blood, life, was draining from it.

Belle herself was in constant unceasing pain. Yet, with the same indomitable courage that kept her making "Stella Dallas" while her own son lay dying, that kept her making it even in spite of the flood of criticism that descended on her when her son died and she refused to "throw down" the studio by quitting, she clung to the belief that she could fight her way back to health.

Yet her doctors had said her case was hopeless. "They only know the physical; they don't know the spiritual. I will live," she said.

A few moments after that positive statement, she told of a family superstition—a superstition that had been engendered by oft-repeated fact. . . .

"Every time there has been a death in our close family," she narrated, "it has been foretold by the presence of a bird. . . .

"It came when my mother lay very ill. A bird, just an ordinary bird, flew into the house, hovered about her bedroom a few minutes, flew out. We knew—and so did mother—that it foretold the end. She died soon afterward. We and she knew for this reason—that my father's death, my grandmother's death, my own son's death, was foretold in precisely the same fashion. The omen came never more than six months before the end.

"When my boy lay so ill in the hospital, where I spent with him every hour I was not at the studio, the bird came just as my boy lay in my arms one afternoon, saying: 'Mother, I don't want to die. I want to live, for you.' The bird fluttered then against the hospital window. He didn't see it, but I did, and I knew. The next night, my boy died."

Belle's eyes were full of tears as she told this. Belle has never been mawkish about her son's death. Maybe that's why they criticized her so because she went on working. They thought, the fools, that she didn't care.

But to get back, there were tears in Belle's eyes as she told the tale. She brushed them away, held her head in her hands for a brief moment.

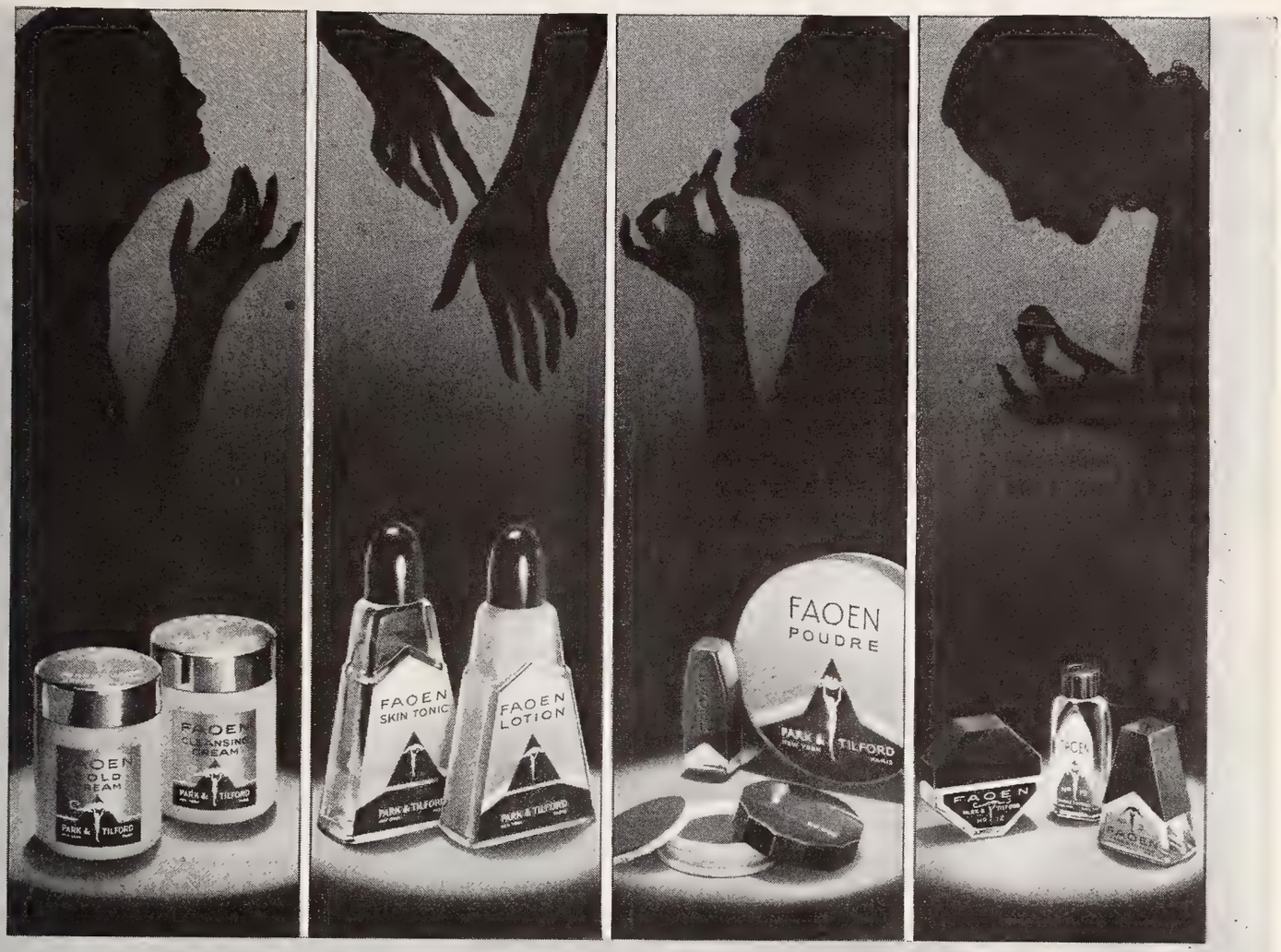
And that, probably, is the reason Belle Bennett did not see, that moment, what this writer saw—

A swallow, perhaps frightened by some other animal, perhaps blinded by the setting sun that flamed those few minutes against that great living-room window, hovered outside for a moment. It's wings came so close that they scraped audibly on the window pane.

For fully fifteen to twenty seconds, while Belle Bennett's face was covered by her white hands, that swallow hovered there—barely more than a yard from her head. Then, as she raised her head to resume the interview, it flew away.

Less than six months afterwards, despite her determination, despite her hopes, Belle Bennett died. She never knew—no one ever told her, you see, because they knew her intense belief in the family omen—that the bird of death had hovered over her head as she talked about it.

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Convincing, Scientific Tests PROVE *Faoen Beauty Aids Equal the Costliest in* QUALITY

Exciting news! Thrilling to every woman who rightfully and carefully considers the protection of her beauty . . . and her purse.

And that news is . . . Faoen Beauty Aids at 10c are positively *equal* in QUALITY to the most expensive brands!

Such an amazing statement is difficult to believe. Naturally you want proof. And here it is—absolutely *scientific* proof—from the report of one of the most famous Research Laboratories:

"every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

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Beauty Aids

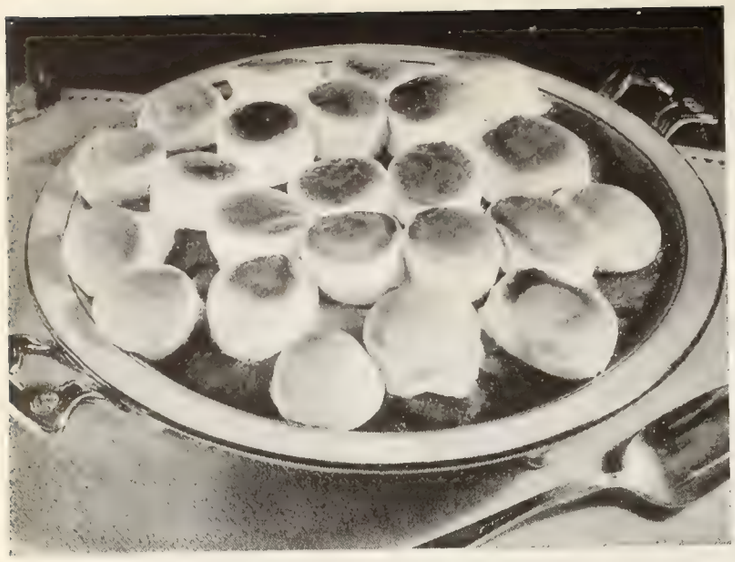
Additional proof! Every Faoen Beauty Aid has received the seal of approval of the Good Housekeeping Institute.

As a result, women are *enthusiastic* about Faoen . . . applauding the fact that now it is unnecessary to pay high prices for high quality beauty aids.

Such overwhelming evidence should convince you, too, that the time to begin using Faoen Beauty Aids is *today!*

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CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES





Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, those famous newlyweds of the screen, entertain a great deal. Ruth knows just how to plan a dinner for a large or small group—how to choose dishes which satisfy as well as intrigue. (Right) Cream of chicken and mushroom soup, topped off with whipped cream, is sufficiently hearty, without being too filling. (Above) Maple and marshmallow sweet potatoes! A favorite Chatterton-Brent dish.



Courtesy of Campbell Soup

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE BRENT DESCRIBE A "COMPANY DINNER" FOR

THE MODERN HOSTESS

THERE comes a time in the life of every woman when she has to give what is known as an "important dinner." Maybe your guest of honor is your husband's boss, or the girl-he-might-have married, or his mother. Maybe it's an old beau of your own, or a school friend you haven't seen for ages, or the president of your club. At any rate, you suddenly find yourself in a position where you have to put your best foot forward, bring the best china down from the top shelf and think up a really impressive menu. Your skill as a home-maker, a cook and a hostess are to be tested to the limit, for the everlasting glory of your home, your family and your reputation.

When this great occasion arises please, please, we beg of you, don't determine to outdo yourself by planning an elaborate menu having more courses than you are equipped to handle comfortably. Don't rush out into the marts of trade and buy loads of expensive, out-of-season foods. Don't work yourself into a state of nerves preparing time-consuming, tricky dishes, which sometimes don't turn out right, or which must be served the instant they are done, or which require last minute ministrations.

Instead, follow the advice of Ruth Chatterton, who believes that the most successful dinners are distinguished by the perfection of their detail rather than by their lavishness. The lovely Ruth, who has at her command every facility, every service which money can buy, says, "I consider good, plain food, beautifully cooked and attractively served, preferable to rich, elaborate concoctions which may delight the cook's artistic soul but which fail to please the guests' tastes. Such delicacies as plover's eggs and other strange foods reputed to be served at stars' tables, never find their way to mine. Then, too, I think that men, particularly, are infinitely happier when served familiar foods, superbly prepared, than they are when offered highly imaginative dishes."

"Don't you think most men prefer their meats and vegetables served just about as is, rather than masquerading under some sauce?" we (*Continued on page 83*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

MODERN SCREEN Magazine
HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for February, 1933—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in Pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

Here and There

HERE'S a chance for all you little kiddies (you folks over 15 are out of this) to get a nice personally autographed photograph of Tom Keene, together with an award (but that's a secret)! All you have to do is think up a good name for Tom's new horse and send it to him at Radio Pictures Studio, Hollywood. Tom is going to be the judge—and will personally select the name that he likes best.

Keene's new horse is one of the few remaining wild horses in Arizona. Tom captured him and broke him in himself. You'll see them both in "The Cheyenne Kid," Keene's new picture.

So get busy boys and girls—you might be the lucky one!

That Jimmy Dunn-Maureen O'Sullivan romance is going strong once again. (See picture on page 14.) Theirs is one of those changeable affairs. They're the cutest pair—and do they have fun when they go places! The other Saturday afternoon at the football game they were having a race to see who could eat the most hot-dogs!

P. S. Jimmy won by half-a-dozen....

ALTHOUGH the contract bridge epidemic is still raging in Hollywood, some of the "deep thinkers" have settled down to chess. Young Doug., Jr., is the president of the new Hollywood Chess Club, and Lew Ayres is one of its most enthusiastic members. However, Lew hasn't been seen around the club the last week or so. Y'see, it's duck season in California and hunting is Lew's "first love"!

It looks like that Greta Nissen-Weldon Heyburn divorce is off—*and how! Ever since they first separated, Greta and Weldon have been simply ga-ga about each other! Right now they're out house hunting—so it looks like a grand reunion.*

GUY KIBBEE declares that everything is upside down with him!

"While the country was enjoying prosperity," he says, "I was experiencing forty-three years of depression—and now that the country's suffering from depression, I have had three years of prosperity!"

Kibbee, who steals almost every picture he is in, has done everything from working in a gold mine to milking cows—to acting!

A CASTING director was interviewing some extras for a rôle in his new film.

"What is your name?" he asked a big Jewish woman.

"My real name is Sara Goldstein," came the answer, "but I use Dorothy O'Neil for the stage."

"And what have you done on the stage?" asked the director.

"Oh," came the quick reply, "I have never been on the stage!"

3 AGELESS SECRETS *of charm*





MAE CLARKE, *Radio Pictures' player. For evening, she wears this lovely velvet gown, in brown with gold sequins. Her formal daytime suit is of cocoa-colored ostrich cloth, lavishly trimmed with fox.*

THE centuries have not changed the desire of every woman for a good figure, for sparkling eyes and a lovely complexion. With modern fashions as they are, a slender, round figure is almost imperative.

These three secrets of charm are usually the gifts of good health. So when reducing, diet and exercise should be watched with care. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination—the enemy of charm and good complexions.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"—as well as vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that of leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily will overcome most types of faulty elimination. How much better than unpleasant patent medicines.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Serve as a cereal, or use in cooking. Appetizing recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"

Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. F-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, *"Charm."*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Purchase Price," First National; "This Sporting Age," Columbia; "The Match King," First National.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames, born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," "Guilty as Hell," and "He Learned About Women." Working in "The Death Kiss," Tiffany

ANDRE, GWILI; unmarried; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Radio player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," "Secrets of the French Police" and "No Other Woman."

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "The All American," Universal. Working in "The Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity." Working in "The King's Vacation."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "King Kong," Radio. Working in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount.

ASTHER, NILS; separated from Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Successful Calamity," Warner Bros., "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Red Dust," M-G-M.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," "Renagades of the West" and "Little Orphan Annie."

ATWILL, LIONEL; married; born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," and "Wax Museum."

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay America." Working in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Out On Parole."

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Back Street," Universal. Working in "Lucky Devils," Radio.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavis Borôshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "World and the Flesh" and "Lady and Gent," Paramount. Next is "If Christ Came To Chicago," United Artists.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Thunder Below," "Devil and the Deep," Paramount; "Faithless," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," M-G-M; "Bill of Divorcement," Radio; "Rasputin," M-G-M. Working in "Topaze," Radio.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," "Washington Masquerade" and "Rasputin," M-G-M. Working in "Sweepings," Radio.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor" and "Cabin in the Cotton." Working in "Grand Central Airport."

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Man About Town" and "Six Hours to Live." Working in "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros. Next is "Dangerously Yours."

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "Flesh." Working in "Tugboat Annie." Next is "Twelve Miles Out."

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Wild Girl," Fox; "Airmail," Universal. Working in "Destination Unknown," Universal.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. Radio player. Starred in "What Price Hollywood." Radio; "Two Against the World," First National; "Rockabye," Radio. Next is "Our Betters."

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Week-Ends Only," "Wild Girl" and "Me and My Gal."

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Merry Go Round," Universal; "If I Had A Million," Paramount. Next is "Luxury Liner."

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Thunder Below," Paramount; "The Last Mile," Columbia; "No Other Woman," Radio

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, Austria, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion" and "Nagana."

BLONDELL, JOAN; married to George Barnes; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Lawyer Man"; "Central Park." Working in "Blondie Johnson." Next is "Broadway Bad."

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Back Street," Universal; "Six Hours to Live," Fox. Working in "Child of Manhattan," Columbia.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage."

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio,, June 5. Write him at Radio studio. Starred in "Yukon" and "Men of America." Working in "Lucky Devils," Radio.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Painted Woman," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Too Busy to Work." Working in "Cross Pull."

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. October 20. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia.

BRENT, GEORGE; married to Ruth Chatterton; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "The Crash," "They Call It Sin" and "Forty-Second Street." Working in "Luxury Liner," Paramount.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "It's Tough to be Famous" and "Blessed Event." Working in "Hard to Handle."

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Man From Yesterday" and "Night of June 13," Paramount; "Cavalcade," Fox.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "The Tenderfoot" and "You Said a Mouthful." Next is "Elmer the Great."

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Vanishing Frontier" and "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

(Continued on page 86)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Marion Davies	January 1	Clark Gable	February 1
William Haines	January 1	Ben Lyon	February 6
ZaSu Pitts	January 3	Ramon Novarro	February 6
Loretta Young	January 6	Ronald Colman	February 9
Tom Brown	January 6	Chester Morris	February 13
Richard Cromwell	January 8	Stuart Erwin	February 14
Kay Francis	January 13	John Barrymore	February 15
Bebe Daniels	January 14	Mary Brian	February 17
Nils Asther	January 17	Jimmy Durante	February 18
Tallulah Bankhead	January 31	Joan Bennett	February 27

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 8*)

When my husband returned from seeing "Mata Hari," I asked him "How did you like Greta?" His reply was that he liked Mickey Mouse much better. How's that Mr. Disney? Imagine preferring Mick to Greta. But, then, my husband does not care for Greta—so you see she does not ensnare *all* the men. Both my husband and I feel that her popularity is due to wonderful press agency rather than acting—though we think she is very attractive looking. (*Dear me! Somehow or other Garbo always gets into these letters. Even one about Mickey Mouse. Oh, well*—) However, I do believe as Modern Screen says that to know Greta personally would be to like her—while I believe to know Connie Bennett, after liking her on the screen, would be disappointing. I imagine Connie has none too sweet a disposition, though I love her pictures.

(*Hooray! That's what we've been waiting for! For someone to admit that a star may be a so-and-so at home and a mean old thing generally—but nevertheless a grand actor or actress. Though, really, Mrs. G. S., we think Connie has been much maligned. She's smart and shrewd and business-like—yes—but we don't think that she's unpleasant. We've heard many stories that point in the opposite direction. Incidentally, did you know that Walter Disney was given a Special Award by the Academy for his creation of Mickey Mouse and another "short subject" award for his "Flowers and Trees" short.*)

We thought this was kinda cute

E. C. STALEY of the Bronx, N. Y., sends in "A Model Short Story":

Doctor X and Chandu, the Magician, having lived at the Grand Hotel for The First Year, on The Night of June 13, decided to take a One Way Passage from Broadway to Cheyenne, where they would meet The Texas Bad Man—a regular Tiger Shark. Chandu was interested in The Night Club Lady—A Painted Woman—while the Doctor was fascinated by The Blonde Venus. Chandu was playing a Most Dangerous Game and was finally Exposed (They Call It Sin). Being Guilty as Hell and on The Last Mile on Hell's Highway, A Bill of Divorcement resulted. No, The Age of Consent had nothing to do with it, nor This Sporting Age. There were 70,000 Witnesses and Thirteen Women involved. It was a case of Love Me Tonight, which proved to be A Successful Calamity, The Woman Decided. Doctor X said to Chandu as he came Down to Earth, "It's Once In a Lifetime—you're not The Last Man, so Pack Up Your Troubles, meet me at the Sign of the Cross in Back Street and we will take the Phantom Express for our little Cabin in the Cotton. After The Crash and this Strange Interlude, Life Begins for us. So leave your Bird of Paradise and the Big City Blues, learn to Speak Easily and forget that you were ever Movie Crazy." Chandu said "Horsefeathers!"

(*And we say "Bravo," E. C.*)

The first of what we expect will be a flood of Hepburn letters

THOMAS HECKEL of Bloomfield, N. J., is all agog over the fascinating Katharine:

(*Continued on page 85*)

WHEN ROMANCE NEARLY CRASHED . . by Timmins



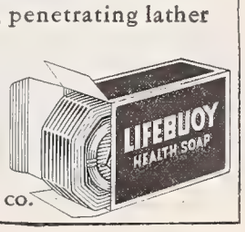
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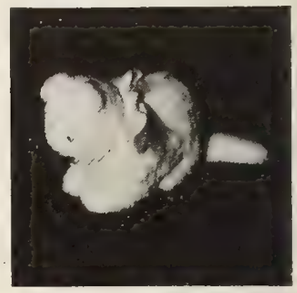
By MARY BIDDLE



1. Astrakhan hat and dress trimming.



2. How it is done.



3. A wooly pussy-cat.

I WENT over to see Helen Twelvetrees the other day. But she wasn't there. At least, not the Helen Twelvetrees I expected to find—the tiny, blond, helpless-looking, wistful girl you know on the screen. Instead, I found a proud and practical mother-of-one, her very curly hair pinned tidily back. She was attired in a simple little housedress. You know, of course, that a young gentleman named Frank Bryan Woody made his debut in this world late in October. And that Helen Twelvetrees is his mother. I didn't see the baby, because he was asleep. But I did see his wonderful, marvelous array of presents. Oh my! Such a wardrobe of fine dotted-muslin frocks. So fragile—but they'll wash and wash because the material is so exquisite. Silk and satin and fleecy wool robes and blankets and little coats. And sweaters. It was over these coats and sweaters that I broke down and made those idiotic noises that grown-ups always make over baby clothes.

I held up a blue angora coat.

"Can you imagine," I asked Helen, "the long nights of knit-two-purl-two that went into this?"

"Oh, a very dear friend sent that," she answered. "Adorable, isn't it? But, listen, my dear—it isn't hand-knit. This friend told me so. She's a very busy woman and just simply wouldn't have the time for knitting. She said she wanted to do something for the baby and she found out about a new sewing-machine gadget that does this sort of work. I declare I never saw anything like it."

And neither did I. And just as I was thinking, "Maybe MODERN SCREEN readers would be interested in this," Helen Twelvetrees said the very same thing. So I investigated—and here's what I found out.

You can make a rug on the sewing machine. Or exquisite yarn trimming for purses and scarves. Or "mock astrakhan" that would hoodwink a furrier—until he looked at the wrong side and saw that the "fur" was backed up with material instead of an animal's skin. You can make all the things illustrated on this page—I'll talk about them in detail later. Let's see—

You all know, I suppose, that elegant hooked rugs can be made out of that pile of old stockings which every girl has stowed away somewhere. But have you ever known anyone who actually got around to making a hooked rug out of old stockings? Well, I have—and it took ages and ages. And there was always the bother of that huge frame to be lugged about. Now, this is a busy age and we haven't the time to do all the hand-work we'd like. Yet we want lovely things for our homes and ourselves. The vogue for Early American furniture has brought with it a vogue for good craftsmanship. (*Continued on page 87*)

4. Baby's coat and bonnet.



5. Rag rug



6. Purse and scarf.



7. Wall decoration.



Hostess

(*Continued from page 78*)

inquired earnestly of Miss Chatterton.

"I'm *sure* they do," she replied, "but women are apt to be captivated by dishes which are a little out of the ordinary. The trick is to have your menu planned so as to satisfy *both* factions."

"Now, for the first course," Ruth continued, "let us have a sea-food cocktail. Here the sauce is of the utmost importance, because it gives the sea-food mixture its individuality. Of course, the whole mixture must be served ice cold, preferably with the glasses, containing the individual servings, set in finely crushed ice."

(Probably you are familiar with the cocktail glasses which come with separate containers which are to be filled with crushed ice. These are very smart, but deep sauce dishes may be filled with ice and the cocktail glasses buried in the ice, or if the journey from refrigerator to table can be made very rapidly you can chill the cocktail mixture thoroughly in the individual glasses and place them directly on the table.)

"The sea-food cocktail might be followed by a cream of chicken and mushroom soup, topped with a spoonful of whipped cream and a little chopped parsley." (That sounds easy enough, goodness knows, we thought.)

"And now we come to the main course. I very often have roast lamb because practically every one likes it." (We could think of other reasons for choosing lamb for the company dinner. In the first place, if dinner is delayed and the lamb stays in the oven over scheduled time, it is actually improved. Furthermore, it is easy to carve lamb, involving no choices between light meat and dark, or well cooked and rare. Baked ham or roast pork are two other meats which have the same virtues, and may very well be substituted for lamb if you prefer.)

WITH the lamb," Ruth continued, "pan-browned potatoes are delicious—but these necessitate gravy. If one does not care to have gravy, marshmallow-and-maple sweet potatoes might be substituted—and while this dish is unusual enough to fascinate the women, it is still sufficiently recognizable to be enjoyed by the men."

"Green peas are almost a traditional accompaniment to lamb, aren't they?" we suggested.

"Yes," agreed Miss Chatterton, "but they are so seldom properly cooked."

"How then do you think they should be cooked?" we questioned.

"Gently and tenderly," she answered with a smile. "The bottom of the saucepan containing the peas should be barely covered with boiling water. Then a little sugar should be added and a dash of salt, and then several large outside leaves of lettuce should be placed over the top of the peas, the pan closely covered with a lid and the peas allowed to steam over a low flame for about twenty minutes. To serve them you discard the

(*Continued on page 88*)

"Tell me, Ruth, *how can you keep your hands so nice and smooth? Mine always get so terribly dry and rough in this weather!*". . . .

"Mine did, too, *until May told me about Pacquin's Hand Cream. Now I have no trouble at all. Pacquin's seems to get right into the skin!*"



Thousands of women who had "tried everything" are now enthusiastic friends of Pacquin's Hand Cream. The reason why Pacquin's does for their skin what other preparations failed to do is really very simple—

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(To meet the demand of women who wanted other beauty creams just as effective as Pacquin's Hand Cream, Pacquin now offers a Lemon Cream, a Vanishing Cream, a Cold Cream and a Cleansing Cream—also priced from 10¢ to $1.00.)

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LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

...Katharine Hepburn gets a real compliment ... Roxy makes a swell gag about his new theatre ... and other news and gossip

EVERYBODY that was anybody was seen trekking off to the Hollywood bicycle races recently. Lew Cody (he'd die if he ever missed anything) was the first to put in his application for a box. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon spent the entire six days there—and Joel McCrea, who is *crazy* about races of all kinds, couldn't be found anywhere *but* at the races, although he was supposed to be working on a picture at the time.

NOT only does the whole country seem to have gone "Katharine Hepburn conscious" but Adrian, Hollywood's greatest fashion creator, whose original designs for Garbo, Crawford and others have made him world-famous, declared that Miss Hepburn is the only ingenue for whom he would like to create clothes.

"Young girls, even though they are actresses, do not usually have a definite personality. They are charming and that is all. But Katharine Hepburn is so definite a person she would be an inspiration to any artist," he said.

This, in view of the fact that Adrian is under contract to Metro, while Miss Hepburn has a five-year contract with Radio, is praise indeed.

Connie Bennett and hubby have been having a great time in New York! Besides seeing every single show in town —and buying trunkfuls of beautiful frocks, Connie was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for her work on behalf of the disabled war veterans! (See picture on page 36.)

And was the Marquis proud of his Connie!

NO matter how hard he tries, Joel McCrea just can't get away from these women!

While working in "Rockabye" with Connie Bennett, Joel was tormented by the affections of a little extra who had gone for him in a big way. Thinking to rid himself of the little nuisance, he told her that she must not speak to him any more as his wife (pointing to his good pal Betty Furness) wouldn't like it.

Imagine his astonishment when a few minutes later little Miss Pest came flying back to him saying: "Listen, Mr. McCrea, I just saw your wife talking to Charles Bickford—they were sitting *real* close together—and they looked *that* interested! So I'm sure she wouldn't mind if I talked to you!"

In describing his new Roxy Theatre in New York, movie theatre of Radio City, Roxy told about the amazing faultless acoustics, the substitution of three staggering mezzanines for the usual overhanging balcony, the promise of magnificent musical and variety programs as complements to the movie fare. . . .

But his listeners went away laughing at his remark that "the ushers will no longer be admirals."

IMAGINE Ramon Novarro being turned out of a place! It happened the night that Lily Pons was singing "Lucia." Ramon was guilty of a stage-door act in the attempt to visit the lovely young prima donna, but a mob had preceded him. La Pons had finished her rôle, though the opera itself was not yet over. One more act to come, and an irate generalissimo backstage decided he wouldn't have the performance interfered with by anybody wandering into the wings. He singled out Ramon from the group of gate-crashers for some reason or other, and started to bawl him out for infringing upon opera discipline. "I wouldn't go into your house without being asked!" he shouted.

"And I wouldn't show the bad taste to have my brother throw you out if you did!" shot back Novarro.

But the hard-boiled stage manager was firm and Ramon had to get out and right snappily! The stage manager's parting shot to the gateman was: "And see that you don't let anybody else in here even if they are movie stars!"

MORRIS chairs have been appearing quite mysteriously just off the various sets at RKO, and so, the other day, an inquiry was set in motion. Lo and behold! it was discovered that a property man had placed them there and after a good deal of questioning the real reason came to light:

Actors, coming from the various sets, would see the low, comfortable-looking chairs and promptly throw themselves into them and many would soon be crossing their legs and in many instances bits of loose change would drop out of their pockets down into the sides of the chairs.

Now Radio officials don't know whether to fire the very enterprising young prop gent or to charge him and his fellow workers for the concession!

SO great was the demand for tickets for the "Grand Hotel" premiere in London that two consecutive "premieres" were staged the same evening.

(Continued on page 114)

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 81*)

I want to give three long and loud cheers for Katharine Hepburn. She has it all over Garbo, Dietrich and Crawford. I saw her in "A Bill of Divorcement" and I think she stole the picture. I haven't the vocabulary to describe her, but she's glamorous, fascinating and exotic. Here's to more pictures for Hepburn. She's great.

(*Your vocabulary is doing pretty well, so far, Thomas. We agree. Hepburn's next picture is "Three Came Unarmed."*)

All right, Garbo fans. Here's a swell letter about your favorite

T. N. APERGUIS, of London, England, says:

Dorcas Wilkins of Paducah, Kentucky, has certainly a very elaborate vocabulary, which she uses in a terrifying way, but what of it? Is the result of her anger of any real benefit to the film industry? No. Just petty discussions which do not help the producer nor the star. What does it matter if Garbo's hair is ugly or too wavy? Simply nothing. An actress is not an actress just because she is too slim or too plump, or because she wears a wig or has fair hair. Her way of registering emotion, her ability to make us believe and live what is otherwise but an impossible story—these are the main ingredients which make an actress and gain her real lasting admiration. There is no doubt in spite of whatever might be said that Garbo is an actress of outstanding capabilities. Her personality is indeed very strong and in spite of what some people may call ugliness, even her looks are interesting and pleasing—a definite and superior change from the baby-faced type with the so-called baby voice, which is the most aggravating noise one could ever wish for.

(*There were, as usual, skaddles of Garbo letters. Penned in both admiration and aversion. Dorcas Wilkins' letter, which we printed in our December issue and which criticized Garbo in fiery terms, received an overwhelming response. The above letter, we think, is a most intelligent reaction.*)

That's a scream you hear

VIOLET D'ANGELO (she doesn't give her address) wishes they'd keep rodents out of pictures:

For the simple reason that I become nauseated at the sight of mice, rodents and crawling, slimy things, why must one be sickened at the appearance of these ugly creatures? I would pass it by once or twice, but of late, it seems they are constantly present. I'm an ardent movie fan and always was, but I dread going to pictures for fear that one of these things or perhaps several should accidentally crawl up my favorite movie star's leg or down her back. Especially Harold Lloyd, in "Movie Crazy" with them draped around his neck. I never cared much for him but after that I wouldn't give a thin worn out dime to see him.

(*Okay, Violet. But please don't include Mickey Mouse in your dread of rodents.*)

"We want MacDonald"

Our announcement that Joan Crawford and John Gilbert might film "The Merry Widow" brought a storm of protest from

(*Continued on page 111*)

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 80)

BROWN, TOM; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Hell's Highway," Radio; "Laughter in Hell," Universal. Working in "Destination Unknown."

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

BYRON, WALTER; unmarried; born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Week-Ends Only" Fox; "Decency," Hoffman; "This Sporting Age," Columbia.

CABOT, BRUCE; unmarried; born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder" and "King Kong." Working in "Lucky Devils," Radio.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Winner Take All." Working in "Hard to Handle."

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days" and "The Kid From Spain."

CARRILLO, LEO; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Men Are Such Fools" and "Parachute," Warner Bros. Working in "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Featured in "Scarlet Dawn," First National; "Hot Saturday," Paramount; "Undercover Man," Paramount. Working in "Child of Manhattan," Columbia.

CAVANAGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "The Crash," First National.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES; divorced from Lita Grey; born in London, Eng., April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Now We'll Tell One" and "Mr. Bride." Next is "Fallen Arches."

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to George Brent; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Crash." Working in "Frisco Jenny."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; divorced from Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Paramount star. Starred in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Next is "The Way to Love."

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 25. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. Write her at United Artists. Starred in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." Appearing on the legitimate stage.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio. Working in "Acquitted," Columbia.

CLYDE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "Radio Patrol," "Back Street" and "The All American."

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "Parisian Romance," Hoffman; "Under-cover Man," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "Man From Yesterday"; "The Phantom President"; "Sign of the Cross." Working in "The Queen Is in the Parlor."

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Arrowsmith"; "Cynara." Next is "The Masquerader," United Artists.

COMPTON, JULIETTE; married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany; "The Match King," First National. Next is "The Masquerader," United Artists.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Now attending college.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Sky Bride."

COOK, DONALD; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Man Who Played God," First National; "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox. Working in "Frisco Jenny," First National.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in "Devil and the Deep," "If I Had a Million" and "Farewell to Arms."

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "When a Feller Needs a Friend," and "Divorce in the Family."

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Is My Face Red?"; "Phantom of Crestwood"; "Flesh"; Working in "Bedfellows." Next is "Giant Swing." Fox.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel." "Letty Lynton." M-G-M; "Rain," United Artists. Next is "Turnabout."

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Age of Consent," Radio. Working in "That's My Boy," Columbia.

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in "Washington Merry Go Round," Columbia; "Night After Night," Paramount. Working in "Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount and "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Goldie Gets Along," Radio; "The Match King," First National.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Silver Dollar." Working in "Forty-Second Street." Next is "Radio Girl."

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Polly of the Circus" and "Blondie of the Follies." Next is "Peg O' My Heart."

DAVIS, BETTE; married to Harmon O. Nelson; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "Cabin in the Cotton" and "Parachute."

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th" and "If I Had a Million." Working in "King of the Jungle."

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City; Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.

DEVINE, ANDY; married; born in Flagstaff, Arizona, October 7. Universal player. Featured in "Fast Companions" and "The All American," Universal. Next is "The Big Cage."

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Shanghai Express" and "Blonde Venus." Next is "Hurricane."

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach—M-G-M; "Night Mayor," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "Hell's Highway" and "The Conquerors." Working in "The Great Jasper."

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Girl From Calgary," Hoffman; "They Had To Get Married," Universal. Working in "The Sucker," Warner Bros.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House" and "Nagana," Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies." M-G-M.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway." Working in "Handle With Care." Next is "Sailor's Luck."

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "Back Street," Universal; "Thirteen Women," Radio. Working in "No Other Woman," Radio. Next is "The Lady," M-G-M.

DURANTE, JAMES; married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M; "Phantom President," Paramount. Working in "Pig Boats," M-G-M.

DVORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in "Stranger in Town," "The Crooner" and "Three on a Match." Now in Europe.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Hat Check Girl." Working in "State Fair" and "Grand Central Airport," Warner Bros. Next is "Sailor's Luck."

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif.; February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast" and "He Learned About Women." Working in "Face in the Sky," Fox.

ESMOND, JILL; married to Laurence Olivier; born in London, Eng., January 26. Radio player. Featured in "State's Attorney" and "Thirteen Women." Visiting in London.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Optimist," United Artists; "Fast Life," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "Love Is a Racket"; and "Parachute." Working in "The Sucker," all for First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Starred in "The First Year," "Wild Girl" and "Tess of the Storm Country."

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice."

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in England. Birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M; "Employees' Entrance" and "Central Park." Warner Bros.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio. Working in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Giant Swing."

FOSTER, PRESTON; married; born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "The Last Mile," Tiffany; "I'm a Fugi-

(Continued on page 110)

Modern Craft

(*Continued from page 82*)

Why not adapt our love of beautiful things to our demands—to the time we have to spend and the money, too.

Going back to that pile of stockings again—run upstairs and get them. Also that three-years-ago velvet evening gown. And you needn't stop at that: old, worn out sweaters, silk dresses—even burlap, jute and gunny-sacking may be dyed, and utilized.

I HAVE on my desk a thin metal strip with two prongs in it. It's my new craft guide. I can wind new or old yarn around it, those old stockings or strips cut from old clothing—tuck the whole thing under the foot of my machine and fashion a hundred and one lovely things.

Turn to the illustration marked 1 on page 82. See the very smart turban and the trimming on that girl's dress. Made on the machine, with this new attachment, out of silky, looped black floss. Looks like astrakhan, doesn't it?

Look at the illustration marked 4—the baby's jacket and cap, trimmed with bands of fluffy angora. Made on the machine—and the same kind of work, incidentally, as Helen Twelvetrees' baby's blue angora coat.

Illustration number 3 shows a woolly pussy-cat. A cute toy, isn't it?

The wall hanging—illustration 7—is made of light-weight wool yarn. The purse and scarf are decorated with what was once looked upon as a useless bit of left-over yarn. And the grand rug marked 5 was made on the machine.

How do you do this work? You wrap the metal guide with yarn or strips of material, as you can see in illustration 2. You place it—guide and material—on a piece of backing material—unbleached cotton, canvas or buckram are all good. Under the foot of the sewing machine goes the whole business, placed so that the needle will strike between the prongs of the guide. Now stitch nearly to the end of the wrapped section. Pull the guide toward you part way and wind on more yarn or strips and stitch again. You do row after row this way in no time at all. When the work is finished, the loops may be clipped and the top sheared or the loops may be left uncut. You can work out dozens of different effects, depending upon the different materials you use and the way you handle them.

To make a design, you can draw your pattern on the backing material. Or use a transfer pattern. And then simply follow this design with the colors you wish to use.

If you want to know more about this, just drop me a note and I'll send you further information. Address your note, please, to Mary Biddle in care of MODERN SCREEN Craft Guide, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York. Be sure to say "in care of MODERN SCREEN Craft Guide," because I don't want your letter to become confused with The Beauty Advice letters.

SINGERCRAFT

Learn in 10 minutes to make

RUGS

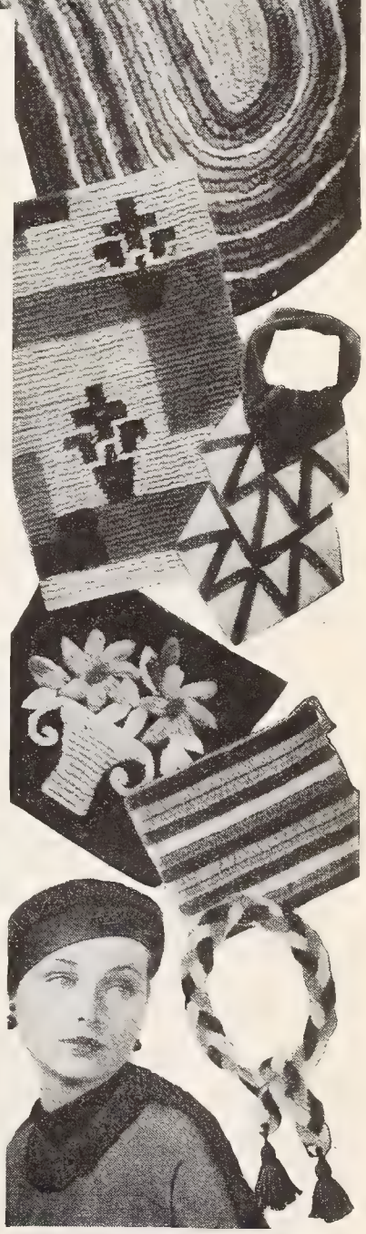
ROBES • BAGS • CUSHIONS

on the sewing machine



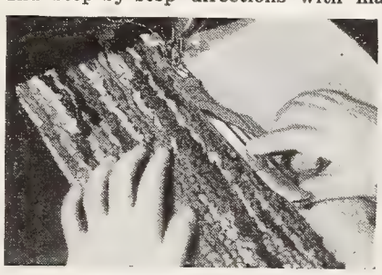
HERE'S a fascinating new way to make beautiful rugs, bags, smart dress trimmings and countless other articles—all in luxurious deep pile. It's done with Singercraft, a new sewing art that requires only the Singercraft Guide and your sewing machine. On this Guide you wind yarns, or strips cut from fabric or old silk stockings, then apply in rows to a fabric backing. No looms, no frames, no tedious hooking. It's as easy as straight stitching. You can learn in 10 minutes, be expert in 30.

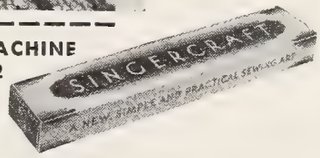
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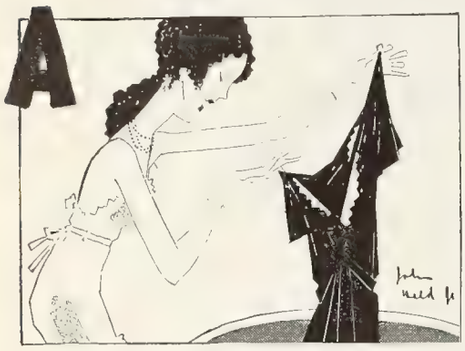
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Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 83)

lettuce leaves, drain off what little liquid there is in the bottom of the pan and add a generous piece of butter. Then you have peas which are perfect."

(The lettuce idea was new to us, but since we have tried it we have vowed never to cook peas again without their blanket of lettuce leaves. What a surprising difference it makes!)

"Scalloped tomatoes and celery make a good secondary vegetable," Ruth went on. "And spiced apple salad is always a success with both the men and the women. Besides, as we haven't had any fruit in the meal as yet, here is a good place to inject it, don't you think?"

"Are you even careful about balancing *company* dinners?" we asked incredulously.

"Naturally," responded Ruth. "I can't see why people should be eager to serve or eat a badly balanced meal just because the occasion is a gala one."

(Isn't she marvelous—she thinks of everything, we thought! Lucky fellow, George Brent.)

"Now, we come to dessert. It must, of course, be light, for by this time our guests' appetites should be pretty well satisfied and it is the duty of the dessert merely to give a final fillip to the dinner and to leave a pleasant taste. I think a soufflée—perhaps a coffee soufflée would be nice. And, of course, there will be a *demi tasse* and fruit and nuts, raisins and mints."

WELL, well, well. We felt as though this menu were pretty complicated as Ruth Chatterton sat describing it to us, but when we wrote it down it looked like this:

Sea-Food Cocktail
Cream of Chicken or Mushroom Soup
Roast Lamb
Maple-marshmallow Sweet Potatoes
Green Peas
Scalloped Tomatoes and Celery
Spiced Apple Salad
Coffee Soufflée
Demi tasse
Fruit Nuts Raisins Mints

Nothing there which couldn't be served to the family any day of the week, nothing expensive or fussy or complicated to make. We think we were terribly lucky to get the recipes for every dish on this menu except the lamb—and you probably know how to roast lamb without our telling you. But simple as these recipes are and easy as they are to follow, still we want to implore you to try them out on the family first, before offering them to guests. This is simply because we know that when you are giving a party you have enough on your mind without trying out new recipes. After just one trial you will consider these recipes as old friends, but, just for the sake of your own peace of mind, do give them that one trial. Besides, we think the members of your family are as entitled to enjoy these delicious foods as even the most important guest.

Two of the recipes are given here. The remaining four we have had printed on individual cards, enclosed in a little folder with Ruth Chatterton's name on it. So be sure to fill in and mail to us the coupon on page 78. The recipes will be sent to you, to help you to achieve the same success for *your* dinner party as is enjoyed by one of Hollywood's most charming hostesses, Ruth Chatterton.

Here are the two recipes we promised you:

SEA-FOOD COCKTAIL

Combine equal amounts of crab meat (fresh or canned) and flaked cooked cold halibut or cod. Moisten with cocktail sauce, as given below, and chill thoroughly in refrigerator. To serve, place lettuce leaves in cocktail glasses, place spoonsful of seasoned mixture on lettuce leaves and garnish with small wedge shaped slice of lemon.

COCKTAIL SAUCE

3 tablespoons chili sauce
⅔ cup ketchup
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Dash of salt
1 tablespoon prepared horseradish
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Mix all together thoroughly and chill.

SPICED APPLE SALAD

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 cup red candy cinnamon drops
1 cup cottage cheese
¼ cup chopped walnuts or cashew nuts
8 to 10 small apples.

Heat sugar, water and cinnamon drops slowly until the candy is dissolved. (If you have difficulty getting the red cinnamon candies you can get very tasty results by adding one stick of cinnamon to the sugar and water instead. Coloring tablets then may be used to secure the red color.) Pare and core apples, place in syrup, cover and cook very slowly until tender but not broken. Turn once during cooking so that they will not become soft on one side. Remove apples carefully from the syrup and allow to cool. Chill thoroughly and fill centers with cheese and nuts mixed with enough mayonnaise to moisten. Arrange on crisp lettuce or other salad greens. Serve with a little mayonnaise or whipped cream dressing.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD $1,000,000?

Nina Wilcox Putnam asks the stars—and tells you. In our next issue

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

overdone a bit. But at the same time, I'm glad to see a trend toward actually following the natural shape of the mouth which this fad does indicate. The only trouble is that gals with tiny, dainty, Cupid's bow lips want to play, too—and there they go, spreading their mouths all over their faces. Don't you do it. The movie stars can if they want to. Screen make-up is another matter. The screen demands certain tricks which are beautiful in photography—but which would be ghastly in everyday life.

Here, however, is a lip make-up trick which you can employ with safety. If the indentation in your upper lip isn't pronounced enough, or if you have a full mouth which is inclined to look "bunchy," do this: before you apply lipstick, spread your upper lip out to its widest extent. You'll look very funny, but never mind. Now—apply the lipstick. Accentuate the curve of the Cupid's bow as it appears in this stretched-out position. Shade the coloring so that there's almost none at the center of your lip. Now relax your mouth to its natural position. Better?

If you have a long upper lip, don't worry yourself into a state about making it look shorter. Keep the lipstick away from the corners, of course, but also accentuate the length of your lower lip just a tiny bit. It helps.

Before I leave the subject of lipstick, let me say that I think most men still like natural-looking lips. Even the most sophisticated of them. They don't care if you paint your mouth, just so long as the paint isn't on too thick and the color isn't too widely at variance with nature's own. In other words, they like to be fooled into thinking that the color of your mouth is its natural color.

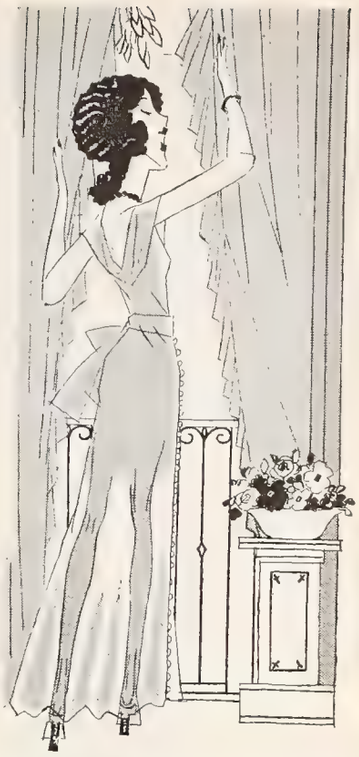
NOW a word about eyebrows. If you have dark, bright eyes, for heaven's sake don't thin out your eyebrows! Why? Because thin little wisp-of-darning-cotton eyebrows over dark eyes make the eyes look beady. That's why. Somebody told me that and I've been observing girls for months to see how true it is. Believe me, it's the truest thing that ever was said. Furthermore, it is next thing to impossible to pluck a heavy black brow to a thin line without leaving an area of dirty-looking discoloration where the hairs have been plucked out. And heavy—or at least, well defined—brows belong with luscious dark eyes. Pluck out the tiny stray hairs. And leave it at that. On the screen, eyebrows must be thin because the camera exaggerates the most moderate natural brow to burly proportions. But in everyday life, it's different.

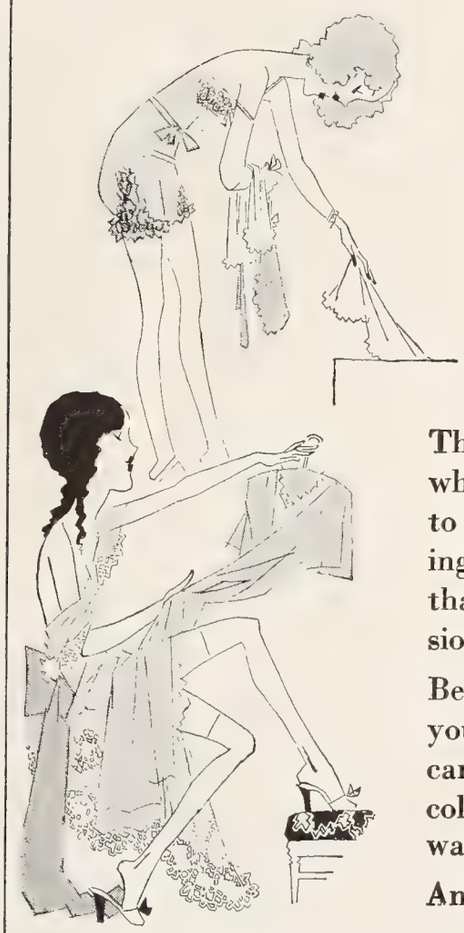
Girls with blue, gray and hazel eyes and the various mixtures thereof can fool around with their eyebrows if they are so minded. My advice is—now and

(*Continued on page 109*)

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Would You Give Back a Million?

(*Continued from page 37*)

every cent of the money he thought she wanted so much. She would do it quietly, without any fuss, but she would do it.

"That was partly what brought her back to Hollywood. That was what caused her to make those spectacular gestures that attracted so much criticism. That was why people said she was hard and cold.

"Yet, don't you see, she was doing all that for a very big reason. I wonder how many women would have had her courage—and also the courage it took to hear the gossip about herself without ever explaining why she was making her career pay so well.

" 'She doesn't need the money,' people said, 'isn't it selfish of her to demand it?'

"Connie had used Phil Plante's settlement to launch herself in a picture career—so that she would, eventually, be self-supporting, but she knew that she could not have his million dollars upon her conscience."

We were all silent. No one had moved while the story was being told.

At last one of the four said, "And what happened? Has she paid him back, now?"

"She has," said the narrator. "The million dollars—with interest—has gone to him. She is free, now, free from the sting of his words. She had a purpose these last few years—a purpose which no one but herself knew. She could not be a real person until she had done what she knew she must do."

He paused.

"Where did you get this story?" someone asked.

"I can't tell that—it wouldn't be right. But I promise you I didn't get it from Connie. She would never have told that. And if anybody asked her about it now she would deny it—for that's the sort of girl she is."

And so I give you this little story—as I heard it. Of course, there is the chance that it isn't true. I can't promise you that it is a fact. But, knowing Connie and knowing of what stuff she is made, I choose to believe it is true. It sounds so like her. I hope it is so, because I like the story and think it explains so many things about the girl herself.

At any rate, it is something for you to think about. I've thought about it ever since I heard it and it has endowed Connie with a fineness and sweetness that Hollywood has never given her credit for having.

I hope and I believe that this is a fact, and if it isn't I hope that nobody tells me it isn't. But, then, I'm an idealist, so this yarn is told for the rest of you idealists who want to see a new side of Connie Bennett's nature!

Sophisticated—Before Twenty

(*Continued from page 71*)

"Go easy, Herb, aren't you a little hard on the poor kid?"

But Brenon turned to him and said, "It's the only way, Lon, it will make an actress out of the girl."

LORETTA had not heard this—all she knew was that there was a chance of her being taken out of the picture. Her fists clenched tight. She set her teeth. "Give me one more chance, Mr. Brenon. I think I can do it this time."

"All right," he said. "I'll give you one more chance."

This time, as the camera whirred, the tears came naturally to her eyes, her face was contorted with emotion and, later, in her dressing room, she gave herself over to sobs because she thought she was never to be good.

Thus, early, Loretta was taught in a hard school of acting. But Brenon was right and no matter what methods he used she emerged, in that picture, not only as a lovely young creature, but as a pretty darn good actress. She looked strange, however, in an elaborate evening dress, which did not hide the young bones in her neck. She should have been wearing gingham.

Now—at the ripe old age of almost twenty—Loretta says that she would not take anything for the training she got from Herbert Brenon and, hard as it was to take, it was all worthwhile.

Having lied about her age, there was nothing for her to do but to live up to it and purposely she sought the older people on the set, denying herself young society.

At home, with her mother and two sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, although she was the youngest, she behaved like the eldest and when the other girls were talking about beaux and parties Loretta was quiet.

And then, when she was still in her 'teens, Loretta met Grant Withers, a dashing and handsome young man. Her family objected to the marriage on the grounds that Loretta was too young but, in spite of all her mother could do to stop it, they were married and moved into their own apartment.

HERE Loretta conducted herself like a young matron instead of the child she was. She picked out all the furnishings herself. I shall never for-

get her showing me over the place with pride as she pointed out some of the very lovely things she had bought. She put the household on a strict budget. But Grant Withers was not one to fit easily into a routine and shortly the marriage went on the rocks.

One day Loretta and I sat talking in the Brown Derby shortly after the divorce. She was smartly and simply dressed and there was a calm maturity upon her face. "I don't believe," she told me, "that one mistake should ruin your whole life. I'm glad that I was married to Grant. That marriage taught me many things that will help me through life—it taught me that love isn't everything the world has to offer and that you must discover a number of things about your husband, besides being just in love with him."

I sat back and looked at her in wonder. I think she was eighteen when she said this. The lives of most girls married and divorced so young are permanently wrecked—but Loretta was a product of Hollywood, and she knew that she must keep herself going for her career.

It was after her divorce that she began to be taken up by the *bon vivants* of the town. Herb Somborn, once the husband of Gloria Swanson, was her almost daily luncheon companion. Herb is a man of the world and he would never be interested in just a beautiful young girl like Loretta unless she had something much better than beauty.

AT the studio commissary at First National she is constantly surrounded by the writers on the lot and she can, in her calm, clever way, keep a tableful of these terse, sophisticated men, amused.

The result of all this has shown in her work. Not very long ago Aline MacMahon, one of the surest and best actresses on the screen, said, "Did you ever see anyone so lovely as Loretta Young was in 'Life Begins'? Her wonderful restraint is something I can never forget."

Yes, she is to be taken seriously now—to be numbered among the better actresses.

And how this all happened I'm sure I don't quite know. There must, of course, be some deep well of understanding in the girl herself, but I think that the demands Hollywood put upon her gave her this maturity. At fourteen she had to simulate the emotions of a woman of twenty. Still in her early 'teens she had to learn what marriage was and wasn't. She had to figure it out for herself.

Now, when you speak of Loretta Young, you don't have to preface your remarks by saying, "Isn't it wonderful for a girl of her age to do what she has done?"

She is accepted as a woman—not as a girl, for so much has been crowded into her years in Hollywood, so much living.

Loretta Young is not really a girl any more. She would be a girl had she lived anywhere else but in Hollywood. But she is now a woman—an intelligent, poised woman—and a good actress.

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"I gained 4 pounds in 10 days. The pimples on my face just faded away."
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Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not an imitation which cannot give same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

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Dept. 456 FORT WORTH, TEXAS
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Perfect Beauty and Perfect Health

(Continued from page 74)

Whenever you feel a sore spot, remember this is a sign that you are in need of the stretching and exercising!

And here's another neck treatment that will be a boon to those who are employed during the day, offering them a method of reviving fagged and tired nerves: press the fingers of both hands against the flesh on both sides of the base of the neck, pressing the flesh *upward*. Relax. Then press once more and relax. Follow this until you feel a tingling sensation.

For weak abdominal muscles, lie flat on the back, tense the muscles of the abdomen by drawing abdomen toward the spine. Relax. Then tense the muscles once again. Do this five or ten times both morning and night. This exercise will keep the waistline under control while you are putting on weight in other parts of the body.

The daily bath is another channel for those who must build up. If it is possible for you to bathe in the ocean for the benefit of the salt water, do so as often as possible. If not possible, put one pound of sea salt in the tub of warm water and soak. Massage the entire body while in the water and remain in the tub from fifteen to twenty minutes.

"Before the bath, the shower or the salt tub," says Davies, "I recommend the use of the toning-up massage. I have devised a method that requires but little skill and the use of an ordinary turkish towel. Here is the dope:

Grasp the ends of a large Turkish towel in each hand. Then, starting between the shoulders, rub the towel up and down in a diagonal position briskly and rapidly. You will know just when to stop as your skin will become warm and tingly. Move the towel up to the back of the neck and repeat . . . but not too vigorously here. Then drop the towel to the waist line at the back and bring the towel back and forth with rapid strokes. Lastly, place the towel beneath the calf of each leg (in turn) and work upward to the thigh with a rotating motion. The towel massage will tend to open the pores and make the salt bath just that much more effective!

IF a woman feels well and peppy," continued Dick Kline, "it is just as valuable as money in the bank. It actually illuminates her face and brightens her entire personality. To a motion picture star, pep is not only important—it is imperative! By pep, I do not mean the 'jitters'; nor do I mean that nervous, giggling brand of affectation that often passes for it. *Real pep is nothing but sustained energy.* If you want to start out for work every morning with a brisk step and clear, keen eyes, all ready for the day's problems, take my advice and go through this routine of pep exercises. They are illustrated for you by Susan Fleming on pages 72 and 73.

1. Heels together, hands on hips. Jump to side, then jump back, bringing the right foot across and in front of the left. Jump to side once more and then jump back, this time bringing left foot across and in front of the right. Repeat.

2. Hands on hips, heels together. Raise right leg, directly from hip, to the side, keeping knee straight. Now move both arms out horizontally at the same time. Back to first position and then same exercise with left leg raised. Repeat.

3. Spread the feet apart to a wide stance, hands on hips. Bend forward, and then roll entire upper part of body from hips in complete circle to the left. Count four slowly. Make four circles to the left and the same number to the right.

4. Drop to squat position on the balls of the feet, heels together and hands flat on floor. Extend legs to rear at full length vigorously, resting on balls of feet. Without hesitation, return to squat position.

Do not overdo these exercises. Stop exercising at the first signs of fatigue, especially if in a run-down condition! This is *very important* . . . overdoing is extremely harmful!

"Of course there are many methods of gaining and retaining pep," Kline said further. "Gary Cooper likes a few brisk rounds of boxing every day and claims that this is all he really needs. Randolph Scott takes to weight-lifting for his pep. But these are not methods which are practical for girls and women.

"There is *one* method that I haven't mentioned yet and it really is one of the best. Good for men and women. Rope-skipping! Clive Brook does it to keep in trim."

If you are suffering from a natural stiffness, Kline advises that you get a short length of rope and attempt the following:

Start with the rope held behind your body, heels together, with the balance on the balls of the feet. With a relaxed spring in the knees and feet, jump two inches from the floor. Try to accomplish this without any jarring effects, looking directly to the front to retain balance at the same time holding the body erect. Practice this without turning the rope, until you are able to jump thirty times without undue effort.

Now hold the rope between the thumb and forefinger. Without swinging rope, revolve the wrists, which will automatically put the rope in proper motion. Keep the elbows close to sides.

Then try jumping with the same springy movement, at the same time attempting to attain perfect rhythm.

Limit yourself to ten hops at first and work up gradually!

FOR office workers (and studio workers, too) Kline has worked out a clever system of office-chair exercises that will relax tired bodies and nerves and help the "go-getters" keep up the pace.

1. Sitting in a straight-backed

chair, clasp arms behind the back. Inhale deeply, throwing the head back as far as possible. Then, drop head forward, exhale. Keep back against the chair. Extend the feet to the sides, resting weight on balls of feet. Return. While so moving the feet, inhale through the mouth and exhale through the nose.

2. Same position. Twist head from left to right, keeping back always against the chair. Roll head in circular motion. This relaxes shoulder muscles.

3. Still seated in chair, relax the hands in the lap. Tighten up the muscles of the entire arm, gripping fists together. Relax. Repeat until you feel a definite sensation of circulation.

4. To develop the chest: try tensing the muscles of the chest and shoulders by gripping the finger tips while contracting the arm muscles.

5. Still seated. Grip arms behind you, pull in muscles of stomach. Relax. Hold the contraction two seconds before relaxing. This is something like Jim Davies' own exercise for abdominal muscles and, like it, it keeps the line of the stomach flat and shapely.

6. To tense the muscles of the thigh, calf and arch, press down on the ball of the foot, contracting the muscles as you press. This also should be done while sitting.

The above group of "tensing exercises" is entirely new. With practice you will soon be able to isolate each set of muscles, tensing and relaxing them at will. It will help keep you in perfect condition.

"And don't forget, you office workers," called Jim Davies from his massage room, "that there are foods that will contribute to your well-being just as well as the exercises Dick has just outlined. I mean foods that build for mental as well as physical perfection.

"For the fellow who swings a pick all day, corned beef and cabbage are swell, but not for the fellow or girl who has to sit indoors and exercise the brain for a living. It is actually a detriment to both health and pep. Here is a food list that I have prepared for the mental laborer who works under a maximum of nervous strain with a minimum of physical exertion:

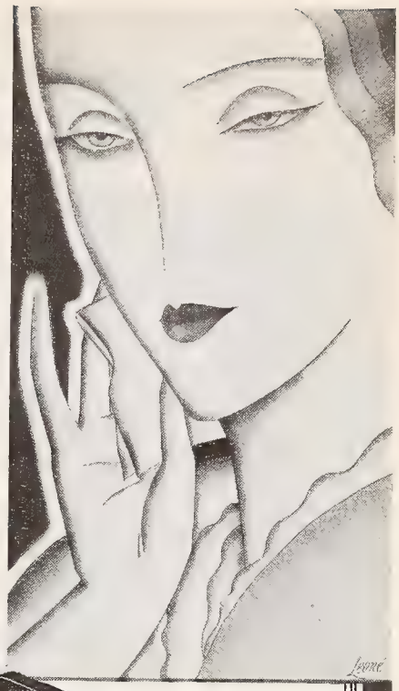
Almonds
Pecans
Walnuts
Egg yolks
Soft-boiled eggs
Broiled mushrooms
Avacados
Any kind of fresh cheese
Fresh butter (unsalted)
Lamb chops (occasionally)

Olive oil and lemon juice (half and half) help to feed the glands and brain cells. Also such foods as lobster, shrimp, crab, baked onion, potatoes, garlic and lettuce add to the general health and pep.

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NAME.....
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About Charles Laughton

(Continued from page 63)

satisfactory a world that one was than the one in which he moved as a lumpy, self-conscious school boy! In it he paraded to his heart's content. Pirates and Indians were his specialties, fierce swashbuckling and ruthless fellows, all of whom bore a resemblance to Charlie, and given to beating into submission all those with any doubts as to the toughness of Mrs. Laughton's unliked son. Later Charlie used to think of himself as Valentino, and with all the charm of the famous Latin lover. But now he was content merely to fancy himself as a battler of parts.

Yet this imagination—effective shield though it was against the taunts of the other boys—often ran a bit too rampant. In Mr. Wheater's Grammar School, for instance, where Charlie was enrolled after leaving Miss Saunders', it was the custom to distribute silver pencils to the ten boys who made the best marks for the year in arithmetic. One of the winners was Charlie. On the way to the Laughton home, proudly holding his prize, he became increasingly pleased with his possession and himself. Thoughts of the other nine boys dropped away and he came to look upon himself as the sole prize winner. This information he struttingly delivered to his family—and got a whale of a licking when his lie later was discovered.

"A very nasty child," Charles refers to himself. "A thoroughly unpleasant little beggar."

Doubtless he was referring to the occasion when he went wading in a convenient brook, and someone stole his shoes and stockings. "I bet you'll catch it from your mother," one of his companions howled gleefully.

"My mother won't be angry," Charles answered loftily. "She merely will be grieved."

That sort of thing scarcely endears one to one's playmates. And there was, of course, the knowledge that his mother *would* be angry, and very. But before all else one had to put a face on things. It would never do to let these boys see how scared he was. One must always put on a display of bravery, even though quaking. One must act at all times as if one thoroughly were a mighty and assured fellow. . . .

To act—that became second nature to Charlie, protecting himself. Not second nature, really, but closer to him than his own. When his hungry imagination demanded a larger and more concrete company than could parade across the stage of his mind, he began making dolls—marionettes. For the manufacture of these he was ruthless with his toys and books. There never is enough cardboard for the uses of an imaginative small boy, and in Charlie's home cries began to go up in regard to his vandalism.

HIS brother Tom was a sufferer. After his own toys and books had melted away under the fire of his needs for more material to construct more puppets for his little theatre, Charlie began on Tom's. Tom howled, but Charlie paid him little heed. That theatre was rapidly becoming the center of his life. The hours he spent in constructing it, in arranging the costumes and fitting the strings to his puppets! The performances he gave—speaking all the parts, manipulating all the figures—and if no one would watch . . . well, he would be audience as well as impresario, stage hands, designer and actors!

And then disaster. Tom's indignation over the loss of his possessions continued to mount until it became homicidal. So one day when Charlie was away, he calmly and completely beheaded all the puppets, then sat down and with great relish proceeded to eat the crêpe paper curtain!

Charlie's rage and hurt were terrific. He floundered around the house like a little wounded sea lion, loud in his grief. Tom got out quickly; but this, poor Mrs. Laughton was unable to do, and so was driven nearly to distraction by Charlie's howls. Mr. Laughton was drawn in from his garden. What was all this bother about the loss of a few dolls? Theatrical things had small place, anyway, in the life of a prospective hotel proprietor—Charlie's future. It was time this sort of thing stopped; particularly Charlie's habit of giving dramatic readings and impersonations whenever a visitor came to the house. It had become so that Mr. Laughton never knew—entertaining one of his friends—when the portiers were going to part and reveal a vague, noisy facsimile of Sitting Bull, Captain Kidd, Rudolph Valentino or Queen Victoria!

"I guess I made a damned nuisance of myself around the house," Charles now admits. "People with a passion for exhibitionism generally do."

There was, for instance, the sore episode of the fireworks. Charlie's passion to put on a show reached a culmination on the Fifth of November, Guy Fawkes' Day—which is celebrated rather similarly to our own Fourth of July. Charlie had gotten together a lot of black powder and saltpeter and constructed a rocket which he promised would dazzle all beholders. Instead it nearly frightened all beholders to death, for when the inventor touched a match to it, it blew up with a window-shattering bang said to have ruined the peace of that English countryside for miles around. Charlie was not killed—and there probably were those disappointed thereby.

AT all events Mr. Laughton decided that before this theatrical tendency of his son's became too pronounced, he had better be packed off to Stoneyhurst. At college his natural shyness once more exerted itself, and Charlie did little acting there. What he did do, however, was memorable. At last, because of his great size and mature look

—even then he looked years beyond his age—he was invited to take part in one of the plays. And so well did he acquit himself as the lodging house keeper in "The Private Secretary" that the Stoneyhurst Magazine went on record as saying "by all means we should see more of Laughton."

But they didn't—for presently young Laughton went to London to learn the hotel business at Claridge's. There, as a reception clerk, he had ample opportunity not only to learn the hotel business—but to indulge his passionate interest in human characteristics. All day people passed before him, affording him studies in the flesh: differing bodies—postures, gaits, mannerisms; varied faces—beautiful, dull, ugly, plain, vital, grotesque, vapid, intelligent — faces, faces, faces.

They fascinated him, as—by now—did the world of the theatre. He spent his every spare cent on tickets—the stalls, the pit, the gallery, anywhere just so long as he could look upon the most dramatic world of which he could conceive. His idols were Hilda Trevelyan and Gerald du Maurier—and he thought them the most glamorous and fascinating people in the world. Beside the glitter of their life, that of a hotel man seemed dull as ditch water. But before he could give expression to his growing desire to abandon the latter for the grease-painted world, the world itself gave a sickening lurch and slid into war.

CHARLES went. He did his time with the Seventh North Hampshire's, and when it was over he returned to London knowing that now he could not go back to the routine of hotel work. His father, now more than ever engrossed in his garden, wanted him to take over the business in Scarborough. Charles refused, Tom didn't—and the problem was solved.

Charles at once joined the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and from there went to the Barnes Theatre group. He was so excellent in a small part that the director became interested in him. Komisarjevsky saw that beneath the great smooth exterior the man was shy, uncertain of himself. He took Laughton aside.

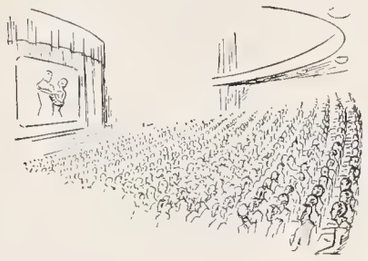
"You are ugly," he said; "you are fat, and you are not graceful. But in our next play you will be a lover, and—" he paused emphatically—"you will be all right!"

Laughton was. His feeling of inferiority fell away from him like a ragged garment before the Russian's confidence, and he began that brilliant series of performances which last winter brought him triumphantly to New York—and pictures—in "Payment Deferred."

It would be nice, now, to say that with his success Laughton flowered into a towering pillar of self-confidence. But that is not true. Charles' ego has not developed with his huge body. Inside he is still much the same small boy who in a desperate flurry of self-assertiveness kissed the little girl behind the door of Miss Saunders' school—whose shyness made him seek refuge in a dream world. Imaginings. Theatrics.

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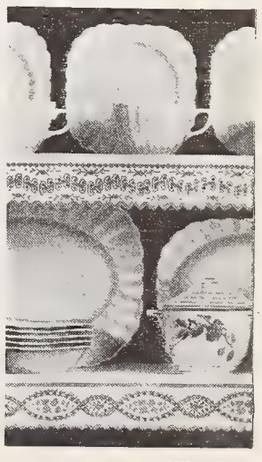
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Suite 46-D 1776 Broadway, New York City

And strangely, Charles knows that it is better that he *hasn't* become big in his own estimation. "If I should get confident and to thinking I am good, I shouldn't be any good at all," he says calmly.

"If you saw him in "Payment Deferred," "Devil and the Deep," "The Sign of the Cross," or "The Island of Lost Souls," it's hard to imagine his being bad—he is so consistently perfect.

Charles tells me that he is a very lonely man. But he makes no effort to widen the small circle of his friends. Loneliness, he must know, is the lot of genius. And then, he has the satisfactory company of the shade of a small, sensitive and imaginative little boy who well might say: "I guess we showed 'em, eh, big fellow?"

She Actually Killed It!

(*Continued from page 27*)

matter. But not at that time. So Clara played with boys, who were kinder than girls; and that early association is what has given her the gamine, hoyden streak in her nature.

CHILDREN of the poor are familiar with birth and with death. Death, birth, poverty, these are natural adjuncts to their days and nights. They are not sheltered from these things. Those who survive them, as Clara has survived them, must acquire a certain, almost fatalistic philosophy toward life. Such children are never sheltered. The most sordid details of early existence are known to them from the time they can walk and talk. They are intimate with all the ugly processes of existence, without glamour and without idealism.

Clara's knowledge of death was entirely first hand. When she was very small her grandfather dropped dead while swinging her in a home-made swing which he had built. Isn't that somehow a symbol of Clara's whole life—high, high up in the blue air, laughing, perhaps, surely excited, thrilled with adventure and then the slow sickening drop to earth with disaster lying plain at her feet?

She was nine years old when she ran upstairs, following the strident sound of a scream and found a child with whom she had played, wrapped in flames, the mother distracted and useless. Clara kept her head, but God alone knows what horror must have invaded her child's brain. She rolled the little boy in a rug and held him, the flames quenched, while the mother ran for a doctor. But the child died, in Clara's arms. . . .

No, death is no stranger to her, sudden death, violent death. Nor are threats to her own life, threats which came from the mother she loved, the poor, disturbed soul who turned, as such souls do, on the person dearest to her. For Clara Bow was sixteen years old when she woke to find her mother standing beside her with a knife in her hands. She kept her head then, too, in the face of the sorrow which had befallen her, a greater disaster than all the others, which was the realization that at her bedside stood, not the woman she had known and loved, but a stranger who was violently insane. She kept her head—and reasoned with her mother until the danger was over. What a mark that left upon her only Clara Bow can know.

IN passing, it is known her entry into pictures, or rather her attempt to start her career, was the signal for another outburst on her mother's part; in spite of which she won through.

As you know, a motion picture magazine was running a contest and Clara instead of sending the photographs she had had taken of herself and which, despite the fact that they had cost a precious dollar, were very bad indeed, took them to the office in person. The photographs would not have merited a second glance from the judges but Clara's lovely coloring, her vivacity, her personality listed her among the contestants; and she won the contest, and its reward, a "part" in a motion picture.

AT seventeen, therefore, Clara Bow started west. She was armed with beauty, with a burning talent, with belief in herself and that curious star which up till now had brought her nothing but misfortune. On the debit side she had the marks of her upbringing, the speech of the gutter, the shabby clothes, the utter loneliness of her situation. I wonder if she thought of the children who had ridiculed her, if she wondered whether a like fate would meet her in Hollywood, if her little chin went up in the air again, and if she said to herself—*I can take it.* . . .

She had never been away from home before; she had never been on a train. People liked her, in spite of her obvious handicaps. She showed no fear during the trip, she displayed merely curiosity and eagerness, two traits which have served her both well and ill during her life. The diner was a revelation to her and on her first meal aboard she ordered everything on the menu. The works, in fact, for which an extra table had to be supplied. This may have served the jesters as an example of bad manners but it was more likely merely the excited reaction of a youngster who had never in all her seventeen years had quite enough to eat.

The magazine had sent a chaperone with her and when she was instructed by this chaperone to use a salad fork she remarked that it was silly; why dirty up two forks when one would do for everything. This may have been

bad manners, too, but it was also amusing common sense. And when someone on the trip spoke of "wiring" flowers, Clara was puzzled. How in the world, she wondered, would they stay fresh!

Her first screen test was met with the placidity of an old timer. Usually an event which causes fear and trembling even among seasoned stage-folk, it daunted Clara not at all. She faced the camera in her old sweater and skirt and without makeup, and when told to cry she wept, and when told to laugh she laughed, to the amazement of those watching and directing. It was like putting a coin in a slot machine and getting what you wanted.

This original part was small but she had much publicity. Her big scene was one in which she cried, and cry she did, so well that all her makeup was ruined and the scene had to be cut out. So the picture was shown without her. A real test for any girl's courage.

Three months later she had another chance; hesitated; and decided to take it. Her age was against her, she imagined, so she borrowed a dress, put up her hair and set out. But the director wanted a youngster and told her so. Down came the curls and Clara won her point—and an offer of thirty-five dollars a week, more money than she had ever seen. But she didn't take it. She said, "I'll take fifty" and she got—fifty.

In her pictures she has always done what was expected of her regardless of the effect upon herself. She feared and hated horses; but she learned to ride. And socially she managed, right from the beginning, to carry off a miserable evening with a high hand. I remember the story of the evening she spent at Elinor Glyn's, one of her first important invitations. Badly dressed, snubbed, ignorant, uncultured, that evening must have been a torture to her. But she kept her nerve. She took it on the chin, once again and came back for more. Sheer personality triumphing over the external handicaps.

THERE has been plenty of romance in her life. Why not? She learned courage and she learned honesty and frankness and lack of concealment from the gutter. Therefore when she loved, she loved; and doubtless when she hated, she hated. Subtlety and discretion were words unknown to her. And she never thought of consequences or weighed actions in the balance. She was not worldly enough. A strange statement, but courage and honesty are not after all worldly traits.

There was Gilbert Roland. She might have married him had it not been for her father's interference. That wouldn't have mattered to Clara, but it mattered to Roland. There was also Bob Savage for whom she never cared but who, driven by vanity and a desire for publicity, staged an attempted suicide on her doorstep, which resulted in very unpleasant publicity—for Clara. Most girls would have washed their hands of him. Not Clara. She spent a good deal of time in his room at the hospital, she was photographed with him, she laid herself open to scandal simply because she was not a quitter or a deserter. Courage—without wisdom, and courage, without fear—here is an outstanding example of it.

She was in love with Gary Cooper for two years, a romance to which the studio dictated a conclusion. I believe that Clara acquiesced in this feeling that, if she did not, both their careers must suffer—and possibly both their hearts, in the long run.

In Texas her name was bracketed with that of Victor Fleming while they were taking "Wings." The publicity was without Mr. Fleming's consent and Clara, learning that he was a married man, held no grudge against him for this front page unpleasantness which, of course, reacted against her and not against him, as is always the case.

Then there was the doctor whom she met in the Dallas hospital, and who fell so desperately in love with her. She did not know that he was married, and when she was sued for alienation by his wife, she paid. She might have forced the studio to protect her by paying the amount of the judgment brought against her, but she did not. She was, and is, an uncommonly just girl. She paid with her savings, which were in trust.

The Harry Richman affair was, as we all know, a publicity hoax. She went through with it for Richman's sake, thinking to help him in his career. The fact that she later fell in love with him is slightly sardonic. The whole affair was engineered to its wretched conclusion, even to the return of the ring, and the report of her attempted suicide in which there was no foundation.

Twice she had been courageous enough to sue blackmailers. Once it was during the celebrated Daisy DeVoe case and later the Girnau case. In each instance Clara Bow had the gallantry to come out in the open and fight. The Daisy Devoe trial took almost all her resources of strength, and the Girnau case what was left. Girnau, owner of the *Coast Reporter*, which was circulating lies about Clara Bow's private life, offered to sell that paper to her studio. Sheer blackmail, that was. But Clara refused to countenance the suggestion, Girnau was arrested and tried. No other motion picture star has ever brought blackmailers publicly to book and Clara Bow has done so—twice. Another example of the Bow courage.

There have been many rumors lately about Clara. Rumors that she is going to retire again from the screen after "Call Her Savage" is finished. And rumors that all is not well between her and her husband, Rex Bell. Whether these rumors are true or not, you may be sure of one thing—whatever fate has in store for the Bow girl, she will face it with her head in the air. That game little chin of hers will be raised to "take it." She has always had the grit to face her mistakes.

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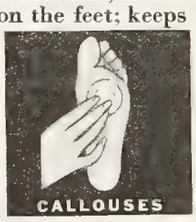
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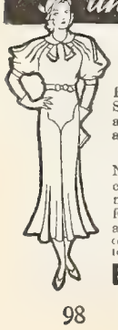
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Convicts—and the Movies

(*Continued from page 29*)

for future citizens of worthwhile calibre."

Listen to what Dick says, when asked what type of picture he recommended to make a good citizen. Says Dick:

"It is my personal belief that the Big-Business-from-Boyhood and the athletic picture which stresses sportsmanship, can do much in moulding a boy's character.

"A man in whom the elements of true sportsmanship have been firmly implanted when a youth will, when matured, possess an ingrained love of fair play which will keep him from ever going entirely to the bad, and it will always be a foundation upon which his reclamation may be planned.

"The Alger type and the Country Boy type of hero are obsolete. The modern youth wants real live heroes whom he knows. I am glad that I believed in dryads and fairies and Santa Claus when I was a child. It was fun, but the up-to-date boy does not want them. If you do not give him a real live Babe Ruth then he will take a Jack Diamond. He is not an idealist so much as he is an idol worshipper. But he wants his idols real ones."

That, from Dick, sounds quite logical.

I have often been queried regarding the emotions of my 2,500 charges and how they react to a motion picture. That subject has its interesting side.

We frequently see tears in the eyes of prisoners during the showing of certain types of pictures at the prison movie shows. It is usually during a melodramatic subject. It has been said that such a display is evidence of some inherent goodness—something upon which to build character and worth.

In some cases I do not doubt the truth of this, but in the great majority I think it is simply the natural reaction of minds that never have been properly developed. Their souls are like shallow pools and are easily disturbed.

Most of these men have never been trained to govern their emotions; they have always given way to them. Prison routine puts a certain curb upon them to which they are unused. Consequently anything which appeals to the emotions—sentiment, anger, cupidity—affords them an outlet to which they readily respond.

This state of softened emotions rarely ever has any permanence; hence its valuelessness as a basis upon which to build character.

The men of Sing Sing have, of course, their likes and dislikes when it comes to screen entertainment. It may be a broad classification, but the majority of the inmates of Sing Sing favor comedy, melodrama, and underworld. Comedy because it is natural to laugh; melodrama because of its sentimental appeal, and underworld because it gives play to the imagination—permits them to supplant themselves for the hero, putting their wits against the world, or going down to defeat in a blaze of glory. It is just as it is outside. It is just being and doing all of those things they would like to be, and do if they had the courage or the opportunity. Many of them believe that it is not too late—they believe that opportunity may give them another chance. And it often does I'm very glad to say.

The New Novarro

(*Continued from page 25*)

time, that Ramon was the same intelligent lad with the same beautiful and simple spirit—for deep within Ramon there is a spiritual quality that nothing can ever destroy.

What Ramon was doing then was to find himself.

AND now he has found himself. Now he is leading his own life. His family is settled. They have everything they want—including Ramon's love. But now they have interests of their own. So Ramon has found a set of interests for himself.

Number one: He has a house of his very own—one that reflects his own personality. Perched high in the hills in the Los Felez district of Hollywood, it is reached by intricately winding roads. But the trip is worthwhile for there before you on the side of the mountain is a unique dwelling place. Ultramodern in every detail, it is built around a large swimming pool. All the floors are covered by heavy rugs and the walls are almost entirely made of windows. The ceilings are low and heavy draperies may be pulled across the windows at night, giving the effect of an enormous broadcasting studio.

Number two: His entertaining. Remember, in the old days almost all of his personal friends were Spanish or Mexican and the Hollywood people bidden to Ramon's parties could be named on the fingers of one hand (and you would still have enough fingers left to light a cigarette). Now his new home is a place where laughing, gay, sparkling, talented Hollywood people are entertained. They play cards a good deal (Ramon uses beans instead of chips) and there's a perfectly swell marble game which so delighted Una Merkel that she had to be dragged away from the board one night.

NUMBER THREE: The Ford. That may sound pretty strange. It isn't.

For years Ramon did not own a car. He used the studio cars—renting them by the hour—instead. He thought that he could never learn to drive a car. Now—with his new found freedom and his new interests he has bought a little Ford for his own use (he has a limousine for state occasions) which he is learning to drive, perilously taking the curves in that winding road that leads to his house. This is in keeping with all the new activities that are now a part of his life. He is doing all the things that he never did before—and his life is full and rich.

Number four: His work. In spite of eleven years as a star Ramon is more interested in his screen work now than he has ever been before and he is fascinated by "Son Daughter," the new picture with Helen Hayes. But there's more work than that. He's writing a book, too, which he hopes will eventually be bought for him as a screen story.

So that brings you up-to-date about Ramon Novarro. Ramon has found himself, now. And, like all people who know, at last, what they want and have the ability to get it, he is happy.

Marian's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 65*)

air of smartness to her costume. Marian caught sight of her own reflection in a large glass. Her two little feet appeared to be rooted to the spot, toe to toe, so that they threw her whole body in an awkward position. Her slim shoulders drooped wearily. She *was* weary. She had danced in a scene for fourteen hours the day previous. But, gamely, she straightened up—and so learned the primary lesson in good posture, the greatest aid in acquiring style.

Since then, Marian has travelled a long way up the road to fashion. It's a far cry from the little girl in the old sweater to the trimly elegant young person she is now. And yet—there is the same unaffected sweetness about her, the same wistful youngness that is so completely captivating.

Just look at the youthfulness, the supreme simplicity of her house frocks. She's as radiantly fresh as a dewy morning in them. There's that clever silk crêpe in an almost invisible red and white check. (See page 66.) A very wearable type of dress with its two deep pleats in the skirt both front and back and a red leather belt with a thread-like white stripe and white buckle. That bow of white organdie that finishes the rounded double collar, finds a corresponding note in the bows on the balloon sleeves. (What a season of sartorial upsets this is! With organdie being worn in challenge to the winter snows and *piqué* trimming *broadcloth* and *wool* evening gowns.) Marian's stockings, the kind she chooses for most occasions, are a golden beige in sheer chiffon. Her pumps are black patent leather.

TOUCHES of red do to Marian what the golden glow of sunset does to trees—it will do the same thing for you if you happen to be a small person as she is and have the same gentle sort of gaiety. Of course, if you're a very ebullient type, beware of it. Vivid people do not need red; it makes them a trifle garish. One of Marian's daytime frocks of a crinkled crêpe has a wavy diagonal stripe in red, black and white. The gilet in front ends in a V that is braided through the belt of red stovepipe ribbon and a bow of the ribbon sets off the transparent linen collar.

Many of Marian's dresses have this V effect. In some clever way the material is manipulated so that it forms a point, for this causes her to look taller.

She has a rough silk dress in *poudre* blue that uses the same trick. It's pleated in such a way as to give the semblance of a pointed vest that dips below the girdle. Five big cut-crystal buttons trim it. Crossbars of darker blue run through the silk in an interesting manner and shoulder ruffles provide trick sleeves. A white batiste collar with interwoven tucks is faintly suggestive of the Pilgrim Fathers.

But there's absolutely *nothing,* my dears, that's even remotely puritanical about that luscious delicate pink satin hostess gown on page 65. I suppose every girl, at one time or another, pictures herself in that kind of costume. I know romantic little Marian did. And here she is wearing it—in her lavender and gold boudoir. Fitting, too, that the gown adopts the princess line. Those medieval sleeves and the rippling train are bordered with chinchilla. Marian admits it's her most extravagant costume. And how she loves the soft beauty of it. You ought to see the exquisite care she takes of it—and all of her wardrobe—the considerate way she smoothes out the slightest wrinkle. That illusion of a belt on the hostess gown, incidentally, is created by frogs of the reverse side of the material. Scrumptious, isn't it?

THIS young Miss Nixon goes in for negligée, also, on quite a large scale. They come in numerous shades and shapes. There's one, a Japanese ceremonial robe, that is in the most heavenly purple hue you can imagine. It's splashed with great sprays of white wisteria and an undulating red and white line runs through it. The lining is watermelon red silk. Then there's another Oriental kimono of the "Madame Butterfly" variety. It's in pale blue and gray and rose figured silk. Her slippers are dark blue embroidered in brilliant tones.

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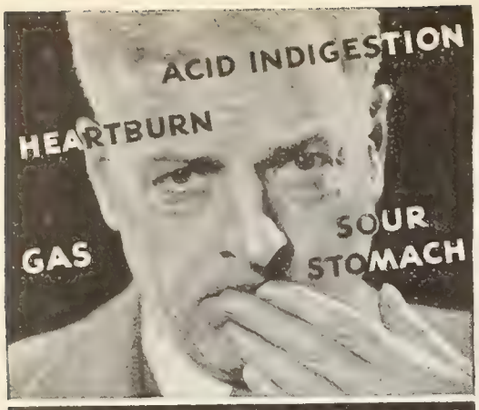
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she wants to relax in perfect comfort and warmth, there's a white rabbit fur jacket, lined in pink silk brocade, that is a companion piece to the cover of her *chaise longue*. Incidently, it's one of those "changeables"—you can wear it equally well on either side.

Lace for candle-lit hours. There's an undeniable charm to it; it has a softening influence that's most enticing, especially after you've spent the day in tailored togs. And now that it's, oh, so modish again, Marian is making delightful use of it. One of her formal frocks is in the palest possible pink silk lace—Rosaline is the name of this fine, filmy stuff. It's demurely quaint in front . . . and dashingly modern in back. A train is suggested in the way the flounce, which begins in the center front, widens as it sweeps down the back and onto the floor. A small ruffle introduces the peplum note. Tiny cap sleeves are hinted at in a most amusing manner. Diamond and emerald clips are of the same design as the bracelet and the green earrings—an extra touch if you happen to like earrings, but lace so lovely doesn't require added adornments.

She uses the clips also to accent the square neckline of a black lace dinner dress. The hat that goes with it is truly entrancing—the kind that is the answer to why fashionable supper clubs were instituted. It's of horsehair, all of it, even the cute little buds that cause the crown to fit so snugly. You can see it on page 66. Isn't it becoming with Marian's blond hair?

"I wore very little black until I had to dye my hair for 'Rebecca,'" she explained. "I've always liked to wear jolly, bright colors and I'm only now learning how *interesting* black can be." A good many people are finding out the same thing all at once. Would you believe that a black frock could be gay? Almost insouciant? Marian has one, an "after dark" dress, in that marvelous new material, "Bagheera," that proves it. It's throttle-throated, after the latest vogue, of a modified princess line (two things that help tremendously in making us look tall—and we're all trying to do that this season), and small buttons zip all the way up the back. It's extremely smart with that black velvet collarless jacket. (See page 66.) Voluminous sleeves of the ermine terminate in long tight velvet cuffs—and notice how effective her diamond and *cabochon* ruby bracelet is against it . . . and her ruby ring. The jacket is slightly bloused, due to the velvet sash that starts in front and ties neatly in back.

ANOTHER dress to form partnership with the jacket is of black velvet that has a yoke and sleeves of silver lamé. The waist is decidedly "pinched." "If we keep on," said Marian, "we'll be corseleted again! Indications are that by spring the smaller the waist is, the smarter the dress." Heaven help us! At least those of us with pronounced thickness through the tummies ought to thank two of the fashion-powers-that-be for advocating dropped waistlines which approach the hips.

Marian has a passion for fur coats (who wouldn't, after those raggedy-Ann old sweater days?). She has a slightly fitted mink wrap and a black broadtail trimmed with silver fox. She has only one plain cloth coat that she dons occasionally for motoring. Somehow, these swagger coats do not suit her. Her chum, Sally Eilers, is an all-sports girl—looks better in sweaters and skirts and heavy polo coats than in anything else. Marian doesn't.

With Marian's mink coat (see page 65) goes a diminutive muff fashioned after the vintage of 1890. There's nothing more stunning with the rich brown tones of mink than the new fuchsia shade. Marian often wears an outfit of that color with the coat—an exceptionally clever little outfit of wool. The skirt has inverted box pleats and the jacket! As trig and trim as you'll find in a day's travel. Darts in front lead to the raglan shoulders which blossom out into modified leg-o'-mutton sleeves. There is an Ascot tie of the material that folds neatly beneath a beaver stole scarf, worn when she dispenses with the coat. Her gloves are fuchsia colored. So is the toque that sits in such a sprightly way on her blond head. It's French fur felt and a saucy novelty points straight out over the right eyebrow in a constant salute.

And—in case you've been speculating on how to re-make that old black velvet evening dress—here's a thought. Give it a new top and transform it to look like Marian's latest dinner gown. (We've had a pattern made for you after this gown—see page 66.) The blouse, in one with the black velvet skirt, is white satin striped in black and gold. It has a surplice closing, the ends circling the waist and tying in front. The sleeves are short and puffed and would have been equally smart with a touch of the black velvet. The skirt is cut on the bias and godets supply extra fullness below the knees.

Again black velvet—this time a silky ribbed velvet—fashions a delightful dress that goes to the theatre, to bridge teas, to dinner. It's quite simple really. Long tight sleeves end in points that come down over the hands in a very flattering manner. The cape-collar is trimmed with rows of Belgian lace and the belt is held in place with a diamond buckle. (See page 64.) Black velvet is introduced also in the accessories—in the pumps, the bag with its gold and pearl mounting, and the hat where it's appliquéd on black duvetyne. There's a fascinating shadow veil on the hat, too.

One of Marian's dance frocks is in wine satin. (Page 65.) "It just *is*" as she expresses it. No elaboration of any kind but you can depend on it to get you places! High in front, dipping low in back and with a dropped shoulder line that gives it the semblance of a sleeve. It's an easy-to-wear frock, young and still sophisticated enough to be interesting.

NEXT MONTH: NORMA SHEARER'S WARDROBE

About Madge Evans

(Continued from page 62)

where everyone knows everyone else."

Since she was six, you mustn't forget, she has been tutored and chaperoned and "dressed" for the public eye. No wonder she is a trifle fed up. Since six . . . her life has rolled along incredible roads. For instance, she has never been to school a day in her life. Not once has she had the exquisite pleasure of playing "hookey." She has never gone bare-footed along dusty country roads, feeling the warm dust bubble up through her toes. She has never been allowed to run harum-scarum in warm summer rain, soaked to the skin but supremely happy.

Don't understand that she had no childhood. Indeed, she had. But it was circumscribed and poor in the usual youthful experiences. Generally, she was a child among adults—working in a picture. Occasionally there were playmates. Once, she remembers, she put on her first roller skates and whizzed about her block in high glee until a cast iron lamp post obstructed her progress and laid her out on the cement, unconscious for the first time in her life. And there was an infrequent game of "Post Office" at a neighbor's house. There she kissed her first beau (at the age of seven, mind you). His name was Jimmie and he had dark, curly hair, blue eyes, and an olive complexion. A luscious combination. Madge's love never waned until she met a red-head. She recalls that he was irresistible because he had huge freckles and was the first red-head she had ever seen.

As a child, she had but one serious fault. She would lie. Fortunately, her lie was the same one told over and over to every new child who came into her neighborhood.

"I'm the only blonde Spaniard alive," she told them. She told them in all seriousness and demanded that they believe her. She doesn't remember why she said it or that she was ever punished. Even today, she sometimes confides to total strangers, "I'm the only blonde Spaniard alive."

When you see her on the screen today, when you view her grace and charm and freshness, it is hard to believe that she has been working since she was six years old. That year, a motion picture director visited them in New York and suggested that Madge try out for a child rôle in a film that he was directing.

MADGE remembers that she was sixteen before she went out unchaperoned with her beau. It was a gala occasion, a church dance. As she left the house, her father patted her on the shoulder and said, "Have a good time, baby." Nothing more than that. Not a word about what time to be back. He trusted her. Invariably, if Madge discovered that she would be later than usual in getting home, she would telephone.

When you talk to Miss Evans of her early years, memories crowd upon one another. Memories of working at the old Fort Lee studios in New Jersey. Of posing for photographers when she was just a baby . . . of posing for an artist who sold her picture to a brewery for a beer calendar. The first long train ride from New York to the West and the thrilling ascent of the high Sierras when she was nine. The tragic death of her pet cat that had been given her by the doorman of the old World studio. Crowded, busy, kid days. . . .

Then, suddenly, she was growing up. Long, awkward legs emerged from her skirt and she was no longer the wonder-child of the screen but just a gangling youngster. She quit the silent movies. When she returned, the talkies had thundered into every picture palace in the land and taken full possession.

Usually, child actresses fade away and become memories that merge with peg-top trousers, hobble skirts, and horseless carriages. Madge faded, too. But in her years of oblivion, she chose a career for herself. In her teens, she felt the lure of acting for the first time. Before, it had been a lark. A movie set had been a fairyland in which she was a sort of Alice in Wonderland. This new ambition was different. It was concerned, not with the movies, but with the stage.

She studied. She grubbed in stuffy rooms while dramatic teachers subdued her gestures and modulated her voice. Presently, she was in a Broadway show—at eighteen, I think. But not as Madge Evans, the child star. Here, she was on her own. It was her first attempt since the ancient five reelers she had made. And the public found her competent and capable and beautiful.

When Hollywood surrendered to the talkies, the call went to Broadway for actresses who had voices as well as faces and figures. Madge was in a Broadway show. Unwittingly, she had chosen the one pursuit that could carry her back to new triumphs on the talking screen.

Today, one finds her a remarkably composed and self-sufficient young woman. And one of the cinema city's least "actressy" actresses. The Hollywood gay places see her rarely. She seldom attends an opening or lunches at the Brown Derby. Her friends are doctors and advertising men. Talkie-town gossips admit that she is "poor news." Madge doesn't mind at all for she is far happier riding or swimming, or attending the Wednesday night boxing bouts with Tom Gallery.

USUALLY, you can measure a woman on the yardstick of what she likes and dislikes. Shall we try it on her? Well, she likes to eat. And she does eat, anything. She never diets. She likes small hats . . . pajamas . . . medium-length skirts. She likes to smoke after meals and while playing bridge. She likes Marie Dressler and



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Lionel Barrymore. Southern fried chicken is her favorite dish and she cooks it herself. O. Henry is her choice as an author. She will dance to a fox-trot when nothing else can move her. When she switches on the radio, she likes dance music best. And she laughs harder at the "Skippy" cartoons in the newspapers than any other.

Just as definitely, she dislikes poetry . . . liquor . . . swear words . . . spinach . . . women's clubs . . . and people who snore. Neither does she like to dream, for she has a distressing one that reoccurs much too often. In it, she finds herself stark naked in broad daylight on a busy street, fleeing from huge crowds of people.

Her favorite slogan is "Finish anything you begin." Not long ago, her will clashed with that of a studio executive over a trivial matter. Characteristically, she had her way. Such determination is not temperament either for she is remarkably even-tempered. She does admit some inclination toward stubbornness but a jolly sense of humor usually saves her.

And that is our yardstick. By it, we find a girl who is surprisingly like that every-day sort of person that she wants to be like. In it, we find nothing much to alarm the studio officials who want her to continue in their films. But this —this next thing is different. Last summer, Madge told me:

"I think that a marriage is happiest when the man makes the entire income."

Does that mean that she intends to retire when (and if) she marries?

She said something else, too; a thumbnail creed, a nugget of personal philosophy mined from her innermost heart. It was:

"I want to live—as simply as possible—and let live."

It isn't easy to live simply amid the blaring ballyhoo of Hollywood. Madge has already found that out. And that is why I wouldn't be at all surprised if, some of these busy days, she tosses her golden head at the movies and walks out in search of these precious things that she values more highly than either fame or fortune.

A Very Dull Young Man

(*Continued from page 31*)

sort of person. And, if you're looking for the average type of movie actor—a wild and temperamental man—I imagine that you, too, would think Freddie March a "very dull young man."

Of course, he is an actor—which reminds me of that grand story about him which proves it. I don't care whether you've heard it or not, I'm going to tell it again, it's so swell.

When he was playing the famous John Barrymore satire in "The Royal Family" he brought the rôle right into the home and would bombast and declaim for the edification of Florence—striding around on his romantic legs and speaking in the wild Barrymore accents. So wrapped up in the part was he that he hardly realized he was carrying on in this fashion.

One night Florence cried out, "For heaven's sake, Fred, stop it! Get back to being your own self. Why, since you've been acting in 'Royal Family' I don't feel as if you're my husband any more, but as if I were living with another man!"

That stopped him from doing off-screen acting around the house any more.

Of course, one of the reasons that people, who expect him to be something that he is not, call him dull is because he comes from such a nice family. They're all good, sturdy folk—intelligent, loyal to each other and loving. The sort of people, in fact, that I like to think are typically American.

His brothers are business men. Fred, along with the rest, was given a college education and joined a fraternity—Alpha Delta. They wanted him to go into a bank, but Fred wanted to be an actor. There was severe family disapproval in the Bickel clan (Fred changed his name to March, a contraction of his mother's maiden name, Marcher) when the "baby" went on the stage. But Fred held fast to his rebel idea and now he has been forgiven and they're all proud as an extra girl with her first "bit" over his success.

AS a matter of fact that was the only rebelliousness Fred has ever shown. He is a conventional man, with conventional ideas of life, love, marriage and work.

Fred is a good workman. He thinks out his rôles, instead of—as so many do—depending upon emotional hysteria before the camera. And he has a unique system of what he calls "opening out of town." Knowing Florence Eldridge's sure dramatic instinct, he tries his parts out first with her composing an audience of one and together they discuss them before he appears on the set. He's one of those people upon whom a director can depend to turn in a good, craftsman-like job.

And that, I suppose, would be called very dull by a fan who expects temperament, quarrels and high flown scenes from screen heroes.

Hollywood is the first real home the Marches have ever known and in the town they have become accepted members of Hollywood society. In fact, Freddie plays the rôle of "mine host" so well and Florence is such a delightful hostess that they're fast becoming leaders in their group.

A few months ago Modern Screen showed you pictures of the now famous gay'nineties party that Fred and Flor-

ence gave and to which were bidden—and to which came—the greatest notables in filmland.

Like everything else that Fred touches that party was well planned and carefully thought out beforehand. Its purpose was to give their friends a good time, but it was more than that. It was, in its way, a sort of artistic triumph. There was nothing haphazard about it. Florence and Fred spent weeks planning it and their home was changed from a charming modern house into a mid-Victorian atrocity. Even the servants wore clothes of the nineties.

And that—let me tell you—was far from a dull party!

If you call leading a gentle, quiet assured life dull, then Freddie March is "a very dull young man." But if you think it thrilling, as I do, that an intelligent well behaved citizen can make a great film success in the wilds of wild Hollywood—then you would regard Fred as a spectacular and thrilling person.

And for my money, two people who can stay married in that partner-changing town for over five years can't be dull. At least not to each other!

What'll Happen in 1933?

(*Continued from page 34*)

another prominent actress.

She will continue to be associated professionally for part of the year with Josef von Sternberg, but before the end of the year they will part. She will remain married to Rudolph Sieber, despite much divorce talk. During the year, she will visit Germany. There she will turn down a big film offer, to return to Hollywood.

After splitting with Dietrich, von Sternberg will develop a new "protege" whom he will attempt to drive to film heights.

Clark Gable faces good portents for 1933—professionally. Accident threatens him, either through horses or airplanes. There are signs that the year may develop into a domestic crash, with probability of divorce. Divorce would be bad, however, and from his reading of the stars as they influence Gable's life, Dareos warns him strenuously against divorce if he can avoid it. Gable's good name is threatened as the result of the doings of another actor.

Jean Harlow will find a new love in 1933. She will have two offers of marriage, one from a prominent actor, the other from a movie official. However, it is unlikely that she will marry until 1934, although the wedding may occur late in 1933. It would be better, according to the stars, for her to wait until 1934, Dareos warns.

However, "Jean Harlow will never know the meaning of the word happiness in marriage," Dareos says the stars show.

She will suffer a severe illness during the year. In her work, she will go on to new heights, and will get away from sexy rôles.

For Marie Dressler, the year is uneventful, but she must guard against dangers to her health.

MAURICE CHEVALIER faces eclipse in his American film work in 1933, Dareos says the stars foretell! His popularity will wane sharply, suddenly, and he will return to France. Even there, he will not be welcomed in any great degree. He will find much resentment among his fellow countrymen against the type of rôles he has played, and also against his divorce.

George Raft will be the foremost of the star bets of 1933. He will skyrocket to the heights in his career, his popularity even rivalling that which Valentino once held. He will be in demand by all the foremost producers, to play opposite the leading stars.

His romantic life will be checkered—he will have many quick crushes, but no serious romance. There will be one big love interlude in his year, but like the others, it will fade and not eventuate in marriage, despite indications that it might. This will be with a now prominent actress. A certain married actress will make a spectacle of her efforts to win Raft's attention.

George Brent and Ruth Chatterton face not one alone but many years of domestic happiness, Dareos says. Their love life in 1933 will be idyllic, and it will last for a long time to come. Later, not in 1933, they will go on the stage together, with success. Of course, there will be gossip that the Brents are "on the verge of separation," during the year, but it will be utterly untrue. There will be no baby—at least, not in 1933. Later, they will adopt a child, and this child will play a strangely great part in Ruth Chatterton's future. Brent's career will be successful, but Chatterton's screen zenith has been passed. Her only big success in the future lies on the stage.

Alexander Kirkland will be the surprise sensation of 1933, especially during the end of the year. In 1934, he will be starred. In that year, also, he will marry, the outcome of a romance that will begin in 1933.

Sylvia Sidney faces the big romance of her life in 1933. But it will be turbulent. Dareos says the stars warn her to stay clear of entanglements with the opposite sex until after the middle of the year, lest love lead to scandal. There is a man coming into her life whom she has never met, the stars foretell. He will be an easterner, and wealthy. This will be her great love; they will marry in 1934. Professionally, she will share the feminine honors for the year with Joan Crawford. Other indications for 1933 include a long sea



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voyage, and an accident, most likely a temporarily crippling fall from a horse, in spring.

James Cagney will have another year of big screen success. Then he will turn his back on acting, enter a profession quite apart therefrom. His home life will go on unruffled, unchanged.

GARY COOPER'S 1933 will prove interesting, if the stars' indications come true, says Dareos. In his screen career, he will come back with a bang. But in his private life, there are all sorts of turns and twists. He must be careful lest he become seriously involved with an older woman, an actress, born in or around the month of April. Other heart affairs will complicate matters for Gary in 1933. There is a possibility that the end of the year may find him married—to a prominent young eastern woman, not of the movie world. This would be to Gary's advantage, for his horoscope is such that marriage to an actress would prove disastrous. The greatest danger that faces his reputation during 1933 is the danger of being named in a divorce action.

John Gilbert is through as a great screen actor. However, he will turn to writing and directing, and find new success in those fields of cinema making.

His domestic affairs enter a period of strain. John Gilbert is another who will never know marital happiness for any lasting time, Dareos says.

For Charles Chaplin, the year is one in which he must watch his every step. The signs of his love life are confusing; it cannot be definitely stated whether 1933 will find him married, or clinging to bachelorhood. However, if he *does* marry, the marriage will *not* last through 1933. Because of dangers that threaten his reputation and purse, he must be ultra careful of new associates. He will make one more picture, and it will be his last. It will be of a type different from his screen appearances in the past.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay face a year of danger, in their domestic life. Not because they are not true lovers, but because of things that may strike at their happiness from an outside source and through Frank. The signs are not clear as to the nature of this force, but it will be purely from the outside.

Clara Bow, despite her own wishes, will make two more pictures after "Call Her Savage." She will prefer not to make them, but public demand will virtually force her to give up her desire to live quietly as Mrs. Rex Bell on their ranch. Her time of scandal is past; there are no more front-page blowups ahead of her. She will continue very happy in her marriage. Toward the end of the year, the advent of a baby will be talked about, but the baby won't come until 1934.

For Janet Gaynor, the year is not exciting. She will find continued screen popularity, but 1933 will be her last big year. After that, her star will wane. Domestically, she and Lydell Peck will continue "as is." There are planetary signs of a death either in her family or of a close friend.

Charles Farrell, likewise, will continue in domestic tranquillity with wife Virginia Valli. There will be a baby in 1933, toward the end of the year, and the child will be brilliant.

Mary Pickford faces new professional success, but not on the screen in 1933. It will come with her stage work in 1934, and will be great. The health of her husband, Doug Fairbanks, Senior, is seriously threatened during 1933.

Ann Harding enters a year of new romance. There will be talk of a reconciliation between her and Harry Bannister, but she will not remarry him. Instead, a prominent man from outside picture ranks will attract her, with likelihood of marriage before the end of the year, and subsequent permanent retirement from the screen.

What Men Dislike in Women

(*Continued from page 69*)

a woman's nasty remark about another woman. It *warns* him, somehow . . . if a woman is clever, she won't do these things!"

If a woman is clever. . . . It is significant that all of these experienced gentlemen admit a willingness, nay, an eagerness, to be fooled a little by the gentler sex! They want illusions.

Paul Lukas says, "If they only would not be so *obviously* commercial! A man doesn't mind having a woman get things that she wants from him. If he cares for her at all, he *wants* to do things for her. He loves to give her presents which please her. That, after all, is an elemental male trait. It is more than that. It is masculine privilege.

"But he hates to have her chisel in an obvious manner. He hates to have her make it apparent that, to her, he is merely a source of frivolous and pleasant knick-knacks. A man doesn't want to appear to be a sucker to himself! *If a woman is clever,* she can get what she wants and make the man think that it was all his own idea!"

If a woman is clever! Over and over, I heard that phrase, during my investigation of this moot question. There was Nils Asther.

MEN dislike women who moan. They dislike women who make martyrs of themselves, deliberately, women who make a constant play for sympathy. No doubt women have much to bear. But men do not want to hear about it. Men are childish creatures and frequently imagine that they have troubles of their

own. They naturally flee to the woman who laughs easily, who has no griefs or burdens or problems to propound. One of the things that attracted me to Vivian was her easy, spontaneous laughter. I am a moody person, inclined to melancholy. That gaiety, that bubbling giggle, seemed to me lovely and alluring.

"It may be unfair. But it is true that men shrink from complaining women who insist upon telling their troubles and demanding sympathy. If there is any sympathy going around, the man wants it himself! It's the way we are made. *A clever woman* keeps her troubles to herself—or saves them to tell her best woman friend!"

Most of the men with whom I talked put great emphasis upon the importance of femininity—the frilly, helpless thing. You know what I mean. Yet, most of them objected violently to traits that are characteristically feminine ones. There's no pleasing the creatures!

Bob Montgomery wails, "If they only wouldn't ask so many silly questions, imagining that they are making conversation! If they only wouldn't trump their partner's aces!" Yet he objects to women who go in heavily and earnestly for athletics. And he loathes women who use exotic perfumes!

Clark Gable has crisp and emphatic ideas upon the subject. He wishes that women would never, never, *never* try to be coy! That they would never take on the airs of sophistication unless it is real. Descending to smaller matters, he remarked, "I *wish* that they wouldn't wear ruffles and lace and ribbons unless they are the type for those things. So few women are! And so many women do it. There is nothing more depressing than a woman adorned and bedecked with one thing and another when she would be much lovelier in simpler attire. On second thought, I believe that no woman should ever wear frills. It makes her—er—obvious. It is an apparent appeal to the male. It is bad showmanship!

"On the other hand, I do wish that they would wear stockings. One pair of legs in a thousand will bear scrutiny without them. And no pair of legs whose owner is over twenty can possibly bear it. They should get a glimpse of their own knees from the back! It is so stupid of them! Any shapely leg, in a thin covering of silk, may be alluring! If the legs are not shapely—then they should thank Providence for the boon of long skirts!"

WHILE we were talking in the publicity offices at M-G-M, Jackie Cooper came in. He listened so attentively that it occurred to me that he might have some ideas of his own upon the subject. So I asked him. His first reply was a characteristic, boyish, "Aw—!!" But under slight (oh, ever so slight!) urging, he unbent.

"Well, they might remember not to talk baby talk to a fellow!" he said, resentfully. "A pretty grown-up fellow! And they needn't *kiss* a guy!" Warming to his subject, he opined, "They needn't ask you if you are their best beau and they needn't pat you on the head, either!" Further conversation revealed that women had objectionable ideas about the exaggerated importance of soap and water, that they were inclined to clean out dresser drawers and closets with a disconcerting disregard for the importance of certain objects belonging to a guy. Jackie, one gathered, had suffered at the hands of the other sex. As we parted, he tossed an additional remark over his shoulder.

"If they *have* to kiss you," he said, with resignation, born of long suffering, "they might at least not have their mouths all smeared with red, gooey stuff that *comes off!*" Older men than Jackie have complained of that!

Hardie Albright wishes women would not ask him how many stitches there are in the football—"just at the psychological moment when the player is about to make a forward pass which, if completed, may wrap up the old ball game." He wishes it so intensely that he now declines to take a lady to a football game at all!

Bob Armstrong objects (as do a lot of other men) to women squealing kittenishly when they enter the ocean. "Why such a fuss about it," he inquires, with that awful, masculine logic, "if they want to go in at all? They needn't, you know!"

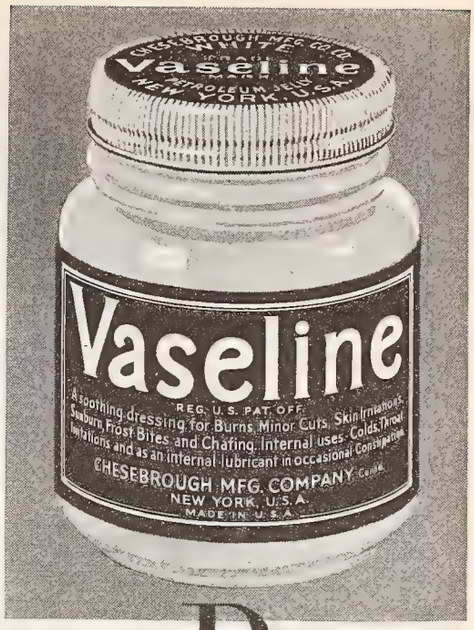
Harry Bannister objects to overdeveloped muscles in ladies. (I found a number of men who were pretty bitter about *this.*)

"Women have achieved, with fair success, what they have gone after in this present generation," Harry says, with resentment. "Why can't they be *satisfied?* Why do they have to go violently athletic and beat you at games which you have always imagined were your own? It hurts a man's pride. *A clever woman won't win at athletic contests—if she is interested in the male contestant!* Women don't belong in athletic contests. At least, there are a lot of men who believe that they don't.

"It's tough, you know, to fall in love with a girl who could probably beat the tar out of you in an argument. And that feminine gesture of lifting a pale and graceful hand to adjust a stray lock of hair loses a lot of its charm if the flexed arm looks like Jack Dempsey's."

From all of which I gather that men (at least the men who are in pictures) still have their ideals about women. They wish that they would remain "feminine"—by which they mean clinging, flattering and not too efficient at anything. They hope for honesty. They hope for tact. Most of all, *they do not want to be disillusioned.* They are not so different, these men who are in pictures, these men who meet the world's famous sirens, day after day, from any other men one meets, are they?

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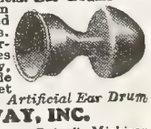
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Buddy Rogers—Here Again

(*Continued from page 41*)

salary didn't salve that hurt. In spite of the fact that he knew that a movie contract wouldn't pay him *one third* that amount!

BESIDES," smiled Buddy, who had just returned from signing his M-G-M contract, "I'm a better business man than most people give me credit for being. I knew that my huge salary in New York was, in a great measure, due to my movie reputation. I reasoned that if I didn't make a picture occasionally, even that gold mine would disappear! One field promotes the other. *No movies . . . no fat checks for personal appearances!* The public forgets mighty fast, let me tell you."

So Buddy wired his agent that he was willing to return to Hollywood. With a certain professional vanity, he figured that it would be comparatively easy to arrange a good movie contract. Hadn't they wanted him eleven months ago?

Eleven months, however, is a century in Hollywood. Many things can happen . . . including shut down studios, curtailment of production and financial trouble. Contracts were getting fewer and fewer. Many stars were returning for "brief appearances on Broadway"! For six weeks, Buddy waited to hear from his agent . . . nothing happened.

He was face to face with the facts. He had his choice of hanging onto his New York contract for fifteen weeks longer—at six thousand a week—or dumping it overboard and taking his chances in Hollywood. Remember, he was absolutely sure of his next fifteen weeks, during which he could have earned enough (when combined with his movie savings) to have allowed him to retire as a very graceful has-been!

But twenty-nine is not an age for "retirement"—or at least not to Buddy. He thought his added experience and poise made him even *more* valuable to the screen than before. So he made his big decision. And you might call it a gamble. Buddy kissed the $6,000.00 a week good-by, and without any assurance that he would get a movie contract, returned to Hollywood!

"Such a move as that leaves you with a funny feeling in the pit of your stomach," Buddy went on to tell me as we sat on the spring-board overhanging his Beverly Hills swimming pool. "These movies are the damnedest business in the whole world!" (Yes, it was Buddy Rogers speaking . . . the same kid who almost got snowed under in Hollywood by a series of Peter Pan rôles!) "There is nothing else with which it can be compared. In any other line of work, a man who is actually worth $6,000.00 a week is considered valuable to his business. But when I walked out on that amount of money, I wasn't sure I was wanted *any* place! It's haywire, it's crazy. No wonder people think actors are crazy, they are driven to it by uncertainty every day of their careers!"

He has grown up, this Rogers fellow. In fact the name "Buddy" hardly fits the *new* Rogers! When he left Hollywood he weighed 152 and he now returns carrying 181 of solid beef and muscle. He no longer *looks* like a "Buddy"—and we have a strong hunch that you will see him in a very different type of rôle than he used to do in the old days. Very small lines are beginning to appear around his eyes and mouth, giving him character and an entirely different look. His manner is less eager, less boyish . . . and yet he has lost none of his charm.

THE big trouble with me when I was here before," he went on, "was that I was so *grateful!* Gratitude is alright, but it doesn't make for good business sense. When you're so darned grateful for being *allowed* on a studio lot, you can't argue very forcefully for better parts and a good salary! In spite of the fact that I knew my pictures were making money, a fast-talking executive could make me feel like an orphan who was lucky to be alive!

"Well, I'm still grateful . . . but this time the gratitude will extend only as far as the good rôles and decent salary extend! In short, gratitude only when gratitude is deserved. I'm no longer scared of movie executives."

P. S. A lot of things have changed about Buddy Rogers . . . but evidently NOT his taste in ladies! Mary Brian is *still* "first lady" in his estimation!

Movies Growing Up?

(*Continued from page 24*)

would only a few short years ago, undoubtedly have fallen beneath the censor's hatchet.

With Cinema growing up, there appear dimensions to this art-industry. Cinema promises to develop into a creature of wit, truth, humor, art, satire and civilized intellectuality.

The custard pie, hokum, mawkishness, sentimentality, are in jeopardy.

May they rest in peace!

With Cinema growing up, enter adult entertainment.

Yes, she is growing up. It really does not matter who revolted first against her prolonged period of swaddling clothes, the public or the producer. Give them both the credit.

The important thing is that Cinema is growing up.

Karloff's Strange History

(*Continued from page 45*)

service." It was natural that, since the father had served his government well, his sons should follow his steps, and they all did . . . all except Karloff—"the Russian."

As they grew older, each of his brothers took the "examinations" and went away to some far-off place. One to China to serve in the British Consulate . . . one to Brazil with a French cable detachment . . . one to India, directly in his father's footsteps, and another to Egypt. George, the second eldest, was elected to remain at home, however, and act as "father" to Karloff. Between these two brothers grew a strong attachment . . . the only family tie that Karloff ever knew with the exception of his mother.

But even with his understanding of Karloff's strange, Russian character, George was fundamentally British. He argued that Karloff should be enrolled in a military prep school from which he would eventually graduate into "the army."

The school suggested by George was small, having an enrollment of but forty students. The classrooms were dark and draughty and the entire student body was presided over by an eccentric "master" by the name of Starky.

The aged pedagogue had miserable teeth, an almost comically-pointed head and a very peculiar way of drawing in his breath in a hissing manner when he spoke. Had the worthy, but detestably ugly master known that years later he would prove the inspiration for one of the most grotesque make-ups ever imagined for the Hollywood screen, he would no doubt have seized the occasion to "wallop" Karloff mightily!

GEORGE, his brother and self-appointed "father," died when Karloff was about fifteen. None of the other brothers assumed the same protective interest in his welfare and from that minute he was practically "on his own." His mother had seldom refused *her* boy anything, and so when Karloff decided to leave Starky's school for one more to his liking, there was no family opposition. With considerable excitement, he enrolled at Merchant Taylors, a famous old school in Charterhouse Square in London.

There he went for two years of high-school, when he entered Uppingham for his academic work. Karloff considers the six years he spent in schools of his own choice as merely "routine." He learned to smoke with the usual digestive difficulties—saw his first French postal cards—got drunk to see what it was like, and didn't like it. All during this time, however, his flair for drama was given an even greater incentive.

He spent every "bob" he could scrape together attending the theatre in London. He presented himself religiously for parts in school play activities. He no doubt possessed the mild good manners that he now has, but his dark skin in contrast to his British fellow students was so pronounced as to fit the description of "menacing" and he was usually given the villain roles. Which was just to his liking!

When his mother died during his fourth term at Uppingham, Karloff quit school. He had almost definitely made up his mind to enter upon a career of acting . . . but two older brothers were equally determined that he should follow the tradition of the family and take up government service. Against his will the boy was goaded into taking the "examinations"—which he deliberately failed to pass. His attitude so infuriated his quick tempered brothers that Karloff decided that he had best leave England forever. He decided to run away.

His mother had left him a small inheritance, but the family solicitor had prevailed upon Karloff to leave it in the bank for safe-keeping. Thus he had little actual cash with which to make his escape. He didn't know where he was going, so he flipped a coin. *Canada!* So, on a certain spring morning in April, Karloff told his brothers he was "going up to London." As casually as that did he break the family ties! Without a word of good-by. And at the moment he walked out the door, a third-class cabin passage for Canada nestled in his pocket.

THE family solicitor had explained that there was little chance of his landing a job in a strange country . . . so he had arranged for Karloff to go immediately to Ontario and enter the service of a farmer there. So be it! And had Karloff arrived in Canada in the *fall* of the year, we might never have had our great character actor in Hollywood. He might have *liked* farming! But as it was he arrived just as the winter ceased and his main job was cleaning the barns and hauling manure. And since the job only paid him $10.00 a month and "keep," he lasted but six weeks!

Where to go now? It suddenly occurred to him that he should have the money he had left in the bank in England. He hopped a boat and returned for it immediately. His brothers pretended not to realize he had ever left. He took their silence with a smile . . . withdrew his money and departed at once for Canada again. This time he decided to go far west to Vancouver.

On the way, he passed through beautiful Lake Louise. He liked the looks of the place . . . got off the train and stayed there for three months, living the life of a gentleman of ease. When his money began to give out, he packed once more and set out for Vancouver. He arrived at his destination with less than ten dollars in the world!

FOR a brief time he was an unsuccessful real estate salesman. Then came a job digging ditches in the street at

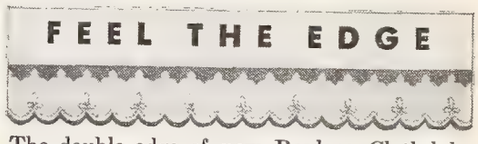
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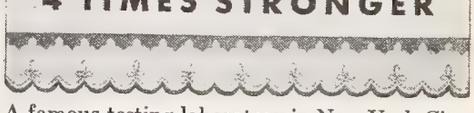
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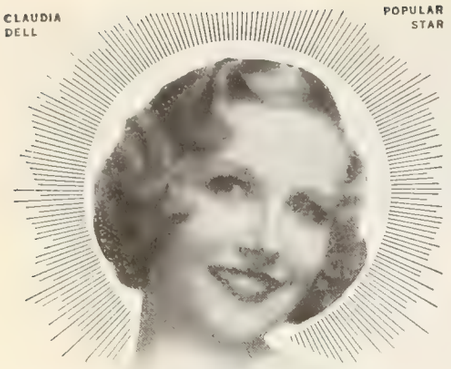
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the sum of 28 cents per hour. He tried to get an "advance" the first day on the job because he didn't have sufficient money with which to eat . . . the foreman, however, explained that he had fallen for that gag before and in each instance the ditch digger had failed to return to work. Karloff living during that week on 15 cents!

At last he was promoted to the surveying group and his pay advanced to $2.00 a day. It was while eating his lunch one day in a hotel lunchroom, that a stranger entered the café and sat down beside him. Karloff looked at the man. Each seemed to recognize the other . . . yet no word was spoken. Finally the stranger smiled and held out his hand: "I believe I know you but I can't seem to place you." Upon further conversation it developed that they *did* know one another. In fact *they were brothers!* The stranger was Karloff's brother Jack who had been in China for eight years and was now on his way back to England. They had quite a night of stories and anecdotes. Karloff wound up the reunion by borrowing $75.00. That was the last time he ever saw Jack . . . he has never repaid the money and claims he never *will!*

And good luck followed him all that week. Not alone did he have money in his pocket . . . he was offered a chance to go with a stock company traveling in central Canada . . . the Jean Russell Players!

Karloff arrived at Kamloops (where he was to join the company) in the afternoon, just as they were rehearsing the next show. He entered the theatre and sat down in one of the rear seats. By watching the actors he knew that the man seated in the orchestra pit was the manager. He heard his voice . . . heard how he talked to the actors on the stage and promptly knew that he would never be able to work for this man. It was no go. He walked from the theatre without ever so much as seeing the man he had learned to dislike.

A TRIP or so made around the block, however, caused him to realize that he had spent the last of his money and had no way to returning to Vancouver! He must take the job. He returned to the theatre and with his innate politeness presented himself to the manager of the troupe. He was a thick-necked, bristly-haired individual with a perpetual chewing tobacco stain in the corner of his mouth. His name was Ludie . . . and Karloff sensed immediately that Ludie hated *him* just as much as he hated Ludie! The stage manager seemed to dislike Karloff's manners . . . although he never used this as an excuse to upbraid him. He also cordially disliked Karloff's appearance (especially his face) and seized every opportunity to say so at the top of his voice! But as much as he hated Karloff, his emotion was a mere *dislike* when compared to the soul wracking violence with which Karloff hated him!

"The hatred between this man Ludie and myself is one of the most amazing experiences of my life," explains Karloff in speaking of that period. "Strangely enough, it was unfounded. That is, we did not have the usual reasons for hating one another . . . a quarrel over a woman . . . a drunken fist brawl. It was something far stronger than this. If you can believe that a great love can have its inception in some 'other life' . . . then the same thing might have been the reason for the intense hatred between us.

"I don't suppose I shall ever forget that first feeling of revolt that I had when I saw his back from the last seat in the theatre. That feeling of unbelievable irritation! It grew with the months. For a whole year we traveled and played and lived together . . . hating! He was unbelievably cruel . . . and while none of us likes to believe that the puppy dog tail-pulling cruelty of childhood extends into manhood—this man had that sort of cruelty. He vented it upon human beings. Once, in a bar, I saw him hold a steaming cup of coffee up to the lips of a poor, helpless old begger . . . and just as the old fellow had managed to reach the cup, Ludie dashed it in his face!

BY a round-about means, I got wind of the fact that Ludie was planning to jump the show . . . leave us stranded. And the worst part of it was that he owed most of us a lot of back pay and was planning to leave us helpless. I figured that if I let him know that I was onto his little game that I might delay his departure at least until he had paid off the troupe.

"So I went to his little room in a cheap hotel. He was lying on an unmade bed . . . a bottle of liquor on the night stand beside him. I didn't want to fight. I greeted him as amiably as possible, removed my hat and placed it with my cane across the end of the bed. Then I sat down to talk.

"I started out by talking of other subjects. But Ludie knew why I was there and it infuriated him that I would be the one to learn his secret. Suddenly, before I had even broached the subject and without warning he jumped to his feet. Like a fat snake, he jumped from the bed with my cane in hand and before I could grasp the situation he crashed it down across my head and face.

"Something happened inside me! As the blood from the gash on my head poured into my eyes, blinding me with fury and my own blood . . . something terrible came over me. Suddenly I knew the feeling that must come over a murderer just before he commits his crime. I went insane . . . and for the moment I was as much the beast as he.

"I don't know how I got the stick away from him, but when the first vestige of sanity returned, I was conscious of my arm—rising and falling . . . rising and falling, cutting deep welts into his prostrate form with my cane. Like a crazy subtitle in a movie, it flashed across my mind: *"I am beating this man to death!"* Yet I couldn't stop. Rising and falling . . . rising and falling . . . that cane went on."

(To be continued)

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 89*)

forever—to leave your brows alone, except for stray hair-plucking, unless you have received a very poor deal in eyebrows from nature. If your eyes or brows or both are placed too close together, you may widen the space between your brows and improve your appearance no end. Look at that picture of Anita Page on page 6. The space indicated between her eyes is a good inch and a half. Measure your own between-eyes space. If it's under an inch and a quarter, I'd thin out my brows a bit over the bridge of my nose if I were you. It will give you additional beauty and a sweeter, more intelligent expression.

Movie stars can change the shape of their brows entirely. Garbo has, Dietrich has. Camera demands made them do it—and the type of rôles they play. But remember that they have personal maids and make-up experts at their daily command and you have not.

I may have told you before that a dash of rouge on the eyelid is excellent for very young girls to try on party occasions. Nice for those who are too young to get all gummed up with eyeshadow. And speaking of eyeshadow—if you have been annoyed by your mascara coming off in little exclamation points against your shadowed eyelid, just try patting a film of powder over your lids before you apply the mascara. There are cake eyeshadows, too—just like cake rouge. But they're much harder to apply with an artistic effect.

Now — there — that word "artistic" prompts me to say something I've had in mind for a long time. It's this: decide whether you want to be artistic or natural in your make-up. Not forever and a day, of course—I don't mean that. But it does make me so mad to see a young girl with a frankly artificial mouth and all the rest of her face and hair just girly-girly and natural looking. Or mascaraed, eyeshadowed eyes and no lipstick. Please try to make your whole appearance gee. Make an ensemble of your face as well as your costume. I'll illustrate.

FOR daytime—office, school, around-the-house or marketing, put on a little film of powder (not neglecting the neck) of a shade that matches your skin tone. A bit of face rouge if you need it. A natural-looking lipstick, well blended in. No eye make-up, unless, perhaps, a very faint line drawn on the upper lid just above the lashes. Hair—neat, sensible and rather plain.

For a gala daytime event—like a football game—you can get a little bit fancier with the lipstick. But keep away from too much make-up because, after all, you'll be subject to a strong outdoor light all the time and you mustn't look too painted.

For a luncheon or bridge or tea, keep your powder and face rouge natural looking, but perhaps make-up your eyes a bit. A touch of mascara on the brows and lashes. Perhaps you should tint your nails to match your lipstick. But, even so, don't get yourself up in too glamorous a style. There'll be mostly women there, you know. And they're so ready to criticize!

For evening, remember that there are two kinds of evening dates—the intimate sort and the great big party. If you're just going out with the boy friend, wear a soft color and a subdued make-up. Yes, you can put on all the cosmetics there are, from powder to eyeshadow and your favorite exotic perfume, but subdue them all. A light perfume would be better, especially if you're going to the theatre where a thousand perfumes will be mixed up with yours. The soft color is important. Men like 'em. Or wear a black dress, not too sophisticated in cut. But for a big party, wear the most daring shade that's becoming to you. Red, probably, if you're blond, brunette or in-between. A real, bright red. Emerald green—or a luscious purple or plum shade if you have red hair. Gold, silver, dead black and dead white are good, too. After all, there'll be oodles of girls in pastel shades and pale colors. Why look like all the rest of the crowd? And if you're too short or too young to get away with a daring color and a daring gown, then, of course, go very, very old-fashioned and demure in a much beruffled frock, look as helpless and 1860 as you can—and you'll be a sensation.

Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads (both dry and oily skin), for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know what remedy to use for this or that beauty problem, or if the task of selecting the right cosmetics becomes a difficult one, drop a note to Mary Biddle. She'll willingly help you.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 86)

tive From a Chain Gang." First National. Working in "Ladies They Talk About."

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Once in a Lifetime," "Merry Go Round," Universal; "Don Quixote" and "Roi Pausole."

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "One Way Passage," First National; "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount; "Cynara," United Artists. Next is "Keyholes."

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude" and "Red Dust," M-G-M. Working in "No Man of Her Own." Paramount. Next is "Lovers" and "Twelve Miles Out."

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me." Next is "Christine From Sweden."

GARGAN, WILLIAM; married; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "Sport Parade" and "Animal Kingdom," Radio. Working in "Lucky Devils," Radio.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "The First Year" and "Tess of the Storm Country." Working in "State Fair."

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art Studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starred in "A Man's Land"; "The Boiling Point"; "Cowboy Counsellor."

GIBSON, WYNNE; divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Lady & Gent," "Night After Night," "If I Had a Million," "The Devil Is Driving." Next is "Strange Bedfellows."

GILBERT, JOHN; married to Virginia Bruce; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Downstairs."

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "The All American," Universal; "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio. Working in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount.

GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Wild Girl" and "Walking Down Broadway."

GRANT, CARY; unmarried; born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Devil and the Deep"; "The Blonde Venus" and "Hot Saturday." Working in "Madame Butterfly."

GRAVES, RALPH; separated from Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "Huddle," M-G-M; "War Correspondent," Columbia.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Girl Crazy" and "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Featured in "Are You Listening?" and "Fast Life."

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox. "Rasputin" and "Son-Daughter," M-G-M.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Radio Studio. Free lance. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M; "Animal Kingdom," Radio. Working in "Acquitted," Columbia. Next is "Tarzan and His Mate."

HARDING, ANN; divorced from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "Westward Passage," "The Conquerors," "Animal Kingdom."

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Pack Up Your Troubles" and "Scram." Working in "Their First Mistake," all M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; widow of Paul Bern; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman" and "Red Dust." Next is "Night Life."

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M. Next is "White Sister."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE; married to Ludlow Smith; born in Hartford, Conn Radio player. Featured in "A Bill of Divorcement." Next is "Three Came Unarmed."

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel." "Mask of Fu Manchu" and "Flesh."

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses" Working in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "The Lady," M-G-M.

HOLT, JACK; married; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "War Correspondent"; "This Sporting Age" and "Man Against Woman."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; divorced from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise."

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Holidaysburg, Pa., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "As You Desire Me," "Speak Easily" and "Downstairs."

HOPTON, RUSSELL; married; born in New York City, February 18. Universal player. Featured in "Radio Patrol," "Once In a Lifetime" and "Airmail."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Radio Studio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," Radio; "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married; born in England, April 24. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Smilin' Through," M-G-M; "Animal Kingdom," Radio. Next is "Secrets," United Artists.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "Sunrise Trail" and "Hell's Highway."

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "Kongo," M-G-M. Working in "Pig Boats," M-G-M.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "The Big Broadcast," Paramount. Working in "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "The Optimist," United Artists. Next is "Wunderbar."

JONES, BUCK; married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "Forbidden Trail" and "Reckless Romance." Working in "The Yankee Bandit."

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "Cabin in the Cotton," Warner Bros; "That's My Boy," Columbia.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Age of Consent." Next is "Sweepings."

KARLOFF, BORIS; married; born in London, Eng., November 23. Universal star. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "The Mummy" Universal. Working in "The Invisible Man."

KEATON, BUSTER; divorced from Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Speak Easily." Next is "Buddies."

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio star. Starred in "Come On Danger" and "Renegades of the West." Working in "Cheyenne Kid."

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y, September 5. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Young America," Fox; "Man Called Back," Tiffany.

KIBBEE, GUY; married; born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "The Conquerors," Radio; "Central Park," First National. Working in "The Sucker."

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Passport to Hell"; "Strange Interlude," M-G-M. Next is "Infernal Machine," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Night Mayor" and "This Sporting Age," Columbia. Working in "Air Hostess."

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred in "Passport to Hell," Fox and "Sign of the Cross," Paramount. Next is "Masquerader." United Artists.

LAUGHTON, CHARLES; married to Elsa Lanchester; born in Scarborough, Eng., July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M; "Sign of the Cross," "If I Had a Million." "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

LAUREL, STAN; divorced; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Pack Up Your Troubles" and "Scram." Working in "Their First Mistake."

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girl Crazy."

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Unholy Love," Allied; "Night of June 13," Paramount.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City; July 12. Radio player. Featured in "Age of Consent," Radio; "Life Begins," Warner Bros.; "No Other Woman," Radio. Next is "The Past of Mary Holmes."

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Virtue" and "No More Orchids," Columbia. Working in "No Man of Her Own."

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, Austria, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Pack Up Your Troubles." Roach-M-G-M; "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio. Next is "Little Women," Radio.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu the Magician." Fox; "The Devil is Driving." Working in "Hot Pepper," Fox

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Son-Daughter." M-G-M. Working in "Topaze." Radio.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu the Magician," Fox.

LUKAS, PAUL; married; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Downstairs," M-G-M; "Rockabye," Radio; "Grand Slam," Warner Bros. Working in "The Invisible Man."

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Week-Ends Only"; "Hat Check Girl." Fox. Next is "Good Company." Paramount.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight."

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller, born in Hull, Eng., March 4. Write her at First National. Free lance. Working in "No Man Of Her Own," Paramount.

MACMAHON, ALINE; married; born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. First National player. Featured in "Silver Dollar"; "Life Begins." Working in "The Sucker."

MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Crooner," First National; "Bill of Divorcement." Radio;

(Continued on page 112)

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 85*)

GERTRUDE KLEIN of New York City:

Oh, what a tragedy! How could Joan Crawford possibly play the part? The rôle demands someone who can sing and who is gay and charmingly sophisticated. The only actress on the screen who is equipped with these requirements is Jeanette MacDonald. As Prince Danilo, I'd suggest John Boles.

Also from ROSE L. S of St. Louis, Missouri:

In behalf of the music loving public if we are to have operettas produced in the talkies the least producers could do would be to give us real singers with all the necessary requirements. A true example is Jeanette MacDonald. Add a handsome Prince with a good (not mediocre) voice and you have the perfect team.

(*That plan to team Crawford and Gilbert in "The Merry Widow" has been abandoned, both of you. Jeanette MacDonald hasn't been scheduled for it as yet, but she does seem the logical star for the operetta.*)

Brief Notes from Many Readers—Where's Your Letter?

ADELINE WIGGETT of Chicago, Illinois, was one of dozens who think "Back Street" the best picture in months: "I saw it one afternoon and then two weeks later mother came to visit me and I took her. Even so, I could enjoy seeing it again. I think it had 'Strange Interlude' and 'Grand Hotel' beat a mile. Why, there was no acting in 'Grand Hotel.' (*What do you think of that, "Grand Hotel" fanciers?*)

BESSIE of Buffalo, N. Y., wants to know what's happened to Dick Barthelmess. "'Cabin in the Cotton' proved to be a very interesting picture," she says, "but in my opinion Barthelmess contributed very little to it. He gave the impression of being rather bored with the whole procedure."

BERTHA JONES, of Larchmont, N. Y., is tired of cycles: "Why don't we get some different stories? We get epidemics—gangster talkies, musical comedies, politics, baby arrivals—and then they start all over again." (*That's one of the producer's biggest problems, Bertha. It seems that if one company makes a box office hit with a certain kind of picture—say, like "Grand Hotel"—then all the other companies must follow suit. Producers do this seemingly unintelligent thing because they think the public wants similar pictures. If you and the rest of the public keep screaming about it long enough, producers will abandon the policy.*) E. MURTON of Toronto, Canada, was crazy about "Red Dust": "It completely eclipsed 'Rain' (which I did *not* like) and even takes some of the edge away from that lovely 'Smilin' Through'." (*Answering your question about teaming Gable and Harlow again—we can't say, for the moment. Gable is filming "No Man of Her Own" with Miriam Hopkins for Paramount. And Jean Harlow is working on "Night Life" for M-G-M.*)

JANE FRAZEE of Sacramento, California, certainly does want Redskins: "I agree with Alice Barr of Philadelphia that our own American Indians have been sadly neglected on the screen." And she adds that the American Indian girl, Ann Ross, who played in a picture titled "Oklahoma Jim" should be given a break. SANDRA DAJAD sends in a high-brow request that producers make operas and Shakespearian plays into talkies. (*How about it, fans?*) RAYMOND LAGESSE of Kankakee, Illinois, has fallen for Constance Cummings: "Besides having a distinct command of the English language and a type of beauty that is a pleasure to behold, she has a certain something that far outlasts and is more valuable than beauty—and that is charm. Gobs of charm that lass has." (*And just think, Mr. Lagesse, Constance almost left Hollywood in defeat because producers didn't think she'd photograph well.*) And ROBERT DORFMAN of Quebec City, Canada, thinks Leslie Banks is a grand actor. (*Unfortunately, Robert, Leslie Banks isn't scheduled for anything. He'll probably return to the stage.*) GOLDIE SNYDER of Timmins, Ontario, sends in a cute little note to say: "I have so much fun reading what the Crawford fans have to say about the Garbo fans and what the Gable fans think about the Chatterton fans and the Dietrich fans. But, me, I'm a Gaynor fan."

S. MOORE of Vancouver, Canada, writes, a la Western Union: "Very eagerly awaiting return of Miss Daniels stop hope for good story and photo soon in MODERN SCREEN stop." (*Bebe is in "Silver Dollar" with Edward G. Robinson, S. Moore.*)

MR. J. JOYCE of Chatswood, Australia, wails across the Pacific Ocean that "Instead of coming out of the theatre with a smiling face and happy heart, we emerge with red-ringed eyes and a completely depressed feeling. Shake the moth balls out of the comedians and let us see and hear something that will be a bright spot in our memory for many a day." (*We'll watch out for "On Our Selection" if it ever comes to these United States, Mr. Joyce.*) AMOR GARCIA of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Here's a vote for Ralph Bellamy and Robert Montgomery. Also the great and clever actor, Leslie Howard. But please take the man with the big ears away—I believe his name is Clark Gable."

DORRIT FLOOD of London, England, (*there's that fog again*) is quite mad about the deal Gary Cooper has received in her own country: "He's acted on the screen a good while and is considered one of the big stars and yet, over here in London, his name is put after C. Laughton and T. Bankhead. I read in his interview that he's been kicking against the parts they give him and I sure am glad. If anyone deserves good films, he does."

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We have found that, even condensing the letters this way, we can't print even half of the ones we receive. So—just for a month, to see how it works out—we're going to adopt the suggestion of a reader (Mary E. Lauber of Germantown, Pennsylvania) and ask you to limit the length of your letters. To one hundred and fifty words—or thereabouts. We'll try this scheme and see how it works. And if you don't like it, we'll change it.

We hope this won't keep from writing those who really have a great many worthwhile things to say. After all, it may be good practice for them—they'll learn to condense their thoughts, as all writers must.

Remember, you are the only people in the world who can make movies better. Your criticisms gradually filter through the mazes of this fascinating business and eventually come to the proper executive ears. *That's* why the quaint, oldfashioned idea that it was useless to write to magazines no longer holds true. So—let's hear from you.



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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 110)

"The Mummy," Universal. Working in "The Death Kiss," Tiffany.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Merrily We Go To Hell," Paramount; "Smilin' Through," M-G-M; "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

MARITZA, SARI; unmarried; born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments" and "Evenings For Sale."

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox; "Speed Demon," Columbia. Working in "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Strange Justice" and "Sport Parade." Working in "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art; and "Ruby Red," Paramount.

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox player. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox. That's My Boy," Columbia.

MARSHALL, HERBERT; married to Edna Best; born in London, England, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus"; "Trouble in Paradise" and "Evenings For Sale."

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

MENJOU ADOLPHE; separated from Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Murder of the Night Club Lady," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Next is "Now You See It."

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "Men Are Such Fools," Radio; "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Flesh," M-G-M.

MIX, TOM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Tony's in Town." Working in "Flaming Guns." Next is "Riders of Terror Trail."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Letty Lynton," "Blondie of the Follies" and "Faithless." Working in "Pig Boats."

MOORE, COLLEEN; married to Albert Scott; born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. M-G-M player.

MOORE, DICKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Blonde Venus" and "The Devil Is Driving," Paramount. Working in "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Men In Her Life," Columbia. Appearing on the New York stage.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M player. Featured in "Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio; "Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Flesh," M-G-M.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "Breach of Promise," World Wide. Working in "Blondie Johnson," Warner Bros. Next, "Dangerously Yours."

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," United Artists; "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," First National.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Featured in "Bird of Paradise," "Rockabye." Working in "Three Came Unarmed."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "Rackety Rax," Fox. Working in "Hot Pepper," Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany; "Divorce in the Family"; "Kongo"; "Fast Life." M-G-M.

NISSEN, GRETA; separated from Weldon Heyburn; born in Oslo, Norway, January 30th. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery" and "Rackety Rax."

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillmar; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. "Too Busy to Work," Fox. Working in "The Face in the Sky," Fox.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Huddle" and "Son-Daughter."

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Once in a Lifetime," Universal; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Uptown New York," Tiffany. Working in "Fly On."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder" and "The Conquerors," Radio. Next is "The Great Jasper."

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE; unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Life Begins," First National; "Men Are Such Fools," Radio. Working in "Luxury Liner," Paramount. Next is "Tar and Feathers," Radio.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Golden West" and "Robber's Roost." Working in "Canyon Walls."

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Airmail" and "Laughter In Hell," Universal. Working in "Destination Unknown," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Okay America," Universal; "Papment Deferred," M-G-M; "Robber's Roost," Fox. Next is "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Court," "Skyscraper Souls" and "Prosperity."

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Night Mayor," Columbia; "Wild Girl," Fox.

PICHEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Paramount player. Featured in "Painted Lady," Fox; "Strange Justice," Radio; "Wild Girl," Fox.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Next is "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Walking Down Broadway," Fox; "They Just Had To Get Married," Universal.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery," "One Way Passage," "Lawyer Man." Next is "Keyholes."

RAFT, GEORGE; unmarried; born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "If I had a Million" and "Under-cover Man." Next is "Fly On."

RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments"; "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Red Dust," M-G-M.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Tiger Shark" and "Silver Dollar."

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Just signed contract with M-G-M.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Hat Check Girl," Fox; "You Said a Mouthful," "Forty-Second Street." Next is "Broadway Bad."

ROGERS, WILL; married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Down to Earth;" "Too Busy to Work." Working in "State Fair."

RUB, CHRISTIAN; married; born in Passau, Germany, April 13. Free lance. Played in "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "The Silver Dollar," First National.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th," "Trouble in Paradise," and "Evenings for Sale." Working in "Madame Butterfly."

SALE, CHIC; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," Warner Bros.; "Men of America," Radio.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH; unmarried; born in Orange, Virginia, January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Heritage of the Desert," "Hot Saturday," and "Wild Horse Mesa." Next is "Eleven Lives."

SHANNON, PEGGY; separated from Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl" and "The Painted Woman."

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helen Costello; born in New York City, October 11. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio. Starring in and directing "False Faces," World Wide.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Merrily We Go to Hell," "Madame Butterfly." Next is "Pick Up."

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Purchase Price," Warners; "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Working in "Ladies They Talk About," Warner Bros.

STARRETT, CHARLES; married; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "Lady and Gent," Paramount; "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Red Headed Woman," "Divorce in the Family," and "Son-Daughter."

STUART, GLORIA; married; born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Airmail"; "The All American"; "Laughter in Hell." Next is "Private Jones."

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Brown of Culver"; "Airmail." Working in "They Just Had to Get Married."

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Tonight or Never"; "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "No More Orchids," Columbia; "Big City Blues." Working in "The Sucker."

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Scarlet Dawn," First National. Working in "Style," Reliance.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Western Limited," Monogram; "Call Her Savage," Fox.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia; "Perfect Understanding," United Artists.

TODD, THELMA; married to Pasquale de Cicco; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Horsefeathers," Paramount; "Call Her Savage," Fox. Next is "Air Hostess," Columbia.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "They Never Come Back," Tec-Art; "Whirlwind Wilson," Superior.

TRACY, LEE; unmarried; born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. Columbia player. Featured in "Washington Merry-Go-Round," Columbia; "The Half-Naked Truth," Radio; "Private Jones," Universal.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," First National; "Me and My Gal," Fox. Working in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Face in the Sky."

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Radio star. Starred in "Is My Face Red," Radio; "Unashamed," M-G-M.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Kongo," M-G-M; "The Half-Naked Truth," Radio. Working in "Hot Pepper," Fox.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY; divorced from Bobbe Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Next is "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT; separated from Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio. Working in "That's Africa," Columbia.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. Write her at First National. Featured in "Employees' Entrance," First National. Working in "Luxury Liner," Paramount.

WILLIAM, WARREN; married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Employees' Entrance," "The Match King." Working in "The Mind Reader."

WILSON, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Radio player. Featured in "Age of Consent" and "Men of America." Working in "Lucky Devils." Next is "Little Women."

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "Divorce in the Family," M-G-M; "The Devil Is Driving," Paramount. Working in "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., January 3. Write her at Paramount. Featured in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio. Working in "That's Africa," Columbia.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X" and "Wax Museum," Warner Bros.; "King Kong," Radio. Working in "Acquitted."

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Life Begins," "Employees' Entrance" and "Grand Slam." Working in "The Sucker."

YOUNG, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Kid From Spain," United Artists.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Optimist," United Artists. Working in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "They Just Had to Get Married," Radio.

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 10*)

good—the whole family will love this one.

MOVIE CRAZY (Paramount)—Harold Lloyd, as a movie struck small town boy, in one swell comedy. **Excellent—another one for the whole family.**

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Boris Karloff does a marvelous piece of work. All about an Egyptian mummy that comes to life. **Very good—parts of it are thrilling enough to please the tots.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

MY PAL THE KING (Universal)—A mythical kingdom with Tom Mix and his trusty co-worker, Tony. **Very good—and will the children go for it!**

NAGANA (Universal)—Here is a picture with an unusual flavor, even if it is a tropical melodrama. Fine work by Tala Birell, Melvyn Douglas and Onslow Stephens. **Very good—children won't be interested.**

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT (Paramount)—This is George Raft's first big role and he lives up to expectations as the proprietor of a swanky speakeasy. Constance Cummings, Mae West and Alison Skipworth all turn in good jobs, too. **Good—dull for children.**

NIGHT OF JUNE 13 (Paramount)—Clive Brook, Frances Dee and Mary Boland turn in good accounts of themselves in a neighborhood mystery story. **Good—children will be bored.**

NIGHT MAYOR (Columbia)—Lee Tracy taking bows as a play boy big city mayor. **Excellent—leave the kids at home.**

NO MORE ORCHIDS (Columbia)—Carole Lombard and Lyle Talbot in a fairly well worn story of society life. However, Carole wears some grand clothes. **Good—children won't be interested.**

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (Universal)—More horror stuff and more Boris Karloff doing it in his usual gruesome fashion. **Good—the younger children shouldn't see it.**

ONCE IN A LIFETIME (Universal)—Nobody thought Hollywood would kid itself like this, but it did to the tune of a very funny movie with Aline MacMahon and Jack Oakie. **Very good—the kids won't get the satire but they'll laugh at the gags.**

PAYMENT DEFERRED (M-G-M)—Charles Laughton in a morbid story with a fine ironic twist. **Good of its kind—not for children.**

PENQUIN POOL MURDER (Radio)—Here are laughs and an ingeniously worked-out plot in a good detective story with Edna May Oliver, James Gleason, Mae Clarke and Robert Armstrong. It's Edna's show, however. **Very good—and it's all right for children, too.**

PROSPERITY (New Version) (M-G-M)—Imagine Marie Dressler as the president of a small town bank having a family feud with Polly Moran. Norman Foster and Anita Page are the love interest. It's comedy with a little pathos thrown in. **Very good—okay for kids.**

RACKETY RAX (Fox)—Hard-boiled Vic McLaglen in a comedy about a racketeer who decides to make football a paying proposition. There are chorus girl co-eds and plenty of laughs. **Very good—laughs for the children, too.**

RAIN (United Artists)—Joan Crawford doing fine emotional acting in an indifferently directed picture from the well known story. Walter Huston and William Gargan are "Sadie Thompson's" men. **Excellent—children had better not see it.**

RASPUTIN (M-G-M)—The three Barrymores—Ethel, Jack and Lionel—turn out a fine picture about the Mad Monk of Russia. **Excellent—not very suitable for children.**

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (Fox)—You remember the sweet, sentimental little story. This picture version with Marian Nixon, Ralph Bellamy and Mae Marsh, is just as lovely as the book. **Excellent—a wonderful picture for children, especially girls.**

RED DUST (M-G-M)—Oh those tropics! This time they do their deadly work on Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Mary Astor and Gene Raymond. **Very good—but children should not see it.**

RED HEADED WOMAN (M-G-M)—You've probably seen this picture by now. If not, you'll enjoy Jean Harlow's amazing work. **Excellent—send the kids to something else.**

ROCKABYE (Radio)—This is the picture that Connie Bennett had to film a second time. Even now, it certainly isn't one of Connie's best. Joel McCrea is in it, too. **Fair—children would be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

SCARLET DAWN (Warners)—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Nancy Carroll in a dashing sort of story about Russia before and during the Revolution. **Good—children will find it dull.**

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE (Radio) — A thrilling yarn, with the beautiful Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan and Gregory Ratoff. **Very good—children will find it exciting.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

SILVER DOLLAR (Warners)—Both Eddie Robinson and Alle MacMahon give swell performances in this story based on the life of "Haw" Tabor. **Very good—it will bore the children.**

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M)—Here's a rare and beautiful love story done with gorgeous restraint by Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Leslie Howard. **Excellent—very young children won't be entertained by it.**

THE SON-DAUGHTER (M-G-M)—The famous stage play, beautifully produced and splendidly acted by Ramon Novarro and Helen Hayes. **Very good—not for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

SPEAK EASILY (M-G-M)—How those funny men, Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante, cut up in this one! **Very good—and plenty of laughs for the kids.**

THEY CALL IT SIN (First National)—Loretta Young, Bette Davis and David Manners in a triangle story with a melodramatic ending. **Good—the kids won't give it much of a hand.**

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)—Hilarious comedy, with Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville. **Very good—by all means take the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THIRTEEN WOMEN (Radio)—A far-fetched story about mental suggestion with Myrna Loy and Ricardo Cortez. **Fair—not for children.**

THREE ON A MATCH (Warners)—This yarn about modern love just missed being a hit. It has, however, good work by Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Warren William. **Good—children won't be amused.**

TIGER SHARK (First National)—The old triangle plot, but with excellent acting by Eddie Robinson and magnificent water scenery. **Very good—children will enjoy some of it.**

TOM BROWN OF CULVER (Universal)—One of those swell movies about life in a military school with Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell. **Excellent—and what a grand show for the kids, especially boys.**

TOO BUSY TO WORK (Fox)—Will Rogers in a weak story you'll like only if you're an ardent Rogers fan. **Fair—children won't be thrilled, either.**

TROUBLE IN PARADISE (Paramount)—A sophisticated comedy in the best Lubitsch manner about two fascinating crooks. Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis all excellent. **Very good—too subtle for children, however.**

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING (Warners)—A powerful dramatization of a best selling story of prison life. Spencer Tracy is the lad who takes the rap. Bette Davis is the girl friend **Excellent—okay for the children if you've no objection to their seeing prison pictures.**

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD (Warners)—Connie Bennett starring in a story about a wealthy young society belle who has to learn life's grim realities. **Good—children had better not see it.**

UNDER-COVER MAN (Paramount)—Clever intrigue story, with Nancy Carroll and George Raft. **Good—not especially interesting for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE (M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley turn in grand performances in this story of political intrigue. **Good—children will be bored.**

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL (First National)—Joe E. Brown comedy—and very funny, too. **Very good—just the thing for the young people.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

WASHINGTON MERRY GO ROUND (Columbia)—A daring expose of the Washington mess. Lee Tracy is a fiery young Congressman. **Very good—some of it will be liked by children.**

WILD HORSE MESA (Paramount)—Randolph Scott and Sally Blane in a Western. **All right for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.



"I've never seen anything yet I couldn't walk out on!"

That was Jerry Stewart's challenge to Kay Everly—to womankind in general—to the whole world. But he was not quite as hard-boiled as he thought, and it took a naive, small-town girl to prove it to him.

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For real reading entertainment—don't miss the February

Screen Romances

The 10 Best Screen Stories of the Month

At All Newsstands—Now!

Let's Talk About Hollywood

(*Continued from page 84*)

Eddie Goulding made a modest speech saying all the credit was due to the stars, and not to him. This went down so well Eddie was prevailed upon to make the same speech every night for the first week of the film's presentation.

DURING Harold Lloyd's European trip he arrived at Cherbourg without his spectacles. His brother, Gaylord Lloyd, *was* wearing spectacles and cheering crowds besieged Gaylord, clamoring and climbing for his autograph, and completely ignoring friend Harold in the background.

When the Crown Prince of Comedy eventually reached London he was rushed straightway to meet the press boys at the Dorchester, London's largest luxury hotel and "ballyhoo" home. Just before he entered the hotel the comedian was enticed out of his taxi, and photographed talking to a policeman. This photograph subsequently appeared in several papers with the caption "I think your London policemen are just wonderful"—but it wasn't Harold's fault.

At the reception, one of the press boys dropped a brick with a wallop that could be heard half round the town by asking, "And how's your wife—Miss Mildred Harris?" "For crying out loud," protested Harold, "don't print that or you'll have me in the law courts. That was Charlie Chaplin's wife!"

After a brief sojourn on the Riviera, Harold returned to London, and announced he may make a film in England if he can find a suitable story.

It was also given out in the English papers that he is to look for one of his ancestors in Scotland. As it was announced, at the same time, that Harold is worth many million dollars, there were immediately several hundred letters received from all over the country, from aged fortune-hunters, claiming to be his ancestor!

Joan Bennett and her small daughter "Ditty" recently left for New York to be with sister Barbara when the stork arrives. Connie prolonged her stay in the East so as to be on hand too.

It is said that Joan's doorstep will be the old bird's next stop!

THERE'S nothing unexpected about a lion knocking a man down—but when a man knocks a lion down . . . that's news! It happened when they were shooting "Central Park" the other day. The nice, helpful authors had written a scene in which a lion is supposed to jump into the middle of a crowded dance floor, scattering dancers right and left. They had a big animal from Selig Zoo all ready to do his stuff. Cages were arranged so that the actors could flee from one enclosure into another where the beast couldn't follow. The lion was what is known as "cage broke." That means, in zoo lingo, that he is scared of open spaces and always will seek shelter in his cage. It was decided that since he was sure to make for his own cage anyway, it would heighten the excitement if some of the actors ran into one end of the big enclosure as he was exiting from the other end. Things went smoothly for the first minutes. The lion leaped in—crowd scattered. The lion made a dash for his cage and the actors dashed in from behind him. Then the unexpected happened. Confused by the lights and noise, the lion wheeled blindly and charged the terrified group of actors. They wheeled, too! But Wallace Ford, nearest the lion, lost his footing, stumbled, slid and catapulted right into the bounding beast! Both went sprawling! The next minute the lion leaped for his cage—the only place the poor king of the jungle could feel really safe in Hollywood—and Ford leaped with even greater enthusiasm for an exit!

The Charles MacArthurs (Helen Hayes) are noted for their cozy informal parties.

The other night Helen hit on a brand new idea. It being the cook's night off, she arranged several small tables, each bearing a chaffing dish, the necessary ingredients and a recipe. The guests had to prepare their own meal—and did they have fun!

TONY—greatest of all actors (even though he is only a horse) has made his final bow—and retired to a quiet restful life of oats and cool green pastures.

Tony's retirement from pictures was made necessary after a severe injury caused by an accident while on location, in which his master was also injured. Tom now has a new horse, Tony, Jr.



I sí, could you use a H'english accent?

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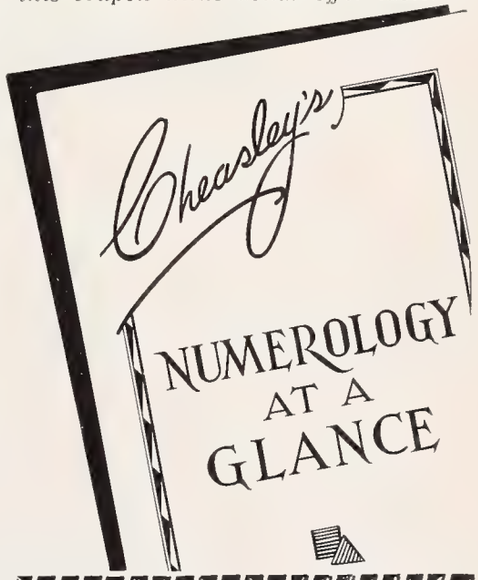
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forever and ever..
"It's toasted"
Copr., 1933, The American Tobacco Co.

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

APRIL



Claudette Colbert

SCOOP!

NORMA SHEARER *talks about* JOAN CRAWFORD

1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

HELL BELOW



with ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
WALTER HUSTON
MADGE EVANS
JIMMY DURANTE
Directed by
JACK CONWAY

Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Never fails to use Lipstick— Neglects her Teeth and Gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

IT HAS never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth — or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are *your* teeth dull—or bright? Are your gums firm — or flabby?

If your gums bleed easily — if you have "pink tooth brush"— the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

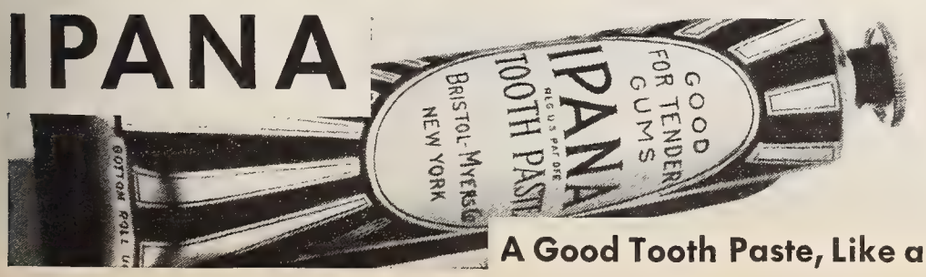
"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. It is a threat to the good-looks of your teeth — and sometimes to the teeth themselves.

Try the Ipana method of keeping your teeth sparkling, and your gums firm and healthy.

Soft modern foods rob your gums of the stimulation they need. To give them this necessary stimulation, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth.

Almost immediately your teeth will brighten. Soon, you'll see an improvement in your gums. Continue with Ipana and massage, and you needn't be bothered about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-43
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street.....

City.....*State*.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

MAR -6 1933

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MODERN SCREEN

This Month in MODERN SCREEN

We present "Glamor," a magazine within a magazine



The picture of Katharine Hepburn, above, is, in a way, symbolic of the new feature we will bring to you each month, commencing with this issue. We have called this feature "Glamor"—a magazine within a magazine. It will bring you the very latest—the most authentic news—about fashion, beauty and the home.

In this first issue of "Glamor," you will find "Your Spring Wardrobe" by Margery Wells, Mary Biddle's "Beauty Advice," "In Your Own Home—a Corner of Pickfair" and—just to show you that glamor has its practical side, too—our regular Modern Hostess department. There is also the Hollywood Charm Gossip—a column which brings you fascinating chatter about the stars' wardrobes, homes, parties, and beauty secrets.

Watch this new feature! If you're interested in your appearance, your clothes, your health, your home and your happiness—and what woman isn't?—you can't afford to be without this every month.

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Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, Associate Editor — **Walter Ramsey, Western Representative**

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"CAVALCADE", "STATE FAIR" *and* NOW—

FOX FILM presents

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

ZOO IN BUDAPEST

Where youth finds love amid the strangest of settings . . .

Where, before the eyes of the curious, is enacted a primitive romance so thrilling, so tender so strange...that by the very power and uniqueness of its story and the production genius of Jesse L. Lasky, ZOO in BUDAPEST definitely becomes one of the leaders in the Fox Cavalcade of Hits.



JESSE L. LASKY
The genius who made movies the great American entertainment, crowns his career with the year's most thrilling picture.



with

LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND
O. P. HEGGIE
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

REVIEWS
—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES







(Above) Douglas Scott, Clive Brook, Dick Henderson, Jr., and Diana Wynyard in the perfect "Cavalcade." (Above, right) Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes in "The Secret of Madame Blanche."

(Left) Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, George E. Stone, Warner Baxter and Ginger Rogers in "Forty-second Street." A grand musical which will thrill and delight you. Bebe Daniels is in this one, too.

STATE FAIR (Fox)

HERE is the grand champion picture of them all. A romantic comedy-drama of the adventures of a middle-western American family at the state fair. In this film, Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers and Lew Ayres head the cast with Sally Eilers, Norman Foster and Louise Dresser also having important parts.

Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres offer romance and idyllic love; Will Rogers and "Blue Boy," his 900-pound hog, provide lots of comedy. Sally Eilers and Norman Foster engage in some flaming love-making.

The story deals with a family, every member of which gets what he or she wants upon going to the state fair. Pa wins a prize for his hog, Ma for her pickles, and son and daughter get the romance they are looking for.

This is a very human sort of picture, for all its truly grand scope. You'll get a kick out of the everyday problems of the characters. Take the whole family.

CAVALCADE (Fox)

This is the first picture since "Birth of a Nation" that deserves the word "epic." Noel Coward's great play has been transcribed in all its beauty . . . all its power and, in the bargain, been made to appear universal in form.

"Cavalcade" is the first tremendously big picture we have ever seen in which the human tenderness of the story was greater than the awe-inspiring background. True, this great picture has a powerful back-drop (thirty years of the history of England), but even this magnitude fails to overshadow the story of the Marryot family through whose eyes the happenings of years are viewed.

Every single member of the cast seems to be perfect! Each detail is artistically praiseworthy. When attempting to reproduce parts of the city of London, the Fox studio demanded that it be done to *scale!* Hardly a memorable event or scene, from 1900 to 1933, has been left out.

But, while the story reaches (*Continued on page 8*)

These reviews give you the lowdown on the very latest Hollywood products

You against the Rest of Womankind

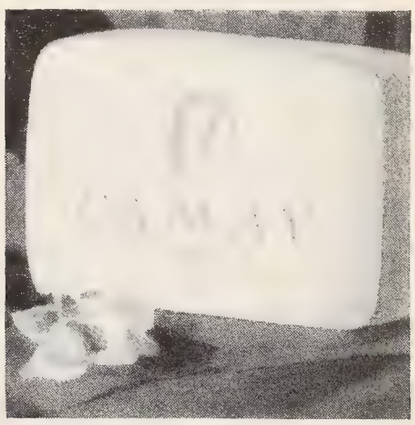
your Beauty · · your Charm · · your Skin!



Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.



• *To have a skin of clear, natural loveliness, apply a lather of Camay and warm water to your face twice a day. Rinse thoroughly with cold water.*



• *Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!*

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN







(Left) Bruce Cabot, Bill Boyd, Phyllis Frazer and William Gargan in "Lucky Devils." It's the story of Hollywood stunt men and if you're the type who likes thrills, don't miss it. (Upper left) Kate Smith and Randolph Scott in "Hello, Everybody." Kate starts off in this as the farmer's daughter—no gags, please—and finishes up as a radio star. Story isn't so hot but it's good enough to give Katie a chance to act before the camera. (Above) Wynne Gibson, Jean Hersholt and Stuart Erwin in "The Crime of the Century." Good exciting stuff.

(*Continued from page 6*)

the heights of joy and the depths of despair, mere words could never convey to you an iota of its greatness. We hope you will see it for yourself!

We salute every person who in any way contributed to the beauty and sweep of this production. Diana Wynyard, you were marvelous as the mother of the boys and the culture and charm you have brought to the screen will long be remembered. Clive Brook, you gave your greatest performance. Frank Lawton, Una O'Connor, Herbert Mundin, Ursula Jeans and Irene Browne—you deserve our tribute. Director Frank Lloyd—you are now viewing Hollywood from the top of the directorial ladder.

If you miss "Cavalcade" you will have missed one of the few real contributions Hollywood has made to the culture and art of this century.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK (M-G-M)

Here's a grand new team of comedians for you—Una Merkel and Ernest (stage import) Truex. They'll keep you in an uproar from start to finish of this clever story that rips along at a fast tempo.

Things begin to happen when Truex and his sweetie (Una) fall into the hands of gangsters and Truex, a writer of crime stories, is forced to concoct a "perfect crime" by which the gangsters can do away with an enemy! But the fun really starts when the writer and Una work out *another* scheme to counteract the original plot!

Besides this swell pair, there are John Miljan and Johnny Hines as gang leaders and Nat Pendleton as the fathead who goes for Una in a big way. It's real entertainment!

SAILOR BE GOOD (RKO)

Oakie, in the raw, is seldom mild . . . or something! This little offering is for youse guys who like gags that smack of the gutter rather than the drawing room.

Jack Oakie is a sailor whose ambitions as a fighter are waylaid by gin and a gal. He gets roped into matrimony while on one of his bats. However, he reforms, wins the championship (of course) and his old sweetie, Vivienne Osborne, is good enough to forgive and forget! Oakie shines his brightest.

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)

Warner Brothers got all hepped-up over this one and hired a special train—put Neon lights all over it—filled it with stars and dancing girls and visited every "key city" on the way to the New York opening!

It's one of those musicals—and for once the plot isn't so bad! Bebe Daniels is the star of a musical show (you'll hear her warble) who gets hurt and thus gives her understudy (Ruby—Mrs. Al Jolson—Keeler) a break. George Brent is Bebe's sweetheart and Warner Baxter is the stage director. Guy Kibbee, Una Merkel, Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers are all swell. You'll hear lots and lots of snappy tunes, some real hotsy dance numbers and a flock of near-nude damsels will do their very best to delight your eye.

Doesn't that sound as though you'll be getting your money's worth?

TONIGHT IS OURS (Paramount)

To the *ladies* (and most of the men) we present a story that is honestly a WOW. The grand combination of Claudette Colbert and Fredric March is reason enough to see it (remember them in "Honor Among Lovers"?) but besides this team, you are going to see a *swell* story.

It's all about a Queen (Colbert) who loves a commoner (March) but is about to be forced to marry a Prince (Paul Cavanaugh). The Prince, (*Continued on page 10*)


Inaugurating a NEW DEAL in ENTERTAINMENT!.....
WARNER BROS. set the pace with the ENTERTAINMENT MIRACLE of 1933—"42nd Street"... Super-drama—super-spectacle! Two mighty shows in one!...Gripping story of playgirls and payboys... Packed with love-thrills and wonderful music... Gorgeous pageant of beauty pulsating with passionate rhythm... Filled with surprises!... The Greatest Show of 1933!
42ND STREET
14 STARS
WARNER BAXTER
BEBE DANIELS
GEORGE BRENT
RUBY KEELER
UNA MERKEL
DICK POWELL
GINGER ROGERS
GUY KIBBEE
NED SPARKS
GEORGE E. STONE
EDDIE NUGENT
ALLEN JENKINS
ROBERT McWADE
H. B. WALTHALL
and
200 GIRLS
Directed by LLOYD BACON
WARNER BROS. Sensational Musical Hit!
Coming to your theatre soon... Don't miss it—it's going to be the most talked-about picture of the year



She DISCOVERED the Beauty of being Natural!

NICE EYES. Nice teeth. Nice everything. But somehow men didn't take to her. They said her mouth was conspicuous. *"Couldn't see her lips for the paint!"* . . . Then, as good luck would have it, she tried a different lipstick. A lipstick that accents her natural coloring...ending that painted look!

Flatters lips with natural color!

No man will tell you to your face that you have a painted look. Yet, without doubt, a painted look comes from all ordinary lipsticks. Tangee, however, isn't ordinary. It isn't paint. Tangee brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips . . . yet never paints them!

In the stick, it's orange. On the lips, *your* natural coloring! For Tangee changes instantly to *your* shade of blush rose!

Use Tangee for youthful lips . . . glowing with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.



New Refillable Rouge Compact

Tangee Rouge, too, changes to your natural shade *instantly*. It blends beautifully . . . heightens natural coloring . . . never makes cheeks look painted. Comes in refillable compact. Buy Tangee Rouge Refill at a saving! Fits compact perfectly.

Keller, Sargent & Ross! A Personality Trio that tickled the high-hats of Europe! Tues. and Thurs. 7:30 P. M. (E. S. T.) Columbia Network.

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

ONLY 10c! FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET!

★ The George W. Luft Co., Inc. MM 4
417 Fifth Ave., New York
I enclose 10c. Send Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size { Tangee Lipstick / Tangee Rouge Compact

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____



Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray in "The Wax Museum." Highly gruesome murder story.

(*Continued from page 8*)

fortunately enough, is in the same boat and wants to marry someone else. The rabble of the kingdom *want* their Queen to marry one of *them* so when they catch March in her bedroom (that last night) someone yells "Pass the bananas" and all ends well! We mean the love birds are allowed to tweet together.

You'll go for this one in a big way, we're sure. The leads are perfect and to add to the merriment, Alison Skipworth plays the Duchess . . . and is she the *grand* Duchess!

TERROR TRAIL (Universal)

If you're looking for a Western you couldn't pick a better one than this! The story is simple and understandable . . . there is a minimum of dialogue . . . and it's just chock full of riproarin' action. Tom Mix is the hero who gallops gallantly astride Tony, Jr. (Remember, the *original* Tony got hurt and had to be put out to pasture). Naomi Judge is the "gal" and really does quite well for a newcomer. The story includes the usual horse thieves—swindling and heroics. If you like 'em fist-and-plain, see this.

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)

All about the little taxi dancer and the rich old mans. The dance hall gal (Nancy Carroll) exchanges her job for a swanky Park Avenue apartment offered by John Boles who marries her when the child is born. The baby dies, however, and Carroll offers her protector his freedom.

A scheming lawyer almost messes up things because he demands so much alimony that the rich husband thinks the dancer married him for his money. In the meantime, a young lad from the country comes into her life (in the form of Buck Jones playing a straight role for a change) but in the end, the wealthy lover finds out the truth and marries her again for a happy ending's sake.

Nancy Carroll as the bowery twist makes you believe her and John Boles is swell as the "Backstreet" type. And you'll like Buck Jones in this one.

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)

This is called "Grand Hotel of the Ocean" . . . but aside from some very massive and gorgeous sets, the comparison is a bit out of line!

Alice White gives a good, snappy performance of the flapperish type, but the rest of the cast (Zita Johann, George Brent and Frank Morgan) are more like wax figures . . . just walking around to save funeral expenses! Vivienne Osborne is very good in a small bit (why don't they give this girl a real break?). The story, for the most part, is slow and meaningless. It is NOT good entertainment. Save your money.

HARD TO HANDLE (Warners)

This is a little offering, believe it or not, in which someone *steals* a picture from Cagney! And was he annoyed when he saw the finished film?

Funny part of it is, that Cagney has one of his *swell* parts . . . really a "natural" . . . all about the adventures of a high-powered press agent (shades of Lee Tracy) and his love affair with a marathon dancer plus her mother. The gal is portrayed by Mary Brian (you won't like her in the blond wig) and Ruth Donnelly as her "movie mamma"—she's the one who runs away with the footage.

Cagney promotes everything from Marathon dances to eighteen-day grapefruit diets . . . and is in and out of jail the while. However, it seemed to make little difference whether he was in or out . . . "Mamma" stole the picture! Don't miss this one.

SCARLET RIVER (RKO)

Tom Keene is just a make-believe cowboy in this opus. He applies the

(*Continued on page 89*)


Lee Tracy
in "Private Jones"
...WITH GLORIA STUART*
DONALD COOK · EMMA DUNN
FRANK McHUGH · RUSSELL GLEASON
PRIVATE Jones was a lovable fool and he couldn't escape the draft. He snarled at patriotism, hated his officers and the men around him. He despised the army and refused to bow to discipline. He was cocky and quick-tempered. He wanted to fight everybody but the enemy. But there came a day when he was forced to the firing-line and in that swirling sea of fire, "PRIVATE JONES" —but see the picture in which LEE TRACY makes the hit of his career.
Presented By
CARL LAEMMLE
Story by Richard Schayer.
Directed by
RUSSELL MACK
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
IT'S A UNIVERSAL

HOLLYWOOD never wanted the Doug. Jrs., to stay married

. . . Read this unusual picture of the conspiracy of doubt which for two years Hollywood directed at Joan and Doug, Jr. And learn the reason



(Left) Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., caught by our cameraman on the Boulevard. (Below) How could they withstand so much rumor?



J. B. Scott

FOR two years Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have been the focal point of Hollywood gossip.

The gossip has gone something like this—"They can't stay married. Joan's too attractive. She was a hey-hey girl for too long. Doug is too attractive, too. They're both too high strung and temperamental."

So don't blame Doug and Joan—blame Hollywood!

How could they withstand so much rumor? Picture Joan's friends running to her with stories about Doug. Just hear Doug's friends telling him rumors about Joan.

Hear Hollywood asking, "Why wasn't Joan present at Doug Sr.'s welcome home party? Why has Doug been more at Pickfair than Joan? Why wasn't Joan at Jack Pickford's funeral? Of course she says she was working, but that's what Joan says." Hollywood did not consider the fact that she was honestly working!

Watch the Hollywood columns. "The sympathy of the husband's family will be with the wife," etc., etc., etc. And all the rest of it.

But in all the surging sea of rumor a few facts do stand out!

Hollywood—the Hollywood that did not want them to stay married (and I'll tell you why in a minute) has whispered every time Joan and Ricardo Cortez danced together. The fact is that every time Joan and Ric have danced together, Doug has been along.

AND here's another fact. Joan has very few girl friends. Her best friends have always been men—and Doug has always known about it.

The same thing has happened to Doug. Several months ago there was gossip when he took another girl to a party—a friend of Joan's, by the way—when Joan had to work late. Joan knew and approved of the arrangement. But Hollywood didn't want her to approve.

Hollywood has caused all the trouble!

In the midst of the present rumors both Joan and Doug have gone to Doug, Sr., with their problems. Doug, Jr., has spent hours and hours with his dad and not very long ago Hollywood found significance in a certain quiet, undisturbed *tête-a-tête* which took place one afternoon recently in the Brown Derby. The two who participated in this *tête-a-tête* were Joan and Doug, Sr., her father-in-law.

It was an intimate talk, one could tell, and Hollywood was sure that that family (*Continued on page 113*)

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 2, No. 2 HOLLYWOOD, MARCH, 1933 NEWS SECTION

EMIL JANNINGS RETURNING TO UNITED STATES

Mrs. B. P. Schulberg Negotiating for German's Return. Personal Tour Scheduled

The Schulberg-Feldman agency on the West Coast has options on several important foreign actors, the most important of whom is Emil Jannings. He has agreed to return to America, with final negotiations and contract to be arranged later with Mrs. Schulberg on the Coast.

There have been many rumors of Jannings' return, but this is pretty authentic. A month's time will probably find him here. He has agreed to make a personal appearance tour in the east for three or four weeks, after which he will proceed to Hollywood.

It is said that Jannings speaks English now very well indeed—scarcely a trace of his guttural accent left.

Zasu Pitts Divorce Soon Final—Plans to Marry Again Shortly

According to the Hollywood gossipers, when the divorce of Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery becomes final, Zasu will marry J. E. Woodall who, in case you don't know, is a tennis champion.

Tom Gallery, who is very handsome in a nice, tweedy sort of way, will also marry again—according to rumor. Madge Evans, no less, will be his happy bride, they say.

Doug, Sr., Off to Switzerland. Mary Will Follow Him Later

We learn from the theatrical weekly, *Variety,* that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., has gone to Switzerland for the winter sports and some scene-shooting. Mary remained in Hollywood to complete "Secrets," then hastened to New York for the picture's opening, and plans to sail for Italy subsequently. Doug will join her there later.

The Junior Douglas also left Hollywood recently—for New York. Joan cried at the station—but that night she was dancing at the Grove with Fanchot Tone.

Jack Pearl to Make Films For Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Baron Munchausen speaking: "So I go to Hollywood soon and I make vun hundred pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Horse."

Sharlie: "*How* many pictures—and for whom?" Baron: "I mean—two pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

And, for once, that last story of the Baron's is accurate enough to check with *Variety's* reporter. He'll get $200,000.



Edward and Marian before the break-up

$60,000 Contract Suit Against Tom Mix Won By Circus Impresario

When Tom left the screen some years ago and toured the country with a circus it seems he made a contract with Zach Miller, circus impresario.

Everything seemed to go all right until Tom got an offer to return to the screen. With that offer he quit the circus business to go back to Hollywood.

According to the suit, his leaving the circus was a breach of contract and Zach Miller brought suit against him for the tidy sum of $60,000. And the courts upheld Mr. Miller's charges and ordered Tom to pay.

Tom recently quit the screen again when his contract with Universal ran out. Universal now have Ken Maynard as their Western star.

What Does Cary Grant's Gift To Constance Cummings Mean?

Eligible is an overworked word, but it does seem to describe Cary Grant's status in Hollywood. Tall, dark, handsome and successful, he is the answer—more than the answer—to many a gal's prayer.

But, always, until now, he has remained a persistent bachelor—interested mainly in athletics and living in bachelor quarters with Randolph Scott.

But, now comes the news, Cary Grant has given a girl a big diamond ring! Can ya beat it? After all these years. What does it mean? That he's saying good-by to bachelordom at last? Maybe. Who knows? The girl in the case is Constance Cummings.

Flashes from Here and There

Eva Tanguay who was recently found destitute in Hollywood is being looked after by friends now and states that she is going to make a come-back.

Helen Kane, famous boop-boop-a-doop gal, recently married a handsome young movie player. Max Hoffman, Jr., is his name.

Roscoe Ates and his wife have separated again—for good this time. His wife will get two automobiles and fifty percent of his income.

Corliss Palmer was discovered in a San Francisco hospital handcuffed—on account of hysterical condition brought on by bad liquor.

Verree Teasdale obtained a divorce from William O'Neal, the tenor, in Chicago.

Dietrich is now tired of all the publicity about her trousers. Says it's got to stop from now on.
(See story page 38.)

MARIAN NIXON IS DIVORCING EDWARD HILLMAN

Charges Her Husband "Cursed and Threatened Her." Wed Three and a Half Years

On August 14, 1929, Marian Nixon became the bride of Edward Hillman, Jr. Edward had met Marian during one of his visits to the Coast—his parents are wealthy business people and he frequently takes business trips around the country.

The two of them were all set to go East and live in Chicago—the home town of Eddie's parents. But then, at the last moment, Marian decided she couldn't quit the screen and wanted to stay on the Coast. Edward, in order to be near her, started a business there. They were happy for some years.

In her suit, Marian states that Edward cursed and threatened her and sometimes "quarrelled all night."

Connie and Hank Go to London—Can He Come Back?

Terse heading in *Variety:* "Connie Bennett's Husband Told to Leave Country." No, he hasn't committed a crime. Government agents have been rounding up foreign picture personalities and telling them that their visits had been long enough. So Connie up and decided to go to London and Paris with him. Suppose he can't come back—what of Connie's career?

Bela Lugosi Weds—Will Early Love Wreck Marriage?

Recently, Bela Lugosi, Hungarian actor, was married to 21-year-old Lillian Arch in Las Vegas, Nevada. There's a story here, a story which ran in Modern Screen some time ago. Lugosi has been married twice before. And shortly after each marriage, a woman he loved in his youth—Hedi, her name is—appeared suddenly and warned him that he must divorce his wife. So great is her hypnotic power in Lugosi's life that each time the marriage has swiftly terminated in divorce.

Thelma Todd Recovering From Serious Automobile Accident

Thelma Todd, that lovely lady who has worked up to a high place in the film colony and who not so long ago became the bride of Pat de Ciccio, recently got mixed up in an automobile accident.

Injured, she was sent to the Hollywood Hospital to recover. And you'll be glad to hear that her condition has improved very much and she'll be well again soon



International



Acme

WHAT EVERY FAN

The Low Down on the Ayres-Lane Divorce

NOT many people knew it but that separation has been brewing ever since the day Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were married. A year and a half ago they culminated a long engagement by marriage . . . and very shortly thereafter there was talk of "blessed eventing." Then after about two months of "happiness" came the clashing of temperaments, squabbles and fights about money.

There have been lulls of as much as thirty days at a time when all would be calm. Then the real, serious trouble began when Lew's career hit a slow pace. He hasn't been working much of late (suitable stories couldn't be found) and for that reason he has no doubt been spending a great deal of time with his wife. Twenty-four hours out of every twenty-four is about the amount of time they have been in each other's company during these past few months. That's a lot of time and evidently brewed a flock of trouble and argument.

Lew and Lola have settled property rights out of court. It's too bad it had to happen—they are both swell people!

Best Laughs of the Month

A HOLLYWOOD producer was watching a performance of "Dinner at Eight"—the stage play in New York. When Judith Wood came on the stage he clutched his friend—a director—and exclaimed, "Lord! She would be a great bet for pictures."

The director answered, "You poor sap, you had her under contract to your studio for eight months and never used her in a single picture!"

When Mary Pickford was on her way to a "location" Douglas Fairbanks disguised himself in a weird costume and jumped in front of the covered wagon Mary is using in this picture. "Hands up!" he cried, "I'm a wild Turk from Turkestan and I've come to rob every last one of you!" Just then the rain began to fall in a California cloudburst. The bandit ran—so did his make-up—and the wild Turk got a wild Turkish bath!

Clark Gable, as you know, introduced the fad of wearing turtle-neck sweaters, but the other day on the set of "The White Sister" when the director conceived the idea of having Clark wear one in the picture Gable had to break right down and confess that he didn't have a single one of the highly-publicized articles at the studio. But—*every other man in the cast had such a sweater in his dressing room.* And was Clark embarrassed.

Gary Cooper gave a swanky party for sixty couples. He hired an orchestra and took up the rugs in the living room for dancing. But Gary has a swell Swedish cook. The food was spread out buffet fashion in the dining room. And while the expensive orchestra played and played the guests crowded around the tables—eating. And not a single couple danced.

A young actor (star ranking) happened, in the spirit of fun, to be sitting on the lap of a luscious red-head at a recent Hollywood party. Suddenly the door opened and in walked a newspaper reporter. The star jumped up and cried, "I say, old man, don't let this get out . . . I'd be ruined . . . You won't print this, will you?"

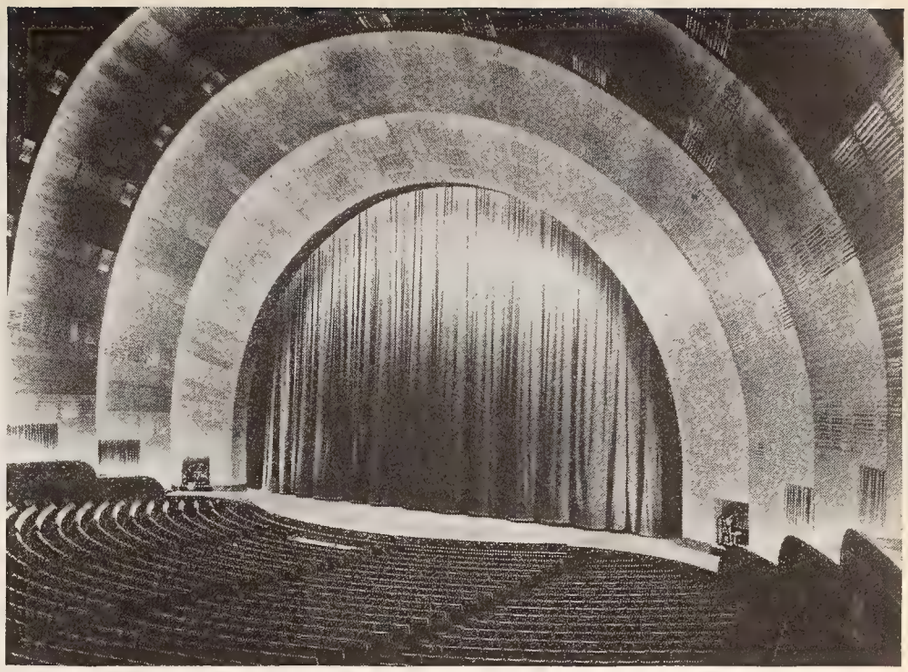
"Don't worry," the reporter replied calmly, "I won't. You see the woman happens to be my wife."

Dick Powell took his brand new roadster—highpowered and costly—to Palm Springs and was so proud and happy that he invited most of the U. S. C. football team to go riding with him. Dick proudly got behind the wheel—then something went wrong and the whole team got out and pushed. They pushed and coaxed most of the day. And all the time Dick was having a case of the jitters for fear Mary Brian might come by and see him!

Hollywood's Real Sob Stories

A JINX has followed the three actors who went to Africa—so many moons ago—to film "Trader Horn." Edwina Booth—a little girl snatched from the extra ranks to play her first big part—came back to America assured she would be a star. And

(Extreme left) Natalie Kalmus, wife of the president of Tech-Art studios, recently gave a tea party for li'l Ruth Waterbury. Among those present were Joel McCrea, Billie Dove and the Raft boy. (Immediately left) Clark Gable goes in for skiing at Lake Arrowhead. Doesn't Clarkie look cute in his ickle beret? (Right) It started out as a musical hall but has now succumbed to the lure of movies. Radio City Musical Hall, ladies and gentlemen. It's one of the wonders of New York—and they say it's the largest and most beautiful movie theatre in the whole world.



SHOULD KNOW

. . . The low-down on Lew Ayres' divorce . . . Hear about Clark Gable's turtleneck sweater? . . . Sob stories of the month . . . and other news and chit-chat

Jean Parker, starlet of M-G-M, displays a 1933 bathing suit. It's the sort of suit which one can swim in as well as appear beautiful in. You saw her in that grand bit in "Rasputin and the Empress." She's also in "The Secret of Madame Blanche."





Lilian Harvey, the lovely little German-English actress leaves New York on the Century—a contract with Fox in her pocket. Her first American picture will be "My Lips Betray."



Jigsaw puzzles have caught Hollywood just as they have every other part of the world. Here we have Sari Maritza doing her best with a five hundred piecer—or is it a thousand?



Wide World

At the "Cavalcade" opening. On again, off again—just how do they stand? Well, at the moment (see page 58) they still love each other very, very much. But, of course, you can't tell.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . . .

then she became a victim of jungle fever and "internal sunburn." She has been well at intervals but always the fever has recurred—and she is still very, very ill.

Duncan Renaldo has just been sentenced to serve two years in the Federal Prison and pay $2,000 fine for having made false statements about his citizenship!

And Harry Carey—who banked on that picture to put him back as a star—has not done a big job since—just a few quickies.

When Joe E. Brown's little baby daughter died at birth, Mrs. Brown wanted another child to take its place so badly that they adopted a beautiful little baby girl. That makes four children in all.

Mae Clarke has one tough break after another. You remember how hard she tried to make John McCormick—Colleen Moore's ex—pull himself together? But without success. Shortly after they parted Mae had a nervous breakdown that lasted months and months. Just when she was beginning to look like her old self again appendicitis claimed her—and she was rushed to the hospital. She got over that, too. And then was in an accident where her arm was burned so badly that it's in a sling now.

Let's Talk About Six Interesting People

IT'S funny about Connie Bennett. Just a year ago every paper you picked up ran a screaming headline about the Marquise. And now—you'll see her mentioned, of course, but she's "the head line girl" no longer. What's happened? The truth is that Connie hated those headlines. She tried to stop them and in making a denial of what was printed only got another headline. So now Connie isn't denying anything and as a result—all the gossip has quieted down. Added to this she and the Marquis are getting along better than anybody thought they would and Connie is as busy as a small town housewife, taking care of her three establishments—the town house, the beach place and her suite of rooms at the studio.

You'll find a story about Joan Crawford up in front of this magazine but maybe you'd like to hear that . . . Doug gave her an enormous St. Bernard dog for Christmas which she takes on the set with her . . . She'll never make-up her mouth in that funny way again (and since she has gone back to the natural line looks younger than she has for months) . . . That she's planning on going to New York just as soon as her picture is finished.

Claudette Colbert took a house formerly *occupied* by Garbo and now *lived in* by Colbert. Garbo used just one room—the rest looked like a cold, barren museum. She seldom entertained—and then just one or two people. But now that Claudette's in—what a difference! Artistic Bill Haines did the decorating—and it's charming. Her parties are small but gay—and the place fairly radiates life.

Speaking of Garbo, when she took the lonely house on the island off the coast of Sweden she rented it under her real name—and the owner did not know the "tall, quiet lady" was Garbo until he saw pictures of the place bearing the caption that Garbo lived there. Then he only shrugged a Swedish shoulder. He didn't care much one way or the other!

You'd suspect that everything Clark Gable did would get into the papers—and yet he has had almost as many studio fights as Jimmy Cagney—walked off sets when he thought the parts weren't suited for him, held out for more money etc., etc.,—yet the Cagney studio fight was printed everywhere and the Gable disturbances were settled right at the studio.

Let's settle this about whether George Raft is a former gangster or not once and for all. You've heard a lot of stories. Here's the truth. Raft worked for years in various night clubs—and he knew plenty of racketeers. It's impossible to be in a night club without having knowledge of the underworld. But George, himself, was an entertainer.

Here's a Grand Story

NOW that Herr Von Sternberg has left our fair village, Marlene has taken up with brother Chevalier in dead earnest! In spite of the fact that Herr Sieber, the husband in the case, is in Hollywood at the moment. One time you will find Dietrich with Maurice

Imagine anyone not knowing who Garbo One man didn't, believe it or not!



Warner Baxter welcomes Diana Wynyard to the Hollywood opening of "Cavalcade." Of course you know that "Cavalcade" has made the biggest sensation of any picture in years.



Now that Lew Ayres and Lola Lane have separated, Lew has no one to stop him from going on a hunting trip. Incidentally, it's his favorite pastime and he really did shoot that duck.



Acme

Lilyan Tashman and husband Edmund Lowe recently visited the El Mirador Hotel at Palm Springs. They've just finished a set. The hotel is very popular with members of the movie crowd.

alone . . . and the next minute she is with *both* of them!

'Tother day at Palm Springs, it was really a kick to watch the trousered Marlene dividing her time between the two boys! She seemed to have a penchant for lathering their backs and arms with oil . . . so that they will acquire a "tan"! Close observers agree, however, that despite the presence of friend husband, the beauteous Marlene really *did* rub Chevalier's back a bit more enthusiastically!

Maurice, since his divorce (when he denied, heatedly, that Miss Dietrich held his heart) has been sad! *Now* the *grin* again!

Some Inside Gossip

IT'S hard to tell who was the most embarrassed the other night at one of the Hollywood premieres, Gary Cooper, Countess Frasso or Johnny Weissmuller. Lupe Velez and Weissmuller were seated directly behind Gary and the Countess . . . and Lupe, in her loud accents, spared no adjectives in telling her companion what a "deevine" person Gary is. Lupe's ravings caused Gary's ears to turn from a pink to a deep crimson, and as for Johnny and the Countess—they weren't so comfortable.

The little Mexican gal, for all her fickleness, is evidently having a hard time forgetting the big Montana lad!

This Puts You Up-To-Date on Marriages, Divorces and Such Things

Helene Costello married Arturo del Barrio, young Cuban attorney and film producer. The wedding was simple—quite unlike the typical "Hollywood wedding" that united Helene and Lowell Sherman.

Raquel Torres was all set to marry Charlie Feldman in Mexico (they were going down there to have the knot tied) when the flu germ got her and the wedding was postponed.

One of the biggest post-divorce battles of all time is being staged by Pauline Starke and Jack White. It's all about who can have possession of the house. California law says Pauline can't have it for a year—in the meantime Jack may, if he likes, move in and have a year's free rent.

There are not even any rumors any more about Gloria Swanson and hubby, Mike Farmer. Seems they're as happy as turtle doves (however happy that is) and Gloria's new picture, "Perfect Understanding," is a hit.

Old Doc Stork has a date with the John Gilberts some time in July. Before that (some time in March) he makes a stop at Eddie Robinson's door step. Also about that time William Gargan will become a papa.

Howard Hughes has been whispering sweet nothings into the dainty ear of Sandra Shaw.

Dorothy Lee won't answer Marshall Duffield's telephone calls any more. But Dorothy's ex—Jimmy Fidler—is going around with Rochelle Hudson.

Although Billie Burke says, "I'll never marry again—I'm going to devote the rest of my life to my career and my daughter," they do say that she and David Burton are very friendly.

Right in the middle of directing a picture, Eddie Sutherland asked for time off "for important business." The business was eloping to Yuma, Arizona, with Audrey Henderson.

Roscoe Ates didn't stutter when he said, "I'm through with marriage. First it was money—then jealousy and then I came home one night to find she had moved me out. So I quit!"

But Roscoe did stutter the other day when he said, "W-w-we've d-d-decided to m-m-make up."

While Dorothy Jordan was on tour she received a box of orchids every train stop—from Merian Cooper. And now that she is back in town, the producer-director is more than "saying it with flowers."

You should see the size of the rock that somebody slipped on Susan Fleming's left hand. They say the slipperoner was none other than Harpo Marx!

Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmy Dunn can't get along without (or with) each other.

Eleanor Holm and Carl Laemmle, Jr., didn't speak for a few days, but everything's sweet music in that territory now.

They say it's a case between Eleanor Boardman and Harry D'Arrast. Fast work, Eleanor!

Alice Joyce, completely Reno-vated, was greeted at the station by Clarence Brown and his nifty Rolls-Royce. They've been Rolls Re-Joycing ever since.

MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 84

The latest news on Hollywood's marriages, divorces, romances and engagements

Come Aboard, Folks! The Showboat's in Town!



Charles Winninger, who plays "Cap'n Henry" on the Maxwell House Showboat hour.

Look for Jack Pearl on the cover.



HOWDY, HOWDY, FOLKS! Step right on board a new kind of showboat—the showboat of the radio stars! Not a real river craft, folks, but a magazine that will sail your imagination right into the broadcasting studios where you can *see* your radio favorites and know what they're really like!

It's a grand experience and you'll never regret the trip. The April cruise is now on the newsstands. Just look at this itinerary!

10c **At Kresge, Kress and Newsstands**

BACKSTAGE ON CAPTAIN HENRY'S SHOWBOAT. An article with a real thrill which shows you just what goes on behind the Maxwell House Showboat microphone. Cap'n Henry, Lanny Ross, Mary Lou, Jules Bledsoe and all the rest of the company will be on hand.

A GLIMPSE OF MYRT AND MARGE. Girl friends of the air—mother and daughter in real life!

THE INSIDE STORY OF RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLINS. All about the man who takes Eddie Cantor's good-natured kidding every Sunday night.

NO HANDICAP TOO GREAT. The inspiring story of Jane Froman who overcame the worst possible obstacle a singer could have!

THEY CAN'T FIRE HER. An amazing story about a radio fan who pays $600 a week to keep her favorite program on the air!

And many other articles about your favorites, including big stories on BING CROSBY, KATE SMITH, VINCENT LOPEZ, and a host of others. All the news and gossip of the studios and scores of pictures—posed portraits and informal snapshots—of the stars you hear but never see.

Don't miss this cruise, ladies and gentlemen. You'll have a corking good time. Get an April issue today and step right up the gangplank of—

RADIO STARS

THE FASCINATING MAGAZINE OF RADIO PERSONALITIES

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by Irving Lippman

We honor Kate Smith for being a swell actress, too, in "Hello, Everybody."



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

We honor Clive Brook for the sincerity of his work in "Cavalcade."



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

We honor Diana Wynyard for her magnificent acting—also in "Cavalcade."



TAKE MY

By FAITH BALDWIN

Illustrated by A. WILLIAMS



Everyone who goes to the movies regularly has certain likes and dislikes about the stars and players and certain types of stories. Faith Baldwin, just like you and you and you, has her dislikes as well as her likes. See if you agree with her.

I HAVE been going to the motion pictures for a good many years. I have watched stars wax and wane, rise and fall. I have never gone as a critic but as part of a big audience. I have wept and laughed, suffered and thrilled with that audience. I have never seen a picture so bad that there wasn't something in it that I liked, or which interested me. I have seen very few pictures so good that I wanted to see them again. And out of a long experience of picture-viewing, for my own pleasure, I have found myself collecting little unwritten items of advice to the players and studios. Advice is easy to give; and hard to take. Here goes, and if I'm wrong, don't shoot—I'll come down.

KAY FRANCIS

You are one of the loveliest ladies on the screen but what on earth is the matter with your R's? If it is a native defect in pronunciation, work

Sincere, honest and intelligent



ADVICE . . . !

with a diction expert would soon correct it. If it isn't—well, it is not at all your type. Clear cut, cool speech and not a species of baby talk is far more suitable for you.

EDDIE CANTOR

You're a grand box office success and we're all for you. But the gags are getting pretty mouldy. I know how hard it is to find new ones, but if anyone can, you can. You're too big a star to fall back on ancient and shaky props. They'll let you down.

CHARLES CHAPLIN and HAROLD LLOYD

I'd walk a mile to see either of you. But please make more pictures. The public was never more fickle than now and no man can afford to rest on his laurels, merited as they are. Keep in the movie-goer's eye with more of your grand comedies.

GARY COOPER

That was a great and moving performance of yours in "A Farewell to Arms," but you've retained a trace of the trick you used in "Devil and the Deep"—an effect of too slow speech and long pauses between words. It is studied rather than natural, in the ears of the listener. Can't you speed it up to your more native tempo?

ANN DVORAK

I want to see you again; and a great many times. Please get back into production. You may one day regret the independence which you seem to have acquired since your marriage, and which isn't, basically, your own. Come back to us.

PHILLIPS HOLMES

Is it true that the new affiliation has made you contract-conscious? Don't let it. You are one of our best liked and most competent young actors, so please don't spoil your chances by "temperament," especially with M-G-M back of you, and taking such a keen interest in your future.

ALISON SKIPWORTH

Don't let them label you another Marie Dressler. There isn't any other, in the first place, and in the second, you are yourself. Stay yourself. You are perfectly swell as you are, you have your own unique place in the sun. Fight for it.

ROSCOE ATES

I laugh whenever I see you on the screen but one of these days I'll lose my sense of humor, unless you can persuade your producers that you can well perform comedy roles other than that of stutterer.

(Continued on page 96)

criticism of the movies by a famous author of today



SCOOP!

. . . Apparent rivalry over stories and painful silence concerning each other gave rise to rumors of a feud between Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. We are honored to print the truth

By HARRIET PARSONS



Wide World

Because Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer work for the same producing company and because their careers have run a more or less parallel course, many people believe that there is a professional antagonism between the two of them.

THIS is, I believe, the most unusual interview of its kind on record. And an interview with Norma Shearer on the subject of Joan Crawford is of particular interest because of the supposed bloodthirsty rivalry between the two—a rivalry which has been built up by gossip and press-chatter to the point where it is a source of considerable embarrassment to both women.

Because Joan and Norma work for the same company, because their paths to stardom have run a more or less parallel course, and because the roles they play are similar it has been inevitably assumed that there is professional antagonism between them. It doesn't matter that neither Norma nor Joan has done anything to provide a basis for this hypothesis. Take two great feminine stars on the same lot, put between them a desirable part which both are capable of playing and eager to play, and naturally, according to Hollywood's wise guys, they are going to quarrel over it like two hungry dogs over a bone.

Well, in this case Hollywood's wise ones have outguessed themselves. And this is how I know:

I was sitting in Norma Shearer's dressing room quietly chatting with her. Norma and I have had a nodding acquaintance for, oh, some six years, and a casual sort of friendship for the past two. Yet suddenly we realized that we had never been alone in a room before.

NORMA TALKS ABOUT JOAN





(Left) Norma and Joan at a recent social function. Has it ever occurred to you that Joan and Norma are really very much alike? It seems silly when you first think of it but the manner in which Norma points it out in the story will convince you.

Odd? Parties, luncheons, encounters on the boulevard and in shops, yes, but never a conversation as one human being to another. I found a person totally unlike the one I had been associating for six years with the name "Norma Shearer."

Not the too well-poised, too self-sufficient woman, sure of herself and her position; not the gracious but aloof, immaculately groomed and mannered Mrs. Irving Thalberg. In her place was a warm, intensely human girl—eager, questioning, full of doubts and ambitions. A girl who, far from being complacent about her position as a star and as an important executive's wife, feels that she has much to learn and wants to learn it. A girl who views her own capabilities and appearance with devastating honesty and discusses herself simply and frankly, with neither conceit nor false modesty.

SHE herself broached the subject of Joan Crawford. She was eager to talk about Joan, glad to have a chance to refute the stories of bitter rivalry.

"Don't you see," she began earnestly, "even if I did not happen to admire her as profoundly as I do, how could I hate Joan? *She is so much like me!* I feel that more every day. We have been through so many of the same painful but invaluable molding processes. We have both had to fight desperately to overcome self-conscious-

ness. We have both made ourselves over—both struggled to create an illusion of glamor and beauty."

That line "she is so much like me" struck me with particular force. Curious I'd never thought of that before. Of course they're alike—alike in the sense that they have both built themselves entirely new personalities. Joan the hotcha, plumpish hoyden has become Joan the slim, sombre-eyed, glamorous creature of emotion. Norma, the colorless, goody-goody ingénue has become Norma the smartly gowned, sophisticated, slightly naughty, equally glamorous lady of sex appeal.

Joan has become the dignified young matron, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Norma has become the dignified young matron, Mrs. Irving Thalberg. And for neither of them has the transition been devoid of effort, struggle, heartbreak. In a sense they have been through the same things.

Norma went on: "It's true that Joan and I have not been close friends, although we've been on the same lot for years. For one thing we haven't had time to be. Each of us has been too busy with her own career and domestic affairs. For another thing I think we've been a little afraid to be nice to one another—a little self-conscious in one another's presence.

"Until recently when we've met on the lot there has been a little awkwardness—a little strain. Each of us afraid to make the first overtures toward real friendship. Each of us wanting to be warm and cordial and sincere—but being a little embarrassed about it. Just in the past year, however, we've come closer. The barrier of restraint is gradually being broken down.

"I admire and like Joan. And I believe she feels the same way about me. I hope so. I think both of us have been hurt and embarrassed by the persistent stories of our rivalry and hatred. I know those stories are only founded on idle rumor—yet I haven't known how to combat them. Probably Joan has felt the same way."



Speaking of Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer says in this article: "It is true that Joan and I have not been close friends, although we've been on the same lot for years." Then Norma tells why.

INTERESTING—and ironic—isn't it? These two famous stars supposedly resenting each other, supposedly cutting each others' throats—and yet in reality wanting to be friends, wanting to understand one another. Coolly greeting one another on the lot—each longing to be warm and natural and friendly—but each hampered by self-consciousness, by a fear of not having her advances met in like manner by the other. Each wondering whether the other was believing those stories of jealous rivalry—and yet unable to speak the words which might dispel them. Effecting a protective casualness toward one another—but a casualness inspired by emotions quite different from those which Hollywood deduced.

Norma paused in her explanations and looked at herself in the mirror with a disapproving frown. She was curled up in an armchair, looking rather like a small girl in her simple tailored suit. Her hair looked impeccably coiffed to me—yet she ran her fingers through it with a discouraged sigh.

"My hair looks frightful. Oh—and that reminds me. You know people think I'm perfectly satisfied with myself—smug. They should know the thoughts and emotions, the doubts and fears, that rise in me when I see other women's films! I look at Joan on the screen and my heart sinks. I think, 'Why can't my hair look like that? Why, oh why can't I wear my clothes like that? Could I have put into that scene the quality of emotion Joan gave to it?'

"Quite frankly—and not for grandstand effect—I think Joan is much more beautiful than I am. I think I have made myself appear beautiful, created an illusion of beauty, without any very considerable native beauty to start with.

"Now, mind you, I say these things without any false modesty. I believe there are some things I do better than Joan—some things I can do which she can't. We both need to learn more about comedy—but I believe I have a little the edge there. I think I am better in some of my light scenes than Joan would be. On the other hand I think she gets more intensity—more pure emotion—into some of her dramatic scenes than I do."

I ASKED Norma whether there had ever been any conflict between herself and Joan over a role. I reminded her that it is generally believed because of her relationship to Irving Thalberg she can have her pick of fat parts and good stories.

"Yes, I know—people think because Irving Thalberg is my husband all I have to do is ask for any role I want. They think it's been easy sledding for me. What they don't realize is that I've had to work twice as hard to secure any recognition just because Irving *is* my husband. Because I am married to an executive of the company which produces my pictures I have to be twice as good as if I weren't in that position in order to get half as much credit.

"Furthermore, the very fact that I am Irving's wife keeps me from going out and fighting for roles I want. I know how busy and harassed he is. I know that it is just as important to him that Joan Crawford should have good pictures as that I should. It is his job to see that *all* M-G-M films are excellent—not just Norma Shearer's films. And—perhaps this sounds silly and mawkish—I feel a great loyalty to M-G-M. I have been with the company a good many years. I am a part of it. I take pride in its successes whether they are my personal successes or not.

"And another thing: experience has taught me that Irving knows better than I what pictures are good for me. Parts which I have been eager to do have proven disastrous and parts which I felt were wrong for me have brought me some of my greatest successes.

"Only once have I ever asked for a role—and that was 'The Divorcée'. I knew that M-G-M owned the story and that the studio was considering borrowing someone from another lot to play it. I was there on the lot, under contract, and I felt in my heart that I could do it. *But*—if Joan Crawford had been considered for the story and had wanted to play it I'd have cut off my right hand before I'd have uttered a word about wanting it myself.

"As a matter of fact, Irving laughed at me when I told him I thought I could do 'Divorcée'—it was so utterly different from the type of thing with which I'd always been associated. But I was determined to prove to him that it wasn't ridiculous. I had pictures made in daring gowns and with my hair *(Continued on page 92)*

GEORGE RAFT —as he REALLY is!

. . . Kind—hurt—vengeful—enthusiastic. He can be all of them, this lean, dark-haired boy whose make-up is a curious mixture of Tenth Avenue, Broadway and Hollywood

By NANETTE KUTNER

GEORGE RAFT was being fitted for a suit. It was an olive green suit.

"I need it like I need a hole in the head," said Mr. Raft.

"But, Georgie—" It was the man in the turtle-necked sweater who spoke.

The man was an ex-pugilist now in the tailoring business; an ex-pugilist who had been a friend of George Raft's in his own prize fighting days.

"I know . . . I know," George was saying, "I'm buying it," he turned to me. "I used to be in the tailoring business myself; that is, when I first made money as a dancer I invested in a tailoring shop, so I know what it's like."

He winked at me, a wise wink.

The black-coated fitter made mysterious chalk marks on the material.

"Be careful," warned Raft. "Don't you give me those college boy shoulders!"

The fitter packed the material. The ex-pugilist asked for an autographed picture to give his wife. And they left.

George Raft stared after the box that contained his new suit.

"I never had a green suit," he said.

WE were now alone in his dressing-room backstage at the Oriental Theater, Chicago, where he was making personal appearances.

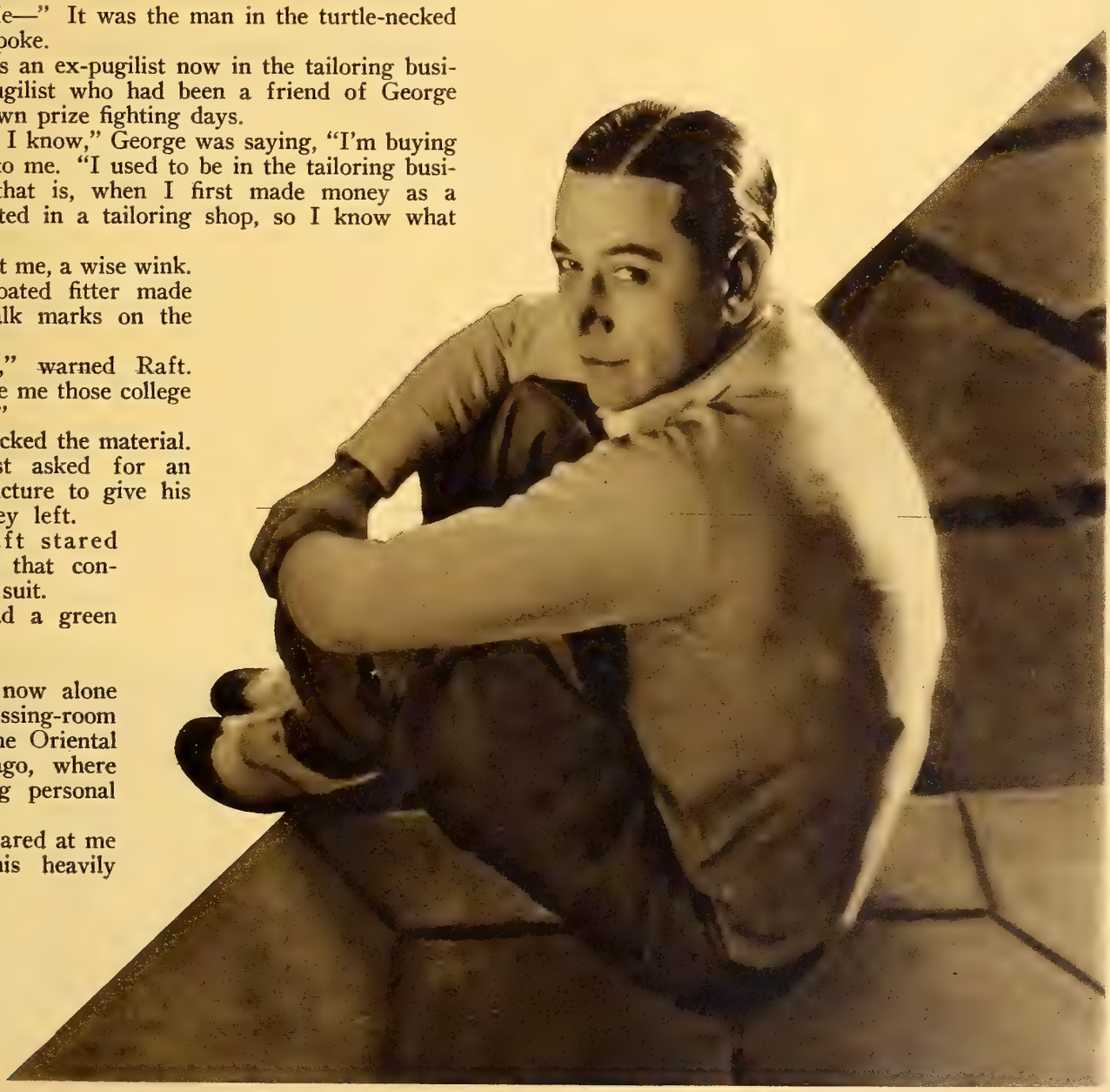
Quietly he stared at me from under his heavily arched brows. It was as if he were memorizing me from head to foot. He is wary of interviewers. This is due to his first interview.

"The man wrote I was a gigolo. If I ever see that fellow again. . . !" He clenched his fists. They are strong, hard-knuckled fists. Fists from Tenth Avenue. Fists from Hell's Kitchen. Fists that made you a little afraid.

For a brief moment we generalized about the weather, about the depression, and about the picture on the bill.

"'Three On a Match'," he told me, "it's my kind of a picture, it gives you facts, tells you how that superstition really began. Ivar Kreuger, the match king, sent out that propaganda so he could get five billion more match customers."

(Continued on page 105)





Wide World

(Left) He might have gone Hollywood but for her good sense.

Never has gone Hollywood.



Let's get this

. . . Do you know what "gone Hollywood" really means? Can you give a definition of it? And do you know which players have and have not "gone Hollywood"? You may think you know but read this before you decide

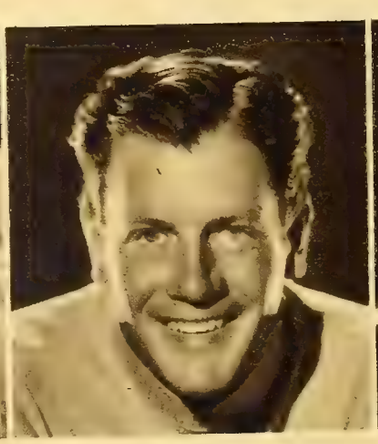
By KATHERINE ALBERT

FOR a good many years now you've been hearing that So-and-so has "gone Hollywood." Or, "We're glad to report that So-and-so has not 'gone Hollywood'." I imagine you're pretty confused by the whole thing. That is why I'd like to settle the matter once and for all.

Before I begin I must define the phrase. It has a number of meanings and it is true that opinions about who has and who hasn't are as varied as personal taste. If a boy (or girl) who has just made a screen success fails to speak to someone he has known casually before his success, the ignored one says the offender has gone Hollywood. And all the time the ignorer might simply have been preoccupied. I prefer to define the phrase differently. When a person radically and in a spectacular manner changes his mode of living after becoming famous on the screen I call that person "gone Hollywood." Nor is it always a derogatory trait, although it is known as such in Hollywood itself. Some of the finest and most colorful and vivid actors on the screen have done it. Keeping simple and level-headed and completely natural in the fantastic, brilliant and self-conscious town of Hollywood is a difficult task. It's a job in itself. One has to fight against the atmosphere as one must fight against the dry rot of the South Seas (if all those tropical pictures are right). And a difficult fight it is.



In a sense she is Hollywood.



Can't accuse him of going Hollywood.



Absolutely has gone Hollywood.



Certainly not gone Hollywood.

She couldn't go Hollywood.



Has gone Hollywood in a big way.



Not gone Hollywood. Surprised?



Never could go Hollywood.



"GOING HOLLYWOOD" BUSINESS STRAIGHT

But enough of generalization. Let's get down to cases.

Let's first look at those people who have not "gone Hollywood." Among them are Richard Arlen, Joel McCrea, Charlie Farrell, Bill Boyd and wife Dorothy Sebastian, Jimmy Cagney, Marie Dressler, Gene Raymond, Conrad Nagel and Constance Bennett.

Surprised? You had heard all those stories about Bennett. You were sure she had gone that way, but if you'll take my definition, which out of all the mass of definitions seems most nearly to combine them all, you will discover that Connie is the same girl, living the same sort of life in Hollywood as she did in New York, in Paris, in London.

Connie has been accused by lots of people (you heard it plenty when she and Lil Tashman were having their famous feud) of going Hollywood. She hasn't, for Connie has always been exactly as she is now—sophisticated, high-handed and queenly. She was born that way. Don't forget who her father is.

I GUESS it's pretty well agreed that Dick Arlen comes under the not-gone-Hollywood list but (and here's a little secret that I wouldn't want you to tell a soul) Dick might have changed had it not been for the wise and kindly admonitions of his wife, Jobyna Ralston. Grand a guy as Dick is—and he's one of the best—time and again Joby has ironed out studio difficulties and kept him from being "just another actor." The cute part is that Dick knows it and always admits that "ma" is right. They call each other "ma" and "pa."

Maybe that's a sign of being regular folks. That's what Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd call each other. There's a "far from Hollywood" couple. They never go to parties (yet, unlike Garbo, do not make a publicity fetish of it) live entirely to themselves, with the exception of a few old friends, and —when they take holidays on



She has gone Hollywood in a curious way.

(Right) Never will go Hollywood.





Irene Dunne has gone Hollywood in a very unusual way.



Garbo's gone Hollywood because she's been forced to.



He's changed from a quiet chap to a gay chap. Going Hollywood?

their boat as they are always doing—look like a couple of first class tramps. In this case it is Bill's wish. He has shown Dorothy what Hollywood can do to otherwise happily married people. And she has sense enough to see it, too.

DURING the recent fight with Warner Brothers, Jimmy Cagney was accused of self-importance. Who was right and who wrong in that front-page row isn't our problem now. The fact remains that Jimmy has made a definite effort not to go Hollywood and succeeded in his aim. He tries valiantly to keep up outside interests and his greatest fun is derived from sitting around with a few old cronies—none of whom are actors—settling the burning questions of the universe. Jimmy's determination to stay away from the sort of Hollywood life that takes all of one's outside time and means the wearing of the tall hat came about when a young actor—then riding the crest of the wave—gave Jimmy some advice. Said this young actor (and we'll just have to keep him nameless), "Jimmy, my boy, the only way to make a success in pictures is to play the social and political game—go to parties, get yourself seen, be personal friends and very palsy-walsy with all the big producers. That's what I do!"

Three months after these remarks were spoken, the young actor was let out at the studio and now he is flat broke and can't get a job on any of the lots. He played the political game just a little too hard.

Gene Raymond has had a tough time. He determined that he would choose his own friends and lead his own social life as he saw fit even if he were a citizen of the film city. Because he is young and attractive and single (rare in Hollywood) he was much in demand for parties. His refusal to go—except where he thought he would have a good time—has brought the term "high hat" upon him. He has tried to study, read and keep physically fit—and these things take time. He is making an effort to live in Hollywood as he lived in New York.

Joel McCrea, too, in a different way though, is living the life he always has. Curiously enough—and quite inadvertently—it was good business for Joel when he took all those glamorous and exciting women around to the best places. But Joel did it not for diplomatic reasons, merely out of choice—and I don't call that "going Hollywood."

Marie Dressler is certainly the same wherever she is. And Conrad Nagel has led exactly the same sort of life in Hollywood as he would have led had he stayed in his home town, Keokuk. Anywhere in the world he would be the town's most substantial citizen.

And now for a few of those who have gone Hollywood and eventually some on the doubtful list.

Garbo—oh please, dear public, don't throw that brick—has been made into a Hollywood product. Her desire to lead her own life and go about her personal business unmolested was, in the beginning, quite sincere. I know (for I was in the M-G-M publicity department at the time) that it was not a pre-arranged press agent stunt. In those days we wanted Garbo to grant interviews and she refused. But now the thing has gone far beyond that. I can only conclude that the recluse gag has now become a pose and Hollywood has got the Swedish flame.

FOR Marlene Dietrich the same thing goes. Those trousers that she wears to Levy's Tavern and the Brown Derby! Yes, honestly, men's trousers—made by a man's tailor! That is going Hollywood. And Jack Oakie has got to come under this head, too, because of his clothes.

Jack's a spritely, amusing lad and perhaps wearing a turtle neck sweater day in and day out makes the wearer feel comfortable—but it just isn't done in polite society and can only put the wearer in the exhibitionist class—or in the Hollywood class, the two words are almost interchangeable.

Irene Dunne, I'm afraid, almost without her knowing it, has gone Hollywood. She is a nice, charming girl but she gets mad as anything when you say so in print. I said it once—and I know. She is trying to give herself a colorful personality, trying to say spectacular things, (as witness a lot of the quotes in recent stories about her) trying, in other words, to change her personality. That's one of the symptoms of going Hollywood. But, mind you, it is not always a bad thing. I do not consider it a cutting accusation and oft-times it is necessary for one's screen success.

Lilyan Tashman—with her amazing wardrobe, her large and lavish parties, her flare for the dramatic—is a product of Hollywood. Lil is a delightful and amusing person but I sat and chatted with her once for an hour and during that time I counted and discovered that she used the words "why, it was simply too divine, my dear" at least once every minute.

Bob Montgomery, once a sensitive, finely attuned lad, has changed radically since he came to Hollywood. He is much more the "good time Charlie" than he was—he enjoys the society of other *(Continued on page 98)*

When Joan Blondell first met George Barnes she decided he was a grand person. Then she heard he was married! That upset her for a time until she learned that he was unhappily married and was separating from his wife. From then on Joan made up her mind to win George. Read how she did it! (Below) The two of them.



By MARTHA KERR



DON'T WAIT FOR HIM TO PROPOSE!

I CHASED George Barnes for two years. Finally the poor man was so weak and worn out that he gave himself up in Phoenix and we were married," said Joan Blondell, the modest little blushing bride.

"Well, maybe that's a slight exaggeration, but I knew I liked him the minute I saw him and I'm telling the truth when I say I didn't wait for him to propose. We knew that we were going to get married just as soon as we could (George's divorce was not yet final) and I don't know who did the proposing—but I think I did. With all the competition a girl has to do just that!"

And thus ends the Hollywood gossip, the "are they married?" or "are they not?" game that has been played ever since Joan was in "The Greeks Had a Name For Them." And just to prove that Joan isn't kidding about going out and getting her man I'm going to tell you the story of their romance.

Two years ago the Blondell girl was unhappy, nervous, excitable. She played wisecracking roles on the screen but in real life she was gloomy and melancholy. Then she got a part in "Greeks" and lots of people kept telling her, "Oh, you'll be crazy about the cameraman on that picture. Besides being a swell cameraman, he's a swell ladies' man." So you can't say Joan wasn't warned.

The first day on the picture she spotted George as he trained the camera on her. "So that's the ladies' man, is it?" said Joan to herself and turned a big Blondell smile in his direction. To George she was just another actress, so he didn't smile back. Didn't even notice her.

Later in the afternoon she was drinking a soda. She asked him if he wanted her to order him a bottle (See? Didn't I tell you she chased him?). George said "No." And Joan wondered, "What sort of a ladies' man is he?" But she knew right then and there that she liked him. Then somebody told her he was married and her heart did a couple of nip-ups. The next day she tried not to notice him. And then a friend of his asked her for a date. She accepted and sometime during that evening said very casually, "Tell me, is Mr. Barnes married?"

"No," said the friend, "he was, but he is getting a divorce." Right then her heart settled back in place.

In spite of her smiles on the set, George was impervious until one Friday when he asked (*Continued on page 102*)

I HAVE FOOLED FATE!

Bob Rose, the author of this article—yes, that's his picture immediately to the right—is one of the most famous stunt men in the movies. He worked in Bill Boyd's latest picture, "Lucky Devils," which deals with cinema stunters. Bob's reminiscences will make your hair stand on end.



By BOB ROSE

PLAYING with death, not writing, is my forte.

Though under various names I have thrilled millions of theatre-goers during the past decade and even before that, I was never in the spotlight until the picture executives called me in to collaborate on the story and be technical director for Bill Boyd's production, "Lucky Devils."

For the first time in my life I was asked to describe in detail the thousands of things I have done.

Stunt men, of which I am but one (though reputed to be the only all-around-stunt-man in the business) are cast in strange molds.

Thrills! Danger! The breath of a hovering death! The ecstasy of fooling fate! They are as life to us. Absolutely necessary to our existence.

A stunt accomplished is an appetite appeased. One is not eager to talk of it afterwards.

However, in response to the wave of popular interest aroused in "stunt men" by Boyd's film, which is built around the adventures of such a man,



As the train speeded toward the trestle the chasm seemed to be leaping up to me.

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

I'll try to tell you about a few of the risks I have taken.

"Stunting" is in the blood. One is apparently born with it.

I began my career as a jockey at the age of thirteen in Kentucky.

After two years of this I was seriously injured. The horse I was racing fell. Five others crashed on top in one of the most spectacular accidents of turf history.

I was carried home, crushed and broken, on a stretcher.

I shall never forget what my mother, with tears running down her cheeks, said:

"Bob, you must abandon this dangerous game. You may be killed. I insist you go into something that is safer."

Hardly had my bones healed when I was racing motorcycles, parachute jumping, leaping from airplane to airplane high in the air over carnivals, bull-dogging steers, riding broncs and doing all the other stunts required of men who specialize in producing thrills.

I do not wish to create the impression that stunt men rush about thumbing their noses at death. Far from it! There's no kick in retrospecting from beyond the grave.

Stunt men who are alive today are those who calculate every angle of a hazard before attempting it. Mistakes lead to fatalities. I learned that in my early days as a thrill-maker in one of the most dangerous feats I have ever attempted.

For Ruth Roland, in a picture released as "The Avenging Arrow," I leaped from a speeding freight train into a narrow stream, which roared along beneath a trestle, eighty feet above the water.

The day before I did the jump a man named Silvertip was killed attempting it. When the property man handed me the garments I was to wear they were covered with dark spots . . . blood. He expected me to wear the clothes of the man who had been killed!

IT gave my nerves a tremendous shock. I refused to work until they were cleaned and believe me, the incident caused me to check and double check my chances.

The outfit was hurriedly cleaned and I was soon aboard the train. As it speeded toward the trestle the chasm seemed leaping upward to devour me. I smelled of cleaning fluid and found myself fighting down the thought that I was in a dead man's shoes. *(Continued on page 106)*



What ever became of CONWAY TEARLE?



The amazing story of a man who admits he was "kicked out of Hollywood"

By KATHERINE ALBERT

I DIDN'T leave pictures. I was kicked out!

"I don't feel bitter about Hollywood—I *hate* it and feel contempt for it and all the stupid people in it!

"For three and a half years I could get no work. I literally did not have enough money to feed my dog—and once I had been paid $3500 a week."

Thus Conway Tearle, whose sudden disappearance from the screen you've probably wondered about! Thus Conway Tearle, who for nine years ("I gave pictures the nine best years of my life," he says) was a top notch leading man and star!

And now suddenly after you have been asking occasionally "I wonder what ever became of Conway Tearle?" he bobs up in the hit show of Broadway, "Dinner at Eight" in a part that makes your hair stand on end. I don't mean that the role is Boris Karloff-ish. It has another—and more ironic—sort of ghoulishness. In "Dinner at Eight" Conway Tearle plays—and plays magnificently, too—the role of a broken-down motion picture actor, not young any more, absolutely without money but still desperately hanging on. The part is so much like Tearle's own life (except for the fact that the play character is a drunkard and Tearle was never that) that when, upon the stage, he carefully puts coats and rugs around the doors and windows preparatory to taking gas and committing suicide you have the feeling that here before you is not a fine actor playing a part but Conway Tearle himself—Conway, once a matinée idol—Conway, adored by hundred of fans—that here is Conway Tearle committing suicide before your very eyes and from your seat in the theatre you want to leap up and stop him. He plays it just that well and the part is written just that well. But in this part, which took no little courage for him to attempt, since it is so close a parallel to his own life, he is the hit of Broadway!

So now you know what has become of Conway Tearle. But there's more to the story than that. What happened to him between the time he dropped out of pictures—"kicked out" as he prefers to say—and now, when he is again the great actor?

You must understand a little of the mechanics of Hollywood to know what happened to Tearle. He was never under contract—always a free lance player. Conway was paid for every week he worked, unlike the "stock" actors under contract, and since this was so he objected to working on Sundays, late at nights, etc. He voiced his objections. Added to this he thought he had the right to make suggestions about the playing of a part. After all, he figured, there were ten generations of trouper tradition behind him. Thus—because he did not always say "yes" in Hollywood (his own version again)—he acquired the reputation of being an outlaw, a radical and a trouble maker. And, after nine years of picture making, discovered that he was no longer wanted in the studios.

WHEN he found that no parts were forthcoming he asked the reason and was told that if he would wait around for awhile he would be given work. He waited—three and a half years. And in that time his money dwindled, his hate grew and his contempt became greater. "Give me anything to do," he begged, "so that I can have a living wage. I haven't the money to buy a piece of cheap meat for my dog."

For three and a half years he waited. And then came the talkies. "Ah," thought Conway, "here is my chance again. Talkies will demand stage actors—people who know how to read lines." And still there was no demand for Tearle.

"They've forgotten you," the producers told him. "The public has forgotten you."

He declared himself willing to do anything. He had to, to eat and, at a salary so small that he is ashamed to tell it, he made serials and "quickies," hating every single minute of it. *(Continued on page 109)*

THE FIRST OF A SERIES REVEALING THE DESTINIES OF FORMER FAVORITES

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



RICHARD ARLEN AT HIS FIRST "PICKFAIR" PARTY DISCOVERED HE HAD ATTACHED HIS SUSPENDERS ONLY IN THE BACK WHEN HE DRESSED.



RUTH CHATTERTON IS THE ONLY LIVING WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN IN THE DUNGEONS OF SANTÉ PRISON, OLDEST IN FRANCE.

THE GUARDS WEAR 16TH CENTURY UNIFORMS, WITH BAYONETS ALWAYS FIXED.



LESLIE HOWARD REFUSES TO DRINK TEA IF THERE IS A SINGLE LEAF IN THE CUP... IT REMINDS HIM OF SPINACH.



LIKE JOHN BARRYMORE, GARY COOPER USED TO DRAW CARTOONS FOR A NEWSPAPER.



NORMA SHEARER ONCE HAD TO WEAR HOME-MADE CARDBOARD INNER-SOLES TO KEEP HER FEET DRY.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD THINKS OF TECHNO



He's no Technocrat.



Not in favor of it.



Doubtful of it.



All for it.



"Clothes?"

Technocracy is causing a terrific amount of discussion everywhere. Famous names in the world of finance and business disagree as to its worth. In a few words, technocracy is a scientific method of using machines and inventions to promote the ease and luxury of the whole people rather than allow machines (labor savers) to throttle our economic life. The Technocrats tell us:

"Turn over the entire machinery of government to us. We shall run it on scientific principles and in return you will be required to work but four hours a day . . . four days a week . . . ten months each year (between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five), for which every worker will receive the equivalent of $20,000.00 per year to spend! ALL of the income must be spent . . . none saved or invested! Everyone shall merely be doing his small share toward keeping the machines working . . . the rest of the time will be spent in ease!"

That, briefly is the plan which is the basis of Technocracy.

By JOHN J. BARRETT

WELL, what do you think of that? How do you like the idea of the equivalent of $20,000.00 a year to spend? And instead of working eight (or more) hours a day, six days a week—think of the fun you might be having under this new scheme!

Of course, there is the usual thorn in *this* deal as there *always* has been in other theories—it appears that we must sign a twenty-year agreement with the Technocratic government to labor for the common benefit during that time. Does this mean that we shall lose our personal liberty? Would we be satisfied to be without ambition with regard to money? Twenty thousand every year is a lot of money . . . but is it your goal? Do you have hopes that you *might* be able to make more if you were left alone?

So what of Hollywood—and the movie stars? Many of them have been working years to achieve money success! Does the thought of receiving $20,000.00 a year thrill *them?* Do they find Technocracy workable, or do they consider it another fad? Since the ambition for *money* will be lost, what would Hollywood substitute in its place? The answers to these and many other questions would take volumes to discuss, so we limited our questions to a single query: "What do you think of Technocracy?" We have included some of the biggest (and some of the smallest) cogs in the movie machinery. Make up *your* mind first . . . then compare *your* answer with those favorites of yours in Hollywood!

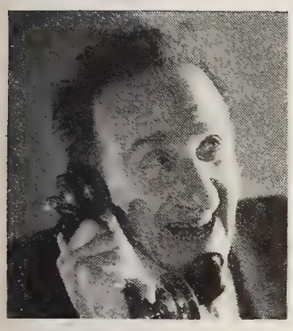
This story really starts at Pickfair. Mary and Doug are giving a huge party. Off in a secluded corner we find Doug., Jr., discussing Technocracy with Charlie Chaplin:

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.: "I've read everything I could get my hands on about the subject. I don't think it will work! My reason? Well, Technocracy, to me, seems to be a *leveling* of humanity—which I consider impossible! These things always look *great* on paper . . . but when they are tried out on human beings they generally fail. My hunch is that there has to be a change . . . but I look for it to be toward the return of the monarchy! Still, if Technocracy *comes* . . . put me down as an actor!"

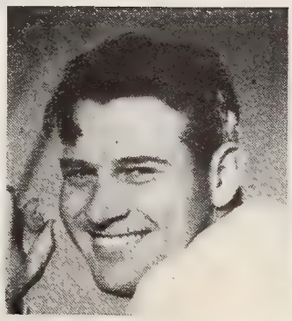
AFTER a half hour discussion of the subject, Young Doug called his father over and asked him what *his* thoughts were! Doug

. . . Everyone is interested in Technocracy. Many people think it just the thing to save the world from complete chaos. Others believe it would bring bitter unhappiness. See what Hollywood thinks about it. Do you agree with your favorite player's opinion?

CRACY . . . !



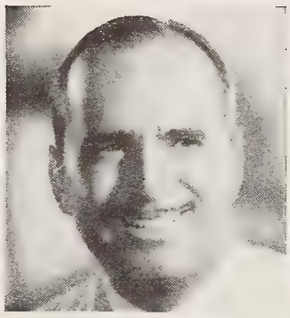
"Am I sore?"



What about ambition?



What of savings?



For the greatest good?



Thinks it won't work.

pointed at his son (while looking at me) and said:

Fairbanks, Sr.: "I don't know any more about it than *he* does! I am probably the only incurable optimist in Hollywood—somehow, I have a strong hunch everything will be all right! If Technocracy will be the greatest *good* for the greatest *number* . . . I'm for it!"

Charlie Chaplin: "I have had the advantage of a close study of the Five Year Plan in Russia. Technocracy is vastly different . . . but I doubt if it has any better chance of succeeding! The rest of the world would suffer tremendously if this country should decide to try the new theory . . . they all depend upon us to such a great extent. My personal theory is that there is a vast change coming . . . I am sure that within three years the world will be in a new and startling civilization—I hope it will be akin to the life lived on the Island of Bali in the South Pacific, a sort of Utopia where jealousy is absolutely unknown!"

Jack Oakie: "What? After me saving my dough all these years . . . they are going to make a law against it? It's a lot of hooey! Say, what's to prevent a lot of these mugs 'dogging it' . . . I'll bet there will be more bums then than there ever have been in history! What would be the sense of working your head off . . . it won't mean a thing!"

Lee Tracy: "Most everyone who is making more than $20,000.00 a year now seems to be against this new idea . . . but not me! Most of them say: 'It will stifle ambition!' *What* ambition? Money ambition, that's all! There will still be plenty of other things to get ambitious about: artistic achievement, for one! You can't *measure* that, so there will be no way of telling a person he can't accumulate all he wants of that! It's just a question if this theory is the *one!*"

Harold Lloyd (cabled): "I have much the same sentiments as those expressed by Al Smith: 'We've all had a marvelous opportunity to see what happens to this country when it is being run by an engineer! If you like that way of doing things . . . be ready for more of the same!"

(Will Rogers ran through a STOP signal and was approached by the traffic cop with his book in hand. The cop asked for statistics.)

Will Rogers: "So you want statistics, eh? Well, son, I ain't one of them there *Technocrats* . . . I'm just plain old *Democrat!* I don't know nothing about statistics!" (P. S. The cop let him go!)

Jean Harlow: "It's so difficult for me to *picture* what living would be like under those conditions! It really makes me dizzy, just *thinking* about it! Matter of fact, I'm happy the way things are—but if all the people could be made more happy by this new theory I think it should be given a trial! What about the clothes? Will they all be the same? I like to wear things a bit different than everyone else has . . . gee, maybe it wouldn't be so good after all!"

Rosie, Secretary M-G-M: "Say, how much a *week* is $20,000.00 a year? Four hundred dollars? Boy, howdy, *I'm* for it in a big way! Would I be in heaven then, or *not?*"

C. B. DeMille: "I have made a hasty study of the subject, but I don't feel prepared to make a statement! It's too big a thing to be taken lightly! Technocracy should neither be accepted nor rejected by *anyone* . . . until each has made a most thorough study of the theory as well as the probable *results* of that theory!"

Newsboy at the Brown Derby: "Twenty thousand bucks a year? An' only work from the time I'm twenty-five 'til I'm forty-five? YOWZER! And how yowzer! Jeeze, I don't see where I'm ever goin' to be makin' no twenty grand a year . . . I'm for the deal, smack off!"

Gary Cooper: "It sounds like some form (*Continued on page 79*)

WHY DIETRICH WEARS TROUSERS

. . . Marlene's reasons as to why she has been appearing in public in trousers tailored in regular masculine style

By JEAN CUMMINGS



International

Here is the famous beauty in smart tuxedo and trousers and felt hat—all made in the most masculine fashion. As a matter of fact, a man's tailor did them for Marlene. Maurice Chevalier was highly appreciative of Marlene's appearance. We can't blame him.

SEEN at the opening of "The Sign of the Cross" in a man's tuxedo, Marlene Dietrich topped the entire evening! Maurice Chevalier, who spent the intermission with the German star, seemed positively envious of the perfect cut of Marlene's mannish coat!"

The above item, in a Hollywood paper, brings Marlene Dietrich's "trouser season" to a climax. Besides Chevalier, most of the men at the theater cast longing glances at the beautiful, blond gal who stood, hands in pockets of the most perfectly fitting tuxedo in town!

True, trousers are nothing new to Dietrich! She has been wearing them for months around Hollywood. Worn them so *often,* in fact, that there is grave doubt in the minds of many onlookers that she even *owns* a dress now! Worn them in spite of the fact that almost every writer in Hollywood has twitted her. Hollywood doesn't like it! Says so—and means it! Still, Dietrich goes on wearing her trousers.

Why?

Almost everyone in the colony has put forth at least one answer to the question . . . but until now, no one has thought to ask the lady herself! Here is Marlene's own answer—told quite matter-of-factly and without pose:

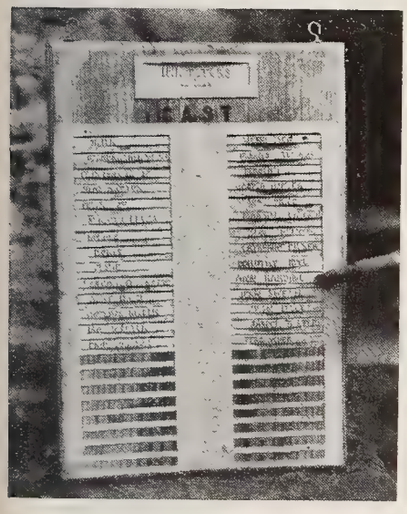
I WEAR trousers for the reason that they are more comfortable!" smiled Dietrich (who at the moment was wearing gray flannels). "One can slip into a pair of trousers in two minutes, even without the aid of a mirror, and lounge around in perfect ease. The men's shirts and coats that I wear are also more comfortable than most any dress I have ever worn. I wouldn't advise *every* woman to wear trousers, however, because they don't fit every figure . . . my shoulders are wide like a pair of masculine shoulders!"

Before Marlene continued, I noticed that while she was wearing a suit, she wore no vest! A striped shirt with a broad, black four-in-hand tie. Silk sox and low-heeled shoes! A small beret, worn over one eye, completed the ensemble.

"Trousers and masculine clothes make me appear *more* feminine than dresses do!" Marlene went on, crossing her feet as she leaned against the door of her dressing room while lighting a cigarette. "I think you will agree, that certain types of women look well in masculine clothes . . . even better than they do in frills and laces! I always wear plenty of flowing gowns in my pictures, but in real life a man's suit makes me feel (*Continued on page 113*)







(Above, left) Inside the Hedgerow Theater with Ann and Deeter in "The Inheritors." (Above, right) Ann and Jasper Deeter, founder of Hedgerow. (Left) Ann didn't get stellar billing. See? She's tenth on the list.

ANN HARDING'S HIDEAWAY

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS

The unusual answer to Ann's sudden and unexpected disappearance from Hollywood

BELIEVE it or not, as this is being written, Ann Harding is playing in person on the stage of an obscure countryside theater some twenty miles to the westward of Philadelphia.

She is not even billed as a star. Her name, in ordinary type, appears on the cast sheet tenth from the top in the list of local talent. Just another trouper.

On the morning I saw her, she was sitting on the rough stone steps of the theater, talking to a girl in overalls who was a stage carpenter, and a high school boy in knickers, the official ticket taker.

She was wearing a faded leather jacket, an old tweed skirt and low-heeled elkskin sport shoes. The only touch of Hollywood in her ensemble was one of those gay red Javanese scarves—they sell them along the Boulevard—knotted loosely about her throat.

She was just having lunch, a pint bottle of milk which she was drinking through a straw, and a five-cent box of raisins from the country store.

And she looked really happy.

In last month's MODERN SCREEN, you read about the spot she is in. The rumors following her divorce; dissension at the studio.

Then, just when everybody was wondering what Ann would do about it, she dropped out of sight.

Rumors flew thicker than ever. She was rushing back for a reconciliation with Harry Bannister. She was returning to the Broadway stage. This and that.

And all the while, quite without benefit of headlines, although she made no attempt to keep it secret, she was playing as one of the cast at the Hedgerow Theater in Rose Valley, Pa., working like a dog, just for the love of it.

She was doing it for the good of her soul—and Jasper Deeter.

JASPER DEETER is the Hedgerow impresario. One night some ten years ago he was conducting a tryout backstage at the Provincetown Playhouse when a slim, earnest girl in a blue tailored (*Continued on page 78*)



WILL HE BE THE GREATEST SCREEN LOVER?

. . . This famous author, who has contributed a number of brilliant features to Modern Screen, believes that Herbert Marshall may be the greatest film lover

By ELINOR GLYN

DO you want to hear about the latest screen hero, Herbert Marshall, from someone who knows him? Well listen, then.

I shall tell you what he looks like first. He is tall and well made, and his clothes are exactly right. He has a quaint face, not a bit handsome, but full of charm. There is a suggestion of something faintly Chinese about it—perhaps because it looks wise and slightly mysterious. His eyes are not magnificently enormous as screen stars' eyes are supposed to be. They are simply large brown eyes, but they are full of meaning. The plaintive set of his eyebrows gives them much of their charm.

Then there is his voice. When he sits and talks to you his voice has all those enchanting tones in it that you hear on the screen, all the whimsical sophistication, the wistfulness, the astonishing note of sincerity. He has none of that absurd "refained" pronunciation which makes some second-rate English voices the laughing stock of all other countries. He might have graduated at Harvard or at Oxford—you could not tell which, for he speaks just the perfect, simple English which the cultivated people in both countries speak alike.

He came to have tea with me this afternoon—yes, tea, not the suspicion of a cocktail! Aren't we old-fashioned still? But there is always something romantic about tea in the firelight on a winter evening, with nice Dresden cups, and a steaming silver kettle, and softly shaded lamps. It is cosy, and draws out confidences. And I can assure you that Herbert Marshall is a very interesting person to share confidences with.

YOU all know his charm upon the screen, the wistful appeal of his eyes and voice, yet with the suggestion of strength and sophistication behind. Well, he has all that off the screen, and more, for you feel his personal magnetism as well.

The strongest impression that you get is that he is really genuine—he is not putting over anything on you. He is perfectly unselfconscious and quite indifferent as to the effect he is producing on you. This delightful unselfconsciousness is the most potent charm a man can have, and the rarest. Of all the film stars that I can think of at the moment, Gary Cooper is the only one who shares it with Herbert Marshall.

Another thing which strikes you is the sensitiveness of his character. He grasps the finest shades of meaning at once, and has a whimsical sense of humor.

He interested me today by telling me of his first job. When his school days were over he went to work in the office of a chartered accountant, meaning to take up this profession. Who knows, perhaps this early discipline has helped to give him the poise and self-control which are part of his charm. But needless to say he simply detested it! It would scarcely appeal to a real artist of his type to sit all day counting up dull figures, and one wonders at the strange twist that made him start on such a career, for his father was an actor, and evidently acting was in his blood. Perhaps it was the effect of an English public school education, which in the past used to instill the idea that acting was not a "man's job."

HOWEVER that may be, he insists that his efforts at accountancy were a terrible failure, and that he was finally dismissed for incompetence! This was just before the War, and any doubts as to his capacity to take on a "man's job" which his acting talent might suggest to old-fashioned prejudice were destined to be set forever at rest. He joined up at once and went to France, and his war record, as you have probably heard, is splendid. He was at length terribly wounded, and struggled through long months of pain, between life and death.

"It seemed bad at the time, but it gave me time to think and read," he said.

Perhaps these months of suffering are the secret of his sympathy and his sincerity. So few men know the reality of pain as women know it.

Then finally, when he did get well at last, the problem of what career he should follow arose once more. Someone suggested that he might get the job of manager to a traveling theatrical company. He still thought that anything to do with acting was boring, but as nothing else presented itself, he took the post, and thus gained experience of the stage. And then suddenly he knew that he must be an actor himself after all!

I remember so well seeing him in what must have been almost his first big part, in a play of Lonsdale's. He was immediately hailed as the one young man on the English stage with real personality who could act the part of a man of the world with perfect naturalness.

For that is what he suggests—complete knowledge of the world. There is nothing of the sweet Home-town Billy, with the golden heart hidden under the most uncouth manners, about Herbert Marshall. You could never think of him preferring his dinner in his shirt-sleeves, could you? Or kissing you while smoking a rank cigar! You could

not imagine him clearing his throat or spitting into a spittoon—or getting drunk and incoherent or demanding caresses in a thick, tipsy voice. No! Thank the Spirits of Delight, he gives the imagination the vision of refined things, which make passion immortal.

The thing that touches the hearts of women is that he is the very essence of *romance,* and he creates this atmosphere whatever his part. Even in a light "opera-bouffe" such as "Trouble in Paradise" it is impossible to watch his love scenes without emotion. As when a favorite tune is heard, his voice seems to open the door to romantic memory or imagination. Instantly you feel that love is real, that it is not just sex-excitement. You realize that there is tenderness and sacrifice in it. You feel moved, and elevated.

And all this has a reason. It is because in this type of man love is a real thing, not a pastime. His personal life is filled with romance. It is not merely on the screen.

EDNA BEST is a rather rare person. She has the same wistfulness in her eyes as her husband, and the same tenderness and understanding. She is a most charming actress.

Perhaps theirs was love at first sight—at all events it seems to be essentially real. The type that Herbert Marshall represents so finely is the faithful type, that is why he brings back to the numbed senses of millions of women an understanding of what true love means. It is not just traffic in flesh and ephemeral passion, nor yet day-in, day-out, humdrum brotherliness. But such people are difficult to please, and the woman must be refined and exquisite to satisfy so fastidious a lover; but having none of the vanity which demands scalps, when a woman does come up to his ideal, he is content to remain faithful.

I asked him why he thought that the romance between them had lasted.

"It is because we follow inclination, not convention. For instance, we breakfast within call, but not habitually or necessarily together."

I understood what he meant. It is because there is none of that over-familiarity which is the subconscious reason of nearly every disillusionment. Some women keep men faithful by being good cooks and good housekeepers, others by satisfying their animal instincts, but the only lasting lure is to keep alight the lamp of romance.

When I ventured to say something about the rumors which have been flying about of a gift from the stork, I saw at once that this subject is sacred, and means deep things to this attractive man. It is in keeping with his whole character that it should. His strong, sensitive hands clasped firmly, and I determined to pry no more.

Women fans—my advice to you, when you look at Herbert Marshall on the screen, is to let him bring back into your hearts the knowledge that romantic love is a reality, that that voice with its appealing tones of tenderness and sincerity is real. Imagination is the gift of the gods to human beings to console them for the pains of reality. And Herbert Marshall gives us a thrill when we see him on the screen because he allows our imaginations full scope.

Herbert Marshall will be, perhaps, the greatest screen lover we have yet seen, because he satisfies that subconscious and often agonized longing in all women for romance.

As I talked to this man today in my peaceful sitting-room I thought again how like he is to the type of hero I have always drawn in my books—chivalrous, masterful, courteous, and most loving. I personally am glad that he has gone to the screen, if for no other reason than to demonstrate to the world my ideal of a hero who can make love as all sensitive women would wish.

Now you may think this is the portrait of a too perfect being. Well, he may have lots of faults—but they don't show, and I have no inclination to dig them out!



Of his performance in "Trouble in Paradise," (above) with Miriam Hopkins, Elinor Glyn says: "Even in a light 'opera-buffe' such as 'Trouble in Paradise,' it is impossible to watch his love scenes without emotion . . . you feel moved and elevated."



(Above) With Sari Maritza in "Evenings for Sale." (Below) With his wife, Edna Best. Giving a reason for the length of time their romance has lasted, he said: "It is because we follow inclination, not convention." They have kept their illusions.



Wide World

THE ROVING CAMERA



(Left) Phillips Holmes, pipe and all, takes a stroll down Hollywood Boulevard. Phil looks better than he has for some time. Watch for him in "Madame Blanche" with Irene Dunne, and in "Men Must Fight." (Right) Jeanette MacDonald and Lili Damita, also snapped on the Boulevard.



J. B. Scott

J. B. Scott





(Above) Gary Cooper gave a grand informal party recently. There he is, being the host, with Lil Tashman and Doug Fairbanks. (Below) Charlie Farrell and Gwyn Williams.

(Above) John Mack Brown and Fay Wray. (Below) Leslie Howard, Norma Shearer, Gary again, Elsa Maxwell from New York, and Lionel Barrymore—all very clubby.





THE WOMAN WHO CAN'T FORGET!

TALA INVARIABLY LOOKS SAD. HARDLY EVER SMILES. THERE'S A REASON

By HARRIET MARSH

HAVE you ever seen a photograph of Tala Birell smiling? I never have. And here, in Hollywood, she is often spoken of as "the woman who never smiles." She is the most dour lady in filmland.

She walks about the Universal Studio, where she works, with a sad and solemn expression on her face. She greets her friends—of which she has comparatively few in America—with reserve and dignity.

If you watched her carefully in "Nagana" and tried to read the truth behind those intense, sombre eyes, you must have wondered, as I have wondered, what is the secret of her sadness.

And now that I have learned the secret, I must tell you.

Although Tala Birell is a typical Viennese and lived there most of her life, she was born in Bucharest, Roumania, of an Austrian father and a Polish mother, and was in that city when the Austrian Archduke was killed at Sarajevo. She was only five years old at the time but it was the beginning of an existence darkened by clouds of war and its attendant human suffering that years of clear skies have never and perhaps can never blot out.



(Above) Tala Birell and Melvyn Douglas in "Nagana." Although Tala has a good contract and apparently everything she wants in life she still remains sad. Can't she ever forget the sorrows of her early life?

There are people who can forget the agony of earlier years. Tala is not one of those. The rich blood that flows in her veins gives her the heritage of deep feeling that cannot throw aside lightly the pain caused by years of witnessing pain. Hers is the age-old spirit of the Danube which flows through the country of her nativity and the city she so much loves, Vienna. It is a spirit which somehow senses past glories and can never forget the turmoil which has wiped them out.

SHE was only seven when she huddled, frightened, in a dark corner of the family mansion in Bucharest while her father, a wealthy oil man, was dragged away by government agents. For days, she shared the despair of the household.

What would they do to him, this kindly man who had seen to their every comfort and who had never harmed anyone? Would the fortunes of war deprive them of him? She remembers still the intense anxiety of those days. At last, one day, there was great rejoicing in the mansion. Her father was brought back. She remembers hearing his deep voice explaining what was going to happen.

Because of his wealth and position and influence, he had been able to arrange an opportunity to escape. "But it is going to mean giving this all up," she remembers his saying. "We must accustom ourselves to do without luxury and comfort. Our days of calm happiness are over."

Then it was learned that the Austrian border was closed and that they would have to travel through enemy country, Russia, in a special embassy train.

What an experience that was for this kindly group of Austrians. Young as she was, Tala will never forget it. There is painted upon her mind the pathetic sight of Russian boys, some of them only thirteen years old, *in uniform*—crowding around the railway stations awaiting orders from the Czar. Orders that would catapult them into the horrors and slime of war. Remembering, Tala's heart is heavy with the realization of what dreadful things man can do to man.

But then, with the spirit of hatred and war-fury rising like a stench all about her, little Tala did not know the difference between friend and foe. She was soon to learn. Once she waved her hands at some of the Russian boys who watched them menacingly from the station platform. They seemed so young and so unhappy. Suddenly there was a furious clattering and crashing all about her. A great shower of rocks was hurled at them, some of the missiles breaking the windows of the train and narrowly missing the occupants. Tala heard vicious, bitter curses in Russian bombarding her young ears. And she could not understand why she was so hated, when she was trying to be so friendly.

Then, at last, Vienna. Vienna seething with war, a sweet, kind people suddenly obsessed with thoughts of



Photograph by Freulich

bloodshed and horror. Her father had been right. Their days of calm happiness were over. Luxury, comfort they had left behind them.

Now they were denied even the necessities. Tala remembers the cold, angry winter which forced the family to wrap themselves in what blankets and coats they had and huddle together to keep warm. She remembers asking once, plaintively, "Why can't we have enough to eat? I am so hungry."

And she was answered: "We cannot let the troops starve."

And, as for the cold . . . well, all the available fuel was needed for the war.

Some people who lived through those ugly days of war have put the memories out of their minds. But Tala can't forget.

And then, after the war, she remembers Vienna, a saddened and pitiful place. All the pomp and glory, which takes money, was swept away. All Vienna's citizens breathed the tragedy that had fallen across the city. Lovely Schoenbrunn, once the proud palace of the emperor, had become little more than a museum. In the Prater, the city's lovely park, where the people used to find so much happiness in their light-hearted jollity, only a pitiful shell of merry-making remained. The glories of the great Ring Strasse were over. And the lilting waltzes, singing the praises of the beautiful Danube or of the charming city itself, now seemed sad in the ears of the listeners in the half-empty cafés and awoke acute nostalgia where formerly there had been pride and happiness.

A friend of mine, recently returned from Europe, said, "Vienna is dying — but it is dying so beautifully." That expresses the spirit of the city—a spirit that is now somehow reflected in the face of this woman who can't forget!

PERHAPS you know how Tala first thought of studying at an agricultural college, how she found that she had a voice and decided to study singing instead. Now the great Reinhardt saw her in a small bit in the Berlin stage production of "Madame Pompadour" and gave her the leading role in "Es liegt in der Luft." And while Tala was playing the part in Vienna, Reinhardt's Berlin company offered, in the same part, Marlene Dietrich! Then Dupont saw Tala and introduced her to the European film audiences. And now it is Universal's turn. Although big things are planned for her, you will not find her overcome with joy or exuberant with abundant, gay spirits. And you will know why. Like Garbo, she wears the tragic mask, conducts herself with reserve and dignity. I remember that when Garbo came to this country she was eternally amazed at the happy, smiling faces she saw here. And, sensing the same thing, Tala says, "Every person you meet always says, 'I feel great' when you ask him how he is. And the poor man may be suffering much. But he always says, 'I feel great!' In Europe we say, 'I do not feel so good' if we don't. Perhaps we are more honest but the American way is much more pleasant."

No, Tala Birell will not pretend that she has forgotten. She will not pretend she is happy. But I hope that someday she will forget—and learn to smile.

THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF GARY COOPER

By WALTER RAMSEY



(Above) Gary at two-and-a-half, all dressed up. Like the hat? (Below, top picture) That's Gary on the left. Visiting the old swimmin' hole with his older brother and two friends. (Lower picture) Gary at twelve—in England, with some relatives.





Here's the story of Gary Cooper's life as it really happened. Not the story of a Hollywood Don Juan—the much-publicized hero of glamorous love affairs. Not the story of a movie actor with a palatial home and a foreign car. But the story of a very real, very likeable American chap who grew up on a ranch in Montana, having as many thrilling adventures as Tom Sawyer. And who, when he grew up, happened into a career as a movie actor

—The Editor

THE Adventurous Life of Gary Cooper began the day of his birth, May 7, 1902, in a small hospital in Helena, Montana. So slender was the thread of his existence that for the first two or three years Judge and Mrs. Charles Cooper were torn between being amazed, and then frightened, at his sudden strength and following relapses. It was just a toss-up whether Gary would pull through at all. But when he had successfully passed through all the children's diseases—the measles, the mumps, the chicken pox and a few more during his fifth and sixth years, his parents drew their first easy breath. If Gary could weather all that at once, maybe he could stand anything!

From the moment Gary was old enough to gaze out upon the world, which at that time was his father's thousand-acre ranch located sixty miles from Helena, he knew life as a struggle . . . and a hard one! He knew the hardships endured by his father and the ranch hands

Gary had all the grand adventures every American child envies



There's Gary as a baby—about six months old. He looks chubby enough, but as a matter of fact, Coop had a pretty bad time for the first few years of his life. He caught all the children's diseases just as fast as he could. Kept poor Mrs. Cooper nearly frantic.



At three. Wearing his favorite costume and indulging in his favorite pastime—fishing. Dad Cooper's Montana ranch was a perfect small boy's paradise. When Gary was a bit older, Mrs. Cooper used to let him and his brother go out on two or three day trips.

to protect the crops and cattle from the ravages of the howling, destructive weather. He learned early the amazing fight of every living thing against Nature itself. For this reason, nothing in life . . . nothing that can happen to him . . . including movie glory and the ease of Hollywood, will ever be *safe* to Coop!

"It is when my life is apparently moving the calmest and the quietest that I really begin to worry!" Gary says.

His first real experience with Nature-on-a-rampage came when Gary was about six. The various illnesses which the youngest Cooper had combated had left him rather weak and Judge Cooper decided that he should spend the spring and summer on the ranch. Father couldn't get away, but mother and the two boys (Gary's brother was six years older) could have a great time out in the country. Besides, there would be Old Andy, the foreman, and a couple of cow hands to watch over them.

THE ranch was situated in a canyon with the Missouri River flowing about two hundred and fifty feet in front of the ranch house. Just across the river were the tracks of the railroad. Directly behind the house were the foothills of the eight thousand foot peaks that ranged and towered above them. Forty miles up the river was a dam that backed up a huge lake of water. Gary and his brother had spent quite some time pleading with their mother for permission to hike to the dam, but in the end she convinced them that forty miles was a bit too much for such young hikers. The boys immediately looked around for a new idea. How about putting up tents a ways from the house and living there? Mrs. Cooper finally agreed to this plan.

The first night of their "camping out," Gary was awakened from a sound sleep by a loud swishing noise. The dog had started to howl, too. The combination of howling, swishing and whining frightened little Coop and he called for his mother. "Go back to sleep," advised Mrs. Cooper, "it is nothing but the wind in the trees."

"Wow!" exclaimed Gary in reporting the incident. "You should have seen what *we* saw when we walked from our tents the next morning! *The Missouri River was just ten feet from the flaps of our tents!* The dam had broken and water was everywhere. Lucky for us we had pitched camp on the slope of the hill—or I wouldn't be here to tell you about it. The swishing I had heard during the night had been the furious onrush of the pent up water from the broken dam. And you should have seen the weird sights the destructive water had left behind! A large house had floated right up to our ranch house and stopped against a boulder—haystacks with chickens perched on them were floating down the stream—our own little cottonwood grove was entirely submerged. The railroad train, we learned later, had started down the line to warn all the ranches, but had been forced to stop before it got as far as our place. The rails were twisted and washed out across from us with some of the rails wrapped around large stones. What a sight!

"I suppose my brother and I were the only ones who really enjoyed the catastrophe. When the waters receded, we would walk through the fields barefooted and the mud oozing through our toes felt swell. The flood left thousands of fish in little ponds everywhere and we caught them by the handsful. I rescued a one-eyed dog out of the wreckage and he was my inseparable pal for years.

Those early days on his father's ranch—boy! they were fun!





(Above) Taken in Bath, England. His grandmother and uncle are with him. (Left) With his mother and father. (Below) In the top picture, with Buddy Rogers and Dick Arlen in "Wings" and below that, with Vilma Banky in "Barbara Worth."





"They had temporary tracks laid in about three weeks and the trains were about to start again—when it started to rain! And *how* it rained . . . for twenty-eight days and nights without a stop! The days were so dark that we had to keep the lamps burning. The river started mounting again; bridges were completely washed away and we were as marooned as though we had been on a desert island. Mother was terribly worried because she couldn't get a single word to father, back in Helena, concerning our safety—and father, we later learned, was on the verge of insanity because he could learn nothing concerning us. The more dangerous our situation became, in those days of darkness and nights of storm and disaster, the better I liked it!

AS though the ravages of the flood and rain were not enough, another very real danger was dumped right at our doorstep. The moment the rain ceased, the railroad shipped one hundred and fifty immigrant Turks into our territory to help with the new roadbed. Of course, they *had* to be dumped right near our property with only enough box cars to house half of them! The Turks were big and illiterate . . . still wearing the fez and sash of their home country. Each had a curved knife carefully concealed at the waist. After about two nights of sleeping on the damp ground in the open, those who had no cars to stay in got mighty well out of hand. It rained a bit the third night—and at dawn, seventy-five Turks went on the warpath.

"We were awakened just as it began to show light, and looking out the front windows of the ranch house we saw this horde of murderous looking men rallied in a

How young Master Gary had an English accent thrust upon him



The young man is growing up—on the left. Taken after his return from school in England. How those Montana pals of his did whoop at his English duds and English accent! It seems there was a little private session behind the barn—after which the English accent became suddenly Americanized.



Gary at twenty—just about the time he was trying to astound the world as a cartoonist. And just before that very frank Western producer said, "I don't want an actor—I want a guy who can manage a horse" and gave Gary his start on the Hollywood road. Like Gary's hair brushed back that way?

muttering, protesting body—right in our front yard! They were mad . . . we didn't need an interpreter to know that they wanted the warmth and protection of our ranch house. They would spit toward the house and shake their fists at the windows where our little group was clustered. One of the cow hands (who could drive nails with a six-shooter) got a little burned up and was all for letting them have it. Mother stopped him and for her judgment we can all thank God.

"While the men had their backs turned, mother suddenly threw her shawl over her shoulders and stepped out the door—right into the midst of all those dirty beggars. They were so surprised that they ceased muttering—nor did they make any effort or gesture of defiance. Our boys covered mother from the windows with their guns.

"Mother said: 'This is private property—but if you are cold you may sleep in the barns. The boys will build a fire for you there.' So gently did she speak to them that those seventy-five Turks turned and quietly followed her to the barns. I shall never forget that picture of my mother walking resolutely and unafraid among those cutthroats . . . swinging her lantern for light against the coming of a dark day. To me, she seemed a figure far braver than the glamorous heroes in the stories she read to us!

"From that time on, the Turks were quite friendly. When, about a year and a half later, there were only a few of them left on the section gang, I was very pally with them. The reason I saw them so often was the fact that there was a cold spring back of the ranch house in the trees and into this the Turks always put their bottles of beer for cooling. Late every evening they would come over to the spring and, after building a fire, sit in a large circle and drink beer. One Sunday afternoon, I wandered down to the spring to find out what all the noise could be. There were the Turks having a beer bust. They all offered me a bottle and finally I drank one. Eight-and-a-half years old . . . and a full quart of beer!

"I shall never forget the look on mother's face as she watched her young son stagger and reel up the path from the spring to the house. I can't recall whether she spanked me or sent me to bed . . . surely one or the other. The following morning the lectures began—and lasted almost the whole day. The beer hadn't made me sick, however, so the only regret I had was the fact that mother had been hurt by my actions."

GARY started to school that spring in the little log cabin schoolhouse located on the edge of the ranch. There were only ten pupils. The teacher, Miss Blessing, lived at the Cooper ranch house. (When Gary was doing one of his earlier Westerns, "Nevada," Miss Blessing visited him on the set . . . and they both got a great thrill out of the reunion.) But when Gary was young, Miss Blessing represented "schooling"—a form of compulsion that Gary cordially detested. He waited five days each week for Saturday to come so that he could go fishing and hunting.

"My first big game," smiled Coop, "was a chipmunk! Later I was able to bag ground hogs, rabbits, skunks and weasels. But it was a big thrill to get that first chipmunk. I remember bringing it home and telling my brother, 'When I grow up, I am going (*Continued on page 99*)

And how big, handsome Gary bronco-busted his way to fame



(Left) Her eldest son, Samuel Colt; Ethel Barrymore, herself; her daughter, Ethel Barrymore Colt; and her younger son, John Drew Colt. Ethel believes in making friends of her children.

. . . In this amazing interview, Ethel—once and for all—smashes the famous Barrymore tradition. The tradition that the Barrymores are a race apart

CAN THIS BE ETHEL BARRYMORE?





(Right) The Queen of the Royal Family of Broadway playing the Empress of Russia in "Rasputin and the Empress."

By GLADYS HALL

ETHEL BARRYMORE isn't one bit as I expected her to be. For I have been brought up, so to speak, even as you, on the Barrymore tradition—the tradition of Barrymores doing and saying outré and fantastical things. I expected some display of it. I don't quite know what I *did* expect . . . imaginings ran through my mind like fireflies. I think I imagined that Ethel might scorch me with Thespian scorn, freeze me with some Barrymore brand of hauteur, throw a thing or two at me, turn her back on me, then show me the door, perhaps.

I went to Ethel's dressing room on the M-G-M lot. I found a gentle-voiced, rather tired-faced woman, with a soft, persuasive manner of speaking, vague gestures seeming to ask questions rather than to answer them, a small, three-cornered face with eyes too large and too luminous to live in it quite comfortably. She wore a regal black velvet court robe bordered with chinchilla. And she said to me, fingering it, "*Real* chinchilla, see, touch it—ah, this Hollywood! All my life I have been longing to own a gray suit—that special pale shade, you know—bordered with real chinchilla—I've never been able to afford it. But I really don't mind—*I wear my chinchilla inside.*"

And instantly, I felt, I knew Ethel Barrymore. I was aware, *you* would be aware, that she wears many things "inside"—chinchilla and, perhaps, jewels and stones of a softer substance. Dreams and longings and tendernesses, gifts that have never been given and gifts that were never received.

I said, a trifle at sea, "But the Royal Family of Broadway—where have all the legends come from? You seem just like any other woman with three youngsters and a job."

"Not a scrap of temperament (*Continued on page 104*)

PORTRAITS



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

The always interesting Karen Morley looks older than her twenty-two years—both on the screen and in real life—because of that sophisticated personality. She had a grand honeymoon with her husband, Charles Vidor. She values Lionel Barrymore's praise above that of anyone else. When he told her she was a real actress she practically couldn't eat for days from excitement. Karen has no social ambitions whatsoever. She has only been to one Hollywood premiere. She much prefers finding funny little restaurants. She adores sport clothes.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Madge Evans has returned to M-G-M (after her visit to United Artists to do "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" with Al Jolson) and you will see her with Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below"—originally titled "Pig Boats." Madge used to pose for soap ads when she was a little girl, as well as the famous Madge Evans hats. She has a most surprising singing voice—deep contralto. So unexpected, after her silvery speaking voice. Madge lives with her mother in Hollywood.

She loves swimming and deep sea fishing and bicycle riding. She dresses very plainly.



Photograph by Bert Longworth

Leo Carrillo began his career as a cartoonist on the Los Angeles Examiner. He says his hobbies are polo, writing and human nature. He has a Chinese servant named Ling who simply worships him. Carrillo is famous around Hollywood as a host—has grand barbecues and fiestas on his ranch. He's a pretty good cook—especially of Mexican food. Carrillo is in "Parachute Jumper" with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. And he's in "Obey the Law" for Columbia. his home studio. And M-G-M has borrowed him for "The White Sister" with Helen Hayes.



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

Eric Linden intends to stick to acting (which he doesn't particularly care for) and never marry until he has provided for his family. Recently a Linden fan, reading in the newspaper that Eric wanted a horse, wrote: "Start building barn immediately. Have horse ready that spent six months with Canadian Mounted Service." The clipping was enclosed with the letter. You'll see Linden next in "Sweepings" with Lionel Barrymore. Did you see him in "No Other Woman" and "The Past of Mary Holmes"?



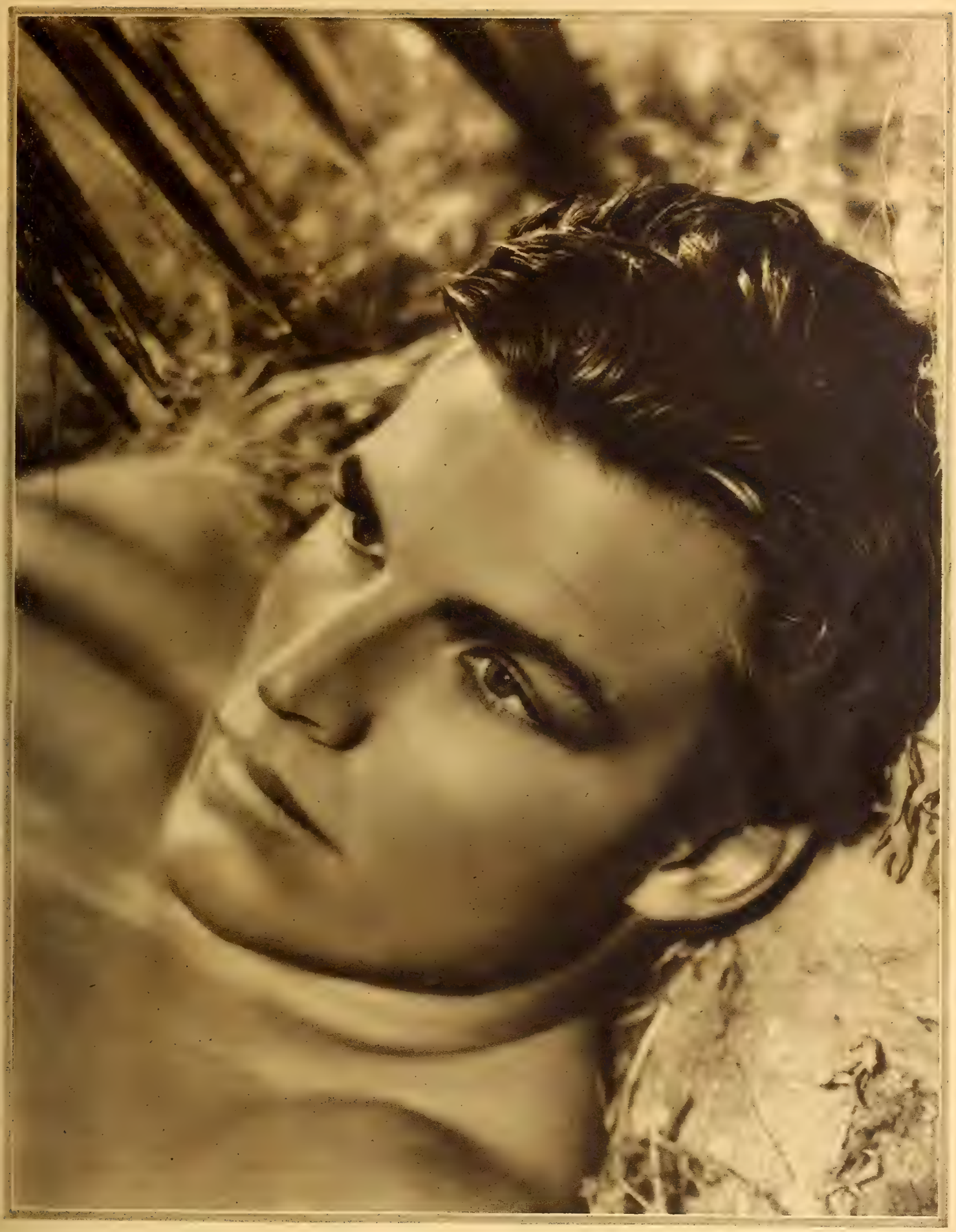
Photograph by Ray Jones

Lew Ayres was borrowed from Universal by Fox for a part in "State Fair." His next film for his home studio will be "Out on Parole." We were very sorry to hear of his break with Lola. Lew is always acquiring some new hobby—the latest is chess. He's still crazy about astronomy. He putters—quite expertly, too—in sculptoring and occasionally twangs the banjo in memory of his orchestra days. Along with many others in Hollywood, he caught the flu during the recent epidemic. This gave him a good excuse to run down to Palm Springs for a few days.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Claire Dodd, who looks a bit like Dietrich, won her first break imitating Garbo. But she has ceased since Warner Brothers gave her a better break and a contract. You'll see her in "Ex-Lady" with Bette Davis. Did you see her in "Hard to Handle" and "Blondie Johnson"? Claire has gorgeous legs, but she refuses to pose for leggy pictures. She loves to knit. She never tires of fresh green peas. Likes deep sea fishing. Believes that sleep is the greatest aid to beauty. Her favorite indoor sport is chess. She was a Ziegfeld beauty.



Buster Crabbe, Paramount's "King of the Jungle," born in Honolulu, now lives in Hollywood with his father and mother. He's twenty-two and has never been in love. In the recent Olympics, he broke the world record for the four hundred meter free style swimming race. Time: four minutes, forty-eight and four-tenths seconds. And he has a number of other swimming trophies, too. He competed with one hundred and fifty other athletes for the "Jungle" role. It's his very first appearance before the cameras.

THE INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S PRIZE ROMANCE



By VIRGINIA T. LANE

ARE they married yet?" "Certainly, they were officially tied up at Arrowhead last week." "Nonsense, my dears, they're going to have a church wedding early in the year or maybe they'll put it off till spring." Then again, "It's off—they've quarreled."

Those are the buzzes you hear constantly over Hollywood's own broadcast station R-U-M-O-R. Everyone's watching it, this Maureen O'Sullivan - Jimmy Dunn torch duet. And speculating, of course. Maureen has excited so many male hearts and everyone knows what a playboy Jimmy has been.

But have you ever noticed that when that "certain something" clicks between two such eager, intensely alive, gay young persons, it's usually the real thing?

I've seen a good many romances in this fair film village of ours kindle and burn to white heat—and die down to white ashes. But it's been a long time since I've seen one that had the glow that this has. The same sort of delicate glow you find in the love poems of a Tom Moore. It makes you believe all over again in the sublimity of young love. . . The sort of love you find in books.

And I have never seen a girl fight harder against love than Maureen did. She didn't ask for this. She didn't want it. In fact, it was the last thing on earth she *did* want. Not that she is averse to the little bow-and-arrow fellow. It was *loving Jimmy Dunn* that she fought against.

He was irresponsible. A scatterbrain. One of those fellows who think the world is their special bubble to burst. When he came striding onto the set of "Bad Girl" eating a huge red apple and whistling between bites, Maureen gave him the benefit of a very disapproving, very cold glance. She didn't know who he was—and didn't give a tinker's dam.

"What a *fresh* sort of person," she told Frank Borzage in that delightful south-of-Ireland drawl of hers.

Frank twinkled. Perhaps he sensed the vibrations between those two even then. He says so anyway.

"Sorry you don't like him. He's my new leading man just out from New York."

"Oh."

That "oh" dismissed Jimmy Dunn wholly and entirely from Maureen's life. Or so she thought.

At the time she was living in the Garden of Allah, and

. . . When Maureen O'Sullivan first met Jimmy Dunn on the "Bad Girl" set, she thought merely that he was "a fresh sort of person." But that's all changed!





J. B. Scott

Above, left, you find Jimmy in his Hollywood home, Maureen in a favorite garb, and the two of them at a recent race meet. They are mad about each other—yet Maureen has certain doubts and fears.

occupying a bungalow across from her was Molly O'Day. Now Molly was James' first Hollywood fancy. The others, like June Knight, Irene Ware and Cecilia Parker, came later. All "fancies" as he explained to me. But Molly was first. You could hear him come a-courting her from two blocks away. Exuberant Jimmy. Maureen's piquant nose tilted up another half inch at the sight of him. Such a man!

It was really Miss Coons who changed her mind. She is the pleasant faced lady who tends to the "fan" mail out at Fox and she continued taking care of Maureen's even after her contract was up there.

"But you should know him!" she protested when Maureen derided Jimmy.

"He's *sweet.*" And she brought up incidents to prove her point. Such as Jimmy sending his mother yellow tea roses twice a week. And paying his father's debts. And there was that time on a transcontinental train when he happened on an old lady crying silently from sheer loneliness. He dug the backgammon board out of his bags and proceeded to enliven her trip all the way out. Miss Coons knew because she read the old lady's letters that came to him weekly. And what's more, Jimmy answered them himself!

THAT *did* put another light on young Mr. Dunn. A boy who was kind to old ladies . . . Well, he didn't seem *just* a playboy. Miss Coons doubled for Cupid in masterly fashion. Every time either one of them popped into her office—which occurred frequently—she managed to mention the other. Mention them in such a manner that they began mentally to preen for the introduction. You know how that is? You get your hopes built up sky high—then you meet and *zoom,* down go your fond expectations. That's usually the case. But this time it was different. Jimmy said, "Wow!" Just like that, as if someone had given him a blow straight to the heart.

Maureen said nothing. She didn't have to, not with those Irish eyes. . . . (*Continued on page 108*)





MEET THE STARS AT AGUA CALIENTE

PHOTOS BY J. B. SCOTT (SCOTTY), MODERN SCREEN'S EXCLUSIVE CAMERA-MAN

(Below) General view of Agua Caliente. (Left) Jean Harlow on the links. (Above, left) Jean with Jesse Lasky. They played a full round together. (Above, right) Jean with Marino Bello, her step-father. They're devoted to each other.





. . . When the picture is finished the stars rush off to Agua to have fun. Let's join them for a while



(Top, left) Carl Laemmle, Jr., Eleanor Holm and a friend. (Top, right) Charles Ruggles, the zany, tossing pennies into the wishing well at Agua. The well is located outside the gambling rooms. You drop a coin and make a wish. The money is supposed to be for charity but some say the Mexican waiters split the spoils. But the well does a grand business and (right) has lured Mae Clarke, Gloria Shea and Bernard Toplitzsky.







The races at Agua Caliente are among the biggest and most important going. A lot of money changes hands during an afternoon there. At top of page you get a glimpse of the crowd which attends the races. They certainly seem plenty popular. Joe Schenck controls the entire place. The movie stars watch the races from the boxes. In the small picture in the center of the page you see William Powell and wife Carole Lombard. At bottom of page you'll find Gilbert Roland, Constance Bennett and her Hank.







. . . You can throw restraint to the Mexican winds when you visit Agua Caliente and gamble and celebrate to your heart's content. Want to know how to get there?

Let's go avisiting in the swanky boxes and meet some of the stars. The picture at the left at top of page discloses Betty Lou Henderson, Robert Young, Cliff Edwards and wife Nancy Dover. The picture at the right at top of page shows you Cy Bartlett and Alice White. Hm, Cy and Alice seem to be drinking, ah, water! Below, at the left, may we present the sisters Bennett? And at the right, Joan again and husband Gene Markey.







By CARTER BRUCE

DO YOU KNOW THE 1933 ALICE WHITE?

WHENEVER the pert, ex-flapper name of Alice White comes up in Hollywood, you hear these questions: Is her return to the screen "permanent" . . . or is it merely a "trailer" in the wake of the star she so closely resembles, Clara Bow?

Is the change in her a really definite reaction in her character, or is she following privately as well as professionally the newly subdued manner of the "It" girl?

In short, Hollywood is once again wondering if the White girl's career is to be an individual path of its own across the movie heavens, or merely a reflection of whatever happens to Clara Bow.

In the old days, when Clara was flaming and "itish" and unruly, falling in love, first with one man and then another, Alice White, too, was flaming and itish and full of whoopee. If Clara got thin, Alice got thin and it was amusing that if Clara *gained* a spare pound or two, Alice also managed to bulge in practically the same places. They called Clara the "It" girl of the screen and they called Alice "The It Girl's Rival." Even the ending of their contracts (Clara's with Paramount and Alice's with Warner Brothers) came almost simultaneously. They enjoyed the same period of being "through in pictures." Now they have both apparently returned to the screen at the same time!

The parallel fate of the two former screen flappers might, of course, have been set down as purely coin-



. . . Hollywood says that Alice White has changed—"gone grand." It's perfectly true that the little bonfire has changed—but not in that manner



J. B. Scott



J. B. Scott

(Left) Alice and Cy Bartlett, her fiancé. (Right) With her English sheep dog. Speaking of her life as it is today, Alice says: "I'm back in the game I love best in the world. Cy is here with me—that's the man I love best in the world."

cidental if a lot of suspicious minded people hadn't formed the previous idea that Alice was a "manufactured" star, carefully groomed by a rival studio to compete in the same field with Clara, then the biggest box-office attraction in pictures.

SO, no wonder Hollywood is intrigued by the idea of Alice's return to pictures under the banner of her original studio, following on the heels of Clara's sensational return to the screen in "Call Her Savage." They figured she was here for a one picture contract, "Employees' Entrance," and would probably do an immediate fade out after what publicity could be gathered in the wake of the original redhead's return. But Alice fooled them . . . she had no sooner finished "Employees' Entrance" than she went to Paramount for the lead opposite George Brent in "Luxury Liner." She has a grand part in it, too.

Though Hollywood is amusedly talking about the "change" in Alice (*à la* equally subdued Clara), it is a little difficult to discover just what this change might be. It is true she is quieter . . . but in many ways she remains the same loveable little blond Italian she used to be. Her hair isn't quite so blond . . . but her nails are even redder. Her voice isn't so strident . . . but her choice of words is still just as slangy as it used to be.

She has a very, very swanky new house on a hill in place of the informal bungalow she lived in two years ago, but even the dignity of her drawing room does not restrain her from expertly flipping cigarettes into the fireplace from a sizable distance away. And doing it with swell nonchalance.

She still wears vivid modish pajamas with comfortable house slippers inclined to be slightly run over at the heels. She now has three servants (cook, maid, chauffeur) in place of the slavey-of-all-work she had before . . . but then her establishment is larger!

She still smokes innumerable cigarettes, nervously, and lights them with fingers that shake considerably. After a couple of puffs she puts them out and they are still marked with the ring of moist lip rouge that has always been Alice's trademark on her favorite brand.

She has plenty of swanky looking new clothes which she wears as carelessly as ever. But in spite of her new house and her chauffeur and her new clothes, I, personally, do not think Alice is trying to "go grand" or even imitate the new refined manner of Clara Bow.

I think the little White kid is just plain tired . . .

FOR twelve months she has been working like a dog for this opportunity to come back to Hollywood. For twelve months she has been on (*Continued on page 97*)



TOGETHER
for the first time

It's news indeed when two such stars as Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers are cast in the same picture. Well, they are both in "State Fair," the film which Fox is spending an awful lot of money on and promises to be one of the big events of the year. Besides Janet and Will there'll also be Norman Foster, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, and a huge number of extras.

GLAMOR

+ HOLLYWOOD'S AND YOURS +



Helen Thurlow

MODERN SCREEN PRESENTS "GLAMOR," A MAGAZINE WITHIN A MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO YOUR PROBLEMS OF BEAUTY, FASHION AND THE MAKING OF A HOME

Under the direction of
MARGERY WELLS

A VIVID spotlight shining from Hollywood brightens millions of American lives. There in that farthest of western communities, styles for all human activities have their starting points.

More and more we look to the habits and activities of the moving picture stars as a pattern to guide our own existences.

We watch their dressing, their make-up, their hair arrangements, their homes, their cooking, their party-giving, their manners.

But often it is not easy for us to adapt to our own needs the lessons the stars teach us. We don't know the principles.

● Now that is just where MODERN SCREEN steps in with this departmental feature, practically applying the glamor—of manners and modes—of the Hollywood colony to the needs and demands of everyday people—to you and me.

For example—why does Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, strike you as being beautiful beyond belief? Not alone because it is done in good taste and with the finest of materials by a decorator experienced in his craft, but more importantly because the striking characters of two marvelous people lie behind its building and creation.

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A Corner of Pickfair 74
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All of that can be embodied in your own home. You can take your ideas from Pickfair as the decorators of Pickfair took their ideas from some French home of beauty. On page 74 you will find out how you can reproduce a corner of Pickfair in your own home for—naturally—a fraction of the original cost. Each month we will take a star's home—a room or a corner of it—and tell how to reproduce it.

● Now—the subject of beauty—personal beauty. All beauties are not born that way. Some are the products of the beauty salon. But many thousands more are the results of an inner poise and certainty, plus the softening influence of what are called "preparations."

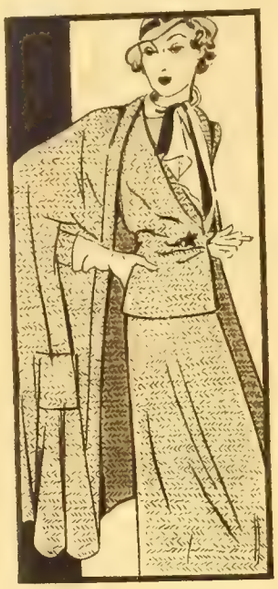
● Then, fashion! Show me the woman who does not care for dress. And I will show you that, buried in her heart, she really loves clothes along with the smartest.

Hard times have shown us one glorious fact: that it is not the amount of money we spend which brings beauty of surroundings or happiness either.

Let brains and observation do the work of formerly carelessly spent funds. And send in your queries to the heads of these various departments—we'll all help you.

"GLAMOR" BRINGS YOU KNOWLEDGE OF CHARM—FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR HOME

+ + YOUR SPRING







What is spring without a suit? Here the suit problem has been handled so that practicality and economy go hand in hand with the outstanding style of the season. Greta Nissen's suit (right) of a rough wool cloth has been used as the foundation plan. Then we suggest a cape to go with it as shown above at the left. Capes this spring will be all the rage. Be careful about the accessories which can make or mar the effect so certainly. The scarf, the proper sort of shoe to wear with a suit, the handbag and a braided leather belt are all sketched in detail (above, right) to help with the assembling of a spring wardrobe. Then, when you're thinking about an evening gown, remember Gloria Stuart's (extreme right). It is black, with sequin bands.

WHAT shall I have for my spring wardrobe? Just about now, that question is reverberating all over the land.

Taking the lead from moving picture stars who know how to dress, and boiling all this knowledge down to absolute essentials, here are the outstanding needs: a suit, a street dress, a coat or cape, an afternoon dress and an evening dress.

You can add indefinitely to this assemblage, multiplying each item indefinitely. But the bare listing will carry you through a season with a flare, and depending on how carefully you choose each item, will carry on in some cases, for next year, too.

There are parts of the country where spring doesn't last for more than a month, and there are other places where this wardrobe will be the essential one for all year round.

Depend upon it, the fashions pictured here are chosen

MARGERY WELLS PLANS FOR YOU A SMART AND EXCITING SPRING WARDROBE

WARDROBE + +







Sally Eilers (left) prefers a dress and coat for her spring street outfit and so may you. If so, let the dress be simple in line and perfect in detail. None could be better than the one which is Miss Eilers' choice, made of light woolen fabric. To go with it there is sketched (above, right) a coat of thin material, cut with sleeves that are full at the elbows and a scarf that ties gracefully at one side of the throat. Watch the accompaniments as sketched (above, right). And make a note of Joan Blondell's little white mess jacket (extreme right) worn with a brown crêpe skirt. It's one of the new ideas for spring dinner dressing. This sort of ensemble is most useful—if your budget is limited, it will often serve better than an evening gown.

with a practised eye so that they will last beyond the few weeks called a season. There is no sense these days in buying clothes that will lose their freshnes of style after the first wind of a season has blown over them. Only the inexperienced can make such a mistake and no one need be an untutored buyer if she follows this department with thoroughness and care.

All of the hard work of elimination has been done for you. And from the myriads of designs produced, the most wearable and the best looking ones have been selected.

FOR leading features of this season's styles, watch these points:

Broad shoulders
Scarfs tied under the chin
High necklines
Sleeves puffed at shoulders *(Continued on page 91)*

JUST SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO ON A TINY ALLOWANCE! AND IT'S GREAT FUN







The dress that is plain enough in itself to carry different sorts of neck fixings is always a boon, for it can look different with every wearing. At the upper left is sketched such a dress of rough crêpe. It would look lovely worn with collars shown by Anita Louise (above). (Below) Dorothy Jordan wears a jumper dress of the newest design—big sleeves and all. This is Modern Screen's pattern for this month. The number of it is 5180—sizes 12 to 42. See sketch, lower left of opposite page.





TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

- Enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered. Be very sure to state the size or sizes wanted. Write your full name and full address plainly on the letter. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. For Canadian and foreign orders, send twenty cents in coin—Canadian and foreign stamps will not be accepted.

- Address any questions about your own wardrobe to Margery Wells, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE PRACTICAL JUMPER DRESS IS OUR STAR PATTERN FOR APRIL

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS JOIN THE EASTER PARADE

See back views of these patterns on page 113.



5190

5190—There's nothing more flattering than a deep yoke that gives an off-the-shoulder line, especially if it's finished with soft-tie ends in front. Sizes 12 to 42.

5178—A simple but utterly distinguished frock with perky puffed sleeves that are adorable when made in a crisp net or taffeta. Sizes 12 to 40.

5167—Scallops at the neckline, scallops on the sleeves and scalloped seaming in front give this frock a feminine appeal that's irresistible. Sizes 14 to 42.



5188

5191



5180

5191—Here's one of the new shirtwaist frocks that are due for a brilliant future. Very trim in detail and very smart in striped cotton. Sizes 12 to 42.

5188—Coat. 5170—Skirt. This is an outfit that's going places this season. Note the coat's loose, easy lines. Coat sizes, 12 to 44. Skirt, 26 to 36 waist.

5180—Dorothy Jordan's jumper dress. It's pictured on the opposite page. There should be at least one jumper in every wardrobe. Sizes 12 to 42.

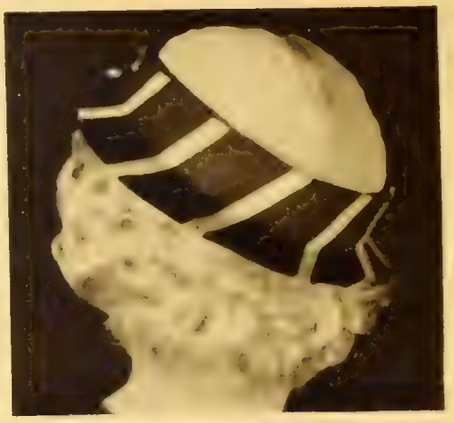


5178

5167

SO EASY AND INEXPENSIVE! IF YOU CAN'T CHOOSE, MAKE THEM ALL







Coiffures by Emil, E. 56 St., New York

White corduroy and black grosgrain. And a smart, close wave must be worn with a perky little hat like this.

White stitched jersey and brown felt. And the hair arranged in combed-out curls—it mustn't be the least bit bunchy.

Navy blue crêpey fabric and pale pink. And more curls—prettily setting off this most feminine of hats.

BEAUTY

By Mary Biddle





SEE that row of new spring bonnets at the top of these pages? Those pictures serve a double purpose: they show you, obviously, what the spring hats will be like—and they show you how important the coiffure-under-the-hat has become. Mark my words—your hair is going to make or mar your new spring outfit—and all your summer clothes, too. Because hats are extremely shallow in the crown, they sit way up off the back of the hair and, furthermore, they are much more feminine and bedecked than they have been formerly and therefore they simply scream for prettily—and properly—arranged hair.

That first hat I'm almost sure will be a very popular type—it isn't extreme in the least and it is becoming to many persons. That particular one is made of white corduroy, with inserts of black ribbon. For that type of

Eleanor Holm (above) is proving what you have been told many times—pluck only the stray hairs, and only from underneath. (Below) Kathleen Burke sometimes accentuates the upward slant of her Oriental eyes with a discreet shadow at the corners of plain ordinary lead pencil. She uses brown eye shadow on the lids.

LET'S ALL GREET THE FIRST ROBIN WITH A NICE SPRINGLIKE FACE



Mint green felt and a bit of gold ribbon. And a sleek, smart swirled wave, ending in flat neck curls.



The Merry Widow hat! Very new. And to make those ringlets your hair must be properly tapered.



White organdie and black ciré ribbon. The hair, though very short, gives almost the effect of long hair.

ADVICE

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Address her at MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

hat, the hair must be short and waved rather flat against the exposed temple and ear, and the back hair should either be arranged in two ridges of combed-out curls as in the picture next to it—or perhaps swirled and rolled in the nape of the neck as in the fourth hat picture.

The second picture, already noted, gives you a beautiful example of a pretty, youthful and smart back-of-the-hair arrangement. This particular hat is brown and white—and that's just as good a color combination this year as it was last. The white is stitched jersey, the brown is felt—felt and fabric will be smart.

In the third picture, you see one of the cutest hats on record. It's a navy blue crêpey fabric, very saucerish as to crown, with a diminutive brim, and the trimming is a bit of pink ribbon. Fluffy, combed-out curls at the side carry out the ultra-femininity *(Continued on page 111)*



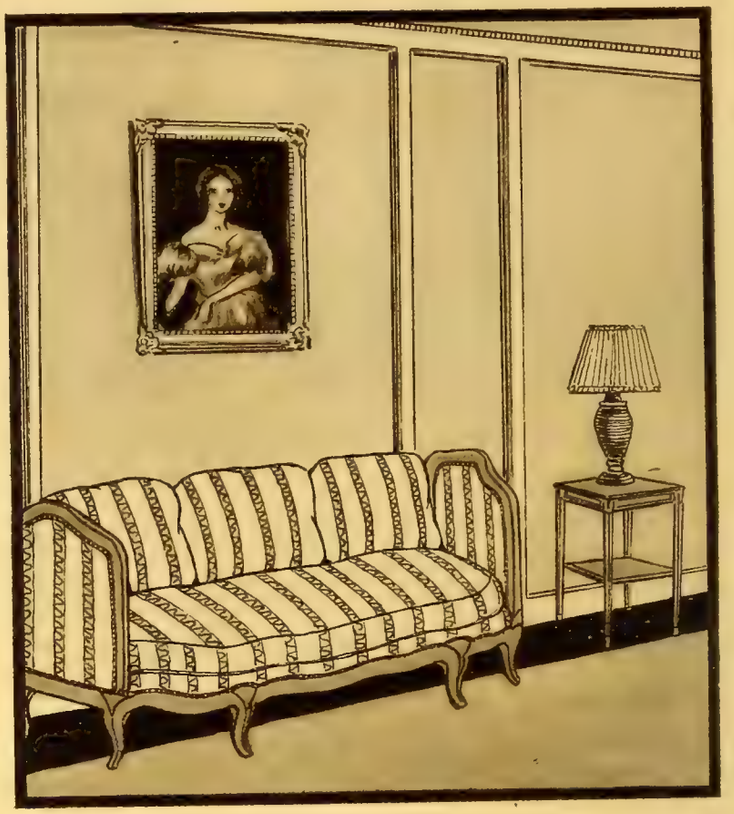


There's Claudette Colbert's new banged coiffure (above). Such a hair length is becoming to almost all young types, but beware of bangs if your forehead is low. (Below) Patricia Ellis finds that one yard of maline, tied around the hair while changing a frock, saves her time, appearance and temper.

AND LET'S BE EXQUISITELY GROOMED TO DON THOSE SPRING CLOTHES

IN YOUR OWN HOME —a corner of PICKFAIR





Take a hint from the arrangement in a room at Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in Hollywood. The actual photograph from their place is shown at the left. Above is a drawing, very much simplified so that you can see how easily the setting can be duplicated. The scheme has all been worked out for you and explained in the article, so that if you wish to have this sort of furnishing in your own home nothing could be easier than to go ahead and accomplish it. Look next month for another lesson in home beauty.

By Olive Crew

THE longing for a beautiful home and an elegant one is almost universal. But the usual human reaction is apt to be, "That is much too good—too costly—for me."

But it isn't—not if you cultivate ingenuity and realize that the finding and the constructing of handsome furnishings needs care, thought, patience and hard work. If you are willing to dive in and demand the best, you can have it—and not for the heavy cost that you might think necessary.

On this page there is a picture of one corner of Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. And with it is a simplified drawing showing that same corner reproduced by a decorator who has done exactly what you can do.

First there is the French divan. The one at Pickfair is probably a priceless antique, faultless in line and perfect in construction.

Dealers in furniture, either a cabinetmaker who works it all out by himself, or a firm of manufacturers, can build a frame like this of unfinished wood and rattan. You can paint it a soft gray or green and outline the fine edges of the woodwork with silver or gold lines.

Pillows, preferably of down, though they may be of coarser feathers, must be made by an upholsterer to fit. Then you can cover them yourself, for, as you can easily see, the shapes are simple enough for even an amateur to manage. Corded edges, the cords being covered with the same material as the cushions themselves, help with the correctly tailored look. *(Continued on page 103)*

IN 3 DAYS

Red, rough hands

made soft, white, alluring...



Painful chapping relieved instantly

"THAT's the girl I've been looking for all my life!" he thought as she entered the room—beautiful, poised, exquisitely gowned . . .

A murmured introduction . . . he asked her to dance.

Quickly he glanced at her hands to see if she wore a wedding ring. What a shock! Coarse, red hands that cried "Scrubwoman"—not "Romance." He finished the dance—interest gone.

It's tragic, when only 3 days of Hinds care would make those hands soft, white, baby smooth . . . the kind of hands men love.

Why hands get rough, coarse

Housework means putting hands in and out of hot water, using harsh alkali cleansers. This dries out the natural skin oils. Then cold weather roughens, chaps and cracks open skin. Hinds *puts back* these precious oils. And thus ends chapping pain . . . restores youthful softness and smoothness.



Hinds is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. Not a thick, gummy jelly that just goes over the top of the skin. Hinds is an *ultra-penetrating lotion.* Thus is absorbed more *thoroughly*. That is why it can do in *3 days* what other creams *may* do in weeks.

What the "second skin" is

And then, Hinds leaves an invisible *"second skin"* that *protects* hands from chapping. This *"second skin"* is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated so deeply through the rough skin that water won't wash it off. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting.*

Use Hinds after exposure. After hands have been in water, and *always at night.*

A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE

(Also special trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by return mail. The minute the postman hands you your bottle of Hinds open it, smooth this famous lotion on your hands —your children's hands. See how it heals chapping . . . how soft and lovely it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

Women! Here's real beauty news!

Now! A new expensive-type liquefying cleansing cream for only 40c the small jar—65c the large! The kind of cleansing cream women were glad to pay $2.00 for in good times! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream.

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HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

By Betty Ward







(Above) This is the first fashion picture for which Jean Harlow has posed since the tragic death of her husband. She's wearing a simple and superbly fitted street frock of star-dotted black silk and a tiny black beret. (Left) Katharine Hepburn wears the classic polo coat and beret so dashingly that it looks like a brand new fashion fad. Hers is dark brown. (Left, above) Tweed capes with sailor hats to match, like Ann Harding's, are very smart for spring.

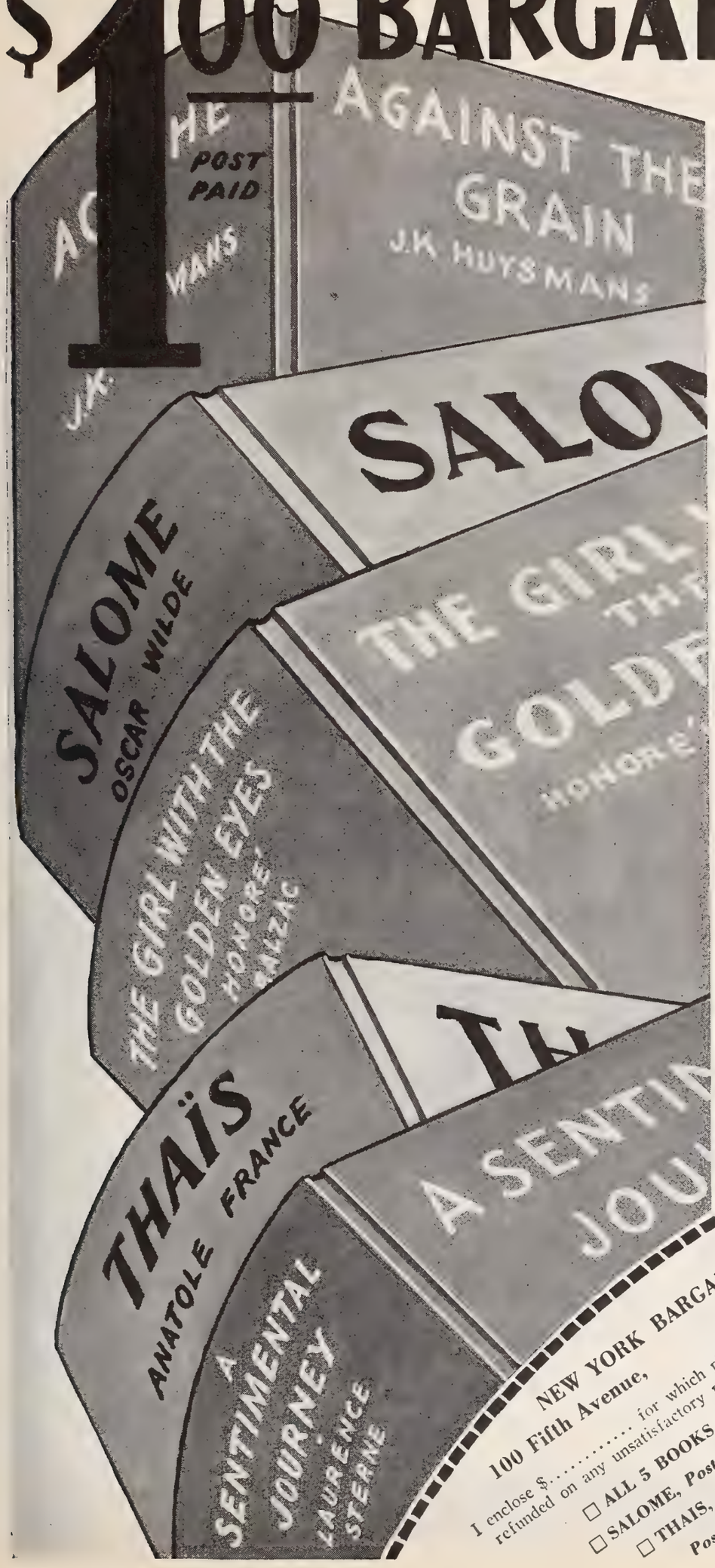
TRAVIS BANTON startled all filmdom when he introduced the absolutely tailored evening gown—the most luxurious of materials cut on the simple lines of a shirtwaist frock. Carole Lombard ordered one made entirely of gold beads. She doesn't believe in many new formal gowns a year but those she does have. . . ! This one has a high neck tied in the casual manner of a tennis dress. It slopes over the shoulders and there's a tube-like skirt. Another of her gowns is of heavy chalky white crepe. The shirtwaist has a flat collar; there's an inverted pleat in back and, oh yes, it has a set-in yoke. Believe it or doubt it, the long sleeves have turned back cuffs with star sapphire cuff links. The belt buckle and the clasp on the collar are also of star sapphires.

THE stars have taken the "Buy American" slogan to heart. Even that delightful Diana Wynyard, who is still a British subject nominally (she's applied for citizenship papers, you know), believes in patronizing the community in which she's earning her daily bread. Consequently she bought her complete spring wardrobe in Hollywood. And a fascinating one it is. One of the loveliest of her evening ensembles is a fog gray gown that she wears with a plum velvet cloak. Imagine how bewitchingly old-fashioned she appears in it!

CLIPSIES for sipsies—no, not baby talk. They're the cutest household gadget on the market. And about the most practical. 'Tis coming the time of the year when frozen drinks are in order and this summer you needn't have the embarrassing experience of saying to a guest, "Of course you'll have more lemonade . . . but, oh dear, which *is* your glass?" Just designate it with one of these tiny enamel clips fastened on the rim. They come in assorted shades—very attractive.

(*Continued on page 101*)

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

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EYE BEAUTY AIDS



THE *perfect* MASCARA

Ann's Hideaway

(*Continued from page 39*)

suit walked up to him and explained that she was a stenographer who would like to do something worthwhile with her evenings, and please, would he let her read a part?

That part, the role of Madeline in "The Inheritors", first attracted attention to Ann Harding. She went on to greater successes uptown. The Provincetown folded; and Deeter marched the survivors off to Rose Valley to found the repertory theater which he has headed ever since.

During the ten years, Ann Harding has gone back there from time to time, whenever she got the chance. It is Old Home Week for Ann. Besides Deeter, who is a warm personal friend, there are half a dozen members of the original company with whom Ann trouped at the Provincetown.

Since she went to Hollywood, Ann has only had opportunity for one visit there—until this time. The studio, incidentally, didn't want her to go.

When the studio called her the night of her departure and told her she mustn't leave under any circumstances, she said:

"I'm sorry. I've already gone. I'm in San Bernardino or some place."

You should see that theater!

It was originally a towelling mill, built at the time of the Revolution. Deeter found it a ruin and made it a theater. Even now it is only a place for those who take their art straight. Picturesque, yes. Huddled on a hillside by a winding brook. But comfortable, no.

The stage of the theatre is a cubby hole. Until a few years ago they had only oil lamps for footlights which would blow out if anyone opened a door. It is probably the only theater in the country with a tin can studded with nail holes for a marquee. And the theater holds a hundred people!

Yet there Ann Harding plays all the things she loves to play. "The Inheritors" again, "Mesalliance," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

She did a lot for the Hedgerow Theater. For the first time this year they played to a packed house with standees. The Hedgerow did a lot for her. As she expressed it, it was the one place "where she could get her batteries charged."

She is going back to Hollywood now, refreshed, renewed, to fight her battles with all the spunk of her long line of army forbears.

She says she will never go back to the stage. I do not think she will ever return to Harry Bannister either.

Her first break in many months came while she was at the Hedgerow. The studio picked her for "Declassée", a role which they like and she likes.

Maybe the tide is turning. At any rate, she is ready for the fray once more, with her new strength, new courage, gained from the three weeks of simple life and "art for art's sake" at the Hedgerow Theater.

Technocracy

(*Continued from page 37*)

of Communism to me! Those things always *sound* great . . . but ask any Russian what he thinks of an idea like that and he will say ka-pu (or sounds to that effect) which in his language mean *Flop!* I came across a young American engineer in Russia who had been in bed for three weeks with dysentery and the hospital hadn't once changed his sheets! It was an *average* hospital under a system! Regardless of the money angle, I am in favor of everyone rising or falling upon his own merit and hard work! What would all the people do while they weren't working? You know how dull it is to be without something to do!"

Carole Lombard: "Twenty thousand a *year?* Everyone have the same regardless of his education or merit? The prop boy, the star and the director equal in earning power? All have the same sort of cars? It leaves me sort of limp! What about trips to Europe . . . could I go when I wanted to? Would everyone live in the same kind of house? Bill (Powell) would have a grand time finding his way home nights! But would *he* go for that four hours a day work."

Clark Gable: "I can't crack it!"

Set Electrician: "I worked six years learning electrical engineering and I get a few dollars a week. He (a star) has *no education* and gets thousands! Is it fair? Let science run the country a while, I say!"

Dick Arlen: "I was brought up on the idea that, 'The *achieving* of a goal is not thrilling at all when compared to the struggle toward that goal.' And I believe it! That is the main quarrel I have with this theory of Technocracy —it seems to achieve everyone's goal in one swoop! Nothing will be left to work toward! Ambition? What happens to *that?* I don't think the average man of intelligence will be willing to sit by and watch the same fruits of labor going to all! I doubt if it will work under a test!"

A $7.50 a Day Extra: "Say, I've got dreams of becoming a star some day! I've been looking forward to it for years! I'd rather work for $7.50 a day (if that's all I'm worth) and take my chances with the rest of Hollywood in making a lot *more* than twenty thousand a year!"

A $10.00 a Day Extra: "I've been hanging around this town trying to get a break for a long time. Some weeks I don't get a chance to work at all. I don't think I'll ever get out of this rut . . . wouldn't it be great to get $20,000.00 a year for the same work?"

Jimmie Durante: "Am *I* sore? Am *I* SORE! Here I been waiting and hopin' for a raise . . . and just as I *get* it, some of them mugs find out about it! Them technocracy mugs *know* it's going to be a Durante year . . . and *what* do they do? What do they *do?* They gets out a lot of pamphlets . . . they gets out a lot of pamphlets! Am *I* SORE?



See how much longer clothes last this way!

CLOTHES cost entirely too much to scrub ragged against a washboard. *Change to Rinso!* Its rich, lively suds *soak* clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter—*safely.* Clothes last twice —three times—as long!

Rinso is safe for your finest cottons and linens. It's easy on hands. It keeps colors bright and true. The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend it. The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers endorse it. *Try it and see why!*

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—in *hardest* water. Wonderful suds for dishes and all cleaning. Get the BIG box today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens —white or colors

Rinso

2 sizes most women buy the large package

The biggest selling package soap in America



Wise *Girl!*

35¢ saved her many a friend many a dress

Time was when she wasn't so wise! Perspiration-ruined dresses were common to her wardrobe. And *former* friends sometimes whispered about underarm odor.

But *now* she uses Odorono. She saves dollars and dollars on her dress bill. And underarm odor is banished . . . completely.

You can only prevent stained dresses and offensive underarm odor *by preventing the perspiration itself*. Odorono is a doctor's prescription—used and recommended by nurses and doctors—that *does* prevent it, harmlessly and surely.

Greasy creams, temporary powders, soaps, perfumes, cannot save you. For if this perspiration goes on, odor will surely follow. You still need Odorono—to protect your dresses, to protect your charm.

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ODO-RO-NO REGULAR for use before retiring—gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection. 35¢, 60¢, $1—with the original enclosed sanitary applicator.



INSTANT ODO-RO-NO is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection. 35¢, 60¢, $1—with applicator.

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BETWEEN YOU and ME

We keep this page open for your letters. Let's have your opinions, your likes and dislikes—with reasons—on talkie topics

Dear Friends:

It seems to be my season for words of praise. Last month I sang a heartfelt encomium for Helen Hayes. This month I can't refrain from throwing my hat frantically into the air for the biggest screen event since mother let me go to my first movie.

I refer to "Cavalcade." This isn't the place for a review of this great picture—you'll find that on page six—but in case the enthusiasm of critics and movie-goers all over the land reminds you of previous enthusiasms over less worthy pictures, I want you to be warned: you have probably never seen nor will see for some time as vividly spectacular, emotionally exciting, and HUMAN a film as "Cavalcade."

Next month MODERN SCREEN will tell you the inside facts on how this picture was made.

I think every MODERN SCREEN reader should see this picture and write me to register his opinion of it. Does it make you proud to be a movie fan?

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Madame Bovary" was made by an independent producer some time ago. Perhaps it will be filmed again

SYLVIA SCHWARTZ of Philadelphia, Penna., was disappointed:

I was disappointed with "A Farewell to Arms." It could have been made into a great love story—but it turned out, in my opinion, to be one that will be forgotten in less than a month. And why Gary Cooper? He should not have been given the role opposite Helen Hayes. He does not deserve the honor, his acting being what it is. And speaking of this superb actress, don't you think that Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" would be an ideal part for Miss Hayes?

Yes, we agree. In some cases, this is done

ROLAND MILDRAM of Melrose, Mass., writes:

Why can't the cast of each picture be shown at the end of the picture? Many times a rather unimportant actor appeals to us, but we cannot find out who it is. You can't memorize the cast that is shown before the picture (*you can always write to us and ask, Roland*) but if the cast were shown after the picture it would be easy to tell who the actor was.

Do you all prefer happy endings?

IDALIE of Ponce, Porto Rico, complains:

I still hear everybody praising "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." It was a nice picture and Helen Hayes was a wonder, but, after all, did you really have a good time at the theatre? Did you return to your homes happy or at least with a more cheerful disposition? No. At the last part of the picture it was a hateful error that Bob Young did not recognize his mother. I don't mean we must have comedies, comedies and comedies always, but I think the happy ending is necessary.

On page 34 we're starting a new series which ought to please you, Gloria

GLORIA BARNETT of Reno, Nevada, misses old favorites:

Just a short letter in defense of our stars of yesterday. Oh, how much I would like to see them on the screen again. Norma Talmadge, Mae Murray and others. They came to us before we had radios. The movies gave me an education that I couldn't have acquired otherwise. As a child, five and ten cents took me to see a world that I couldn't possibly have seen, since my family could not afford to travel.

There was great vogue for historical pictures some time ago. Then producers felt that they were losing favor

MAUDE of Mountain View, Calif., wants more historical plays:

I have always been enamored of historical and costume plays such as "Glorious Betsy," "Cimarron," "Annie Laurie" and "Madame Pompadour." Lately it's very seldom that one is privileged to see such pictures. Why is it? Surely it isn't because people wouldn't be interested.

Clark Gable is in "The White Sister" with Helen Hayes

F. G. ALLEN of Collingdale, Penna., writes:

How do such people as Amor Garcia get that way? You know, the one who wrote "The man with the big ears—I believe his name is Clark Gable."

I have never missed a Gable picture and have never particularly noticed that he had ears, as I was so interested in

the picture and his acting. Here's hoping M-G-M gives him a better break than last year, although I enjoyed every one of his pictures.

Kay Johnson has temporarily retired

MARY NULL, of Chicago, Illinois, misses her:

Will you please tell me what has become of Kay Johnson? I always liked her because she was so natural. And she could pronounce her R's. I have never heard her say "Dolling" or "Mahvelous," which seems to be a failing of every other actor and actress except Evelyn Brent.

You can see Cary Grant in "The Woman Accused" with Nancy Carroll

LOIS LEONARD, of Hollywood, Calif., finds a new hero:

Does the Paramount studio realize what a find they have in Cary Grant? After seeing him in "Madame Butterfly," I have come to the conclusion that there is not a man on the screen who can compare with his charm, handsomeness and finished acting. He has an excellent voice. How I should like to see him as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow" or as the young bull fighter in "Blood and Sand."

..

Read Faith Baldwin's "Take My Advice" on page 22, Mrs. K.

MRS. FRANK K., of Detroit, Mich., talks to the stars like a Dutch aunt:

Marlene Dietrich: Be versatile and you will establish a standing with the fans.

Joan Crawford: Learn to master emotions instead of ridiculing your expression with that vulgar make-up.

Norma Shearer: Stick to sweet simplicity. It appeals to us more than the sophisticated divorcée rôles.

Helen Hayes: Sign a contract with God to live and be in pictures for years and years.

Ramon Novarro: We pray that you sing to enchant us again.

Jean Harlow: Be more discreet.

Watch for Constance in "Our Betters," Lucyle

LUCYLE MURRAY, of Jamaica, N. Y., adores the eldest Bennett:

Constance Bennett is and always will be my favorite—even though most writers don't care for her. To me, she is a beautiful woman with a grateful heart. Every time I have written for her photograph, she has sent me one. I sent her birthday greetings and in return Connie sent me a telegram, thanking me. And she is supposed to be very tight with her money! Really, it burns me up when I read that.

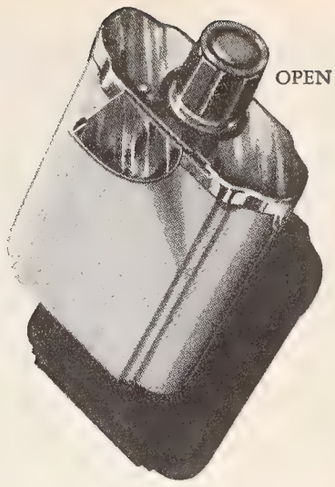
Lugosi prefers character roles. And therefore makes fewer pictures

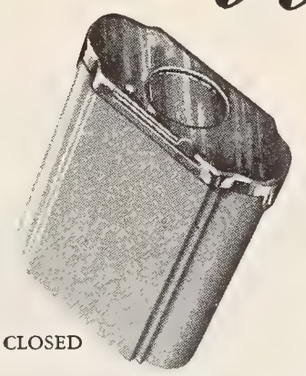
A BELA LUGOSI FAN of Oakland, Calif., writes:

Month after month I am in hopes of seeing a story about Bela Lugosi in your magazine. Everyone is mentioned but Lugosi. Many of us think he deserves more credit than he gets for his fine acting. He is one of the best on the screen. Why can't he take the romantic roles? He is handsome enough.

(*Continued on page 83*)

A Remarkable Offer





You will surely want at least *one* of these neat little perfume containers for your own use. And...they are so attractive and useful that you will want *more*...to serve as ideal gifts for your friends. These non-leakable containers may be had in six popular colors ...Get yours *now*...keep it in your purse... and you will always have a ready means of applying a dab of your favorite scent.

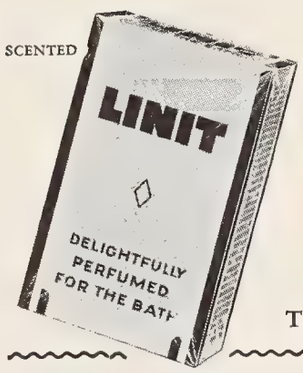
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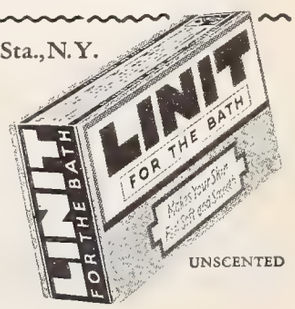
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THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933





Cary Grant isn't one of those who dread "fish day." No one possibly could after they had tried Cary's favorite Baked Swordfish Supreme dish and the other recipes for this month. (Above) Another Grant favorite—tuna fish pie. The small picture shows you the proper way to garnish fish with lemon and parsley.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

ON our list of really amusing pastimes, fishing is way down at the bottom! We have waded in mountain streams, falling down and getting horribly wet and dirty. We have sat in boats on many lakes, getting sunburned and providing a holiday banquet for countless representatives of local insect life. We have gone forth onto the bounding main, only to suffer agonies of sea sickness. All undergone in an effort to make a big impression on some man.

So it was that when Cary Grant told us that he was crazy about deep sea fishing, we held our breath! We *knew* that if he asked us to go deep sea fishing with him we'd just naturally up and go. (We'd accept an invitation to attend a lecture on Abyssinian plant life with Cary Grant!) But he didn't invite us deep sea fishing—he asked us to lunch instead, which was much, much nicer. There it was that Cary told us how much he liked to fish for tuna and swordfish off Catalina Island. We listened, fascinated, to his experiences. We can be very eager and intelligent about piscatorial conversations—years of practice having taught us just what to say and when to say it.

To our practical mind, catching the fish implies the eventual eating of him, but we have noted that lots of ardent fishermen are very eager to give away their catches, and we have often wondered about it. During the course of this luncheon with Cary Grant, we got up nerve enough to ask him to explain this to us.

"I suppose it is the old story about the chase being more delightful than the capture," said Cary, "but then again, it may be because it is so hard to find anyone who knows how to cook fish properly. I like fish very much when it is well cooked and seasoned and I think most men do. But we so seldom get it that way. Now I'll ask one," he continued with a grin. "Why is that the case? Is fish so hard to cook?"

"No," we replied, "but nobody seems to take much interest in cooking fish. To (*Continued on page 92*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for April, 1933—at absolutely no cost to me.

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MENUS FOR THE LENTEN SEASON—WHICH YOU'LL SURELY WANT TO TRY

Between Us

(Continued from page 81)

Questions — rhetorical and otherwise

PEARL HEUMAN of Bellingham, Washington, wants to know:

If Tala Birell can really smile. (*That sounds like a criticism, Pearl. But read the story on page 44 and maybe you'll understand why.*)

Why Johnny Weissmuller thinks he is so disgustingly important.

Why Buddy Rogers cultivated that brush on his upper lip. (*To make himself look older, we think.*)

If Norma Shearer is proud of her ears. (*Well, aren't they pretty ears?*)

Where Janet Gaynor got her sweetness and Loretta Young her beautiful eyes.

Where there is a cuter couple than Rex Bell and Clara Bow.

If Greta Garbo is afraid of hairdressers.

Why Dolores Del Rio isn't in lots, lots more pictures.

If Constance Bennett enjoys life.

If Mrs. Clark Gable is as likable as the appearance of her picture. (*Everyone says so.*)

Why we don't get a story or so about Anita Page and Al Jolson. (*We're noting that request, Pearl.*)

Why I couldn't have Dickie Moore all for my own!

Miss Chatterton is popular with all kinds, D.J.G., and we believe entertains all kinds except the very young and the very wild crowds

D. J. G., of London, England, thinks Chatterton is incomparable—and adds:

The article, "The Inside Story of Hollywood's Cliques," by Katherine Albert, was very interesting, but I was disappointed that Ruth Chatterton was not mentioned in it. Will you please tell me what set she belongs to?

We suppose Fox wished to modernize the story somewhat, E.A.C.

E. A. C. of Portland, Maine, found the local color of "Rebecca" not to her liking:

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"—that was a dandy picture. But it wasn't Maine as I know it from spending my whole life (nineteen years) here. Nor Maine as Kate Douglas Wiggin meant to show it. Why didn't they keep the brick house and Rebecca's long black braids and the hat with the porcupine quills? And why did they add so much pomp and splendor to the home and life of the aunts in Riverboro?

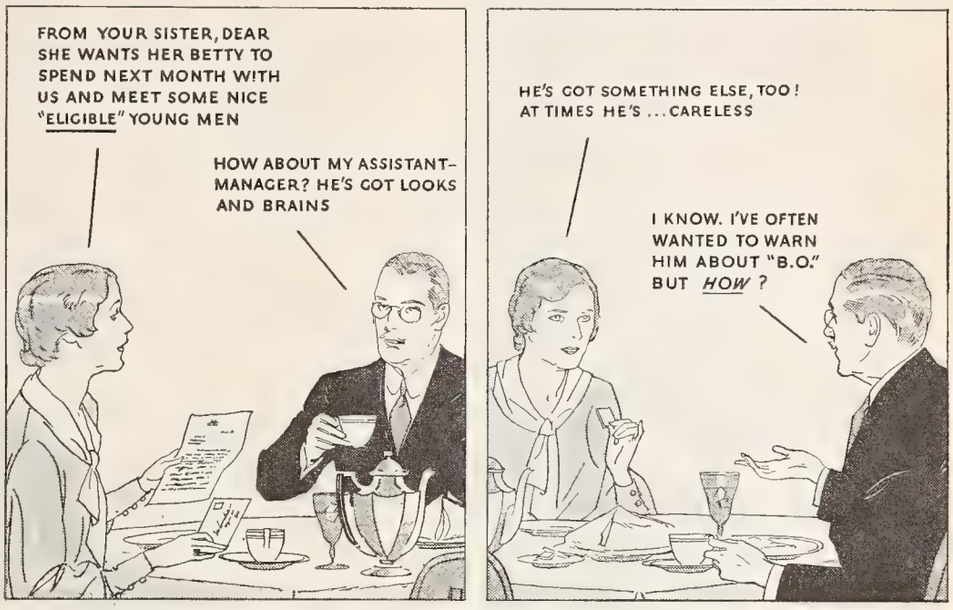
Well, you will certainly have the pleasure of seeing Marlene in one more picture — "Song of Songs" — anyway

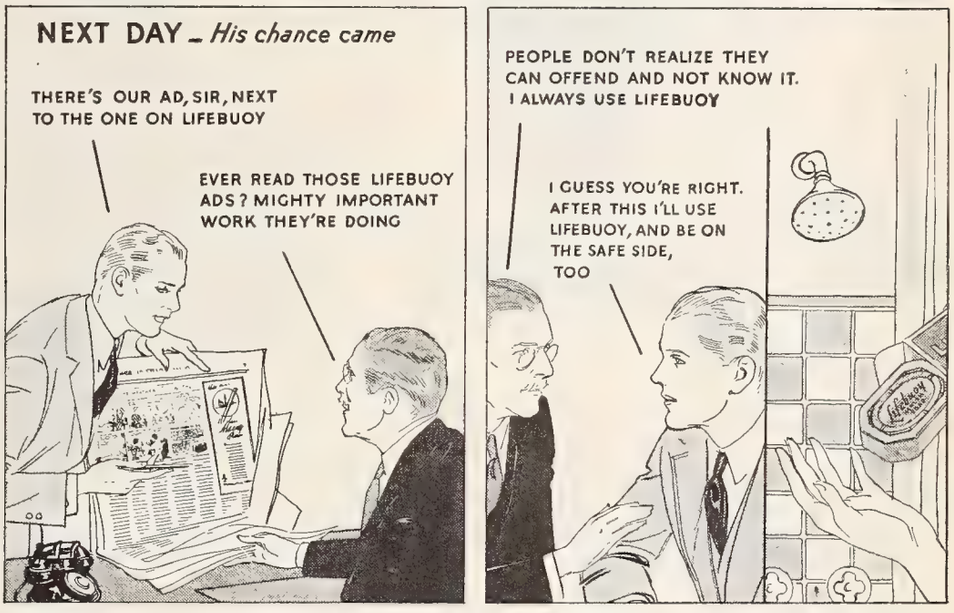
RAE MATHEWS of Cleveland, Ohio, writes a word to the wise:

Marlene Dietrich's acting is superb, I will admit. I have seen all her pictures. But why does she quarrel with Paramount so often? I am inclined to think Marlene is rather fickle. If she is wise, she will stay out of all possible scandal. She is forgetting that she is not the only actress on the screen that has legs that are beautiful. The picture

(Continued on page 85)

THE BACHELOR WHO WASN'T "ELIGIBLE" UNTIL... by Timmins





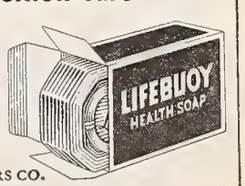


"B.O." (body odor) is just plain bad manners

WE DON'T notice when we're guilty of "B.O." (*body odor.*) *Others do.* And immediately put us down as thoughtless, inconsiderate—socially impossible! Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps—gives *extra* protection. Its gentle, penetrating lather purifies and deodorizes pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Try this complexion care

Massage Lifebuoy's creamy lather well into the pores; then rinse. This *deep-cleanses* your skin. Makes it look and feel fresh, radiantly alive!



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



From Generation unto Generation

Many things change between christenings. But for every new baby in the family this little dress comes out of its rose leaves as regal as ever—every precious stitch intact. For, seams sewed with Clark's O. N. T. or J. & P. Coats thread outlast the garment itself!

The christening dress shown in the illustration was graciously loaned by Mrs. Frank Black, 115 Husson Street, Grant City, Staten Island, N.Y. It was made by her mother in 1887 and has served at the christenings of 11 children of her family.



J. & P. COATS & CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a Century—as Today

The Two Great Names in Thread

Tune in on THREADS OF HAPPINESS, *which is broadcast Tuesday nights at 9:15, New York time, over the Columbia Network.*

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

. . . Read about Hollywood's newest fads . . . What the vacationing stars did in Europe . . . Odd facts about some players

Here are Hollywood's Newest Fads:

ALL the film folks have gone bicycle crazy. And the smartest shops are displaying "bicycling frocks." They look like shorts—and Sally Eilers looks pretty cute in hers. Henri, the Marquis de la Falaise, cried so hard for a bike that Connie Bennett finally went out and bought him a nice bright red one. Now Henri wheels all over Hollywood Hills and is he proud! Joan Crawford is another bicycle rider.

But trust these foreigners! Lillian Harvey has introduced a new sport to Hollywood—tight rope walking. Unhuh, she honestly does it—and it's going to burn Lil Tashman and the rest of the fad-starters that they didn't think of it first!

Myrna Kennedy (she's a red-head, you know) wore a costume entirely of red—shoes, hat, gloves, dress—everything. She wore it to the Brown Derby for luncheon.

Claudette Colbert is wearing one of the new drop stitch suits that are all the Hollywood rage this spring. With it she wears a patent leather scarf.

Anna Sten, a foreign importation, is pulling a Dietrich. That means—of course—wearing trousers.

Facts You Should Know:

Clara Bow bought 30 pairs of shoes, 50 dresses and dozens of hats before she left for Paris. Buy American (or maybe Hollywood) is the slogan!

Wera Engels, the new German importation has the cunningest way of talking about herself as if she were twins! Always refers to herself as "her."

Hardie Albright has his chest all puffed out because Marlene Dietrich *personally* picked him for one of the leads in her next—and last—American picture.

Katharine Hepburn has discarded some of her eccentricities and is acting more like a human being.

When Jean Harlow spent a week-end at Caliente playing golf one dozen handsome men acted as caddies.

Cary Grant and Randolph Scott are pals. They live in the same house and their birthdays fall on the same day.

Not content with being a movie star and the author of three novels, Elissa Landi has now turned composer. "Sonata in F Minor," which she plays in "The Masquerader," is her own composition.

Carl Laemmle—"Uncle Carl" as he is known to hundreds who love the pioneer — celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday recently.

How the Stars Behave in Europe:

When Clara Bow was on her way to Europe with Rex Bell she didn't care for the pitching of the boat and stayed in her cabin most of the way. One day she did come to the smoking room however and although she was considerably stared at, none of the passengers talked to her—thinking that she wanted to be let alone. Finally, one, bolder than the rest, asked her how she liked the trip. "Terrible, so far," she said. "Why does everybody avoid me? I'd like to talk to a few people."

When she got to England, Clara found that her eyebrows created a sensation. English ladies have their eyebrows thinned, my deah, but Clara's—which are entirely plucked so that she can draw them any shape she wants—threw the English gals into hysterics.

In Europe they call Harold Lloyd "America's ambassador of friendship." He's been entertained by Premier Ramsay MacDonald and has been confabbing with the Pope and the mighty Mussolini. Besides that he has given long after dinner talks and been making personal appearances—things he never does in America. They're crazy about that Lloyd fellow over there.

You remember the sensation that Ann Dvorak caused when she chucked her most promising movie career to tramp around the world with hubby Leslie Fenton? They're still in Europe and dash from St. Moritz to Paris, like a couple of small town commuters.

Hollywood's Gangsters Did This:

Held up Zeppo Marx for thirty-eight thousand dollars.

Forced Mae West to part with about $16,000 worth of jewelry.

Robbed Helene Costello's home of about $30,000.

Between Us

(*Continued from page 83*)

industry is run differently in this country than in Europe. There are always others to take the empty place. Once you are out, it is mighty hard to get back in again. And even if she did return to Germany, she would not draw the high salary she draws here. Look out, Marlene—take a hint. (*There's an interesting story on Marlene on page 38, Rae.*)

Do you disapprove of socking?

K. WILLIAMS (no address) protests:

Ever since I have been going to the movies, I've gone to see good acting. And now I find that if a man can sock a woman to loosen her teeth or knock her out, he is considered a sensation. I am speaking of none other than Clark Gable. I have tried my best to see anything in that guy, and I can't. As soon as he acts like a gentleman, as he did in "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude," he is no longer in demand. But when "Red Dust" is released, where he is again a menace, the money rolls into the box-office. Personally, I'm a Joel McCrea fan. He at least leaves his women in one piece.

Protest from thirteen-year-old

JAMES ASELTINE of Joliet, Ill., complains:

I only have one criticism of MODERN SCREEN, and that is the notes after your reviews—"leave the children at home." I am thirteen now and movies have never left a lasting impression of drinking, shooting and so forth. I like sophisticated movies and have boosts for nearly all the players, especially Kay Johnson and Tallulah Bankhead.

BRIEF OPINIONS FROM OTHER LETTERS

ELIZABETH WHITLEY of Lowell, Mass., thinks movies are not nearly as good as they used to be and bewails the fact that Dorothy Mackaill had to take second place to Carole Lombard in "No Man of Her Own." "I know Dot can do better and has done, so here's wishing her a speedy comeback." Speaking of the same picture, Anthony Borelli of New Haven, Conn., objects to the title. "By rights, it should have been 'Everybody's Man,'" he says. ELAINE SCHOOF of Milwaukee, Wis., has unique praise for Barthelmess: "—because of his generousness and kindness in giving the beautful Bette Davis a chance in 'Cabin in the Cotton.' It is through him that many of our dazzling stars of today have had their chance." NATALIE FISCHER of Burlingame, Calif., is disgusted because Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald won't be teamed any longer. "The reason, I understand, was because as a pair they cost so much. Tell me, if a producer expects to make money on a picture, why doesn't he spend a little on two good players like Jeanette and Maurice?" (*Evidently, these players plan to work separately—you're right. But, cheer up, you'll see Maurice in "A Bedtime Story" and Jeanette in "The Merry Widow."*) ROSE WORTHINGTON of Wilkes-Barre, Penna., has an unusual request. She wants players to be spanked on the screen! "I think everyone gets a

(*Continued on page 87*)



HOW often you've seen it happen! A man meets a stunning looking girl. He says to himself, "*Beautiful!*"

He dances with her . . . and says to himself as he turns away, "*Cheap!*"

Nothing so surely and quickly marks a girl down in the estimation of a man, as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

And this form of personal neglect is all the more inexcusable because it is so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from the slightest trace of odor. With Mum!

Mum is a fragrant snowy cream which gives all-day or all-evening protection. Half a minute is all you need to apply Mum. No fuss, no time wasted.

You can use Mum any time—when dressing or afterwards. It makes no difference, for Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, too, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration.

Another thing women like Mum for is to remove clinging odors of onions, fish or dry cleaner from the hands.

Don't risk *your* popularity. Make sure that underarm odor can never be detected on *your* person. Be safe with Mum! 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a wonderful deodorant for sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.



THE *Witchery*

OF A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN CAN BE YOURS



with this marvelous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

It is so easy for a woman's skin to become red and rough. Particularly at this season . . . Sharp cold and biting winds attack the face. Destroy its smoothness and charm . . . Indoor heat saps the natural oils from your skin. Leaves it dry and old-looking.

Protect your complexion from these harsh extremes. If your face has a tendency toward redness . . . if it often feels dry and rough . . . begin using OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder *at once.* Dust it on every day before going out. And again when you come in.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the only face powder made with an *Olive Oil* base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder. With the first application you'll notice a distinct improvement in your complexion.

Try this *different* face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes —10c, 25c and $1.00. If you want to sample five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon.

OUTDOOR GIRL

OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine

Crystal Corporation,
Dept. 504
130 Willis Ave., New York

I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling. Please send me your OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sampler" containing liberal trial packages of Olive Oil Face Powder—Lightex Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

The MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PICTURES

All the dope on the pictures playing around—put into a few time-saving words. Better look over this list before you decide to go to the movies

AFRAID TO TALK (formerly called "Merry-Go-Round") (Universal) Eric Linden does some fine acting in this story about crooked politicians. Sidney Fox is the girl. **Good—children won't be amused.**

ANIMAL KINGDOM (Radio)—Here's the famous stage play done beautifully as a talkie. Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy and William Gargan are in the fine cast. **Excellent—children won't be interested.**

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (Radio)—Although the theme—hereditary insanity—is morbid, you mustn't miss a perfectly acted picture. It has Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore and Billie Burke. **Excellent—nothing in it for children, however.**

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL (Paramount)—Frank Morgan and others in Teapot Dome story. **Fair—not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a missionary worker and Nils Asther as a Chinese general do nice work in this movie. **Good—the children won't be interested.**

BLONDE VENUS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich's first picture with an American locale. **Excellent—but don't take the kids.**

BREACH OF PROMISE (World Wide)—Another political picture with grand acting by Mae Clarke and Chester Morris. **Good—not for children.**

CABIN IN THE COTTON (First National)—Richard Barthelmess, Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan involved in a love story on a modern Southern plantation. **Good—the children may like it.**

CALL HER SAVAGE (Fox)—Clara Bow's big comeback picture! And the girl really comes back as a vivid youngster from the prairie-land. Gilbert Roland plays opposite her. **Very good—children will enjoy some of it.**

CAVALCADE (Fox)—Clive Brook and others in stupendous historical drama. **Excellent—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—Thrills, excitement and suspense—with some darn good humor thrown in—in a big city park. It has Joan Blondell, Wallace Ford and Guy Kibbee. **Very good—parts of it the children will like.**

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)—Nancy Carroll, John Boles and Buck Jones (in non-Western role) all in a story of very modern life. **Very good—but don't take the children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

CRIME OF THE CENTURY (Paramount) Stuart Erwin, Wynne Gibson and others in a bank robbery story. **Very good—okay for kids.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

CYNARA (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Another triangle story, very well done by Ronald Colman, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry. **Very good—it will bore the kids.**

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE (Warners)—Alice White comes back in this story of what happens to the workers in a big department store. Loretta Young, Wallace Ford and Warren William all are very good. **Good—the older children may enjoy it.**

FACE IN THE SKY (Fox)—Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon in a weak story. **Fair—not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

FAITHLESS (M-G-M)—Tallulah Bankhead and Bob Montgomery in a yarn about a wealthy girl who loses her money. **Good—not so suitable for children.**

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper weave a spell of beautiful romance in Hemingway's story of the Italian war front. Adolphe Menjou is perfect, too. **Excellent—but the children should be left at home.**

FAST LIFE (M-G-M)—An exciting boat race, Bill Haines and Madge Evans. Isn't that enough for an enjoyable evening? **Good—children will like it.**

FLESH (M-G-M)—Here's a peach of a story about the wrestling racket with Wally Beery, Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez. **Excellent—and in spite of its title all right for kids, too.**

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)—A musical with a plot. Bebe Daniels, Mrs. Al Jolson, George Brent and Warner Baxter. **Excellent—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

FRISCO JENNY (Warners)—More folks making come-backs. This time its James Murray and he's good, too. Ruth Chatterton's acting, as usual, is splendid. **Very good—but say "no" to the children.**

THE GOLDEN WEST (Fox)—One of the better Westerns with George O'Brien. **Very good if you like 'em—couldn't be beat for the children.**

GRAND SLAM (Warners)—Paul Lukas and Loretta Young in a burlesque on bridge. **Very funny—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

THE HALF NAKED TRUTH (Radio)—Imagine Lee Tracy as a side show barker and Lupe Velez as the hotcha dancer whom he brings to New York and publicizes. Very funny. **Very good—the kids will like Lee.**

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM (United Artists)—Al Jolson rips off some swell songs in this amusing picture in which Madge Evans is his leading woman. **Good—children will enjoy it.**

HANDLE WITH CARE (Fox)—In spite of the charm of Jimmy Dunn and Boots Mallory this picture falls pretty flat. **Fair—children will enjoy parts of it.**

HARD TO HANDLE (Warners)—James Cagney in a press-agent yarn. **Very good—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

HELLO EVERYBODY (Paramount)—Kate Smith's first starring film. It has everything. **Excellent—okay for kids.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount)—Randolph Scott is pleasing but this Western could have had more punch. **Good—the kids will eat it up.**

HORSE FEATHERS (Paramount)—You can't beat those merry, mad Marx brothers for tomfoolery. This is about college life. **Excellent—and the kids will laugh as much as you will.**

HOT PEPPER (Fox)—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as Quirt and Flagg again. **Okay if you like this sort of thing—better not take the kids.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

HOT SATURDAY (Paramount)—How gossip can turn an innocent affair into a scandal nicely played by Nancy Carroll, Randolph Scott and Cary Grant. **Very good—but the kids will be bored.**

HYPNOTIZED (Mack Sennett)—This feature length comedy starring Moran and Mack is rather disappointing. **Fair—children may like it, however.**

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (Warners)—Brutal and tragic as is this story of a wrongly accused man who escapes from a chain gang, you must not miss Paul Muni's remarkably fine acting. **Excellent but gruesome—emphatically not for children.**

IF I HAD A MILLION (Paramount)—A perfectly swell novelty film in which eight different stars —among them Gary Cooper, George Raft, Alison Skipworth, Charles Laughton and Wynne Gibson—answer the question "What would you do with a million dollars?" **Excellent—children will like some sequences.**

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)—Chester Morris and Genevieve Tobin in amusing story about an adventurous young man. **Very good—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (Paramount)—Kathleen Burke—a newcomer plays the Panther Woman in this super horror picture with Charles Laughton, Richard Arlen and Leila Hyams. **Good—its almost too scarey for the children.**

THE KID FROM SPAIN (Goldwyn-United Artists)—That Eddie Cantor gives you one big laugh right after another. **Excellent—and great for children.**

KONGO (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce all get pretty morbid and vengeful down there in those tropics. **Good—but don't take the kids.**

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT (Warners)—Barbara Stanwyck in prison picture. **Fair—not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

LAWYER MAN (Warners)—William Powell takes the role of an East Side lad who makes good—and then gets in bad. Both he and Joan Blondell are fine. **Very good—but not so interesting for youngsters.**

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (Radio)—Mitzi Green plays the role of the famous comic strip character as only Mitzi can. **Excellent for the whole family.**

LUCKY DEVILS (Radio)—A story of stunt men with William Gargan and Bill Boyd. **Very good thrilling stuff—okay for kids.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)—George Brent, Zita Johann, Vivienne Osborn, Alice White and Frank Morgan in an attempt to do an ocean liner "Grand Hotel." **Fair—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (Paramount)—Sylvia Sydney and Cary Grant in a drama based on that famous and teary opera. **Very good—but the children won't care for the sad parts.**

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM (John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran)—If you haven't already done so, don't fail to see this poignant German movie (with English titles). **Very good—not for children.**

THE MATCH KING (First National)—The story of Ivar Krueger, the Swedish match king, with Warren William and Lily Damita. **Good—the children won't be crazy about it, though.**

(Continued on page 94)

Between Us

(*Continued from page 85*)

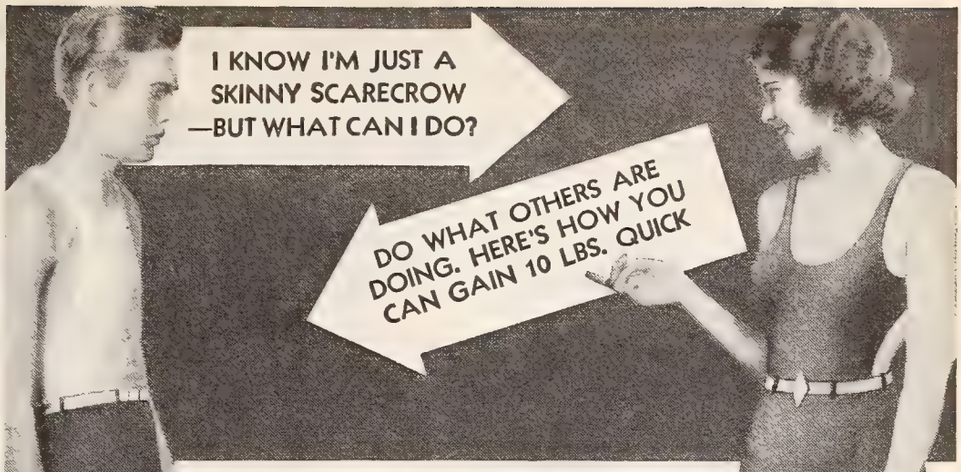
thrill to see some one receiving an old-fashioned spanking over someone's knee." (*How about the Gable and Cagney habit of smacking their heroines, Rose?*) ELLYN STONE AND FRIENDS of Ashland, Wis., are pining for a picture of George Raft. (*See page 27—there's an excellent story on him, Ellyn.*) And here's praise for Gable without any mention of his sex appeal or his ears from R. G. WATSON of Hamilton, Canada. "After seeing Mr. Gable on the screen, I leave the theatre with new hope and determination. He has that unique something that spurs a person on. His kind, yet aggressive manner and his confidence, along with that 'never say die' spirit, is a genuine tonic for those stumbling along life's rocky path. LUCILLE LYSEK of Delia, Kans., wants the real names of Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell and Nancy Carroll. (*Janet's real name is Laura Gainer, Farrell's is Charles Farrell and Nancy's is Nancy La Hiff. Send ten cents for the issues you wish, Lucille, to* Modern Screen, *100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*) PAT PRENDERGAST of London, England, is mad about Ricardo Cortez and gives us the interesting bit of information that in England "Symphony of Six Million" was called "Melody of Life." WINIFRED WHYTE of Rockville Centre, N. Y., would like to see Mrs. Murdock's "John Halifax, Gentleman," on the screen and thinks Richard Dix would be perfect for the title role. THERESA DI CAPUA of Cleveland, Ohio, would like to see the following books made into films: "Understanding Heart" by Peter B. Kyne, "Sunset Pass" by Zane Grey and "Kazan" by James Oliver Curwood. ROSE PRIMER would like to see Ethel M. Dell's "Bars of Iron" on the screen—and begs, "Please, if this idea should be taken up, I hope the best parts are not taken out, as they usually are when pictures are made from books." The same complaint comes from FRANCES MANLEY of Ponca City, Okla., about the filming of many of Zane Grey's novels: "If you had read 'Wild Horse Mesa,' then seen the show, you would not have known they were the same. In that show—the part where the hero caught the wild horse . . . if that horse had been wild, he would not have been able to wrap the end of his rope around a rock while the horse was running with all its might."

JUST ONE LAST WORD—

Perhaps you have noticed that this month in "Between You and Me" we have pared the editorial comments down to the barest essentials. The reason for this is to leave more space for your letters. We still feel that it is necessary to condense some of the letters—to pick out the bits which will be most interesting to other readers or to answer some question the writer has asked.

We asked you two months ago to limit your letters to about one hundred and fifty words. We took that limit away last month. But we still ask you to make your letters as terse and to the point as you can—they're more interesting to other readers and much more printable.

Now, we'll take up no more space with our advice. But just remember, if your letter doesn't appear one month, look for it the following month. And keep on writing—remember, you are the only ones who can have any lasting influence on the talkies and the talkie stars and players.



Posed by professional models

Thin? New way adds firm flesh *quicker than* BEER

New discovery brings astonishing gains. Imported beer yeast, richest known, concentrated 7 times. Adds 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.



HERE'S the last word in scientific weight-building! An amazing new discovery that is quickly rounding out scrawny arms and legs, flat chests, hollow cheeks and bony shoulders for thousands.

Everybody knows that for years doctors prescribed beer for skinny, rundown men and women who wanted to put on flesh. But now with this new scientific discovery you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands gaining pounds of solid beauty-bringing flesh in a few weeks—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy quickly vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized*—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs round out pleasingly. And along with that firm, attractive, long-desired flesh will come a radiantly clear complexion—glorious freedom from digestion troubles—new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not more than delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

14 Lbs. in 2 Weeks

"Before taking Ironized Yeast I was skinny, weak, my skin muddy. In 2 weeks I gained 14 lbs. and my skin cleared." *Maria Jacovielle, Bronx, N. Y.*

22 Lbs. in 2 Months

"I have gained 22 lbs. in 2 months with Ironized Yeast. Now in perfect health." *F. R. Bowers, Winnemucca, Nev.*

29 Lbs. in 6 Weeks

"Ironized Yeast gave me pep. I gained 29 lbs. in 6 weeks." *Anna Stumbras, De Soto, Ill.*

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MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: unmarried; born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Match King," First National. Working in "Today We Live," M-G-M, and "The Adopted Father," Warner Bros. Next is "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AMES, ADRIENNE: married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "He Learned About Women," Paramount; "The Death Kiss," Tiffany; "Scandal Sheet," Fox. Working in "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

ANDRE, GWILI: unmarried; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Radio player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," "Secrets of the French Police," and "No Other Woman."

ARLEN, RICHARD: married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The All American," Universal; "The Island of Lost Souls," Paramount. Working in "College Humor," Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE: married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity" and "The King's Vacation." Working in "The Adopted Father," Next is "Voltaire."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; and "King Kong," Radio.

ASTHER, NILS: divorced from Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia.

ASTOR, MARY: married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio Studio. Free lance. Featured in "Successful Calamity," Warner Bros.; "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Red Dust," M-G-M.

ATES, ROSCOE: married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Renegades of the West," "Little Orphan Annie," and "Lucky Devils," Radio. Working in "Beer," M-G-M.

ATWILL, LIONEL: married; born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," "Wax Museum" First National; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M. Working in "Murders in the Zoo," Paramount.

AYRES, LEW; separated from Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay America," Universal; "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Out on Parole" Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM: unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Back Street," Universal; "Lucky Devils," RKO.

BANCROFT, GEORGE: married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "Lady and Gent," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH: unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Free lance. Starred in "Devil and the Deep," Paramount; "Faithless," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Bill of Divorcement," Radio; "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M. Working in "Topaze," Radio. Next is "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Washington Masquerade" and "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M. Working in "Sweepings," Radio.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Cabin in the Cotton," and "Grand Central Airport," First National.

BAXTER, WARNER: married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; "Forty-Second Street," Warners. Working in "Dangerously Yours." Next is "Only Yesterday," Universal.

BEERY, WALLACE: married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Flesh." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

BELLAMY, RALPH: married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Second Hand Wife," Fox; "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Picture Snatcher," Warners. Working in "Parole Girl," Columbia.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. Radio star. Starred in "Two Against the World," First National. "Rockabye," Radio. Working in "Our Betters," Radio.

BENNETT, JOAN: married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox star. Starred in "Week Ends Only," "Wild Girl," "Me and My Gal." Next is "Department Store."

BENNETT, RICHARD: married; born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had a Million," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Thunder Below," Paramount; "The Last Mile," Columbia; "No Other Woman," Radio. Next is "A Legal Crime," Paramount.

BIRELL, TALA: unmarried; born in Vienna, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion" and "Nagana." Next is "The Black Pearl."

BLONDELL, JOAN: married to George Barnes; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Lawyer Man," "Central Park," "Blondie Johnson," Warners; "Scandal Street," Fox.

BOLES, JOHN: married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured

(*Continued on page 95*)

Reviews

(*Continued from page 10*)

greasepaint and goes out to Dorothy Wilson's ranch to emote. While he is busy making faces into the camera, Creighton Chaney (Dorothy's foreman) concocts a scheme whereby he can steal the ranch and gal as well. Keene does some keen heroics—clinch and fade. The cast is okay . . . including Roscoe Ates . . . but the story is wobbly. Just fair.

However, if you enjoy movies which have a Hollywood movie background this will give you something.

FACE IN THE SKY (Fox)

A silly story about a traveling sign painter (Spencer Tracy) who rescues Little Orphan Annie (Marian Nixon) from her fate. He is accused of the Mann Act by a disgruntled farm hand who wants Nixon . . . but all ends well. We warn you . . . this isn't first rate! Don't say we didn't tell you.

HELLO, EVERYBODY (Paramount)

Paramount did right by our Kate. If you've been worrying about seeing 212 pounds emote . . . forget it. Kate has a good part and gives a good performance in a down-to-earth story that doesn't try to be grand.

It's really that old gag about the mean old Power Company which is about to take all the farms in order to get a location for their new dam. Kate plays a hefty farmerette who is almost vamped into signing the paper (ha *haaaa,* but the camper (Randolph Scott) falls for her sister (Sally Blane) in time to turn clean and give up his chiselling ideas.

Of course, Kate's voice is discovered and she goes to the Big City and makes good (page O. O. McIntyre) and returns with all the mortgage money just in time (cheers). In the meantime, you have heard her sing several swell numbers . . . and if you like Kate over the radio, you'll enjoy this one. Kate does one dance number that will bowl you over. It's swell. You'd better be sure and see it—all of you.

HOT PEPPER (Fox)

Those old marines, Quirt and Flagg (Lowe and McLaglen respectively) are at it again . . . with another carload of cuss words. Immediately the story opens, Flagg (dumber than usual) gets hooked in a dice game by Quirt, who makes his get-away—in the usual Quirt manner.

Two years later, they meet again. Flagg is now wallowing in dough from his speakeasy. Quirt is flat. Posing as a copper, Lowe pulls the "protection" gag on McLaglen and *again* gets away with the cash. You can imagine how Flagg feels!

Lupe Velez furnishes the reason for the title. From South America, she sizzles again. Especially when Quirt lands her a job in a night club that

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DRY, CHAPPED, red and rough skin can add ten years to your appearance. How old do your hands say you are?

Remember that premature skin-aging is easily avoided. Use Italian Balm, the original skin-softener. It banishes the aging effects of housework, officework and weather — *quicker*, at trifling cost! No home-made or store-made lotion is so thorough, so long-lasting or so economical!

Italian Balm won its laurels in winter-loving Canada over 30 years ago. Today its sale exceeds that of any other lotion in thousands of cities in the States! Safe. No caustic astringents; no irritating bleaches. Only 5% alcohol; it cannot *dry* the skin. At drug and department stores in 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. Campana Corporation, Batavia, Illinois.

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TUNE IN—Monday nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

has a swell chorus. Don't ask if Lilian Bond has S. A.—*we* know.

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES (RKO)

This is the talkie version of the old-timer, "The Goose Woman" . . . but the goose isn't so fat this time . . . and *no* golden eggs. The writers who arranged this in its present form did too much wandering—remember what a swell part the original gave Louise Dresser? The Goose Woman as played by Helen MacKeller is only fair.

Jean Arthur and Eric Linden are among those present.

WAX MUSEUM (Warners)

You'll be avoiding dark corners after seeing this flicker, it's *that* scarey. One of those horror-mystery combinations centering around a wax museum where there's plenty going on. For instance: Lionel Atwill, as a disfigured madman, steals human bodies, cooks wax into them and molds them to his pleasure. There's something for you to stomach. Fay Wray, who just misses this fate, and Allen Vincent supply the romance. Frank McHugh, the newspaper boss and his sob-sister (Glenda Farrell) hold all the laugh lines in tow.

It's a first rate horror picture . . . and all done up in Technicolor. Beautiful and terrifying.

SCANDAL SHEET (Fox)

"You got to break Broadway, or Broadway'll break YOU!" Or so Joan Blondell figures when she gets (innocently) a "Broadway reputation" while dancing in a revue. She decides to cash in on the rap . . . fighting the while to shield her small son. She finally meets the real man (Ricardo Cortez) and repents. Emotional and modern. Swell cast: Blondell, Cortez, Ginger Rogers, Adrienne Ames and Allen Vincent. You will get your money's worth!

CRIME OF THE CENTURY (Par.)

Hypnotism, murder and theft—all three are nicely mixed into as lively a mystery as we've seen in many a moon.

Stuart Erwin, Wynne Gibson, Jean Hersholt and Frances Dee are all jumbled up in a $100,000 bank robbery and later a murder. Erwin, as the reporter who is always in the wrong place at the right time, captures the gal (Frances Dee) for the fadeout. Wynne Gibson continues to surprise as the sadistic wife of a famous surgeon (Hersholt).

This picture has a fast pace and some real thrills. If you can guess the murderer, get your money back—we couldn't guess.

GRAND SLAM (Warners)

If you take your bridge *seriously*, see this one—it'll help your sense of humor. Corking satire! Paul Lukas is swell as the Russian waiter who suddenly finds himself a "second" Culbertson. Loretta Young is the wife and Helen Vinson the charmer who usurps him for a while by flattering him that he *can* play bridge. After his vanity cools, he returns to his wife a sadder-but-wiser player . . . bridge and otherwise! You'll like this one!

LUCKY DEVILS (RKO)

Remember "Lost Squadron"? This is more of the same . . . stunt men and doubles in pictures. Dorothy Wilson, despondent, tries suicide but is saved by two daredevil pals, Bills-Gargan and Boyd. Boyd marries her and undertakes the greatest risk of his career when she needs $200 for hospital expenses. Thrills galore. Very good.

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)

Here is a smart comedy with most of the scenes taking place in Paris and aboard a luxurious ocean liner.

A young American (Chester Morris), broke and discouraged, finds new interest in an American girl about to leave Paris for home. He follows her aboard and the fun begins. It is learned that an infernal machine has been planted on the ship which serves to bring out the true characteristics of the girl's sweetheart (Victor Jory) and puts Morris way ahead. Morris tells the girl (Genevieve Tobin) that he will find the bomb if she will spend an hour in the bridal suite with him. The action from there is tense and unexpected.

You will like this, we're sure.

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL (Par.)

This snaps into real entertainment once it gets going. Bob Armstrong does his best work to date, as the moronic ex-convict in the employ of a big oil magnate (Frank Morgan), whose business tendencies aren't always so up-and-up. When the convict's brother and the magnate's daughter fall in love, Morgan breaks Armstrong by giving him a phoney tip, then fires him. Later Bob squeals on the former boss, and the big scandal breaks.

Armstrong and Morgan are the shining lights—with James Gleason and Warren Hymer supplying the laughs. Constance Cummings and Frank Albertson do the romancing. It's good.

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT (Warners)

Just another prison picture. . . woman's angle. Barbara Stanwyck deserves better fare. She gets pulled in and sent up for a hold-up when her old pal squeals. She plots revenge . . . but falls in love. Just a fair picture. Mostly "recreation hour" chatter!

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE (M-G-M)

Taken from the stage play "The Lady," this story covers a span of thirty years. Irene Dunne, a prima donna, meets and marries a son of wealth, Phillips Holmes. The infuriated father (Lionel Atwill) disinherits his son, and Holmes, unable to endure poverty, commits suicide . . . leaving Irene with a

small child which the Old Man wants. He has the singer shadowed and after several years succeeds in obtaining possession of the child.

Years later, as a British soldier, the boy seduces a girl and kills her father. Irene takes the blame but they jail the boy. In the fadeout, mother and son are planning for the time when he will be released and they can "start over."

Irene Dunne and Holmes are good. Atwill very good . . . but it's the ensemble that gets you. Meller-dramer!

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)

Mae West (Diamond Lil) sure dishes out plenty of that risqué business in this one (that's putting it delicately, but in spite of that, or on account of it, depending on yourself, it is downright funny).

Loaded with diamonds, Lil starts out as a saloon keeper's sweetie. She has men by the score and finally winds up by gettin' her man . . . who was darn tough to land. The cast is great, including Cary Grant, Gilbert Roland, Noah Beery and Rochelle Hudson. If you're not too highbrow, you'll go for this one! But leave the kids attome!

Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 69*)

and again towards the elbows.

Fitted bodices
Straight skirts
Slightly longer skirt lines
Belts featured
Capes
Hats with brims wide and narrow
Turbans set straight on the head
Backless evening gowns, skirts sweeping the floor.

Then remember that while most of the styles will strike you as being very simple, that fabric counts about ninety per cent for the effect of the whole.

Woolen materials are softly woven with, nevertheless, a good deal of body. Then the knitted materials grow more and more refined so that it is hard to tell them from their tweedy sisters.

Silks are rough—really quite rough—and this being the case they stand up through much wear without showing the ravages of mussing.

Colors are vivid—green, brown, red and yellow being much preferred as popular spring tones. Gray is holding up and beige for those with darker skins is a good color, too. Black is not nearly so good for high style as it once was unless it is lightened by some dashing touch of color.

This is a season when you need not bother about fur, for coats with scarf ties and draped collars are much more in the spotlight of fashion than those which are fur trimmed.

If there are any questions you wish to ask concerning your own particular spring wardrobe problems, follow the instructions given on page 70.

Is Such Beauty Your Dream?





To be beautiful and alluring is yours and every other girl's most treasured dream. Such beauty would mean popularity, romance, love! And, though it may seem beyond belief, it is not beyond possession. Beauty is not always a gift of the gods. It is more often the result of correct make-up.

Would you like a face powder which gives your skin a satiny softness, a lipstick which tints your lips a tempting red, and a perfume whose fragrance lingers delightfully about you—then use Blue Waltz face powder, lipstick and perfume, all scented with the irresistible Blue Waltz fragrance. Convenient ten cent purse sizes at your nearest 5 and 10 cent store.



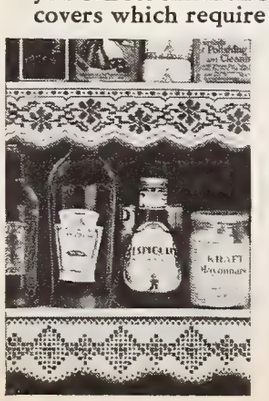
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See the amazing answer in our next issue!

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Age Lines Go!

New Beauty Instantly With Sem-Pray

Amazing discovery, Sem-pray Compressed Creme, gives you new skin beauty in 3 minutes. Quickly makes you look 10 years younger. Use 3-*minute* treatment with Sem-pray instead of *hour's* treatment with ordinary creams. Banishes those erasable wrinkles, age-lines; reduces large pores. Feeds, tones skin tissue *without growing hair.* Clears, softens, whitens skin. Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin.



FREE

Sem-pray Rouge and Powder sent FREE with Creme if you send quick

See Years Vanish

Sem-pray contains rare Eastern cosmetic oils and beautifiers never before used in any cream. Compressed into dainty, rose-pink almond-scented cake. New oval container has push-up bottom. Use easy as lipstick. No touching with fingers. Fits in handbag. Use anywhere for beauty, cleansing, foundation. Guaranteed safe, pure. Marvelous powder base too. Large economical size at all toilet goods counters 60c. Convenient purse size for 10c at 5c and 10c stores. Or send for 7-day treatment of Sem-pray Creme. Rouge and Powder sent FREE.

Mme. La Nore, Sem-pray Salons, Suite 1728-D, Grand Rapids, Mich. Send generous 7-day trial package Sem-pray Compressed Creme. Include introductory package Sem-pray Rouge and Sem-pray Mio Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c to pay for packing and mailing.

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Sweetheart Stories 10¢

Norma Talks About Joan

(*Continued from page 26*)

fixed differently. And when he saw them he said, 'Why, I believe you *can* play that role.' It was a tremendous gamble—but a lucky one."

Anyone who has watched Norma's progress since "The Divorcée" will grant that it was the luckiest gamble of her life—and one of the most fortunate pieces of casting in the history of M-G-M. Norma has been learning fast since "The Divorcée." Recently, in "Smilin' Through," she proved that her popularity is not dependent on the racy, daring, alluring type of portrayal which made her a box office sensation.

"The Divorcée" revealed her for the first time as a spectacular screen personality. "Smilin' Through" proves that she is becoming a fine actress as well. And Norma herself would be the first to sanction that word "becoming." For far from being complacent and self-satisfied, far from being content to stand still, she is growing—growing in skill and intelligence as an actress, and in perception and intelligence as a person.

Norma Shearer talked to me about Joan Crawford—but in so doing she revealed more about herself than I have known or guessed in six years. That mythical figure of the too-poised, too self-assured Mrs. Irving Thalberg has vanished forever for me—and I hope for you, too.

I didn't say good-by to Norma Shearer. I said "Hello!" For I had met Norma for the first time.

Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 82*)

most women a fish is a fish and nothing more, and all fish taste alike."

AH, but they shouldn't," said Cary. "Each fish has an entirely individual flavor and when properly cooked those flavors are brought out and emphasized."

"What is your favorite fish?" we asked.

"Broiled mountain trout," he replied, without a second's hesitation. "Though I think baked swordfish steak ranks as a close second. As for tuna fish, though exciting as a piscatorial exploit, when it comes to eating tuna fish, in my opinion, it is much improved by a sojourn in a can. I don't know what the canners do to it, but it certainly seems to help the flavor a lot."

"How do you feel about shell fish?" was our next question.

"I like shell fish a lot," Cary replied, "if we weren't almost through with lunch I'd suggest we have a nice boiled lobster with melted butter, right now."

"Lobster can't be properly appreciated in a restaurant," we asserted with conviction. "When we eat lobster we want to be free to get butter and shells all over ourselves and the surrounding landscape."

"Did you know that you ought to put rock salt and olive oil into the pot when you boil lobsters?" asked Cary, proud as all outdoors to have this piece of information to impart.

"No," we admitted. "Should you?"

"Yes," he assured us. Add one cup of rock salt and a tablespoon of olive oil for every gallon of water. And then the lobsters should boil for exactly fifteen minutes—no more—no less."

(You see! Talk about food long enough and you'll find out that almost every man has some culinary accomplishment, particularly if he is a huntsman or fisherman. They have to learn how to cook something in order to keep from starving to death, we suppose.)

"And by the way, have you ever had the baked filet of sole with lobster sauce they serve in this restaurant?" Cary asked us.

We, who had always had filet of sole fried and served with tartar sauce, had to confess we had not.

"You want to try it, some time," he said, "it's swell."

WE did, and it is. In fact, since our discussion of fish with Cary Grant we have grown very fish conscious—which will be a great help to us during the Lenten season. We are convinced that everyone *should* observe Lent whether or not they consider it necessary from a religious point of view. To cut down on the amount of meat you eat will be good for your budget and your digestion as well as your soul—and during the Lenten season in particular you are assured of getting fish at its very freshest and best. That is why we were delighted to get Cary Grant's ideas on fish dishes that men would like.

Remember he said he preferred canned tuna fish? Well, it seems his favorite tuna fish dish is a tuna fish pie which is as easily made in Maine or Illinois as it is in California. This pie is a one-dish meal embodying all the needfuls of a balanced dinner except the green salad. This pie, which can be made up in advance, is equally good with a pastry or a biscuit crust.

Then there is the baked stuffed fish that he also told us about. Frankly, we have forgotten whether he specified cod or halibut, but we have tested it with both kinds of fish and each met with unqualified approval. You use fish steaks and put the stuffing between—a very swanky looking dish and one that tastes even better than it looks.

Oysters *au gratin,* according to Cary, constitute the finest way to eat cooked oysters, and incidentally this dish is relished even by those who swoon at the mere thought of eating a raw oyster. Another good feature is that this method makes a comparatively small quantity of oysters go a good long way.

The recipe for baked Swordfish Supreme we are giving you here. It is one of the fishy foods which is a big favorite with Cary Grant. The recipes for the Rolled Filets with Lobster Sauce, the Tuna Fish Pie, the Baked Stuffed Fish, and the Oysters *au gratin* we have had printed for you on separate cards, tidily enclosed in a little blue folder with Cary Grant's name on it.

These folders are all ready, waiting to be sent out to those of you who fill in the coupon on page 82 and mail it to us. So be sure to get the coupon on its way right off. You'll find the recipes will make Lenten meal planning ever and ever so much simpler, as well as increase your family's liking for fish to the point where, instead of dreading "fish days," they will look forward to them with keen anticipation.

REMEMBER when you are planning a fish dinner that fish is essentially a bland food and that you want to choose vegetables with not too decided flavors or the taste of the fish will be entirely submerged. Garnishes, too, are important, to bring color to and enhance the appearance of simple fish dishes. And always have a crisp salad to furnish a contrast in texture to the rest of the meal.

BAKED SWORDFISH SUPREME

2½ pound swordfish steak
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon celery salt
1 small onion, minced fine
2 cups milk

Lay swordfish steak flat in greased pan. Cream the butter and blend with seasonings and minced onion. Rub this mixture into top side of fish. Pour milk around fish and bake, uncovered, in moderate oven (325°) for 30 to 45 minutes until fish is lightly brown on top. Remove fish and thicken milk left in pan by adding to it 1 teaspoon flour dissolved in a little cold milk for every 1/3 cup of milk left in the pan. Pour this sauce over fish and serve, garnished with thinly sliced stuffed olives. This recipe serves six. Any fish left over may be broken into small flakes, mixed with medium white sauce and served on toast for next day's luncheon.

Here are some menu suggestions which will help you when planning meals which feature fish as their main course. Cary Grant, for instance, says his idea of a perfect fish dinner comprises:

Tomato Bisque with Croutons
Baked Filet of Sole with Lobster Sauce

"It's Perfectly Gorgeous" Says
SHARON LYNNE
FEATURED STAR OF "THE BIG BROADCAST"



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Irene Marchant

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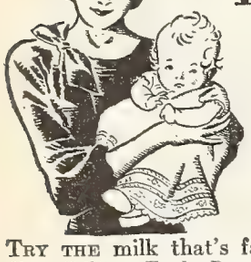
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SEND POST CARD for my free directions showing how I keep all my shoes smart looking. Address: Irene Marchant, The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Dept. M4 Baltimore, Md.



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Address.....

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Salad with Roquefort Cheese Dressing
Preserved Figs

The following menu includes another favorite of Cary's as the main dish:

Oysters on the Half Shell

Baked Stuffed Halibut
Potatoes on the Half Shell
Green Peas
Apple and Celery Salad
Crackers with Cream Cheese and Jelly

A menu featuring the oysters *au gratin* would include:

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Oysters *au gratin*
Corn Bread
Chopped Spinach
Mashed Potatoes
Cottage Pudding

All these menus are easy to prepare, beneficial to the budget and highly satisfactory as hunger satisfiers. So be sure to fill in the coupon on page 82 and send for this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Booklet, now!

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 86*)

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (M-G-M)—More chills and thrills with Boris Karloff, Karen Morley and Lewis Stone. **Very good of its type—and all right for the children if you let them see these thrillers.**

ME AND MY GAL (Fox)—Rough and tumble yarn about the waterfront with Spencer Tracy and Joan Blondell. **Good—better look at it yourself before deciding whether the kids should see it.**

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE (United Artists)—Douglas Fairbanks bounds all over a South Sea Island and has a swell time doing it. **Very good for every member of the family.**

MOVIE CRAZY (Paramount)—You'll laugh yourself sick watching Harold Lloyd play the role of a movie struck small town boy. **Excellent—and mark down another one for the whole family.**

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Old monster Boris Karloff again. This time he plays an Egyptian mummy who comes to life. **Very good—parts of it okay for kids.**

NAGANA (Universal)—Good acting by Tala Birell, Melvyn Douglas and Onslow Stephens in this tropical melodrama. **Very good—children won't be interested.**

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT (Paramount)—A lot of exciting things happen in a smart New York speakeasy. George Raft, Constance Cummings, Mae Clarke and Alison Skipworth are excellent. **Good—children will be bored.**

NO MAN OF HER OWN (Paramount)—Clark Gable is the hard boiled crook and Carole Lombard and Dorothy Mackaill are his women. The story zips along. **Excellent—but don't take the kids.**

NO OTHER WOMAN (Radio)—More big problems for the wife—solved by Irene Dunne, Charles Bickford and Eric Linden. **Good—not very interesting to children.**

PARACHUTE JUMPER (First National)—Here is a picture with real excitement and thrills. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Bette Davis are grand. **Excellent—and the kids will enjoy it, too.**

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES (Radio)—Talkie version of "The Goose Woman" with Jean Arthur, Eric Linden and Helen MacKellar. **Fair—not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

PAYMENT DEFERRED (M-G-M)—Depressing but powerful story with Charles Laughton doing masterly acting. **Good of its type—not for children.**

PENGUIN POOL MURDER (Radio)—It's Edna May Oliver's show and it has plenty of laughs. **Very good—and okay for children.**

PROSPERITY (New Version) (M-G-M) — Marie Dressler and Polly Moran—need we go on? **Very good—all right for the kids.**

RACKETY RAX (Fox)—Victor McLaglen as a racketeer who takes up football in a big way. There are plenty of laughs. **Very good—and kids will think it's funny, too.**

RAIN (United Artists)—Joan Crawford turns in a fine emotional performance in the well known Sadie Thompson story. Walter Huston and William Gargan do good work. It might have been better directed. **Excellent—but children should not see it.**

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS (M-G-M)—Imagine the three Barrymores—Ethel, Jack and Lionel, fighting for acting honors. See for yourself who wins. **Excellent—but not for children.**

RED DUST (M-G-M)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Mary Astor and Gene Raymond have their lives all upset by tropical atmosphere. **Very good—better keep the children away.**

ROCKABYE (Radio)—This is not Connie Bennett's best. Joel McCrea plays opposite. **Fair—won't interest children.**

SAILOR BE GOOD (Radio)—Jack Oakie in nautical story. **Very good of its kind—not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

SCANDAL SHEET (Fox)—Joan Blondell as a Broadway chorus girl—and her adventures. **Very good—children won't be very interested.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

SCARLET RIVER (Radio)—Action picture with a Western location movie company as the plot theme. **Good—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

SECOND HAND WIFE (Fox)—You'll find plenty of interest in this story of a twice-married banker and wife. Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy have the leads. **Good—children will be bored.**

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE (M-G-M)—Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes in thrilling drama. **Very good—not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE (Radio)—Murders and mystery to make your hair stand on end. The cast includes Gwili Andre, Gregory Ratoff and Frank Morgan. **Very good—children will find it exciting.**

SELF DEFENSE (Monogram)—That old one about the mother who keeps a saloon but doesn't want daughter to know. Claire Windsor makes a comeback. Pauline Fredrick and Barbara Kent are good. **Good—leave the children at home.**

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)—Mae West and others in some pretty hot stuff. **Very good of its sizzling kind—certainly not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS (Paramount)—Cecil B. DeMille turns in a huge and thrilling spectacle of Christian martyr days. You'll see Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Elissa Landi and Charles Laughton. **Excellent—parts of it too harrowing for the children.**

SILVER DOLLAR (Warners)—Eddie Robinson brings "Haw" Tabor to life on the screen. Both he and Aline MacMahon give grand performances. **Very good—won't interest children.**

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M)—See this sweet and beautiful love story with Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Leslie Howard. **Excellent—very young children will be bored.**

SO THIS IS HARRIS (Radio)—The famous entertainer, Phil Harris, does his stuff in a musical picture. **Good—children will like some of it.**

THE SON-DAUGHTER (M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, Ramon Novarro and Warner Oland do some lovely acting in this story of San Francisco's Chinatown. **Very good—don't take the kids.**

SPEED DEMON (Columbia)—William Collier Jr., in the type of story that Wally Reid made famous. **Fair—children will like it, however.**

STATE FAIR (Fox)—Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Norman Foster, Sally Eilers. **Excellent—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

TERROR TRAIL (Universal)—Tom Mix in a corking Western. **Okay for Western fans—excellent for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

THEY CALL IT SIN (First National)—Loretta Young and David Manners solve some modern problems. **Good—children won't find much in it.**

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)—A grand comedy with Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville and Roland Young. **Very good—and don't leave a single child at home.**

THREE ON A MATCH (Warners)—More modern love with Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis and Warren William. **Good—will bore the kids.**

TONIGHT IS OURS (Paramount)—Claudette Colbert and Fredric March in amusing comedy. **Very good—too clever for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

TOO BUSY TO WORK (Fox)—A weak story which will only interest ardent Will Rogers fans. **Fair—children will find it dull, too.**

TROUBLE IN PARADISE (Paramount)—A delightful and sophisticated comedy as only Lubitsch can make 'em—with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall. **Very good—children won't get the subtleties.**

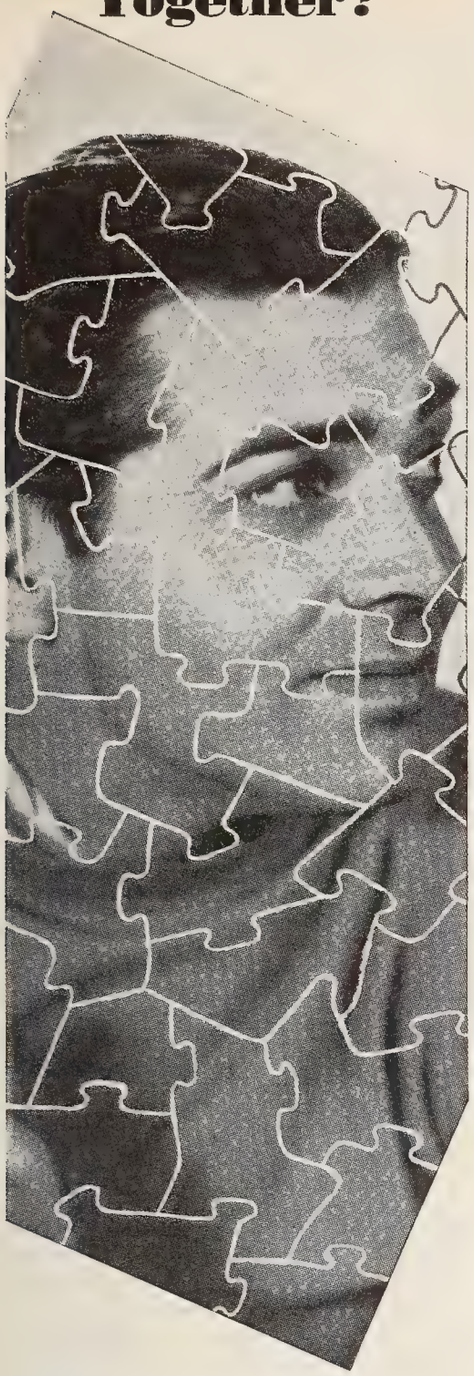
TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING (Warners)—A powerful story of prison life with Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis. **Excellent—okay for children if you don't mind their seeing prison stories.**

UNDER-COVER MAN (Paramount)—When this George Raft plays the role of a gangster he is always at his best. Nancy Carroll and Lew Cody do good work, too. **Good—children won't find it very entertaining.**

WAX MUSEUM (Warners)—Thrilling story about a madman who murders people and then turns them into wax figures. Lionel Atwill and others. **Very good thriller—children may be a bit too frightened.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK (M-G-M)—Una Merkel and Ernest Truex (of stage fame) in amusing comedy. **Good—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

Can You Put Him Together?



HERE'S real fun! A new kind of Jig-Saw Puzzle: MOVIE MIX-UP! What a kick you'll get out of puzzling it out.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 88)

in "Back Street," Universal. "Six Hours to Live," Fox; "Child of Manhattan," Columbia.

BOW, CLARA: married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage."

BOYD, BILL: married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio studio. Starred in "Yukon," "Men of America" and "Lucky Devils."

BOYD, WILLIAM: divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "After the Rain," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL: married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct," "Too Busy to Work." Working in "Cross Pull."

BRENT, GEORGE: married to Ruth Chatterton; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "The Keyhole," First National. Working in "Baby Face," First National.

BRIAN, MARY: unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Blessed Event," "Hard to Handle," "Blue Moon Murder Case." Next is "Oliver Twist."

BROOK, CLIVE: married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Cavalcade," Fox. Working in "The Great Desire," Radio.

BROWN, JOE E.: married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "You Said a Mouthful," and "Elmer the Great."

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Vanishing Frontier" and "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

BROWN, TOM: unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown," Universal. Working in "Grand Central Airport," Warner Bros.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: married to Ethel Sutherland; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

BYRON, WALTER: unmarried; born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Week Ends Only," Fox; "Decency," Hoffman; "This Sporting Age," Columbia.

CABOT, BRUCE: unmarried; born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "Lucky Devils"; "The Past of Mary Holmes"; "King Kong." Working in "The Great Jasper."

CAGNEY, JAMES: married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Winner Take All"; "Hard to Handle" and "Picture Snatcher."

CANTOR, EDDIE: married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days" and "The Kid From Spain."

CARRILLO, LEO: married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Parachute Jumper," Warner Bros.; "Obey the Law," Columbia. Working in "Exile Express," Universal.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City; November 19. Paramount star. Featured in "Hot Saturday" and "Undercover Man," Paramount. "Child of Manhattan," Columbia. Working in "The Woman Accused," Paramount and "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal.

CAVANAGH, PAUL: unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "The Crash," First National; "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: divorced from Lita Grey; born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer—star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE: married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Now We'll Tell One"; "Mr. Bride" and "Fallen Arches." Working in "Tarzan in the Wrong."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: married to George Brent; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Crash" and "Frisco Jenny." Next is "Lilly Turner."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: divorced from Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 22. Paramount star. Starred in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Working in "Bedtime Story." Next is "She Laughs Last."

CLARKE, MAE: divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio; "Breach of Promise," World Wide. Working in "Parole Girl," Columbia. Next is "Rivets," M-G-M.

CLYDE, JUNE: married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "Back Street" and "The All American."

CODY, LEW: widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses" and "Undercover Man," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "The Phantom President"; "Sign

(Continued on page 110)

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Don't miss this amazing revelation of the emotional lives of the Hollywood folk—emotional lives which have been kept very secret—until now

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Take My Advice

(*Continued from page 23*)

FREDRIC MARCH

You're a marvelous actor; every billboard bearing your name gets me right into the theatre. But please don't go Barrymore. Is it "The Royal Family" influence, which is still like an aura about you on occasions?

PAUL MUNI

Don't let it happen again—that hiatus between "Scarface" and "I'm a Fugitive." Give us more pictures. You are a great actor, and nothing can stop you, and you have a chance of a wider horizon on the screen than on the stage.

GLORIA SWANSON

Please come home. Make your pictures in America where you belong, surrounded by people who understand American production and American psychology.

LEE TRACY

You can be one of the screen's very biggest bets. Settle down and go to it.

WARREN WILLIAM

You have established yourself in record time as a popular star, but please don't go stagey on us. Too many facial grimaces are monotonous and annoying.

KATHARINE HEPBURN

I could fill a couple of books with how grand I think you are. But don't ever let them make you up again as they did in "Bill of Divorcement." I had seen you on the stage and the girl on the screen seemed like a caricature. Your stirring performance put you over but there's no reason why you shouldn't be as lovely on the screen as you are in person, is there?

GEORGE RAFT

I saw recently that you said you preferred gangster pictures and that you weren't, according to yourself, an actor. In any case, you have sound common sense. Stick to the gangster roles. Don't let the studio persuade you into being sweetness and light and a hero.

CLARA BOW

I think you are sincere in saying that you want to be a real actress and not a flapper. Flappers are outmoded now, anyway. But, if you mean what you say, give us a natural, dramatic, young woman and not a hotcha baby. Be advised on your clothes and do away with the orange eyebrows. You can act, you have everything—and all you need is less legs, as it were and more unself-consciousness. If you grow up—you'll grow great.

ELISSA LANDI

Don't let them make you go in for glamor parts. You are a brilliant, charming woman but you give no illusion of mystery. Be glad of it. A little mystery goes a long way. You are too honest to be other than what you are. Don't be forced into roles which are alien to you.

GEORGE O'BRIEN

You've a marvelous body, Mr. O'Brien, but can't you persuade the publicity department that the public can see it too often in publicity pictures?

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

You're much prettier than a picture, Constance and a cracker-jack little actress. Stay with us. Why do you want to make a picture in England? Don't risk letting the home folks get time to forget you. After all, the home folks are the ones who will make your success—or not.

MARIE DRESSLER

Please, from the bottom of a heart which is devoted to you, take, not my advice, but your doctor's. We need you terribly. We need you to make us laugh and make us cry and make us feel the world is a better place in which to live because you're in it. We can't get along without you. Play safe, don't overtax your strength, overburden your great heart. Be a good girl, and get well and strong again.

HELEN HAYES

Don't let them cast you in plays where the other characters refer to you as "beautiful." You aren't. You're so much better than that. There are hundreds of beautiful women in Hollywood but only one Helen Hayes. You can act rings around most of the others, but stay out of stories which hinge on your beauty. Beauty is cheap and fleeting, but art such as yours is long and enduring. You have your own charm.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

Please hurry with "Tarzan and His Mate." We want to see you on the screen again. And remember that the marvelous figure which has been so much in the public press is a gold mine. If you want to keep it, it means the old routine again. Let the other lads stay up late. You can't afford a spare tire decorating that nice slim waist, nor a let-down in healthy pep and enthusiasm.

ZASU PITTS

Golly, I was worried when you were so ill. I'm glad you're better. You're one of my favorites, you know. But—don't let them put you in so many pictures. I know it's hard to turn down the good offers, but your screen life will be longer if you don't let the public tire of you. Your own brand of comedy is as good as the screen has to

offer today but don't overdo things. I wish to heaven they'd give you a chance at other roles, at drama and tragedy, but since they won't, don't lose the effectiveness of your special line of work by appearing too often in the same sort of parts.

GEORGE ARLISS

Stronger pictures, Mr. Arliss. The more recent ones have been too weak and too sentimental. And not nearly good enough for one of the great personalities and artists of our time.

DICK BARTHELMESS

Don't let them force you into the very young roles any more.

LEW AYRES

The reverse of Dick Barthelmess. Many of your parts should be played by a man of thirty.

GENE RAYMOND

I'm sure you have a sense of humor. Exercise it. They are giving you too many parts in which you are too deadly and obviously in earnest. Nobody lives a life in one key only.

JOAN CRAWFORD

All admiration to a real person and a fine actress and one who keeps on growing and never stands still. But I am still dubious about the make-up. Isn't it a little too—too much?

LIONEL BARRYMORE

There is beginning to be a sameness of mannerism in the interpretation of your roles. And that's a pity.

AND NOW FOR THE PRODUCERS

If they'll take my advice they'll stop these picture cycles. Simply because one company has had a hit hinging, say, on the man from Mars, the other companies rush to do their versions. Is this necessary? And we are having too many tropical pictures lately, too many "The-tropics-bring-out-the-beast in-men" angle.

And if they'll take my advice they won't rush a player into stardom just because of a few overnight hits. They'll wait to see if he or she is strong enough to carry a story. I'm all for the all-star pictures, as it happens, with every role played by someone who can play it, and not one role only to which all other parts must be subordinate.

AND NOW FOR WARNERS AND M-G-M

Take my advice M-G-M and watch Jean Parker, who played the small but poignant bit in "Rasputin" as the Princess Rasputin desired. She's a great bet. Give her a chance at bigger things.

WARNERS

Take my advice and find a role for Bette Davis comparable to that which she played in "Cabin in the Cotton." In this she gave us not only a part admirably suited to her but one of the very best characterizations of the year.

Take my advice——

But I know you won't!

The 1933 Alice White

(*Continued from page 65*)

a "personal appearance tour" that for ravages of weather, inconveniences, hard, grinding work and endurance is comparable only to the old "one night stands."

Yet Alice went after it like a Trojan. Nothing was too much trouble for her, nothing was too hard. In many towns she played seven shows a day . . . and then consented to make extra appearances in the name of charity whenever she was asked. She lead parades and accepted keys to cities.

In place of resting in her hotel rooms after a work day that would have tired *two* Italians, she graciously met entire corridors full of eager fans, autographed pictures, granted interviews, advised movie struck girls about their "chances" in Hollywood.

All through this Alice had but one idea in mind . . . would Hollywood hear of her triumphant tour . . . would all this work really matter back in the town she had been forced to abandon and to which she so avidly desired to return?

It is characteristic of cagey little Alice that she conscientiously mailed newspaper clippings referring to her "success tour" to the leading columnists of Los Angeles and Hollywood papers in the fond hope that the shaft would reach its mark.

I ASKED her: "Do you think your return to the screen is in any way a reflection of Clara's?"

She looked very small in a pair of black velvet pajamas curled up in a large yellow chair in her new swanky living room.

It is also characteristic of Alice that her answer would be frank: "I don't know . . . maybe . . . what difference does it make?

"I don't mind being compared to Clara . . . certainly no more than girls like Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn mind being compared to Garbo. In fact, I'm always flattered. To me Clara always has been, and always will be the most colorful personality the screen has ever known.

Good News for

Colds-Susceptibles



If you are forever "catching cold," specialists say you're a Colds-Susceptible, and should be especially careful now. The coming of Spring—with its uncertain weather and quick changes of temperature—always means more colds. And these miserable Spring colds so often pave the way for bronchitis and pneumonia.

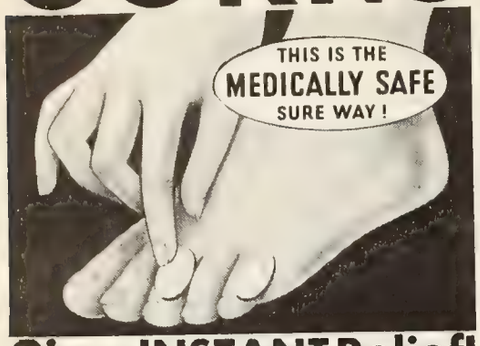
But here's welcome news for Colds-Susceptibles and their families—a way to avoid many colds altogether. At the first sign of "catching cold," use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds. They promptly soothe irritation, and help Nature throw off the infection that threatens.

VICKS Nose & Throat DROPS

VICKS COLDS-CONTROL PLAN

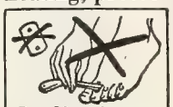
Of course, you have Vicks VapoRub—the family standby for *treating* colds. Now get Vicks Nose Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds—and follow Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds . . . to reduce their *number, severity* and *costs*. The Plan is fully explained in each Vicks package.

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"None of these new sex girls can compare with her. Yes, I've seen Jean Harlow in 'Red-Headed Woman' and 'Red Dust' and she's vivid and attractive. But Clara is more than that, she is *electric!* If there is any ulterior box-office motive back of my return to Hollywood I don't particularly care about that, either. The point is that I'm back again . . . that's all that matters to me. If fight, and work and wanting to succeed will turn the tides in my favor then it won't be possible for me to fail. I'm going to work like the dickens to stay here . . . now that I'm back again."

She went on: "I know that they are hinting that I have gone 'grand' since my return. I guess they are basing that story on this new house and my new clothes and the servants . . . and everything. But it isn't true that I've gone 'quiet and dignified' because I'm putting on the dog. I'm just plain tired . . . I earned a lot of money on my personal appearance tour . . . so why shouldn't I try to rest and get back my strength in the most comfortable and restful surroundings possible? Believe me these new servants are not for 'show' . . . as Hollywood seems to have guessed. I have them because I need them . . . they add to my comfort.

"And another thing . . . I had my nose operated on . . . not for publicity, but because I thought it would really help my appearance on the screen. It is hard to be dramatic with an ultra pug nose in view every time you turn profile. So I went down to Dr. Ginsberg and asked him to straighten it for camera purposes. And that is the straight of that story!

SAY, you know me well enough to know that nothing Hollywood says really gets under my skin. I don't even get mad. I'm crazy about it here. What does it matter what people say about me just so long as they realize I'm back in the picture again? If you want the truth about me now just say that I'm tired . . . but happy. Why not? I'm back in the game I love the best in the world . . . Cy is here with me (that's the man I love the best in the world) and Hollywood is spread right down there at my feet whether she realizes it or not." Alice laughed and indicated the valley of the movies which could be seen so clearly from her large living room window.

She's sitting on top of Hollywood again this funny, likeable little White girl, with her staff of servants and her flaming red nails—even if it is only a hilltop real estate location. A year from now she may have proved that she is back for good. In the meantime let them chuckle, for that very funny, loud laugh you hear above the others is Alice's own! She's back in the movies!

This "Going Hollywood" Business

(*Continued from page 30*)

Hollywood folk more than he once did. I realize that it is an escape for Bob—an escape that perhaps he, himself, hardly knows he needs.

There are several on my doubtful list. To look, superficially, at Joan Crawford you would say (and it has been said) that she has gone Hollywood. Certainly her mode of living has changed. She lives on a higher standard now—as her wealth and position in the industry warrant. But Joan, herself, is the same simple, loyal, eager girl—yearning after truth—that she was years ago.

TO show you how easy it is to get a reputation for being ritzy in Hollywood I'll give you one example about Joan. At a Hollywood party Joan once refused a cocktail and I heard a girl near me say, "Oh-ho—now that she is successful and related to the Fairbanks' and the Pickfords she has gone grand and won't drink with us common people. Why, I remember the time when . . ." I didn't hear the rest, but this I know: I have been with Joan on dozens of parties long before and after her success and long before her marriage and she never takes a drink of any sort. She isn't prudish about it. She doesn't mind what other people do. She simply does not like liquor. Occasionally on New Year's—so as not to make herself too conspicuous—I've seen her sipping a little wine. So you see how easy it is for false values to be put on the simplest of gestures.

Nancy Carroll is another on my doubtful list. Perhaps that is only a personal opinion. I've talked to many people who have worked at the studio with Nancy and they have all said that she is impossible. I've heard many people complain that she has to be introduced over and over again. But I've seen Nancy dozens of times and I have yet to find one trace of ritziness about her.

George Raft, Johnnie Weissmuller—even Clark Gable—have been before the spotlight too short a time to make statements about. Lots of times folks go Hollywood for a short period of time—find it pretty empty and snap back again.

I've tried here to touch the high spots only. If I've left out lots of people who should have been mentioned, I'm sorry—but maybe they'll keep for another story. And what was that I said? That I was going to settle this business once and for all. Well, it's a difficult question to determine—because it's so much a matter of personal opinion—and the controversy will probably go raging on furiously and indefinitely.

Gary's Adventurous Life

(*Continued from page 49*)

to be a big game hunter and lead expeditions into Africa!' Of course, one of our greatest treats was permission to pack up one of the horses with supplies and go on a hunting and camping trip. Sometimes a neighborhood kid or two would go along on these 'big game hunts' and we would stay for a couple of days at a time.

"One bright spring morning, during my eleventh year, I was surprised to find that my one-eyed dog had had a large litter of pups during the night. We watched them all morning but when we came out after lunch all but one had disappeared! We weren't able to figure it out until we looked up toward the hills and saw a small band of Indians. They had stolen our dogs! Brother and I started out to trail them. We stayed behind them for three miles and then they stopped and built a fire. We couldn't get close enough to watch them, but in about an hour they moved on again. We ran up to the place where they had been cooking and found the remains of all the little missing pups! That was my first adventure into nausea."

In the spring of Gary's twelfth year, the Coopers went to England for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Cooper's family. Gary was enrolled as a pupil in the grammar school at Dunstable, Bedfordshire. At first he hated it. He thought the kids were 'puttin' it on' with their accent and fancy clothes. He liked the open plains of Montana much more. Nor did the damp climate help Gary's health any.

"Study was the only thing left to do," explained Gary, "so I studied. I was at that impressionable age when a kid is easily influenced by his associates and surroundings. I began to drift into the new way of talking and dressing . . . both of which I had considered so sissy upon my arrival. But after about three years of England (and colds) Mother thought it was time to return to Montana and the open life."

The neighboring ranchers accorded the Cooper family quite a welcome—even the kids came along to yell 'howdy" to Gary. But once the old gang got a load of Coop's English duds (plus the rare old accent) they decided to give him a *private* welcome out behind the woodshed! When that was over, his imported clothes were in shreds and he had almost learned to talk American over again.

FOR the next two years, the Coopers alternated between the ranch in summer and Helena (the best schools were there) in the winter. About this time, Gary commenced to ride in real earnest. He went with the Indians on trapping jaunts and was proud of the fact that he even learned enough of their language to talk with them.

Then came the war. Gary wasn't old enough to go . . . but his brother went. This meant that a new man must be placed in charge of the ranch (Old Andy had died). The new man had been in charge but a few weeks, however, when the Coopers began to miss a lot of calves. It only took Gary about ten days to get enough evidence to cause the new foreman to take out for the tall timbers pulling leather. Gary was put in as foreman in charge of a thousand head of cattle. When the beef was ready for the market, Coop got on the cattle train and personally took his stock to Minneapolis to the market. That was great fun.

Immediately upon his return, and much to Gary's disgust, Mrs. Cooper sent him to Montana Wesleyan School—from which he was kicked out almost immediately for joining a fraternity—frats being taboo at Wesleyan. From there, Gary went to Bozeman, Montana, where he prepared himself for college, (as Gary says: "God knows *how!*") and immediately entered Grinnell University in Iowa where he stayed for two years.

Except for a girl named Doris with whom Gary fell madly in love, college was a complete washout to him. He would have quit the first six weeks if Doris hadn't come into his life. She begged him to finish his schooling. He begged *her* to marry him. They compromised: if Gary would finish school, Doris would marry him. He stuck to his agreement for two years and then decided to quit and earn enough money to rush Doris off her feet.

(I wonder if a certain girl named Doris ever thinks of Big Coop, as she gazes at his name on a theater marquee? He has the reputation of being Coop, the bachelor—Coop, the man who won't get married—in Hollywood. Well, Doris could have changed all that. She could have married him fully three years before he came to Hollywood if she had wanted to. "Lord knows I begged her hard enough!" remembers Gary. But all Doris would say was, "Coop, you shouldn't even *think* of getting married! Married men have to stay set! You don't even know the meaning of the word!")

Gary was young and stubborn—used to having his own way. He decided to "show Doris." After he became a big game hunter—or a famous newspaper cartoonist—he figured she would be sorry enough she hadn't accepted him. But Africa was a bit far away, so Coop drifted back to Helena and managed to get a part-time job on a local newspaper. Gary's mother was visiting in San Diego, California, at the time and thus couldn't hustle her big, unruly son back to school. He took a few trips to the ranch with his father, but for the first time the ranch life bored him. He was growing restless for the more involved adventures of life. He wanted to be on the go. "I suppose I *really* wanted to be on the loose!" he grinned. He spent two or three months in Helena—drinking more than he should; gambling far more than he should and acquainting himself in general with



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some of the more "experimental" phases of what he loved to call "actually *living* life." The failure of his idealistic romance with Doris had embittered him with all women. He made up his mind that he would never again "lay down his heart to be stepped on." If that was the way women wanted to play the game, all right—he would play it with them!

AFTER about four months on the newspaper had brought him a degree of success with his cartoons, Gary decided that Helena was too small a field for his talents. Still highly pleased with his newly acquired cynical outlook on life, he packed his few belongings and started for San Diego to visit his mother. "But that town was too sleepy and peaceful for me," reminisces Gary. "After saying hello to Mother, I set out for Hollywood, which I had heard was a hell of a gay place!

"Well, perhaps it is. I'm not going to argue that Hollywood is just another 'small town where nothing happens'. Plenty of excitement goes on . . . and if you're honest you'll admit it. It's the most turbulent and upsetting place in the whole world, but not to an outsider such as I was in that first lonesome year. In fact, I sometimes think that first unhappy year in Hollywood when I was trying to get a break as an artist was the most 'adventurous' of my life. I think more things actually happened to me, the person, than has come from all sorts of external happenings which have dotted my life of adventure. The adventure of finding a job, for one thing, just about floored me. No one in Hollywood, it seemed, was desperately in need of an artist or a cartoonist. I did finally get a job with an advertising company, but they went broke before I got my first pay check. Part of the time I was hungry . . . part of the time I was mad! A friend of mine, another adventurous gentleman of life who shared his food and lodging with me when he had them, suggested that I try the studios for extra work. I thought he was lying when he said that I would get $7.50 per day. That seemed like entirely too much affluence!

"So I started hanging around the studios. Paramount was the closest, so I did most of my outdoor lounging against their casting directory sign. Once in a while I would get a job . . . especially if there was riding to be done. No, I never had any ambitions toward becoming a star then. I didn't like the idea of having to earn my living by sticking my face up with pink grease paint—it seemed like sissy and undignified work for a man!

"I was quite amazed one afternoon when a man named Hans Tiesler, an independent producer on Poverty Row offered me the leading male role opposite Eileen Sedgwick in a two-reel Western. I told him I wasn't an actor. 'I don't want an actor,' he said, 'I want a cowboy who can ride. If I engage one of these ham actors who have never been on a horse in their lives, it'll just mean that I'll have to hire a double to do the riding. This way I can hire you to play both parts. It's cheaper!' And so, in this frank and undignified fashion," laughs Gary, "I became a Hollywood leading man!"

AN agent who delved among the unknowns of Poverty Row pictures looking for fresh screen material happened to see Gary's first horse opera. Two days later he phoned to say he had signed Gary up for the role of Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Gary's days of leaning against the Paramount casting sign were over!

"I suppose I must have left an imprint on that sign," said Gary, "for my next screen call was from B. P. Schulberg of Paramount. Boy, I got a kick sailing past that office boy into Mr. Schulberg's office."

The outcome of that meeting between Schulberg and two of his associates and the embarrassed, awkward Coop was a Paramount contract! He didn't even make a test for it. They said they had seen his work in "Barbara Worth" and found it satisfactory. They wanted to know if a salary of $125 weekly would be okay.

"That first check of $125 brought the wildest adventure of spending and eating and having fun of my entire life . . . that far," says Gary.

His first Paramount role was a very small one—with Clara Bow in "It." Gary played the part of a young newspaper reporter. He was awed by being in the same picture with so much fame as Clara represented at that moment. He felt a lot more at ease and poised, however, in his next picture, "Children of Divorce," with Clara again and Esther Ralston. Upon the completion of that picture he was assigned to the big Paramount special, "Wings," to be made with Clara Bow, Richard Arlen and Buddy Rogers (two other Paramount newcomers) in Texas.

Remembering the flying scenes in "Wings," Gary said to me, "I'll never get over that sick, gone feeling when I took my plane off the ground for the first time alone. But I didn't want William Wellman, the director, to know I was nervous. He's a swell guy . . . but he's not the one to let in on a weak moment. I knew he would ride me to death. My first scene was a war scene in which I was stormed and bombed. I know it wasn't real war—but it might as well have been. Since then I've been in some pretty tight spots, especially on that African hunting jaunt, but never again have I had that feeling of not caring whether I came out the winner of the adventure or not. Enemy planes (the picture planes, of course) were beginning to whirl and circle and close in on me. Suddenly I seemed to forget all I had learned about keeping a ship to the clear—bringing her safely down. The damn thing started to spin and careen. 'O. K., Coop,' I thought to myself, 'here goes nothing . . . and such a nice new shiny movie actor, too!'"

Don't fail to read the final instalment of Gary Cooper's story in the May issue. Get the inside slant on his love affairs, his African trip, and last-minute news about his career.

Charm Gossip

(*Continued from page 76*)

CONNIE BENNETT'S newly decorated bedroom is an inspiring sight. The only color used is yellow. The floor is covered with a Chinese rug and Connie herself wears a yellow Chinese dressing robe to match. Her picture frames were designed by Bill Haines. They are all made of old-fashioned gingham.

The most unusual thing about the room, however, is the fact that it has no draperies. In fact, to the newcomer it seems to have no windows. Connie's new idea is to panel the walls with mirrors (even covering the windows with them) and when she wants light or air she merely moves back a panel of mirror and opens a window. Clever?

GARY COOPER burns nothing but cedar logs in his fireplace. The reason for this is that cedar has a habit of crackling more than ordinary firewood and the moment it starts burning the odor of cedar fills the whole room.

THE most luxurious bathroom in Hollywood is owned by the Dick Arlens. What with a *chaise longue,* a reading lamp and a bookcase filled with books, it's almost a room by itself. Dick and Joby both like to stretch out after a bath and read for relaxation.

THE new Hollywood game seems to be "who can have the widest bed." Thelma Todd has a bed ten-foot wide with a telephone on either side; Dick Arlen goes in for this extra luxury, too (with a fireplace just opposite the bed); and Marian Nixon looks almost lost in her mammoth bed.

PROBABLY the freshest and most transparent looking skin in Hollywood is owned by Jean Harlow. The funny part is that she never uses creams of any kind on her face . . . merely water, first hot then ice cold. Jean doesn't just pat the water on either—she sticks her whole face in a big bowl of it.

The last time we saw Jean in the evening, she was wearing that new type sandal without any hose and her toenails were manicured and tinted to high heaven.

MARY PICKFORD really started the idea of having a menu card at each dinner guest's place . . . but Connie Bennett has gone her one better and uses this formal notion even for informal luncheons! It's nice to know!

HAVE you heard about the "milk can lamp" that Lil Tashman has in her red and white beach place? Lil bought one of those five-gallon milk cans, had it beautifully decorated and wired with a lampshade on top, and then built a ledge to set it on about ten feet above the floor. Really one of the most unusual ideas seen in Hollywood for some time.

NAN (Mrs. Director William K.) HOWARD has originated the idea of having bunches of glass flowers twining around the mirrors in her French bedroom. They're realistic, too . . . you can almost smell 'em!

LEW AYRES and Lola Lane were the first couple in town to have one of those new-fangled dealing bridge tables. Not only *that* . . . the chairs to go with the table have upholstered arms and cushions of down. Can you imagine being comfortable while playing bridge?

WHEN Mary Pickford gives an autographed picture of herself to some close friend she always destroys the negative, so that the friend can feel certain that her picture is absolutely exclusive.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest idea for dining room furniture seems to be to have chairs that are huge and comfortable. How often have you heard this statement: "Let's go into the other room where it is more comfortable?" Several of the motion picture stars have come to the point where they will have to put lamps and library tables in their dining rooms because it's utterly impossible to get their guests out of the comfy dining-room chairs!

AND now it's quite the thing to have pale moon-maiden fingertips. There is a new nail polish out that gives a sort of mother-of-pearl finish. A dead white, it is, with a heavenly lustre. Lilyan Tashman was among the first to use it so you know it's the vogue. If you prefer red, though, make it brilliant! In Hollywood dark red fingernails are as outmoded as ruffled underwear. Tomato red is *the* shade and you cover the moons too. Occasionally you see this color combined with platinum for the very tip of the nail.

SINCE Elsa Maxwell, famous English hostess, declared the rectangular tables used at the Mayfair parties to be "altogether too formal," Hollywood has adopted the small table idea for dinner parties. At Gary Cooper's party for the senior Douglas Fairbanks everybody sat at tables for four. The new way to entertain is not to entertain at all. You let the guests do that for themselves. Some may want to play bridge, others backgammon; some may want to dance to the music from the radio. At Marie Dressler's recently there was a "mixed" crowd—people both in and out of the movie profession, young and old alike—and what did Marie do? She started an old-fashioned "Paul Jones" dance going and it proved the hit of the evening.

IRENE DUNNE has satin gloves smocked or trimmed with lace cavalier cuffs to match the majority of her evening costumes. And now comes Joan Crawford sporting novel gaunt-

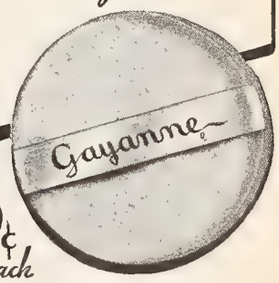
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lets for street clothes—they serve in the place of cuffs. One pair that flares half way up to the elbows, is printed maroon and gray silk like the collar and vestee of her walking suit.

MEN take notice! This is exclusively for you, but unless I miss my guess the ladies are going to adopt it for their own personal use—it's that clever. It's called the war correspondent coat. Lee Tracy's responsible. It's of gabardine and has a military collar that can button right up over the chin. There's a distinct cape effect and the buttonholes are outlined with leather. The cut in front is zigzagged and there are pockets—five of them, to be exact. Clark Gable and James Gleason have sent their tailors over to make copies of it.

BARBARA STANWYCK believes in efficiency to the nth degree when it comes to raising a baby. She has just installed a duplex machine in the nursery of young master Dion Fay, her adopted son. The top acts as a refrigerator in which the baby's milk is kept at the right temperature and the bottom is a heater where the bottles can be warmed before feeding time.

SPEAKING of babies—Helen Hayes has a darling. Little Mistress Mary is like an old-fashioned miniature with her quaint manners and Helen is dressing her like one. She invariably wears diminutive Empire frocks and lace mitts when she goes out with her mother. Her tiny 'hankies' and parasols always match.

DEPRESSION has brought a new fad into Hollywood drawing rooms. Slot machines. (Yes, the drugstore variety.) If you're lucky, an avalanche of nickles flows out; otherwise you probably get a stick of gum. The proceeds go to charity and the guests have a grand time. Maureen O'Sullivan has an amusing cupboard for hers in the new farmhouse she has just purchased.

BETTE DAVIS (Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, you know) is one bride who needn't fear for her cooking. In fact, she's an all-round excellent cook. Her specialty is one of the most tasty dishes ever set smoking hot on a table. It's named the "Ring of Plenty" and if you want to rejoice your husband just try it.

- 1½ cups of cooked maraconi
- 1 cup diced American cheese
- 1 cup soft breadcrumbs
- 1 tablespoonful of minced parsley
- 3 tablespoonsfuls of minced pimientos
- 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- 1 tablespoonful of minced onion
- 1 cup scalded milk
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- ⅛ teaspoonful pepper

Cut the macaroni into small pieces and mix in the ingredients in the order named. Put into a ring mould rubbed with lard and place it in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven for 35 minutes. Serve the ring with creamed chipped beef or ham in the middle.

A COMPLETE black and white dinner service is what Ramon Novarro uses for the jolly informal dinners he gives in his new hilltop home. Black linen doilies with white appliquéd roses offer an interesting contrast to the pure white china and the fine crystal glass.

Occasionally on Sunday nights he and his friends gather around the huge fireplace and then Ramon's favorite sandwiches are served. They're medium slices of crunchy golden toast filled with what is known as a Mexican filling. Here's the recipe:

- 1 cup of tomatoes—as little juice as possible
- ½ can of Spanish pimientos
- 1 cup shredded beef
- ¼ pound American cheese
- Seasoning to taste

Put beef into saucepan and cook without extra fat until brown. Add pimientos, cut small, and tomatoes and stew until well blended. Cut cheese into tiny pieces and add, stirring until melted and well mixed. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Chill and spread on toast.

Don't Wait for His Proposal

(*Continued from page 31*)

her to go on a yachting party with him and the King Vidors and some others over the week-end. "I'm sorry," Joan said, "Sunday is my birthday and Mother has planned a family party with a cake and things." This was the truth but she had expected George to beg her to give up the family party.

He didn't. Instead he said, "Oh, I'm sorry" and let it go at that. While Joan was doing a scene she said to herself, "If he doesn't ask me to go again I'm going to ask him," and she was just about ready to be bold and brazen when George strolled over to her and said, "Don't you suppose your mother might put the party off until Monday?"

"Call her up and ask her to," Joan said and then she ran to the nearest telephone, calling her mother and telling her just what to say. Joan's mother is a grand person and when George called she said, of course, that Joan must go on the yachting party and she would have the birthday dinner on Monday, instead.

And right from then on they both knew it was love—with a capital L.

So inseparable were they and so suddenly did Joan change from a melancholy dame into a radiant happy girl, that everybody thought they had been secretly married. They couldn't marry, of course, until George's divorce was final, but they knew, now, that they were going to be married and they began shopping for Early American furniture for the house they were to buy on the highest hill in Hollywood. Glorious adventures these shopping trips were. At last the time came when they could marry.

They tried to have a secret wedding —Joan in a dark red wig and thick lensed glasses and George in glasses, too, and a funny hat perched up on his head. They left Hollywood attired like this and in that garb they were married —the minister did not know who Joan was on the screen. But reporters found it out anyhow and by that time they were so happy that they didn't care.

"It's great what love can do," Joan beams. "I—who couldn't boil water. Why, I've learned to cook and I love it. I—who had just as soon live in a hotel as a house. Why, I go around touching every little vase and picture in our house. I think marriage is grand —and maybe if I hadn't smiled at George and kept smiling at him until he noticed me I wouldn't be married to him now. I'm glad I didn't wait for him to propose. I'm glad I did the chasing. It's swell!"

And that goes for George, too.

Pickfair—In Your Own Home

(*Continued from page 74*)

Striped fabric for this covering can be purchased for from sixty cents to a dollar a yard. For the entire covering five and one-half yards of fifty-inch goods will be needed—that is for a sixty-inch sofa. Its color should be chosen to go with the tone of the rugs in your room and with the wall coloring—green and gold being suggested or gray and egg plant color, if silver has been used for the divan's edges.

The whole piece, including covering, could cost way up into the hundreds of dollars, but by working over it you can reduce that cost to fifty or sixty dollars.

The little end table is of the sort which can be purchased for five or six dollars from any little shop that handles this type of furniture. It, too, should be painted the same color as the divan.

As for the lamp, it can easily enough be duplicated in kind for a few dollars, and the pleated silk shade in silver or gold tissue to go with the outlining on the furniture is a matter of another dollar or two.

NOW for the portrait which hangs back of the divan. The one in Pickfair is undoubtedly a genuine old painting of some distinguished personage. But there are colored lithograph prints of old masters obtainable, already provided with authentic copies of antique frames. They are extremely good looking and cost from thirty-five to forty-five dollars each. Of course, you can find your own print for much less and pick up some old frame secondhand or have a new one antiqued by rubbing in gold paint over brown.

With this corner for a start, the rest of the room will work itself out with comparative ease. Once you get going on a project of this sort, one thing follows another with almost inspirational effect.

One thing you will notice from even this minute portion of the room that is shown. Everything is arranged in satisfying proportion. That is, just the right spaces are left between picture and divan, table and bracket and so on. This is one of the big secrets of successful interior decoration.

You may have a sixth sense for spacing, and if so you will know certainly when an arrangement is right. On the other hand, it may be necessary for you to shift the furniture about and move it again and again until you are quite satisfied with the ultimate effect. Do not accept the first arrangement until you have tried another and another and at last are sure that one above the others is the one to remain fixed.

The principles outlined in this duplication of a bit of the Pickfair home may be used for other and perhaps simpler ensembles.

A daybed on Sheraton lines could be substituted for the French piece. It might be easier to obtain all ready-made. But the striped upholstery would go as well with that type of thing as it does with the more elaborate design.

It is all a question of adapting the furniture and the upholstery to your own needs and the construction of your own particular house.

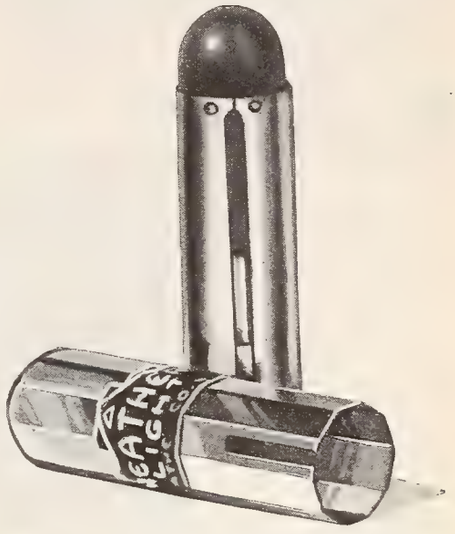
If you have questions to ask concerning the working out of this idea—or any question pertaining to the decorating and beautifying of your home, write to Olive Crew, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HOLLYWOOD DARES TO BREAK THE RULES

By Princess Murat

A fascinating feature on the Hollywood of today by a woman who is the great-great-niece of Napoleon and the great-great-granddaughter of the King of Naples

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UNKNOWN LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD!

See next issue!



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Can This Be Ethel?

(*Continued from page 50*)

in any of us," Ethel answered, smiling, "it all started, I suppose, at the pen of some fictionizing newspaper woman. The ball gathered moss. The Royal Family of Broadway—very bad taste, that—is really just like any other hard working family. Only more so. Ten generations of us, if you go to England. Four generations of us here in America.

"Family folks, all of us. We adore babies—any kind of babies. We love each other after the homespun fashion of good old-fashioned families. We fight among ourselves and criticize and have brawls and picnics together all on the same day. We send the kiddies Christmas presents and birthday presents with appropriate family sentiments inscribed. The women of us love clothes and books and houses and the men love out-of-doors and books, and the companionship of other men. We eat, sleep, darn socks and pay rents as other people do. I'm sorry to have to explode a myth of long standing because myths are really rather dear things. But you would ask me—"

WHICH led me to ask Ethel Barrymore my key question. I said, "In your full life, having had fame and work and children and marriage and everything—what is the most important thing in life? What would you tell other women is the most precious thing of all?"

The answer came before I could get the question out of my mouth. *"Children,"* said Ethel Barrymore instantly, *"Children."* You know that little verse of Longfellow's—it goes:

> Ye are better than all the ballads
> That ever were sung or said;
> For ye are the living poems
> And all the rest are dead.

"That expresses my sentiments exactly. 'All the rest are dead. . . .' The fundamental process of having children is a life experience in itself. But it is even a more vital experience to keep them near to you after they leave the bassinette. I do not mean physically near, necessarily. I mean, to have them as near to you in friendship and confidence as they are near in the flesh. For children belong to their mothers. Never forget that. A man's participation in a child is a momentary thing. It is done. It is over. They are the mother's. All of them, all the responsibility of their bodies and their minds and their souls.

"I have said to my children all their lives, 'Whenever you are in trouble, and you will be in some kind of trouble sometime, of course, no matter what it is or where it is—*come to me.*' I have said to my sons, 'If you kill a man, don't stop to talk, don't say a word to anyone, hop on the nearest train and come to me, wherever I am.' They would. They do. And the result of all this is that I have three adult-minded, splendidly independent, charming *friends* in my children. Isn't that worthwhile?

NEXT to my children the most important thing in my life is that I have been able to meet the great, the giants of my generation. The great musicians, the great writers, the great sculptors and painters. I wanted to be a musician, you know, before the bread of necessity forced me on the stage. I am happiest, now, when I am with musicians. Recently, I went to tea in Boston, to the home of William James, son of Henry. I sat in that room, I didn't talk, I just absorbed the feeling of being in his house, among his dear possessions, *there.*

"Love is important, of course. The love between man and woman. But, for me, it is a rare thing to find. I was engaged to be married three times before I actually did marry and each one of those three times I slipped the ring off my finger before the day arrived. Slipped it off with the shudder of one who has escaped some hateful contact. I would think, 'What, live all my life with you. No, oh *no!*'

"I have not been happy—of course. But happiness isn't awfully important. It really doesn't matter as much as people believe it does. I know that life has come in to me, richly, and I am able to take unhappiness as part of the rich stuff I have fingered. I am a firm believer in the fact that only those of us who know great misery are ever truly great.

"People ask me what it is I want for my three children. I want for them *what they want for themselves.* No person should dare to decide for any other person, no matter what the relationship may be. I want them to be free—free to choose, free to find their own path out of the jungle. I advise when I'm asked. I suggest. I try to make it possible for them to experiment in pleasant places, among pleasant choices. In the last analysis they must choose their own goal.

"There is nothing to this topic which hasn't been written ragged—whether or no a woman can have a career *and* children. Of course she can. Why not? I have done it and I have taken nothing away from the children. On the contrary I have given them things they could never have had otherwise."

"Would you," I suggested, "prefer your daughter to follow her stage career or would you, honestly now, *prefer* her to marry, have children, lead the normal life?"

Ethel Barrymore smiled that wise, sad smile of hers. "I might not *say* that I would prefer her to marry and have children and a home," she said.

HERE is the heart of Ethel Barrymore's gentleness. For gentleness was, to me, her keynote, the leitmotif of her spirit and her life. She would never force her will upon the will of another. She would never demand or command. She would *suggest,* she would persuade, she would try to show a way among other ways—that would

be all she would permit herself to do.

"Playing on the screen," I said, "this Hollywood—what do you think of it?"

"I think it is desert land," she said, *"and was never meant to be lived on.* It does not *want* to be lived on. One cannot make a home here. When I look about me I have the feeling that one of these days a Master Carpenter will come striding over the hills. He will cry 'STRIKE!' in a tremendous voice and all—all of this will disappear, the funny houses, the painted people—all of it will be gone and the desert will be its own again."

"If," I said, as the third call came for Miss Barrymore to return to the set—she had disregarded the first two, "if you had your life to live over again, would you change it? Are you one of the legion who say, 'If I only could do it again I would do thus and so. . . '?"

"No," Ethel Barrymore said. "No. I wouldn't change one thing in my life, *not one thing.* I would do everything all over again, exactly as I have done it. I would want it all again just as it has been. I have no regrets. I have no vain repinings."

I had forgotten, all the while we were talking—and drinking black coffee—I had forgotten that I was face to face with Ethel Barrymore of the Royal Family of Broadway. I had forgotten the fantastical legends, the grand tradition—I had thought only that here was just another woman, with three children and work to do and money problems and little, funny human failings and timidities and her fingers on the pulse of life.

Which is why she is great, of course.

George Raft—As He Really Is

(*Continued from page 27*)

"Then you're not superstitious like most actors?"

"I should say not! Why, I can give you the low-down on most of those goofy ideas."

He was stern now. He was New York's Tenth Avenue, wanting and only accepting facts, New York's Tenth Avenue well able to protect himself.

"I've just been looking over a book about superstitions, and when you get right down to them, they're the bunk!" This was said enthusiastically, with a sudden boyish bravado of Broadway.

"Take the black cat. People thought it bad luck because it was supposed to be the companion of witches.

"And the nine lives of a cat. That belief started in old time Egypt where they worshipped a goddess of cats who had nine lives."

He paused. It was a thoughtful pause.

"You know one of the oldest human instincts is fear. A man feels before he thinks."

Tenth Avenue groping for knowledge. Tenth Avenue thinking.

Instinctively, you are certain George Raft is not afraid of anything. You can tell that by the way he looks, by his firm mouth, by his sure manner. You can tell he gets down to rock-bottom reasoning.

He continued.

"And thirteen. I read that that started in a Scandinavian legend. They had twelve demi-gods, and a thirteenth, a bad one, joined them. He was full of the devil, and so from then on thirteen was thought unlucky."

"Got any more?" I asked.

"Plenty." He smiled. "There are black letter days. They started because the Romans marked their lucky days with a piece of chalk, and their unlucky ones with charcoal."

PERILOUSLY, he tilted back on his chair and went on with his theme.

"You can find a reason for nearly every superstition. They say the one about Friday started because Adam and Eve ate the apple on that day.

"As for breaking the mirror, that began centuries ago, because people believed that the will of the gods was in the mirror, therefore, to break it was a warning that the gods were trying to keep a person from seeing into an unpleasant future.

"Seven years hard luck started because the Romans thought the health of a person changed every seven years, and so, when a mirror was broken, that meant breaking the health for seven years.

"Then there's changing one's seat during a card game. Gamblers frequently do this. Evidently, they believe with the primitives that any change was a means of escaping from bad luck.

"And spilling salt. Years ago salt was of such great value that people were sure spilling it made all good spirits angry."

He sat forward in his seat now. He was warming to his subject. Again he smiled at me.

"I bet you don't know why you say 'God bless you' when a person sneezes," he said. "In the early days people thought that when someone sneezed his soul immediately left his body. The Princes of the East, who were good merchants," his eyes twinkled as he said this, "thought they could fix things for themselves and their relatives by asking a blessing each time anyone sneezed. And that's that!"

He relaxed, leaning back in his chair.

"What about good luck superstitions?" I asked. "Do you know about them?"

"Not much." He looked rueful. "I know that the horseshoe was believed lucky because it resembles the crescent moon. That was always regarded as a good sign. And four leaf clovers were supposed to have grown in Para-

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dise, so people think it's lucky to find them in your own garden. And I also know I get sore when people say I'm lucky. I work darn hard for everything.

"That's why I don't like that Valentino comparison. I don't want to trade in on anyone's reputation. Valentino was a grand guy. We did dance at Churchill's, but we're different, I guess," he stopped. Then. "See this ear," and he pointed to the left one. It was slightly nicked. "That came from a fight. I used to be a boxer."

THERE is a certain hardness about his thin lips, about his patent leather hair. He made me think of George White. I said so.

Once more George Raft became enthusiastic.

"He danced at Rector's when I did. We had a lot in common . . . horses . . . Broadway. He's a swell guy." He bit his lower lip, as if annoyed. "Of course I don't blame him. It was good for his shows, but he claimed the Charleston when it was I who originated it. I danced it in cafés way before it became popular in White's show. He had the advantage of presenting it with a tune, and that's what really puts a dance over. His show 'Running Wild' had the Charleston melody in it. You remember 'Charleston—Hey—Hey!'"

He hummed a bar or two as he rose to close the door.

"This room is drafty."

As he crossed the room his body swayed a bit. He holds himself very erect. He is so sure of himself, with the sureness of Times Square, with the sureness of one who has had to fight every inch of the way. A strange combination, this Raft, a combination of Broadway and Tenth Avenue.

"I know most of the Broadway mob and racket-men," he told me. "In my picture 'Under Cover Man' I could have told those 'script writers a thing or two.

"I'd like to do a picture based on the life of Maurice—you know. Maurice the dancer. I'd feel it. I could do it well. I'm dead certain of it."

Maurice! Of course, there was just as much resemblance in Raft and Maurice as Raft and White or Raft and Valentino. He has the suaveness, the perfect poise of Maurice, that trick of carrying the shoulders erect, that marvelous control of the trained dancer, that easy, gliding walk, almost a skating walk.

The part would be right for Raft, who not only looks like Maurice, but who has the same attitude toward women which Maurice had—an attitude of worship. Maurice put his beautiful partners on pedestals and then worshipped them. I can picture Raft doing the same thing.

"I think Constance Cummings is gorgeous," he said, his eyes shining, "and Marlene Dietrich . . ."

It was time for his number. I watched from the wings.

His is a wicked dance. His movements are sensuous. No wonder they call him the Black Snake. He dances a sexy dance. He dances slowly, rhythmically. He has perfect muscle control.

Suddenly I knew the secret of his acting. He gets that poise from his dancing. In his now famous death scene, in "Scarface," he used the exact rhythmic motion he exploits in dancing the Charleston.

I watched him swaying there in the spotlight. Valentino . . . White . . . Maurice . . . now, Raft, all with the same posture, the same rhythm, and not one took a dancing lesson. White learned when he was a messenger boy on the Bowery. Maurice worked out his own beautiful waltz. Valentino told me he mastered the tango in front of the monkey cage in Bronx Park.

And Raft?

As he came off the stage he turned to me.

"I never took a lesson," he said.

Yet he danced so perfectly, that when Maurice was the toast of Broadway, he used to watch Raft to see how *he* did it.

He said good-by. A Broadway good-by.

"I wish you everything that I wish myself," said Mr. Raft.

I Have Fooled Fate

(*Continued from page 33*)

Thus disturbed, my jump was delayed, perhaps a split second . . . and when I hit the water I knew why Silvertip had died.

The delayed jump, together with the momentum of the train, hurled me to the far edge of the stream, where in crashing into the water I narrowly missed some protective piling for the trestle. Silvertip had been crushed on that piling.

I missed by inches my calculations when to jump to hit the center of the stream. Silvertip missed by feet and inches, and those inches were the difference between his death and my life.

While working in the same picture I was knocked off a speeding stage coach during a fight, and fell onto the tongue between the wheeler team. The horses ran away. The driver yelled "Whoa!"

The wheel horses tried to stop. The leaders leaped forward, jerking the legs from underneath the wheelers and they fell on top of me. I had all the wind knocked out of me, but realizing the stage would soon strike me, I rolled myself into a ball, figuring to roll out of its path.

The right-front wheel struck me across the eye, then ran over my foot.

I thought my leg was broken. I rolled then, beneath the center of the coach and it passed over me.

Miss Roland and the company came running up. They thought I had been killed. I tried to tell them I was all right, but I couldn't talk because my breath was gone. So they bundled me into a wagon and started me for the hospital.

Once in town, however, I climbed out of the wagon and went to a Turkish bath instead, and that same night leaped from a second story balcony into the tonneau of an automobile.

I couldn't let anybody else do my job.

BILL BOYD once asked me what odds stunt men had to gamble with when they risked their lives to thrill motion picture audiences.

I explained that a screen thriller, to thrill, must be something almost impossible, and as such, the odds were invariably about seven to ten against success.

While the seven chances for failure make stunting risky enough to be remunerative, the three extra safety factors are most vital, for they spell tragedy if overlooked.

Once I overlooked one of them and nearly lost my life.

I neglected to rehearse a speed boat driver before I attempted to change from a boat to an airplane, *via* rope ladder. It was for another Ruth Roland production, called "Haunted Valley."

I got on the boat and faced the plane which was tearing up from behind with Dick Grace in the cockpit. In those days such a change was most difficult because of the wide variance in speed of boat and plane. There were no Gar Woods.

Forgetting the boatman, I concentrated upon the approaching ladder, and as Grace was the best stunt flier in those days as now, I had every confidence of success.

Grace swooped over. I grabbed the ladder and was yanked out of the boat and just over the boat pilot's head. Up to this time Grace had been watching me. When he looked ahead, preparatory to giving the ship the gun, there was a lighthouse, dead ahead.

The boatman, perhaps excited by the stunt, had steered straight for it instead of on a line to pass it as he had been instructed to do.

Grace was compelled to bank to avoid a crash and in so doing he lost altitude. Clinging to the bottom of the rope ladder I smacked one wave after another, about eight, I believe. It was like bumping into rocks. Fearing I might be crushed I prepared to let go, but tightened my grip desperately when I saw the speedboat, which I had previously passed, tearing right at me. It was a case of two choices, but "take it" in either event.

Just as I was beginning to feel every bone in my body had been broken and that I couldn't hold on a second longer, I smacked another wave, which bounced me up like a ball. It revived me somewhat. I managed to climb up the ladder, over the wing and into the cockpit as Grace finally succeeded in avoiding a crash by a veritable miracle.

My clothes had been torn from my body and blood was oozing from my flesh like perspiration.

WITH Leo Nomis, one of the best pilots of that time, I once went to Riverside, California. There, in one operation I changed from the top of a speeding passenger train to a rope ladder dangling from the plane, and then dropped from the ladder to the top of a freight train.

It went off without a hitch. I imagine it really looked no more dangerous than alighting from a street car.

An aviator who had witnessed the performance as a spectator, decided that here was an easy way to make a lot of money. He sold himself the idea and then enthusiastically sold himself to Universal as a stunt pilot. When he was asked if he had ever landed stunt men on trains he was so convinced of the simplicity of such a task that he declared he had done so. This misguided confidence cost a human life.

Shortly after my train hopping job, the new aerial stunt pilot was assigned to land Gene Perkins, one of the most famous of all early day stunt men, on top of a train. Perkins was double for William Desmond.

The pilot was asked if he wished to rehearse. He declined. They took off. Perkins crawled under the plane and crept down the rope ladder, and as the plane neared the cars, he dropped to the bottom rung and there clung with his hands, preparatory to dropping when over the train.

Then came the pilot's disillusionment. His bubble of cock-sureness burst when he ran into the terrific backwash of that speeding row of cars. He didn't know how to fight it. The plane began sideslipping and he forgot his human freight in a desperate fight to keep from crashing.

Each time the plane was hurled across the train Perkins was slapped against the cars. Observers say he clung grimly for his life. But as the plane continued to slip he was finally knocked off. The plane was traveling about 70 miles an hour when he fell. His body bounced ten feet into the air.

I HAVE saved what I consider the crowning success of my career as movie "stunt man" for the last.

Between the great Miles and Childs glaciers in Alaska, and just above them, is a narrow gorge through which the great Ambercombie Rapids hurls its way.

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When RKO-Radio Picture officials asked me what I considered the most terrific feat of my career, I unhesitatingly named the snarling, roaring Ambercombie, the very force of whose conflicting waters hurls up walls of liquid as high as houses.

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After weeks of preparation the tragic attempt was made.

Red Thompson, an early day stunt man was in one boat, myself and two other men in another. I shall never forget the thrill of that roaring, grinding, merciless torrent. Huge floating ice cakes added to the terror.

Ahead lay certain death, boulders as large as city buildings, amidst which that huge volume of water, one hundred feet wide and goodness only knows how deep, dropped precipitately, smashing against those giant rocks with the force of a falling mountain.

Between the first part of the rapids and that death-trap, however, was one small bit of sheltered water. We were to work into that. My boat, with the three of us rowing like mad men, made it. Thompson missed, and was whisked away before anyone could attempt aid.

The awful force of that current sucked him and his boat beneath the surface, then hurled it and him into the air. Over and over again until he was thrown into the maw of the grinding water and mountainous rocks, never to be seen again—almost instantly killed

Farther down the stream a cable had been stretched across it, suspending a platform upon which two men, Howard Daughters and Jerome Bautin, were stationed to give assistance in case of trouble.

Attempting to grasp Thompson's body as it hurled by, Daughters tumbled into the waters. Unhesitatingly Bautin leaped after him. Running along the bank with other members of the company, I saw them smashed against a boulder. It must have killed them instantly, for their bodies rolled across the top of the rock like soggy sacks of meal.

The tragedy was over . . . three lives gone in as many seconds.

We never found the bodies of Thompson and Daughters.

Days later we found that of Bautin, wedged under the edge of the gigantic Miles glacier. Hundreds of miles long and seven across its face, it seemed to stretch above him, a fitting memorial of sparkling white, to the man who gave his life for a friend.

Hollywood's Prize Romance

(*Continued from page 59*)

IT was the production manager on Jimmy's picture, "Society Girl," who finally effected their meeting. He arranged a birthday party—his own—and five minutes after Jimmy entered he didn't know another girl existed except Maureen.

"Going with anyone?" he asked her with elaborate casualness. "No? Then let's go together and have some fun!" That's typical. The Dunn get-them-quick method.

Under the spell of his enthusiasm she thought it *would* be fun. But once away from it, Maureen was aghast at herself. You see, the fight was already beginning . . . When she reached home she said to Kay English, the girl who lives with her: "Of all the schoolgirl tactics! I was silly enough to make a date with him for tomorrow night."

So she phoned him in the morning that after looking at her engagement book she discovered she was going to be busy that evening. Some other time perhaps . . .

Jimmy was furious. He was off women for life—well, for twenty minutes at least. Two weeks passed before he called her. This time she didn't back out. From that first date they had last April, their romance has grown from mild proportions to something that is bigger than they are. Something that has swept them off their balance by its immensity . . . caught them up in a tidal wave of emotion that never seems to recede. It ceased long ago to be merely a boy-and-girl affair; it is the rich, overpowering love of matured people. You don't experience such feeling without change in yourself. Maureen and Jimmy *have* changed. So much so that their friends stand back in wonderment. There's a new depth to the girl—you sense it the moment you speak to her. And Jimmy has forgotten to be flippant. He's surprisingly gentle and painstaking and considerate.

"She did something to me the first time I saw her," he said slowly, very thoughtfully. "I was broke in New York. I'd just tried to show Wall Street what a financial wizard I was and they wouldn't believe me. Anyway, I had a dollar left so I went to see 'Song O' My Heart.' There was something so cute and *different* about Maureen. Gee—"

Now I have listened to Mr. Dunn do quite a bit of raving about quite a few girls but it was the first time I'd ever seen *that* expression on his face. Humble and almost reverent . . .

WHEN Maureen was working with George O'Brien and had to go away on location there wasn't a single "Hi, there!" left in Jimmy. He was as subdued and preoccupied as a scholar. Imagine, *Jimmy!* Instead of bouncing into the Fox café for lunch and saluting everyone hilariously, he ate quietly alone in his rooms. But the greatest evidence of all to me that he had the "real thing" at last was when I saw him pass the most beautiful blonde in Hollywood without a second glance. He walked right by and she might have been a fireplug for all the attention he paid her.

Watching him and Maureen together, you get the impression of two charming young people snatching at realities to keep from being carried away by their own too intense, too erratic emotions.

Said Maureen to me one time: "I love Jimmy more than I have anyone in my life—but I'm not sure that I want to marry him. No, we're not married now. Not secretly, you may be sure. There are so many hindrances . . ." As if an Irish girl couldn't hurdle every obstacle for romance. I said as much.

"It isn't that. Love can survive the hardest trials; it's the petty little thing that kills it. Jimmy and I have overcome a lot of things together—jealousies and certain intense dislikes. I suppose that's a test of love. But I can't help feeling we're not suited to each other. Oh don't you see, *I'm loving him against my better judgment* . . . He has traits that I wouldn't want my husband to have. Perhaps if life were not so complicated it might work out. But life is. Here in Hollywood especially. I don't see how anyone *stays* married in the face of so much opposition to their happiness. And I want above everything else to make my marriage a success. Oh, *I'm afraid* . . ."

MAUREEN has a right to be. She was in love once before since coming to California. The man was much older than she. A writer surfeited with sophistication and an overdose of sirenic beauties. It was natural that her naïveté should appeal to him, captivate him. But it was an experience that brought only misery and heartache for the girl.

"I need love," she continued simply. "It brings out all that's best in you, I think, and certainly I'd never place my career above it. A career is so empty —I realized that when I first came here. There was my name up in electric lights on Hollywood Boulevard, I was given tremendous publicity, and night after night I sat alone in my apartment so lonely that it was torture. No, a career is like a beautiful billboard—there's nothing behind it, no substance. But I want to love in accordance with my reason and not only with my heart."

Ah, Maureen, don't you know that love isn't like that? Take what you have and hold it as something infinitely precious. You said that when you and Jimmy were up in the mountains a while ago you were almost snowed in. I wish you had been. There's a jolly old padre up there who could have settled once and for all your doubts and bewilderment with a single sentence. I know that love has hurt you, that it came near crushing the sweet spirit of you, but surely you know that it wasn't the kind of love that exists between you and Jimmy.

Even if, as you say, this romance "blows over," it will leave its mark on the two of you. Two people cannot love as you have and expect to take up life in quite the same channel again. It's the most beautiful of all gifts. Don't try to analyze it. Just take it! Oh, Maureen, don't be afraid. . . .

Recently Maureen gave out the statement that she had bought an old farm house and furnished it with old-fashioned furniture. But I hear that actually they bought it between them. Oh, I hope it's true—for that must mean they really do expect to marry. And I do so want them to.

Then I heard about the row they had when Maureen made a luncheon date with Johnny Farrow, her old flame. Oh, it was all over between Maureen and Jimmy. Absolutely. For at least thirty-six hours. Then they made up—and at a Hollywood premiere, Jimmy, speaking a few words of greeting over the radio, just couldn't help adding that he thought Maureen O'Sullivan was the sweetest girl in the world.

Just recently came the rumor that Maureen was leaving Hollywood for good. Giving up her career. It was hinted that her reason was "a broken heart." And *that* was all bosh, too. Just another Hollywood rumor.

So I say again, "Don't be afraid, Maureen. And don't let the rumors worry you. Ignore all ridiculous little obstacles. Take your love."

What Became of Conway Tearle?

(*Continued from page 34*)

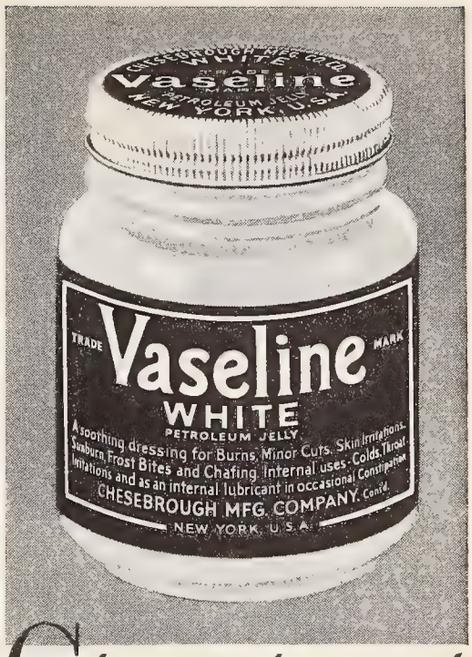
"If I hadn't felt such fine scorn and contempt—mixed with an ironic sense of humor," Conway says now, "I should have done what the character in 'Dinner At Eight' does—turned on the gas."

But instead, he managed to get to London and there made a hit on the stage. He was, of course, well known in England and they had not forgotten him. Fresh from the London success, his morale much improved, he went to Hollywood again. And still there was no work for him, but he did get stage offers and among them was this part in "Dinner At Eight." It was a role close to his heart and he plays it with the intensity of a man who has lived through it. And now he has more than enough to feed his dog. Now he is on top of the world again and offers from other stage producers are coming to him.

But he won't—he says with vigor—go back to Hollywood.

"And it's not just because I've made this so-called hit on Broadway that I talk this way. I hated Hollywood when I was there and begging for jobs—and I said so.

"Go back—go through what I've been through again? Pawn my effects again? Play in serials? Play minor roles? Listen to them talk? No indeed! Guns are too cheap for that!"



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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 95)

of the Cross"; "Tonight Is Ours." Next is "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists.

COLLINS, CORA SUE: child actress; born in Beckley, West Virginia, April 19. Free lance. Write her at 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Featured in "Smilin' Through," "Silver Dollar" and "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros. Next is "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: separated from Thelma Ray, born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Arrowsmith" and "Cynara." Working in "The Masquerader."

COMPTON, JULIETTE: married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany; "The Match King," First National. Working in "The Masquerader," United Artists.

COOK, DONALD: divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Working in "Baby Face," Warner Bros.

COOPER, GARY: unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in "If I Had a Million" and "Farewell to Arms." Working in "Today We Live," M-G-M.

COOPER, JACKIE: boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Limpy" and "Divorce in the Family."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Phantom of Crestwood"; "Flesh," M-G-M; "Scandal Street," Warner Bros. Next is "Police Surgeon."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Letty Lynton," M-G-M and "Rain," United Artists. Working in "Today We Live."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Age of Consent," Radio; "That's My Boy," Columbia.

CROSBY, BING: married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in "Night After Night," "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Next is "Promenade Deck," Fox.

DAMITA, LILI: unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Goldie Gets Along," Radio; "The Match King," First National.

DANIELS, BEBE: married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Silver Dollar," "Forty-Second Street." Next is "Hard Times Square."

DAVIES, MARION: unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Polly of the Circus" and "Blondie of the Follies." Next is "Peg O' My Heart."

DAVIS, BETTE: married to Harmon O. Nelson; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Cabin in the Cotton"; "Parachute Jumper"; "Ex-Lady." Working in "The Adopted Father."

DEE, FRANCES: unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th"; "If I Had a Million," "The Crime of the Century." Working in "King of the Jungle."

DEL RIO, DOLORES: married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.

DEVINE, ANDY: married; born in Flagstaff, Arizona, October 7. Universal player. Featured in "Fast Companions" and "The All American." Working in "The Big Cage."

DIETRICH, MARLENE: married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Shanghai Express" and "Blonde Venus." Working in "Song of Songs."

DILLOWAY, DONALD: unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M; "Night Mayor," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD: married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "Hell's Highway" and "The Conquerors." Working in "The Great Jasper."

DORSAY, FIFI: unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Girl From Calgary," Hoffman; "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "The Sucker," Warner Bros.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN: married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House" and "Nagana," Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE: divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M.

DRESSLER, MARIE: unmarried. Born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

DUNN, JAMES: unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway" and "Handle With Care." Working in "Sailor's Luck."

DUNNE, IRENE: married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "Back Street," Universal; "Thirteen Women" and "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M.

DURANTE, JAMES: married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M; "The Phantom President," Paramount. Working in "Hell Below," M-G-M.

DVORAK, ANN: married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in "Stranger in Town"; "The Crooner" and "Three on a Match."

EILERS, SALLY: married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Second Hand Wife" and "State Fair," Fox; "Grand Central Airport," Warner Bros. Working in "Sailor's Luck," Fox.

ERWIN, STUART: married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "He Learned About Women"; "Fortune Smiles" and "The Crime of the Century." Next is "Under the Tonto Rim."

EVANS, MADGE: unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," United Artists; "Fast Life," M-G-M. Working in "Men Must Fight" and "Hell Below."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "Scarlet Dawn"; "Parachute Jumper" and "The Sucker." Working in "Narrow Corner."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES: married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox Studio. Free lance. Starred in "The First Year." "Wild Girl," "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

FARRELL, GLENDA: married; born in Enid, Oklahoma. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Match King"; "Wax Museum"; and "Grand Slam."

FORD, WALLACE: married to Martha Halworth; born in England. Birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Employees' Entrance," "Central Park," Warner Bros. "The Big Cage," Universal.

FOSTER, NORMAN: married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio; "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Department Store," Fox.

FOSTER, PRESTON: married; born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" and "Ladies They Talk About." Working in "Elmer the Great."

FOX, SIDNEY: married to Charles Beahan; born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Once in a Lifetime," "Afraid to Talk," Universal; "Don Quixote"; "Roi Pausole."

FRANCIS, KAY: married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount; "The Lowdown" and "Keyhole," Warner Bros. Working in "Narrow Corner."

GABLE, CLARK: married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "No Man of Her Own," Paramount. Working in "White Sister," M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA: unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me." Next is "Christine From Sweden."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: married; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "Animal Kingdom" and "Lucky Devils," Radio. Working in "Sweepings."

GAYNOR, JANET: separated from Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "The First Year," "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair." Next is "Adorable."

GIBSON, HOOT: married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art Studio. Starred in "A Man's Land"; "The Boiling Point"; "Cowboy Counsellor."

GIBSON, WYNNE: divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "If I Had a Million"; "Crime of the Century." Next is "Eleven Lives."

GILBERT, JOHN: married to Virginia Bruce; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Downstairs." Next is "Rivets."

GLEASON, JAMES: married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio. "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M.

GOMBEL, MINNA: unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Wild Girl" and "Walking Down Broadway."

GRANT, CARY: unmarried; born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Hot Saturday"; "Madame Butterfly"; "She Done Him Wrong." Working in "The Woman Accused."

GRAVES, RALPH: separated from Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "Huddle," M-G-M, and "War Correspondent," Columbia.

GREEN, MITZI: child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Girl Crazy" and "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM: unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Featured in "Are You Listening?" and "Fast Life."

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER: unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Son-Daughter" and "Rasputin and the Empress." Working in "The White Sister" and "Today We Live."

HAMILTON, NEIL: married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Animal Kingdom," Radio; "As the Devil Commands," Columbia; "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M. Working in "The Silk Express," Warner Bros.

HARDING, ANN: divorced from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors" and "The Animal Kingdom." Next is "Déclassée."

(Continued on page 112)

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 73*)

of the hat. The back of the hair should be arranged in slightly tighter curls.

The fourth coiffure I think is just grand—practical enough for everyday, but still feminine enough for the present mode. The hair is divided several times in the nape of the neck and each division rolled in a flat curl.

IN the next two hats one gets something of a shock. Aren't they Merry Widowish and Gibson Girlish? As a matter of fact, that's exactly what they're going to be called—the Merry Widow hat and the Gibson Girl hat. And all of you who have been moaning for slightly larger hats may now dry your tears and be thankful. The one on the left is made of white grosgrain ribbon, with a band and brim edge of stiffened fishnet. The one on the right is made of white organdie with black ciré ribbon arranged to give a plaited effect. And the hair must be curled—curled—curled!

Now for some beauty spring-cleaning.

I advise you first to do some housecleaning on your cosmetics. Take an inventory, so to speak. Decide what you'll need to buy for the spring and summer and budget accordingly.

If you have on hand a good reliable weather cream or protection cream, hold on to it—and buy some more when it gives out. At this time of the year a weather cream is essential. In this connection, I know just exactly the cream I'd use. It's been on the market for years and I'm calling myself all kinds of names for never using it before. Can be used as a protection—applied before making up—on any except very oily skins. You can leave it on all night and it will soften and act as a tissue cream. It's practical for cleansing, too, although here it works best if you wash your face after creaming. Drop me a note if you wish to know the name of it.

AND I discovered another sensible beauty aid the other day. It's a cold cream soap—comes in a jar and looks like a cream, but it will lather, just as soap does and rinse off with water. Very fine to keep on hand for occasional and emergency use, I think. Especially good for office workers—to keep in the desk drawer all ready for a quick freshen-up after work.

Now I want to return once more to the very important subject of hair.

You will notice that curls are in evidence on everyone's head. That's true—but let's not overdo it. If you look best with a sleek, Madonna-like coiffure, keep it. If you look better—oh, much better—with a long bob than a shorter one, keep that, too. But adapt it to look well with hats. Make tighter curls of the ends at times so that they will reach up to the nape of the neck. If you have a low forehead or a pronounced cowlick on your temple, don't try bangs. And if your cherished bangs look well without hats but simply miserable with hats—then adapt them to suit both demands. It can be done, you know.

TELL me honestly—have you a really good hairbrush? Do you know a really good one when you see it? Well, it should have long, supple, tufted bristles. The tufts should have ample space between them so that air can get down into the brush and so that it can be washed easily. Such a brush is not cheap—I saw some English imported ones the other day in a shop and how much do you think they were? Seven dollars apiece. Of course, that's just a bit too much—one doesn't need to pay that price to get a really good, effective American brush. Certainly half that amount would suffice. But do get one and keep it scrupulously clean by washing it often—either in warm suds (with plentiful rinsings afterwards) or by dipping it in a weak lysol solution. And brush your hair every single day. You needn't go through that nonsense of counting the strokes—just brush firmly and systematically until your scalp feels a slight tingle.

Have any of you tried the new paper curls? The better hairdressers are giving them—but I think they could be adapted to home use. In the beauty shops, the hair is wound around a rod, which is in turn wrapped in brown paper. Then this whole arrangement is clamped in steel clamps and the heat turned on for just a minute or so. The resulting curl is a delightfully natural, carefully careless looking curl and it stays in until the next washing.

Oh, there are all kinds of delightful things to try. There have been revolutionary changes in the permanent wave world. A permanent these days can be anything you want it to be. Swirled across the back of the head, with one or two ridges of ringlets placed just where you want them. Fluffy curls, actual roll curls, shadow waves, water-wave effects—anything. And before the waving comes the perfect hair-cut—nicely tapered, done with an eye to concealing flattened crowns, poor hairlines, big ears, pesky cowlicks—whatever your own personal problem may be.

Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads (both dry and oily skin), for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. Also a folder of eight lipstick shades, with samples of actual lipstick for you to "try before you buy." And if you wish to know what remedy to use for this or that beauty problem, or if the task of selecting the right cosmetics becomes a difficult one, drop a note to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll willingly help you.



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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 110)

HARDY, OLIVER: divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Their First Mistake" and "Towed in a Hole"; also "Twice Two."

HARLOW, JEAN: widow of Paul Bern; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman" and "Red Dust." Working in "Night Life." Next is "Sex Appeal."

HAYES, HELEN: married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M. Working in "White Sister."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: married to Ludlow Smith; born in Hartford, Conn. Radio player. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement." Working in "The Great Desire."

HERSHOLT, JEAN: married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Mask of Fu Manchu"; "Flesh," M-G-M; "Crime of the Century," Paramount.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M. Working in "Men Must Fight."

HOLT, JACK: married; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "This Sporting Age" and "Man Against Woman." Working in "Fever." Next is "Tampico."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: divorced from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise." Next is "The Trumpet Blows" and "The Story of Temple Drake."

HOPPER, HEDDA: divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Holidaysburg, Pa., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "As You Desire Me," "Speak Easily" and "Downstairs." Working in "Men Must Fight."

HOPTON, RUSSELL; married; born in New York City, February 18. Universal player. Featured in "Once in a Lifetime" and "Air Mail."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Radio Studio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," Radio; "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount. Working in "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE: married; born in England. April 24. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Smilin' Through," M-G-M; "Animal Kingdom," Radio. Working in "Secrets," United Artists.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "Heli's Highway"; "Lucky Devils."

HUSTON, WALTER: married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "Kongo," M-G-M. Working in "Hell Below," M-G-M.

HYAMS, LEILA: married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "The Big Broadcast" and "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount. Next is "Sing You Sinner."

JOLSON, AL: married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," United Artists.

JONES, BUCK: married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "Reckless Romance" and "The California Trail." Featured in "Child of Manhattan." Next is "Lovable Liar."

JORDAN, DOROTHY: unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "Cabin in the Cotton," Warner Bros.; "That's My Boy," Columbia. Working in "Strictly Personal."

JUDGE, ARLINE: married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Age of Consent." Working in "Sweepings."

KARLOFF, BORIS: married; born in London, November 23. Universal star. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "The Mummy," Universal. Next is "The Juggernaut."

KEATON, BUSTER: divorced from Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Speak Easily." Working in "Buddies."

KEENE, TOM: married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio star. Starred in "Renegades of the West," "Cheyenne Kid" and "Scarlet River." Next is "Son of the Border."

KIBBEE, GUY: married; born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "The Conquerors," Radio; "Central Park," First National; "The Sucker," First National. Working in "The Silk Express."

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Passport to Hell," "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Call Her Savage." Fox. Working in "I'm Guilty of Love."

KNAPP, EVALYN: unmarried; born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Night Mayor"; "This Sporting Age"; "Air Hostess." Working in "State Trooper."

LANDI, ELISSA: married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred in "Passport to Hell," Fox; "Sign of the Cross," Paramount. Working in "The Masquerader," United Artists. Next is "The Warrior's Husband."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: married to Elsa Lanchester; born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M; "If I Had a Million," and "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

LAUREL, STAN: divorced; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Their First Mistake"; "Towed in a Hole," and "Twice Two."

LEE, LILA: divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Unholy Love," Allied; "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Face in the Sky," Fox.

LINDEN, ERIC: unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "No Other Woman" and "The Past of Mary Holmes," Radio. "Afraid to Talk," Universal. Working in "Sweepings."

LLOYD, HAROLD: married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Virtue," "No More Orchids," Columbia; "No Man of Her Own," Paramount. Working in "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA: unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood." Working in "Our Betters." Next is "Little Women."

LOWE, EDMUND: married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu the Magician," Fox; "The Devil is Driving," Paramount; "Hot Pepper," Fox. Next is "Only Yesterday," Universal.

LOY, MYRNA: unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M. Working in "Topaze," Radio.

LUGOSI, BELA: unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu the Magician," Fox.

LUKAS, PAUL: married; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Downstairs," M-G-M; "Rockabye," Radio; "Grand Slam," Warner Bros. Working in "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Week Ends Only"; "Hat Check Girl," Fox; "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Next is "Merry Widow."

MACKAILL, DOROTHY: married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, England, March 4. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "No Man of Her Own," Paramount.

MACMAHON, ALINE: married; born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. First National player. Featured in "Silver Dollar"; "Life Begins" and "The Sucker."

MANNERS, DAVID: divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement," Radio; "The Mummy," Universal; "The Death Kiss," Tiffany. Working in "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount.

MARCH, FREDRIC: married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Featured in "Smilin' Through," M-G-M; "Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "Tonight is Ours," Paramount. Next is "Song of Songs."

MARITZA, SARI: unmarried; born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments" and "Evenings For Sale." Working in "A Lady's Profession."

MARSH, JOAN: unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox; "Speed Demon," Columbia; "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art. Working in "Kiss of Araby."

MARSH, MAE: married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox player. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "That's My Boy," Columbia.

MARSH, MARIAN: unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Strange Justice" and "Free, White and Twenty-one," RKO; "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art.

MARSHALL, HERBERT: married to Edna Best; born in London, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus," "Trouble in Paradise" and "Evenings For Sale."

MAYNARD, KEN: married to Mary Leiber; born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "Fargo Express," Tiffany.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS: married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Murder of the Night Club Lady," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Next is "The Doctor," Radio.

MERKEL, UNA: married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Men Are Such Fools," Radio; "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Whistling in the Dark," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN: married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Flesh," M-G-M; "Whistling in the Dark," M-G-M.

MIX, TOM: married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Oh Promise Me," "Terror Trail," "The Rustlers' Round Up." Traveling.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Letty Lynton"; "Blondie of the Follies" and "Faithless." Working in "Hell Below."

MOORE, DICKIE: boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Blonde Venus" and "The Devil is

(Continued on page 114)

Dietrich's Trousers

(*Continued from page 38*)

(and, I hope *look*) more feminine than the most beautiful dress in the world!

"Also, it takes too much time, trouble and MONEY to be a well-dressed woman in Hollywood. Motion picture stars are always buying some terrifically expensive gown, wearing it once or twice and then discarding it because they 'can't afford' to be seen in the same dress more often! As for me, wearing a dress more than twice is easy. If it weren't for the fact that the style changes before one has the opportunity to get the gown on the third or fourth time! Isn't it silly to spend all that money . . . just for a whim? It really isn't worth it!

"In my present wardrobe, though, I have ten suits—a few pairs of extra trousers—a sweater or two—some shirts and a polo coat! That is all I need—the style will be good two years from now! I tried to figure out, the other night, what it would cost me to wear dresses during those two years . . . I quit before I reached the astounding total!

The other day, we overheard several women talking about Dietrich's costume at a recent party. They seemed unanimous in their shocking reaction. The group of *men* at the party had eyes for no other woman! Are women jealous of Dietrich in pants? Or do they hold the idea in contempt? What do you think?

Hollywood and the Doug, Jrs.

(*Continued from page 12*)

conference was an attempt to reach some mutual understanding.

Now the only faction in Hollywood which has wanted Joan and Doug to stay married are their respective studios. Both of the stars were talked to about this situation.

Why should Hollywood have hoped for a divorce?

Here's the answer. Hollywood resented that Doug—the prince of the royal family of the screen—should have married a girl who had once been a chorus girl.

Long before they married Hollywood said, "They won't do it—Mary and Doug will never give their consent."

And then Hollywood was forced to watch Joan being accepted at Pickfair, Joan being liked by the family, Joan and Doug, Sr., becoming real pals.

Hollywood hated to be wrong.

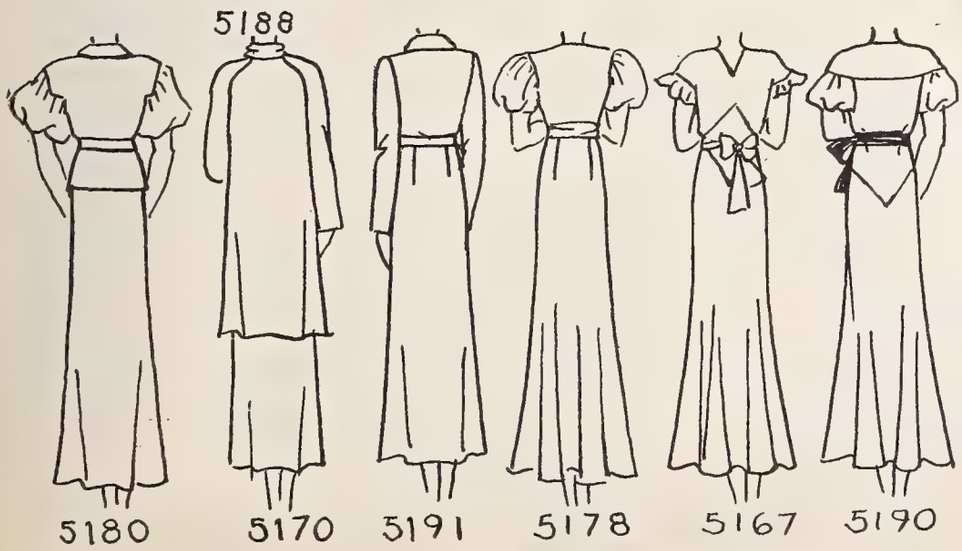
THEY started to hammer away at Joan again. "She's ritzy, she's upstage," they said—and then they saw the look of adoration that comes over the faces of the electricians, the cameramen, the prop boys—when she walks on the set.

"She'll never be a real lady," Hollywood whispered. And they saw her entertaining in her beautiful home with all the grace and poise of a countess.

Had Doug, Jr., married a visiting celebrity, instead of a girl who won her spurs in Hollywood (you know about the prophet in his own country) none of this would have happened.

Of course, it was none of Hollywood's business. If Doug, Joan and Doug, Jr., were content, why should Hollywood chip in?

But—Hollywood just never wanted them to stay married!



Here are the back views of the patterns shown on page 71.

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COMBINATION
PACKAGE of
KAPAK
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AND
LOTIRIS
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Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 112*)

Driving," Paramount; "Obey The Law," Columbia. Working in "Oliver Twist."

MORAN, POLLY: unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M player. Featured in "Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

MORGAN, FRANK: married; born in New York City, June 1. Write him at 1509 North Vine, Hollywood. Free lance. Featured in "Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "Half Naked Truth," RKO. Working in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal and "Sailor's Luck," Fox.

MORGAN, RALPH: married to Grace Arnold; born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Son-Daughter" and "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M; "Road to Heaven," Fox.

MORLEY, KAREN: married to Charles Vidor; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio; "Mask of Fu Manchu," and "Flesh," M-G-M.

MORRIS, CHESTER: married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Blondie Johnson," Warner Bros.; "The Infernal Machine," Fox.

MUNI, PAUL: married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," United Artists; "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," First National.

McCREA, JOEL: unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Featured in "Bird of Paradise"; "Rockabye."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "Rackety Rax" and "Hot Pepper," Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD: married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Divorce in the Family"; "Kongo"; "Fast Life." Next is "Auction in Souls," Tiffany.

NISSEN, GRETA: separated from Weldon Heyburn; born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery" and "Rackety Rax."

NIXON, MARION: married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Too Busy to Work" and "Face in the Sky," Fox.

NOVARRO, RAMON: unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son-Daughter." Working in "Men Must Fight."

OAKIE, JACK: unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Uptown New York," Tiffany; "Sailor Be Good," RKO. Working in "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder" and "The Conquerors." Working in "The Great Jasper."

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE: unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Men Are Such Fools," Radio; "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Sailor Be Good," Radio. Next is "Why Pay Alimony?"

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Golden West" and "Robber's Roost." Working in "Canyon Walls."

O'BRIEN, PAT: married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Air Mail," "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M; "Robber's Roost," Fox. Working in "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA: unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Prosperity," M-G-M; "Jungle Bride," Monogram. Working in "The Big Cage," Universal.

PALLETTE, EUGENE: divorced; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Night Mayor," Columbia; "Wild Girl," Fox; "Half Naked Truth," RKO.

PICHEL, IRVING: married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Paramount player. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio; "Wild Girl," Fox.

PICKFORD, MARY: married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Working in "Secrets." Next is "Shanty Town."

PITTS, ZASU: divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway," Fox; "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "Sneak Easily," Hal Roach.

POWELL, RICHARD: divorced; born in Mt. View, Arkansas. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blessed Event"; "Forty-Second Street." Next is "High Life."

POWELL, WILLIAM: married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery"; "One Way Passage"; "Lawyer Man."

RAFT, GEORGE: unmarried; born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "If I Had a Million" and "Undercover Man." Next is "The Eagle and the Hawk" and "The Trumpet Blows."

RAYMOND, GENE: unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Red Dust," M-G-M; "Ex-Lady," Warners. Working in "Zoo in Budapest."

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Tiger Shark" and "Silver Dollar." Working in "Big Shot" and "The Little Giant."

ROGERS, CHARLES: unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Free lance. Next is "Shanty Town," United Artists.

ROGERS, GINGER: divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "You Said a Mouthful," "Forty-Second Street" and "Scandal Street."

ROGERS, WILL: married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Down to Earth"; "Too Busy to Work"; "State Fair." Next is "Arizona to Broadway."

RUB, CHRISTIAN: married; born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Free lance. Played in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "The Silver Dollar," First National. Next is "The Road to Heaven," Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES: married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise"; "Evenings for Sale"; "Madame Butterfly." Working in "Murder in the Zoo."

SALE, CHIC: married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," Warner Bros. Next is "Pals," Universal.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: unmarried; born in Orange, Virginia, January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Heritage of the Desert"; "Hot Saturday"; "Wild Horse Mesa" and "Hello Everybody." Working in "Murder in the Zoo."

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR MARCH AND APRIL—
Why Not Send Them a Birthday Greeting?

Jean Harlow	March 3
Edmund Lowe	March 3
Dorothy Mackaill	March 4
Rochelle Hudson	March 6
Guy Kibbee	March 6
George Brent	March 15
Conrad Nagel	March 16
Joan Crawford	March 23
Gloria Swanson	March 27
Warner Baxter	March 29
Wallace Beery	April 1
Bette Davis	April 5
Spencer Tracy	April 5
Walter Huston	April 6
Mary Pickford	April 9
George Arliss	April 10
Lee Tracy	April 14
Harold Lloyd	April 20
Leslie Howard	April 24
Charles Chaplin	April 26

SHANNON, PEGGY: separated from Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl," "The Painted Woman" and "Blue Moon Murder Case."

SHEARER, NORMA: married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SHERMAN, LOWELL: divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 11. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio. Starred in and directed "False Faces," World Wide.

SMITH, KATE: unmarried; born in Greenville, Virginia. Paramount player. Featured in "Hello Everybody!"

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Merrily We Go To Hell"; "Madame Butterfly." Next is "Pick Up" and "Jennie Gerhardt."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: unmarried; born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "He Learned About Women"; "Night After Night"; "Tonight Is Ours." Working in "A Lady's Profession."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Purchase Price," Warners; "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia; "Ladies They Talk About," Warners. Working in "Baby Face."

STARRETT, CHARLES: married; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Jungle Bride," Monogram. Working in "Our Betters," Radio.

STONE, LEWIS: married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Divorce in the Family" and "Son-Daughter." Working in "The White Sister" and "Men Must Fight."

STUART, GLORIA: married; born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "The All American"; "Laughter in Hell"; "Private Jones." Working in "Sweepings," RKO, and "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Tom Brown of Culver," "Air Mail," "They Just Had to Get Married."

SWANSON, GLORIA: married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Tonight or Never"; "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," "The Sucker." Working in "She Had to Say Yes." Next is "The Silk Express."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Scarlet Dawn," First National. Working in "Style," Reliance.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE: divorced from Jack Dempsey, born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Western Limited," Monogram; "Call Her Savage," Fox.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia; "Perfect Understanding," United Artists; "The Infernal Machine," Fox.

TODD, THELMA: married to Pasquale de Cicco; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Call Her Savage," Fox; "Air Hostess," Columbia. Working in "Sneak Easily," Hal Roach.

TOOMEY, REGIS: married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Whirlwind Wilson. Superior. Working in "State Trooper," Columbia. Working in "She Had to Say Yes," Warner Bros.

TRACY, LEE: unmarried; born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Merry Go Round," Columbia; "The Half Naked Truth," RKO; "Private Jones," Universal. Working in "Clear All Wires," M-G-M. Next is "Gabby Joe."

TRACY, SPENCER: married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," Warner Bros.; "Me and My Gal" and "Face in the Sky," Fox. Next is "A Modern Hero."

TWELVETREES, HELEN: married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?", Radio; "Unashamed," M-G-M. Working in "Bedtime Story," Paramount.

VELEZ, LUPE: unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Half Naked Truth," Radio; "Hot Pepper," Fox.

WEST, MAE: unmarried; born in Brooklyn, New York, August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night" and "She Done Him Wrong."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: divorced from Bobbé Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: separated from Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N J., August 31. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio; "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This Is Africa," Columbia.

WHITE, ALICE: unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. First National player. Featured in "Employees' Entrance," "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros.; "Luxury Liner," Paramount.

WILLIAM, WARREN: married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Match King," "Employees' Entrance"; "The Mind Reader."

WILSON, DOROTHY: unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Radio player. Featured in "Age of Consent"; "Men of America"; "Lucky Devils"; "Scarlet River." Working in "The Great Jasper."

WILSON, LOIS: unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "The Devil Is Driving," Paramount. Working in "Obey the Law," Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio; "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This Is Africa," Columbia.

WRAY, FAY: married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X" and "Wax Museum," Warner Bros.; "King Kong," Radio.

YOUNG, LORETTA: divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Employees' Entrance," "The Sucker," "Grand Slam," "She Had to Say Yes." Working in "Zoo in Budapest."

YOUNG, ROBERT: unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Kid From Spain," United Artists.

YOUNG, ROLAND: married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," United Artists. Working in "A Lady's Profession," Paramount.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

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A Strange Irony Gave Him One Love As He Pursued Another

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HELLO, EVERYBODY! Kate Smith.
THE GREAT DESIRE. Katherine Hepburn.
HELL BELOW. Madge Evans, Robert Montgomery and Walter Huston.
TOPAZE. John Barrymore and Myrna Loy.
CAVALCADE. Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard.
LUXURY LINER. George Brent, Zita Johann and Alice White.
THE KING'S VACATION. George Arliss.
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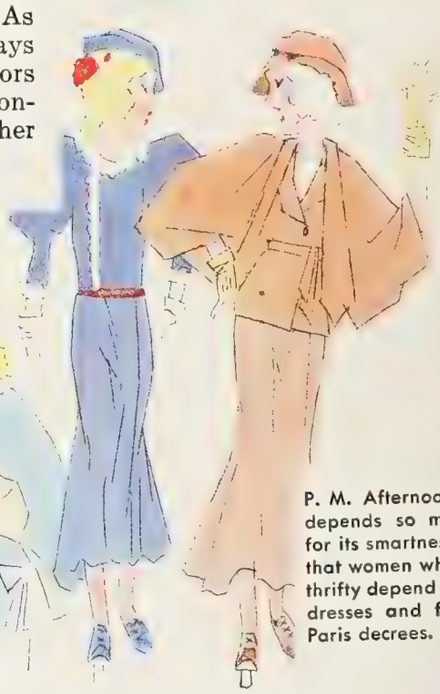
Illustrated by JOHN HELD, JR.

How to keep everything you wear smart and new in color



"WHEN I portray The American Girl either on my drawing-board or in one of my books, I insist that the picture be authentic. For example, before I drew the sketches for this page I sauntered through New York's smartest Fifth Avenue shops in order to give you an accurate forecast of the new Spring colors that you can so easily duplicate with Tintex. As an artist I am naturally appreciative of color—and I am always amazed at the great range of brilliant and fashionable colors that Tintex offers you for everything you wear. It is small wonder to me that Tintex is used by more women than any other tints and dyes in the world."

A.M. All your intimate wearables should be in bright pastel shades. Launderings *will* fade them, of course. But never mind. Tintex will restore their gay color.





P. M. Afternoon and evening attire depends so much on correct color for its smartness. And I've observed that women who are both smart and thrifty depend on Tintex to give their dresses and frocks the very colors Paris decrees.

I have drawn the girl at the left just to remind you to use Tintex on home-decorations; curtains, drapes, slip-covers, household linens, etc.

See the two young ladies below! They are showing you how simple it is to use Tintex. Just do as they are doing—"tint as you rinse."



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ATLANTA Constitution: It stands supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

NEW YORK Herald Tribune: The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

BOSTON Herald: It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

FOX

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.

APR -3 1933 ©CLB 185558

This Month in MODERN SCREEN

MODERN SCREEN

We have three very delightful surprises



Princess Laure Murat is presented to you this month in an article in which she tells all about the manner in which Hollywood ignores social customs which, through the changes wrought by our modern civilization, have become outmoded. Perhaps you don't realize how many things you do in your daily life for which, actually, there is really no excuse—except precedent.

And Hollywood, sanely and wisely the Princess believes, decides to worry not at all about precedent and live life in the most fitting manner. You yourself may find a lot of hints in this story.



Donald Henderson Clarke needs no introduction to you if you read "Millie," "Louis Beretti," "In the Reign of Rothstein," "Impatient Virgin" and others. His latest book is "Female." Mr. Clarke gives you a marvelous interview with Jimmy Durante in which Jimmy tells all about that schnozzle of his. The schnozzle which has made him famous today and is—well, we almost said loved, certainly people are fond of it. There was a time when James hated his nose—and so would you if you were trying to tell a girl that you were crazy about her. Don't miss reading this story.



Nöel Coward does MODERN SCREEN a great honor in giving exclusively to us his opinions and reactions to the film version of "Cavaïcade." You know, of course, his great reputation as a playwright and as an actor. Mr. Coward is very young—only thirty-four—yet he has already given to the world such dramatic successes as "The Vortex," "Private Lives," "Cavalcade" and "Design for Living," which is now playing on the New York stage. Not to mention the delightful revues, "Bitter Sweet" and "Words and Music."

He seems able to dash off light, satirical comedy, emotional drama, brilliant skits and popular songs with equal ease. You will, we are sure, be intensely interested in the article he has written for this magazine.

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Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative*

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THEN *M'sieur* LE BABY ARRIVED!



Once upon a time there was a gay young man who loved to play about Paris. One day just about playtime, he found the cutest little baby... so cute that he forgot about playing and took the little baby right straight home... for the baby looked exactly like him... But the gay young man was not supposed to have a little baby at home, for he was about to be married. So he got the baby a pretty nurse . . . . . and what do you think happened?



Maurice

CHEVALIER

in

"A BEDTIME STORY"

with

HELEN TWELVETREES

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

ADRIENNE AMES and M'SIEUR LE BABY

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman Taurog

A sparkling new romance with naughty songs!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

REVIEWS

—a tour of today's talkies



SECRETS (United Artists)

HERE'S that picture you have been waiting for: Mary Pickford in "Secrets"! And you haven't waited in vain! If you *ever* liked Mary, you will *love* her in this. Moreover:

No matter how much you've liked Leslie Howard, you'll be a still greater fan after you watch him pack this little epic neatly in his kit bag and practically walk away with the show!

Of course you remember the story? All about the bank clerk who elopes with the daughter of the bank president (back in the good old days) and they trek west for gold and adventure! He warns her that there will be trials, and the picture then proceeds to prove he was right!

They reclaim a ranch from the desert, have a baby, lose all their cattle to the rustlers, string up the most of them, thereby incurring the anger of the escaped chief of the gang who returns to set fire to their ranch house and shoot their baby!

There is just a chance, however, that you saw Norma Talmadge in the silent version. If you did, you may find the memory a bit too vivid and beautiful to forget!

THE GREAT JASPER (Radio)

We didn't believe Richard Dix could ever approach his work in "Cimarron," and here we are, tossing a coin to decide if he is not actually better in this swell picture!

Dix starts out as a fun-loving, devil-may-care young fellow in the horse-and-buggy days—with a cold, unsympathetic wife (Florence Eldridge) who shuns his caresses, disapproves of his philandering and finally leaves him flat!

Nothing daunted, Richard goes to the Big City where he meets Edna Mae Oliver, falls (*Continued on page 8*)



(Above) Mary Pickford in "Secrets." (Right) Richard Dix and Wera Engels in "The Great Jasper." Both of these films are well worth seeing.

. . . You'd better read these reviews carefully unless you don't mind wasting money on a picture which might not be the sort of thing you care for

RED, ROUGH HANDS . . .

made smooth, white, lovely—

IN ONLY 3 DAYS!



HER new friends were wild with envy! Her gorgeous frock ...her beautifully coiffured hair...she outshone them all!

Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rough . . . They breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falling for a girl with *those* hands!

Are *you* killing the charm of *your* lovely frocks, the allure of *your* beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only 3 days of Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white, lovely? The kind of hands men adore . . .

How this famous cream works

Hot water . . . harsh cleansers . . . housework . . . all take away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *puts back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful softness and smoothness.

The moment you rub this dainty, gossamer-fine cream into your hands you feel the skin become soft and supple again.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes deep down *through* the skin layers where the *real* healing work must be done.

Use Hinds *always* after hands have been in water, after exposure, and *before going to bed at night.*

This famous lotion leaves an invisible "*second skin*", too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This "*second skin*" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting.*



TODAY • TOMORROW • NEXT DAY

New beauty discovery!

It's a remarkable new liquefying cleansing cream that melts the moment it touches skin. Fine, light, penetrating—it *floats* the dirt and grease out of pores! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream. 40¢, 65¢.

HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

Copyright, Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933

FREE ***A 7-Day Trial Bottle*** (Also trial sizes of new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. See how deeply Hinds penetrates, healing those rough cracks, that sore, dried-out skin. How soft, white, lovely, it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW.



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. HT-5, Bloomfield, New Jersey

(This offer not good in Canada)

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____







(Left) Alison Skipworth, Sari Maritza and Roland Young in "A Lady's Profession." This is a highly amusing comedy of the more sophisticated type. (Upper left) Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy in "Private Jones." A war story with Lee playing the part of a kid who's regular enough but who, nevertheless, doesn't see why he should fight. Of course, he redeems himself before the film is over. (Above) Bruce Cabot, looking very much like Clark Gable, Fay Wray and Robert Armstrong in "King Kong." This is the thrilling story of a gigantic gorilla to which New York buildings are just child's building blocks. Very thrilling stuff.

(*Continued from page 6*)

heir to her astrological business and cashes in big on the feminine trade he is well able to lure into his lair. Later, when he is an old man, he tries to win his wife's love again, but she doesn't give in until he is on his death-bed!

And as great a performance as Dix gives, you will come away from the theatre saying that Bruce Cabot (Jasper's illegitimate son) is headed for great things. He's really fine! Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Freddie March) seems a bit miscast, but don't let that stop you! See this picture by all means!

MIND READER (Warners)

You have two reasons for seeing this picture. It gives the low-down on the fortune-telling racket and it has some of the best acting and comedy we've seen for months!

Warren William as "Chandra the Great" (he got the name from a box of cookies) reads a flock of pamphlets on charlatanry and decides to go on tour! He picks two grand assistants (who both happen to be grand actors, as well) and starts out. All goes well until they reach Kokomo, where Chandra falls for "the little woman" (Constance Cummings) and decides to go straight. They marry, but Allen Jenkins (assistant Number 1) beguiles William into starting another racket in New York. However, at last, Chandra involves his wife in a murder charge, and then goes straight for good!

If you miss *this* little offering, you're crazy!

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)

You want action—suspense—plot? And some of the best acting ever? Then see "The Rome Express" by all means!

This picture was made in England and certainly deserves a flock of orchids! It's really "Grand Hotel" on a train—but we have a hunch you will like it even better!

A gang steals a priceless painting. One crook runs out with the loot. The chief of the outfit and his lieutenant take after him. An art collector and secretary are also traveling, plus a runaway wife and her sweetheart! All this aboard the Rome Express. Then an actress renews her love for the lieutenant and is involved also! Conrad Viedt, Esther Ralston and Muriel Aked share honors!

MEN MUST FIGHT (M-G-M)

This little epic is not at all relaxing! Matter of fact, it becomes a bit prophetic and shows you 1940 and a world war that actually makes the last one look like child's play!

Diana Wynyard is glorious as the nurse whose lover gets killed in the war and who is determined that their son shall *not* be sacrificed! Lewis Stone gives his usual charming performance as the rejected suitor whom Diana marries when she is about to bear another man's child. Phillips Holmes, as the son, seems to inherently disapprove of war, but eventually marches off with the boys to the tune of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Mae Robson will give you some chuckles as the ultra-modern grandmother.

This will give you plenty to think about!

TOPAZE (Radio)

Here's a top-notcher that will furnish you a real evening's entertainment! John Barrymore scores heavily as the timid, simple-minded soul who earns his living teaching a bunch of high-brow ruffians in a private school. The school scenes will prove plenty rib-tickling, we assure you!

But the meek shall inherit the earth!

When Topaze (Barrymore) finds out that it (*Continued on page 10*)

WE DON'T DARE TELL YOU HOW DARING IT IS!



Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!

Introducing...
filmdom's newest favorite in the stardom she earned in "Cabin in the Cotton" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

BETTE DAVIS in "EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi . . . Directed by Robert Florey . . . One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from WARNER BROS.







(Left) Constance Cummings and Warren William in "The Mind Reader." The story of a shrewd guy who reads up on fortune-telling and makes a swell racket out of it. Even love doesn't stop his nefarious—that's the word—goings on, until—but that's giving too much away. (Upper left) Elissa Landi and Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader." Ronnie plays a dual role in this. Incidentally, it's the last picture you'll see him in for some time. He's temporarily quitting the screen. (Above) Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant in "The Woman Accused." All about a gal who kills for love and then tries to grab happiness.

(*Continued from page 8*)

is possible to *buy* the scholastic honors he has slaved years to attain, his nature takes a turn and he begins fighting back against the world in general, and the rich boss in particular. He finally takes the gentleman's mistress away from him and blackmails him out of a share of his business!

You should enjoy this picture!

Myrna Loy, as the mistress gives a good performance. The photography is excellent.

THE MASQUERADER (United Artists)

We strongly advise you to see this latest picture of Ronald Colman's, as it may be his last for a long while!

The story concerns a dissolute member of Parliament who hires his cousin (with the same face, voice and manner) to make his speeches and take his place in society. The imposter does well enough in Parliament, but he neglects his employer's mistress and falls in love with his wife! Both of these little mistakes should lead to his probable downfall, but they don't!

The original gentleman returns just in time to keep the cousin from being discovered—and then dies! Since he passes away in the cousin's room, he is buried as the cousin! Thus Colman is allowed to go on with the game and actually become the "other man," since the wife has found out anyway and really loves the new husband much better!

Colman is great in a duel role. Elissa Landi looks less icy for a change and does well with her role. You'll be glad you decided to see this picture!

EX-LADY (Warners)

You "romance addicts" might go for this one, but you who are too young to know what love is all about (or you who have *forgotten*) better stay at home!

Two young things (Bette Davis and Gene Raymond) have a grand time trying to find out all about love. After a lot of emotional experimenting they come to the conclusion that the old-fashioned ball-and-chain idea is the best. Fair acting and a few laughs.

PRIVATE JONES (Universal)

Here is a war drama that is *different!*

This is the story of the Big Fracas through the eyes of a buck private—one who fails to see anything particularly thrilling or glamorous about bloodshed! It's the war, minus the usual heroic exhibition and glory. In fact, just plain war.

Lee Tracy, as Private Jones, is splendid as usual in giving the screen a sincere portrait of a young man who is embittered by a quarrel that he can't understand. He takes all the lieutenant's backtalk and even "takes it" when he is called a "bad soldier." But in the end he saves the lieutenant's life and is back peeling potatoes as part of his K.P. duties.

If you're one of the millions who like Tracy, see this one. Donald Cook plays the lieutenant and Gloria Stuart does well with a small role. Gags a-plenty, too. You'll laugh.

DANGEROUSLY YOURS (Fox)

Nothing to take your breath away in this dangerous sounding flicker, except the title. Warner Baxter is one of those slick crooks until he meets that gal Miriam Jordan! Then he does some falling in love and tells her all his secrets. When he finds out she is working for the insurance company—and against him—he goes caveman, kidnaps the fair damsel and carries her aboard his yacht. He anchors her with a slave bracelet (cute) and there's a fight scene between them that is quite good.

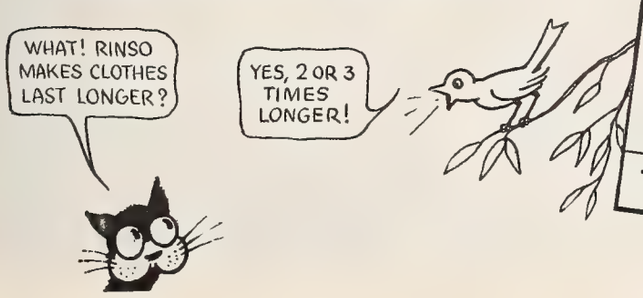
Outside of that, the picture isn't so hot. If (*Continued on page 102*)

WHITER! YOU BET I GET MY WASHES WHITER









You can save lots of money by washing clothes this "scrubless" way

JUST a change in the kind of soap you use—you wouldn't dream it could make such a big difference on washday. But it does! It saves scrubbing and boiling. It washes clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter.

No wonder millions use Rinso! No wonder the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers recommend it! By gently *soaking* out the dirt, saving the wear and tear of scrub-bing, *it makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Saves money.*

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*in the hardest kind of water.* Rich suds, full of life, long-lasting. The makers of 40 famous washers say, "Use Rinso!" It's great for dishes, too—and for all cleaning. Most women buy the BIG handy, household package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America

HOLLYWOOD ROMANCES



(Right) Estelle Taylor and John Warburton are seen about and seem to be much interested. Incidentally, Estelle is suing Frank Joyce, theatrical agent for $150,000.00. Auto accident.

Photographs by J. B. Scott



(Below, left) Jack Oakie and Peggy Hopkins Joyce are often at various restaurants together. Peggy is said to be thrilled by Jack. (Below, right) Estelle and Warburton again, and Isobell Jewel and Lee Tracy. These latter two have been "that a'way" for a long time now.

(Above) Harriet Lake, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Dick Powell, Boots Mallory and Jimmie Dunn. Buddy was formerly Mary's boy-friend. They're still friends. Dick Powell is now Mary's steady. Boots and Jimmie have been seen together since his break with M. O'Sullivan.





EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 2. No. 3 HOLLYWOOD, APRIL, 1933 NEWS SECTION

CASH SHORTAGE CAUSES BIG PAYROLL CUTS

Janet Charges Lydell With Jealousy and Being Inconsiderate

Janet Gaynor has every intention of going through with her divorce from Lydell Peck. Lydell, you know, is quite willing to make up. In spite of all their differences and disagreements, he believes that their marriage could be saved if Janet were willing But Janet isn't willing to patch things up. She evidently feels that a clean self-respecting divorce will be better than a bitter series of small quarrels.

She has charged Lydell with being jealous and inconsiderate. It is easy to understand how a husband in Lydell's position might be guilty—or seem guilty—of these faults. Naturally he would be jealous of the demands made upon Janet as an actress. And naturally he would want a major share of his wife's time and attention at times when she would not be able to give them. Just another case of clashing temperaments, we suppose. Too bad.

Young Hollywood Forms Dutch Club. Tom Brown President

The younger set of Hollywood want to get together and have good times without it costing the boys their weekly pay checks —just the way young people get together in small towns all over the country for good fun. So Tom Brown has been elected president of the Dutch Club. Anita Louise is vice-president. Rochelle Hudson, Patricia Ellis, Eric Linden and William Janney are among the members.

Forty Foot Fall Not Fatal to Reginald Denny Baby

One day while the Denny nurse was occupied with something else, the Denny baby managed to get out of his crib. He crawled out onto the upper porch outside his nursery. There was an open space. And a forty-foot drop. And over the edge Master Denny went. Below was a small flower plot, surrounded on all sides by cement. Yes, the baby hit the flower plot and wasn't even scratched.

Marx Brothers Drop "Cracked Ice" Following Money Dispute

Work on "Cracked Ice," the Four Marx Brothers next scheduled release for Paramount, is indefinitely suspended—or maybe stopped entirely. The four Marx zanies claim that the studio still owes them money on former releases. And until Paramount pays the bill, not one Marx antic will they perform for another picture. Let's hope the dispute is soon settled—there aren't nearly enough Marx pictures as it is.



BEFORE THEY SEPARATED

Modern Screen is the First Magazine to Print Joan-Doug Separation

The Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., separation, one of the biggest Hollywood news stories of the year, is told about for the first time in any magazine this month in MODERN SCREEN. You'll find the entire inside story on page 36. We are proud to present this story.

Just before the separation was announced Joan said, "Both Douglas and I tried to make a go of our marriage. We did everything in our power to revive the happiness that we saw waning. Once we were convinced that we could not get along together any more the only decent thing possible was to separate.

"Of course, Douglas and I will see each other after the separation. Neither would want to lose the other's friendship and we can't see why the fact that we have decided to separate should make us give up our friendship.

"But there is one thing that I do want to make clear. Neither of us wants to remarry. That is why we have decided upon separation instead of divorce. When one of us falls in love—then it is time enough to talk of divorce."

Flashes from Here and There

Harold Lloyd and the missus returned from their trip to Europe with just a bit of change in Harold's pockets. "Where can I cash a check?" he asked. And wondered why everyone laughed.

Karloff has gone to England to make "The Ghoul" for Gaumont Pictures.

Marjorie Wellman, aviatrix, and husband Director William Wellman are divorcing. She charges mental cruelty. This is their second divorce—their two marriages having taken place about a year apart.

Buster Keaton, not waiting till he had his final decree from Natalie, married his former nurse, May Scribbens, in Mexico recently. Keaton and his new bride are living in separate establishments pending the final decree.

The Gleasons—Lucille, Jimmie and young Russell—are abroad. Father and son will make a picture there and mamma will chaperone.

Mrs. Skeets Gallagher has opened a dress shop in Hollywood. Such prices! $12.95 seems to be top. Bebe Daniels and Arline Judge modelled at the opening.

Walter Hiers, well known comedian, formerly with Paramount, died in Hollywood recently.

Universal Suspends Contracts. Others Give Cuts Because of Bank Holiday

The National Bank Holiday hit Hollywood just as it hit the rest of the country. There was a terrific shortage of cash and the studios had to find some way of meeting the emergency.

The employees of the Fox company volunteered to help matters by working for four weeks without pay. Universal suspended all contracts during holiday period. Columbia handed out twenty-five and fifty percent salary cuts. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer also decided that fifty percent cuts were necessary in order to get by. RKO and Fox followed suit.

These measures were, of course, only brought about by the national crisis and these drastic cuts and stoppages of pay will last only as long as necessary. Just as soon as things start to function normally, Hollywood will go back to the old scale.

Extra! Extra!

How the Quake Affected the Movie Personalities

When the recent earthquake shook the Coast, Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Culver City suffered almost no damage. All studios were ordered vacated after the major shock. The high voltage wiring of talkie apparatus would, of course, have been dangerous. An emergency radio call was put in for studio electricians to help with the relief work—and it was answered in three minutes. The boys rushed all portable lights out to the shattered houses of Long Beach and every studio dispatched truckloads of food to stricken areas.

How about the stars themselves? Marion Davies turned over the entire staff of her private hospital to the injured. Ben Lyon rushed down to his Santa Monica beach home, grabbed Bebe and daughter Barbara, and drove for hours along the beach away from all tall buildings. Sally Eilers —whose permanent separation from Hoot Gibson, by the way, has been announced —was telephoning when the blow fell. The operator informed her of the quake but Sally didn't feel it till five minutes later. Helen Twelvetrees and husband Frank Woody, Wesley Ruggles and wife Arline Judge were dining—and made for the street at the first shock. None were hurt. Anita Stewart, recuperating from an operation, has suffered a relapse from all the excitement. Jean Harlow is the only known star who failed to experience the shock. She was in a moving automobile.

All social events in Hollywood were at a standstill. A relief benefit was arranged by all the studios.

(Right) Mary Pickford, Gary Cooper and Marion Davies at a recent party Gary gave to welcome the John Hay Whitneys from New York, to send off the Jimmy Durantes to New York and to celebrate the new Wesley Ruggles baby. (Extreme right) Diana Wynyard having her footprints immortalized by Sid Grauman at his Chinese Theater. For her marvelous work in "Cavalcade."



International



J. B. Scott

WHAT EVERY



Frances Dee. You've seen her in "King of the Jungle," with Buster Crabbe, Paramount's Johnny Weissmuller. After that, Frances is scheduled to do "Dead on Arrival."

...That Marian Nixon break-up... Peggy Hopkins Joyce's escorts surprise film city . . . A real fight over Lili Damita ...And other news and chatter



Ah, there, Marlene! Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler decide to go to the other extreme—and amaze Hollywood by appearing in skirts. With them are Wallace Beery, Tom Mix and Carol Ann Beery.

J. B. Scott

FAN SHOULD KNOW

THAT MARIAN NIXON BREAK-UP

WHEN Marian Nixon suddenly surprised everyone (even including her husband, Eddie Hillman) with suit for divorce, things began to happen.

Eddie learned of his wife's intentions *after* the suit had been filed—and then from a newspaper friend! He is quoted as having said: "I don't believe it! You must be wrong. It just can't be true!" Mutual friends of the couple were equally surprised because Eddie and Marian had been out in public *together* just the evening before the complaint was made public!

Many smaller tragedies have already resulted directly from the one *large* tragedy.

A baby was to have been adopted by the couple. And now since the wife's status has changed it is rumored that the adoption will be impossible.

A great number of persons whom Marian had reason to believe would see her side of the argument have sided completely with Eddie. Two of Marian's best friends, Sally Eilers and her husband Hoot Gibson, now have as their house guest none other than Eddie Hillman.

The story has it that Eddie has offered Marian the home, several other pieces of property (mostly personal) and a settlement—all of which, according to the story, Marian has refused to accept. *More* reason for Hollywood siding with Eddie! Every part of the sad break-up seems to point to the fact that Eddie still loves his wife and that he had very little to do with her action for divorce!

Incidentally, Marian Nixon isn't asking her wealthy hubby (ex by now) Eddie Hillman, for a penny's worth of alimony! She says her income is $1,000 a month (Eddie's is $5,000) . . . and that she couldn't possibly spend more than that!

There actually are gals like that. . . .

● Remember, at a recent party, we told you that Elsa Maxwell (London's famous party thrower) arrived dressed as Professor Einstein? She was the only woman present! The other day, just after the famous scientist arrived in California for a series of lectures, Elsa received a note from him:

"The next time you decide to impersonate me, I shall be happy to lend you my own clothes. . . . I'm sure you will find them much more deceiving!"

● One of Hollywood's favorite "operators" opened again after months of being closed. The first night we found Peggy Hopkins Joyce there with *three* men: Jack Oakie, Johnny Weissmuller and "the gentleman in the dinner jacket." Peggy wore slacks and a beret and gained quite some attention for herself. George Raft was there with a bunch of the boys.

● At last! Hollywood has come out from cover and as much as admitted that being *déclassée* has nothing whatever to do with *morals!*

It all came to a head, when RKO was about to star Ann Harding in that old-timer "Déclassée," in which the woman is so tagged because she happens to be a divorcée! It was decided that being divorced in this day and age would no longer produce the result, so they made the woman a thief! Then, after going to all that trouble, they decided not to make the film after all. That's Hollywood!

FIGHTING FOR LILI

LILI DAMITA had all Havana aflutter when her escort, Earl Smith, entered into a few bloody rounds with a dusky Cuban who insisted upon an introduction to the voluptuous Lili. Smith's refusal infuriated the Cuban, and he made a swing at the two-hundred pounder. The fight was just waxing merry when the cops made their gallant entry and stopped all the fun.

Earl Smith is a brother of Sydney Smith, Lili's fiancé. So y'see it was purely a "brotherly" act!

● Mary Pickford is always doing something "nice"! On her way to New York recently, she heard of a family of five traveling cross country via day coach. She took one look at the tired little mother and her brood of children, then rushed over to the Travelers' Aid Desk and slipped the matron a roll of bills with the instruction that the young mother and her family was to be made comfortable. "And," added Mary, "don't mention my name."

● Everyone wondered whom Peggy Hopkins Joyce (connoisseur of men) would choose as her escort from Hollywood's brilliant list of males. So far she's picked two—Grant Withers and Jack Oakie! Surprised?

● Constance Cummings can do all the freelancing her little heart pleases from now on. She and Columbia Studio have been wrangling for weeks over her contract. Columbia claimed she was still under contract to them, and Connie said she wasn't! So they took their grievances to court and Connie emerged the victor!

● Lilian Harvey has evidently ensnared a couple of Hollywood's "eligibles." Gary Cooper had her to lunch t'other day and he looked ver-r-ry much interested! Maurice Chevalier's flower bill has been rising to dizzy heights ever since the lil English gal



Wide World

Janet Gaynor and her mother as they arrived from two months in Honolulu. Janet went there to forget her matrimonial troubles. They're saying that Lydell is willing to make up.



Wide World

Oh, oh, oh. What will Mervyn Le Roy say when he sees this picture of Ginger Rogers (whom he has been beauing everywhere for months) with Allen Vincent. Allen is a new screen face.



Wide World

When Jeanette MacDonald visited London during her European jaunt she met Herbert Marshall, who was also vacationing. They say that Jeanette and Herbert will do a Nöel Coward play.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . . .

arrived. It's a box of blooms every day—and nothing less than orchids.

● Were Adrienne Ames' lobes pink the other day or not? She was sailing along the boulevard in her swanky limousine, when suddenly everything went wrong! First the engine let out a wild cry and then died. Then the horn went kaflooey and it blew and blew and blew! The chauffeur got so rattled that he made a grand leap for the pavement and took to his heels, leaving poor Adrienne to the mercy of the fast-gathering mob! Finally two cops put in an appearance and rescued the fashionable Ames gal from what probably was the "most embarrassing moment of her life"!

● Marlene Dietrich may be indifferent to Hollywood and its stars, but daughter Maria isn't! She's sent Mamma out collecting autographed pictures of all the movie folks for her with a special request for a real big one of Cary Grant. And the reason Cary is the chosen one is because he once bought little Maria an ice cream cone (a pink one).

● There's no resisting that Chevalier charm! Even blasé Peggy Hopkins Joyce succumbed when Maurice stuck his head out of his dressing room window the other morning (it's right next door to Peggy's) and asked: "Why don't you like me . . . huh?" When Peggy wanted to know his reason for asking, the Frenchman replied: "Well, you sat next to me last night at the Mayfair party and you didn't say one word to me! Is that nice?"

Peggy's *so nice* now!

IT LINGERS ON

SYLVIA SIDNEY says she just can't forget Pola Negri! She occupies the same dressing room that Pola had some eight years ago. It seems the Polish actress had a yen for exotic-smelling perfumes and one day, during one of her temperamental fits, she threw one of the biggest and smelliest bottles at . . . guess who? Anyway it hit the wall, and the scent lingers on and on and on. . . .

● Katharine Hepburn proved she could sling a mean tray the other day at the studio café. It was one of those heavy "extra" days, and the waitresses were practically sliding on their ears trying to get everybody's order. Katharine waited ten minutes . . . then calmly, and very efficiently (overalls and all) picked up a tray and started taking orders.

She did so well that she left the cafe with her pockets fairly *bulging* with tips!

RUTH WAS TIRED

RUTH CHATTERTON and hubby George Brent's quiet li'l week-end in the mountains turned out to be a very-near disaster! It was during that stormy session and Ruth and George awakened one morning to find themselves completely snowed in. After three days, and still no let-up in the snow storm, they started plowing their way to the nearest village (five miles away). They arrived half starved and almost frozen to death and were immediately whisked home and put to bed. Both suffered from partial snow blindness and Ruth, in particular, was in a serious condition for several days.

And believe it or not, this all happened in *sunny* California, in fact, just fifty miles from Hollywood!

● Bruce Cabot and Loretta Young are going so many places together that we just can't keep track of them!

● Lil Tashman made a decided hit in the ol' home town in the stage play "Grounds For Divorce." The opening night brought out all the "notables." Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard occupied front seats. Paulette looked gorgeous in black satin and white ermine. Joan Crawford caused a lot of sighs and groans and "Ahs" and "Ohs" as she sallied forth in shimmering gold escorted by hubby Doug, leading man Franchot Tone and two other handsome males. Eddie Lowe was out in front beaming and shaking hands with everyone.

After the show everyone trudged over to the Lionel Barrymores and made merry.

● When Russ Gleason called Mary Brian for a date the other night, little Mary informed him that she already had *five* dates. "Well, might as well make it a half dozen," said the undaunted Gleason lad. Mary agreed, so off she tripped with six handsome swains! Some gals get *all* the breaks!

Lilian Harvey has the males agog. Adrienne Ames' embarrassing moment



Wide World

Hollywood was all excited to see whom Peggy Hopkins would choose to take her around. Lew Cody gave her a party (above). Peggy has also been seen places with Jack Oakie and Grant Withers.



Wide World

On page 14 there's a picture of Gary Cooper, Mary Pickford and Marian Davies at his party which was given to celebrate, among other things, Arline Judge Ruggles' new baby (above).



Warner Baxter meets Lili Damita in Havana where both are vacationing. In this section you'll find an amusing little story of how a couple of he-men fought over the beautiful Lili.

● Say, don't you wish you could go with Ronald Colman on that swell vacation of his? He and two others have bought themselves a nifty sail boat and are setting their sails for the alluring islands of the Aegean Sea. They plan to spend the entire summer exploring this enchanted spot. Guess this trip ought to satisfy Ronny's hankering for adventure!

THE MYSTERIES OF "KING KONG"

HOW did they do it? How did Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, directors of RKO's epic ape-drama, "King Kong," create that giant monster? Fifty-six feet high, able to walk, talk (after an ape fashion), throw automobiles over the Empire State Building, send airplanes crashing to the ground with one stroke of its paw, hold a girl in one hand—even make love?

Well, they *built* that monster on the RKO lot. Three stories high he is, perfect in every scientific detail. The other prehistoric monsters in the picture were built, too. They made the beast appear to speak by recording guttural human sounds, reversing the sound film, slowing it down to lower the tone and re-recording the result. Three men did it all and some of their secrets they will *never* divulge. Some of the scenes, to be sure, are tricks—done in miniature. (Actually, there are twenty-seven different-sized Kongs used in the picture.) But just ask Fay Wray about that scene where the monster holds her in his hand, looking down at her with apish adoration, and then tears off her clothes with one stroke of his (mechanical) paw. She'll tell you there was no miniature nonsense about that. She was being held fifty feet in the air—looking down on the roof of the RKO studios. The scene took twenty-three hours to make. (A record for Hollywood.) It couldn't be interrupted—it couldn't be repeated. It had to be perfect the first time because it might be impossible to take it again. Fay went through with it like a Spartan—but just don't mention the word "miniature" to her!

● 'Tis said Garbo had a little trouble in getting a permit to reënter the United States because of Hollywood's recent action to send a lot of their foreign stars home. But we understand she now has obtained permission and will be back before long.

● Speaking of Garbo, Katharine Hepburn's recent trip to New York was shrouded with all the mystery of Garbo herself. The object of her trip, our snooper found out, was to visit her hubby, L. O. Smith, and to undergo a minor operation.

● Marlene Dietrich doesn't seem to mind the fact that Maurice Chevalier has done a turn-about in favor of Lilian Harvey. Marlene has been seen lunching with Brian Aherne, her leading man in "Song of Songs."

● Speaking of Lilian Harvey (again), have you heard her description of Gary Cooper? "That tall boy with the beautiful face," she calls him.

And speaking of Gary he may be able to join Mary and Doug and the Countess on that European trip after all. Gary felt quite put out about it for a while because it looked as if he was all sewed up to do another picture—"The Eagle and the Hawk." But Paramount has decided to put Cary Grant in the part instead.

MORENO TRAGEDY

ALMOST immediately following the report of the separation of Tony Moreno and his wife, came the tragic news of Mrs. Moreno's accidental death. Mrs. Moreno was killed instantly when her car, driven by René H. Dussag (young protegé of Moreno) plunged three hundred feet from a scenic mountain road near Hollywood where they had gone to view the city. The accident happened when Dussag, upon turning a curve, noticed the lights were dim and reached for the switch to brighten them. Instead, he turned them completely off . . . then the tragedy.

The Morenos were married in 1923, just after Mrs. Moreno secured her divorce from J. M. Danziger, oil promoter. Their recent separation was caused by "temperamental differences."

● Jack LaRue (he was the young priest in "A Farewell to Arms") was brought to Hollywood to play Paul Muni's bodyguard in "Scarface," but because LaRue was taller than Muni, George Raft was given the part. And that started the ball rolling for Raft. Now the other half of the story is that LaRue recently stepped into Raft's role in "Shame of Temple Drake" when George turned it down because of the unsympathetic character.

CHEVALIER GETS RAZZBERRY

LITTLE LEROY (the baby personally picked by Maurice Chevalier for his picture, "Bedtime Story") completely disrupted the studio the other day. He had been taught to do the razzberry by some extras—and Baby Leroy thought it was such a cute trick that even during Chevalier's most ardent scenes, he would give him the berry. This was funny at first . . . but after a couple of hours it got under the Frenchman's hide. He threw his coat on the floor and stamped off the set in a huff. The only thing that stopped Leroy was a bottle and a long nap.

MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 84

The ghost of Negri lives on in Hollywood. The Chattertons get snowed in

JOAN: "I love my role in 'TODAY WE LIVE'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper."





The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.

PORTRAITS



Photograph by William A. Fraker

Mae Clarke's new haircut is a direct result of her most recent illness. (Mae has been in bad health for nearly two years, all told, you know.) During the last spell, all her hair was cut off—and doesn't she look attractive? With "Parole Girl" completed for Columbia (her home studio), Mae was loaned to M-G-M for "Rivets" with John Gilbert. And was she thrilled—because, years ago, Jack was her movie-idol crush and she once wrote him a mash note. Though she has been in Hollywood some time, she had never met him until "Rivets."



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

Marian Nixon's separation from Edward Hillman, Jr., was something of a surprise after their adopting a baby a few months ago. Marian has completed "Face in the Sky" and her next pictures will be "Pilgrimage" and "Five Cents a Glass," all for Fox. Marian loves music—all kinds of music—but she has no talent for it, she says. Oh, she'll admit that she "can sing a little." Her voice is small, but sweet and true. In private life, she wears extremely subdued clothes (size twelve, if you'd like to know). She has two dogs—named Disk and Davey.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

Paul Lukas is invariably late for appointments, but he apologizes so charmingly that everyone forgives him. He learned English by listening to the radio and attending court sessions and church services. He holds the Continental idea that it's a woman's business to stay home and be a good wife and mother. Fortunately, Mrs. Lukas agrees with him. Did you know that Lukas was born on an express train speeding toward Budapest? Paul has finished "The Kiss Before the Mirror" for Universal and "Grand Slam" for Warners—now for one abroad!



Photograph by Ernest Bachrach

Richard Dix has completed "The Great Jasper" and his next film will be (tentative title) "Pigmy." He has just sold his famous Mystery Ranch and moved into the Beverly Hills home which was his Christmas gift to wife Winifred. Both of them are very much agog over their new baby girl. Reporters pestered Dix so at the child's birth that he was nearly crazy. As if it were not enough to be becoming a father without having the phone ringing constantly! He may be pardoned for at last shouting testily, "Would you mind waiting a second till it's over?"



Glenda Farrell made her movie debut in "Little Caesar." She made her stage debut as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Several seasons ago, she was on the stage in "Love, Honor and Betray," in which play were also Clark Gable and George Brent. She has been in so many movies lately that it's hard to keep track. Let's see—"Life Begins," "Grand Slam," "Keyhole," "Central Airport" and "Girl Missing." The next will be "Golddiggers of 1933." All are Warner pictures. She was born in Enid, Oklahoma, in 1907. Mother Irish, father German.



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Alison Skipworth is busier than any two young players in Hollywood—she's made three pictures in three months. She has a grand role in "Song of Songs" with Dietrich. And she is in "A Lady's Profession." Miss Skipworth says she likes Hollywood except for the warm climate and early rising necessitated by studio work. She is not married, lives alone, drives her own Ford and spends her vacations on a farm on Long Island. She never kisses anybody. She's devoted to the four o'clock tea habit, like Mr. Arliss. Calls herself Old Cross Patch.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Franchot Tone is known to all New York theatregoers for his many excellent characterizations for the Theatre Guild. His first talkie, however, is Joan Crawford's "Today We Live." Following that, you'll see him in "Gabriel Over the White House." Tone is a Cornell graduate. Was a very bright student, as the Phi Beta Keppa key on his watch chain attests. He is twenty-eight years old, unmarried and has never been engaged. Very quiet chap—rather handsome. A well read, well-informed person in an unassuming sort of way. His chief interest is the theatre.





HOLLYWOOD DARES TO BREAK THE RULES

(Top of page, left) A picture of the author at work. The large illustration shows you how Lew Ayres and Lola Lane attended a formal party in sport clothes! Why? And why not? (Right) Precisely why shouldn't a wife innocently dine with a male friend?



Modern Screen is honored to add this illustrious woman to its list of contributors, her Highness, Princess Laure Murat. The princess is the great-great-granddaughter of the King of Naples and the the great-great-niece of Napoleon

By Her Highness, PRINCESS LAURE MURAT

HOLLYWOOD dares to break the rules. Hollywood would rather be criticized for bad taste than stifled by antiquated standards made to serve another generation. Hollywood dares to be a law unto itself. I say "dares" purposely. It takes a lot of courage to do the kind of things Hollywood does. For instance:

Would you pay the checks when you were out with your boy friend?

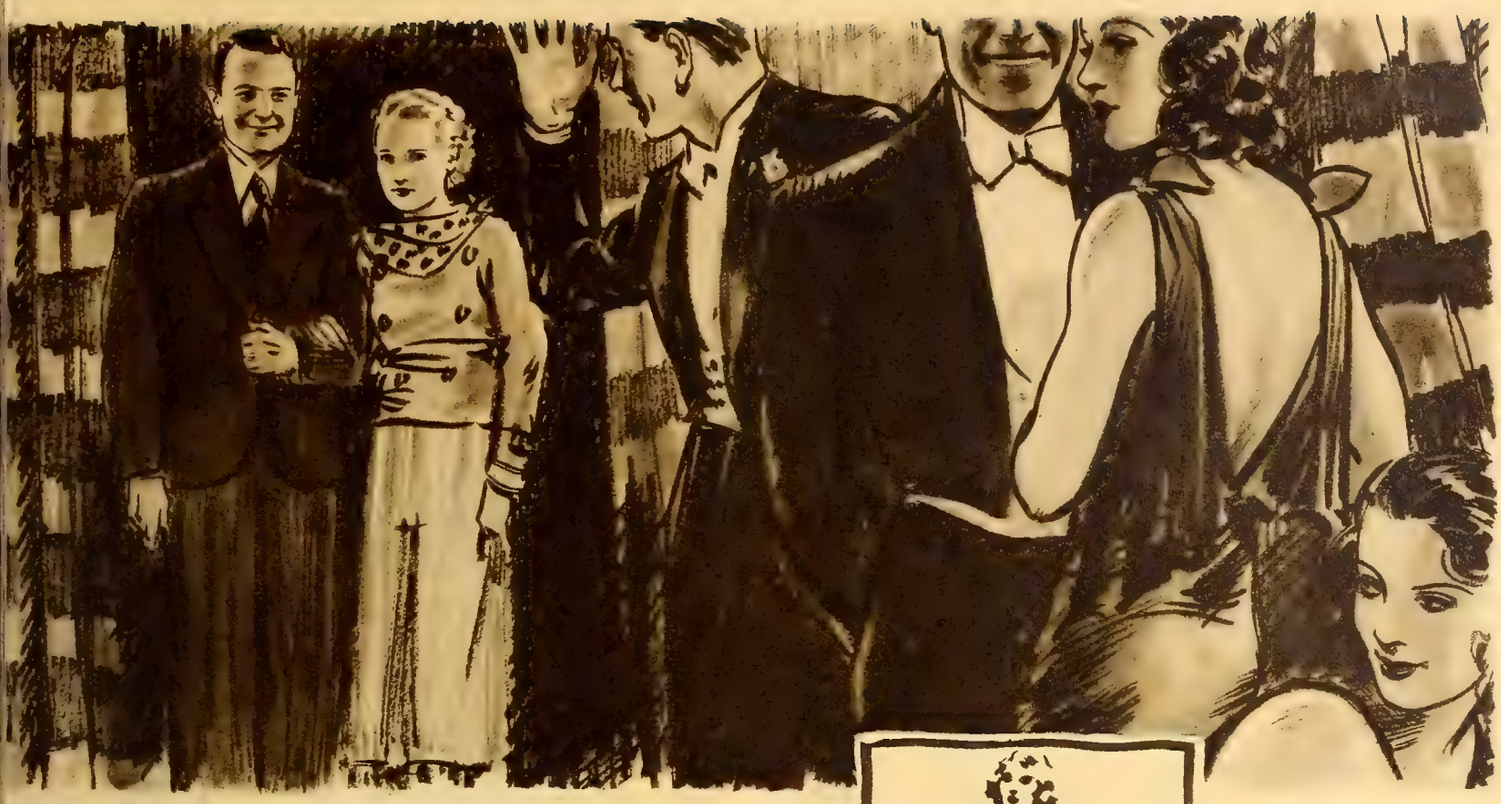
Would you dare ignore important rules of etiquette when giving a formal party?

Would you accept the attentions of someone you had been warned was socially tabu?

And, married, would you . . . go out with other men?

When Ruth Chatterton and George Brent returned to Hollywood from their wedding trip, Ralph Forbes met them at the train! But Mrs. Grundy says divorced husbands and wives should be strangers.





... Would you dare to break the rules of social and personal behavior as Hollywood does? Read this fascinating and revealing article—and decide for yourself

Illustrated by JACK WELCH



(Left) Marlene Dietrich's trousers again. This is the latest style rule Hollywood has broken. But even peerless New York has taken up with this bit of law-breaking.

Invite your ex-husband to dine with you and your second husband?

Pose, smiling, for photographs a few days after your husband died?

Hollywood does all these things. And more. Many more.

But wait. Don't condemn Hollywood yet. Hear their side, then decide.

An approved book of etiquette says:

"Where a gentleman escorts a lady to the theater, to luncheon, or to tennis matches, he pays for everything."

Not in Hollywood.

Hollywood is, essentially, a woman's town. The girls starring in pictures earn huge sums of money. But any number of the nicest young men are comparatively poor. The girls want to enjoy their limited leisure to the limit. Their first need is a congenial escort.

So if the young man they like best can't afford to take them wherever they want to go, they take him. And he doesn't become a gigolo in their eyes, his own eyes, or anybody else's eyes.

There are ways this can be done so no one is embarrassed. And the Hollywood girls do it this way . . .

A telephone call to a restaurant arranges for the bill, including a proper tip for the waiter, to be charged. Tickets for tennis, the theater or those romantic starlight concerts in the Bowl can be paid for in advance. Held at the box-office. Or handed to the young man casually when he calls. No one is made uncomfortable.

Young Hollywood is practical and honest.

"When divorced people meet it must be as strangers."

Again I quote from the etiquette book. Again I say not in Hollywood.

GOOD taste never condoned the recriminations in which so many divorced people indulge. True enough. Neither does good taste encourage ex-husbands and ex-wives to hobnob with each other. Nor does it so much as hint that first and second husbands or first and second wives might become the friends they became in the film colony. On the contrary. Stupidly enough, in most circles such fraternizing would be considered positively indelicate.

Here again it is circumstances that influence Hollywood to break the rules. Many Hollywood divorces are sought without the two people involved having experienced any great unpleasantness. The professional group is comparatively small. Hollywood is isolated. There are few theaters or intellectual diversions. Members of the motion picture colony must depend upon one another for their social life. They'd hardly get on with the retired farmers and ranchers who comprise the rest of southern California's population. So they must not place too many restrictions upon hosts and hostesses as to who can be asked with whom.

Those who salvage friendship from marriage deserve praise.

I like to hear how Ralph Forbes met Ruth Chatterton

and George Brent at the train when they returned to California after their wedding in the East. Ralph and Ruth were old friends.

I think the relationship between Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker who dine together and swim together and drive together, the papers of their Mexican divorce secure in the dark of their safe deposit boxes, as healthy and intelligent an attitude as a divorced couple can achieve.

I also find it fitting that there were tears in Harry Bannister's eyes when he said good-by to Ann Harding at the 'plane which flew her to Reno. For any of a thousand reasons they no longer found it desirable to continue as man and wife. But they, too, had been good friends. And the manner of experiences they had shared must create a bond between two sensitive, intelligent human beings.

The public announcement this couple made regarding their reasons for parting did seem unnecessary. What they were doing and why they were doing it was their own affair. But we live in a practical world. Maybe public announcements like this (and those terrible personal insertions men make in the daily papers declaring themselves no longer responsible for their wives' debts) prove as exigent as they are crude.

MARRIED women do not go out with men other than their husbands."

That amounts to an unwritten law. But doesn't hold in Hollywood.

In Hollywood when a husband is busy a wife goes out with William Haines, Randolph Scott, Joel McCrea or any one of Hollywood's attractive bachelors. And she doesn't become a target for gossip. So, young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in New York, we have pictures of Joan Crawford lunching at the Brown Derby with William Haines. Rudolph Seiber in Germany, it is Chevalier who escorts Marlene Dietrich to parties and premières.

Certainly if a woman is ever capable of friendship with a man it is when she is happily married. And if she isn't happily married it still is better for her to go about with other men frankly and openly rather than secretly.

Who can deny this freedom is more civilized than the old notion that a married woman couldn't spend even a few hours in the company of any male except her husband, father, brother, or some close and *very* elderly relative without deserving the disapproval she was sure to receive from that stupidest of tyrants, Dame Grundy.

I'm not an image breaker. I don't agree that rules were made to be broken. But I'm sure Society would go on forever respecting rules that no longer served the times if some group of honest, alive, intelligent young people—like the movie stars—didn't take the lead in tossing these rules into the discard.



Jean Harlow is building a new house. She was photographed in front of it, smiling. Why might society condemn her behavior?

The etiquette book is very definite about formal dinners. *They mean, it insists, dinner promptly at the stated time, usually eight o'clock, a candle-lit table covered with damask white as new snow, no butter, coffee in the drawing-room after dinner.*

In Hollywood, formal dinners are another story.

Dinner at eight, all the guests assembled promptly . . . I need go no further. In Hollywood it can't be done. Some guests are sure to discover at the last minute that they have to work until eight o'clock or later. At least one guest is likely to have to hurry away early to make a personal appearance at some theater.

But Hollywood again is equal to the occasion. At many formal parties a buffet is served.

A buffet supper—or actually a buffet dinner since that is what these really are—is a boon to hostess, guests, and to the cook who, if she is a good cook, takes pride in her execution of the menu. For a buffet dinner given by a hostess wise enough to entertain in this way, in the first place, will include only those dishes which can be served promptly at a stated hour and kept hot over alcohol flames for tardy arrivals.

It's amusing, incidentally, that this buffet dinner has found its way into the very circles of New York City where only a few years ago it was hooted.

We no longer live in a leisurely eighteenth or nineteenth century. You may deplore this fact but still you must accept it. And hostesses aware of the uncertain hours both men and women have to keep are arranging their parties so that their busiest and often, by the same token, their most entertaining and stimulating friends will not be obliged to send regrets.

It was Hollywood, however, that had the courage to break an old rule and to show the way.

FORMAL parties demand formal dress.

Not in Hollywood.

I understand when Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were first married they went to formal parties in sport clothes. Why? They felt they could not afford to spend the necessary money on formal evening clothes. Their hostesses insisted they wanted them anyhow. The Ayres' wanted to go. Complications have a way of disappearing when you are honest about them.

The most amazing thing about this story, however, is the Ayres' had a good time at these parties. They weren't on the defensive because they didn't conform to the general pattern.

Even if you feel they should have stayed at home unless they could go in the proper dress you must admit it took courage and a positive flair for adjustment for them to do as they did.

Some rules, of course, never should be broken. But in Hollywood even these sometimes go by the board. There are, for instance, two famous stars (both married, one a golden blonde, the other very dark—now guess!) who telephone the hostess who has asked them to a party to inquire what other guests will be there. Such a question is inexcusable. It implies a hostess has friends they would prefer not to meet. What hostess hasn't? Besides it shows too plainly they have no confidence in her ability to bring the right people together.

Only those who take themselves very seriously would ask a question with roots so embedded in snobbery. I've met snobs who were born in a palace and came of a fine old line as well as snobs who were upstarts. But I've never yet met a snob who wasn't an inferior person at heart.

Estelle Taylor dealt with snobbery as it deserved when she first went out with Jack Dempsey. There was, at that time, a decided prejudice against fighters. The fact that no set of people can be entirely dismissed—ever—was completely disregarded.

A man, a power in Hollywood socially and professionally, warned Estelle Taylor she must quit seeing Dempsey. Or—. Whereupon she made it a point to go with Jack to those places where they were sure to be seen. She won. And inevitably those who had been prejudiced about "The Champ" in the first place, met him to like him.

Jack Dempsey and Estelle (*Continued on page 83*)

...Experiences in our lives go to make up our personalities. Read how three experiences—tragic, horrifying and psychological—have given Clark Gable the certain twists of character peculiarly his own



(Above) With Helen Hayes in "The White Sister." Why does Clark seem to have a secret bitterness?



3 VITAL MOMENTS IN HIS LIFE

By JACK JAMISON

WHAT "makes us what we are today"? Where do the roots of your personality, of your best friend's personality, really lie? One does not need to be a doctor of psychology to know that our attitude, our philosophy of life, the slant of our personality in general—in short, what we are—is a result of our personal experience in the world. We have it in a proverb, indeed: "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." A man's mental make-up is formed and fashioned by the ruts, bumps, and smooth stretches of his own road through Life.

A baby is frightened by an unthinking nurse, and for the rest of his days a man is a coward. A young girl sees a drunkard beat his wife, and grows into a woman such as Carrie Nation, who crusaded so violently against the saloon in the old days. We are the product of such poignant moments, which determine the men and women that we shall later become. In a way, you might go so far as to say that we *are* those moments.

This being true, it offers us a fascinating way to study the mysterious personality of Clark Gable and bring to light its secret sources. If the problem were put up to you to "boil down" Clark's personality into a few simple words, what would you say that he is? The chance is that, after consideration, you would agree with the consensus of opinion, which holds that the secret of his attractiveness lies in three things. They interlock one with the other, but, insofar as they can be separated, they are there.

First, he carries the appearance of being bitterly, sadly disillusioned and cynical.

Second, he meets life with a reckless, grim defiance.

Third, somehow he makes every woman feel that, if she were to give him her love, he would know what to do with it; that, beneath his hard exterior, there is a yearning for love, and a deep tenderness.

Those are the three things that you would say about Clark Gable, probably—and you would be right! You don't know how right you would be! You couldn't know; unless you knew, also, what Clark's childhood had been, what his boyhood had been, what his young manhood had been. For there has been a moment in his life to explain every one of those characterizations of him; there have been three moments so (*Continued on page 111*)

THE REAL REASON FOR HEPBURN'S AMAZING BEHAVIOR







(Left) As she appears in her newest film, called, at the moment, "Christopher Strong." (Further left) Another pose from the same film. It's the story of a woman aviator.

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S eccentric behavior has been amazing Hollywood ever since she became a cinema sensation with the release of "Bill of Divorcement." Any number of tales have been going around concerning the amazing and unusual things she has done. Each one more surprising than the previous one.

And a number of reasons have been advanced for Katharine's goings-on, from the obvious one that she's doing it for publicity to the laughable one that she's not all there mentally.

But I don't think any of the reasons are right. I think that the reason for the Hepburn's present behavior lies in the past. I think so because meeting Katharine in Hollywood has made me remember certain happenings of years ago—

It was years ago—yes, and outside the Woman's Suffrage Organization Offices in New York! An excited little girl of about nine years of age was selling balloons—balloons with "Votes for Women" written on them in white letters. Her mother was praising the child—not scolding her, mind you, but *praising her* for the fact that she'd been lost for nearly four hours on the New York Streets! Lost, yes, but she'd sold a dozen balloons for "the cause!" And who was it? That little girl was Katharine Hepburn.

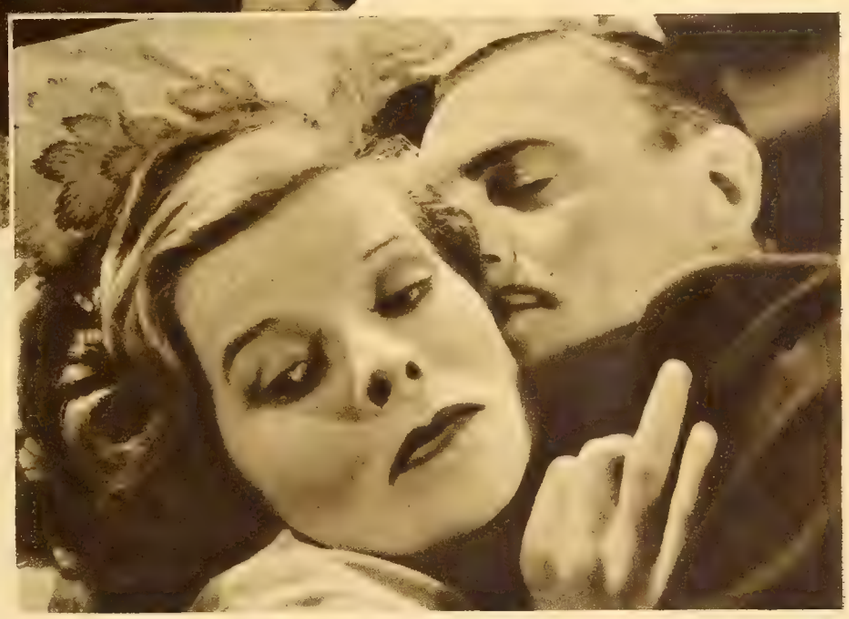
Another picture flashed across my memory: Twelve grave, intellectual ladies seated at a luncheon table discussing matters of social revolution, while the same little girl screamed at her play, snatched dainties from the women's plates and acted as "natural" as a young savage—all unreproved.

"I want her to express her true self, fully!" Mrs. Hepburn told the members. "We never suppress her."

The Club was "The Heterodoxy Club" and beside myself and members were Katharine's mother, Crystal East-



(Left) On location for a scene of "Christopher Strong." That's her hairdresser kneeling behind her and her maid in front. (Below) A scene with Colin Clive. Katharine is starring in this film—yet it is only the second movie she has ever made!



. . . Modern Screen is the first magazine to reveal the explanation as to why the Hepburn girl loves to shock and amaze Hollywood

man, Mrs. Will Irwin, Emma Goldman, the Anarchist, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the great suffragist, Fannie Hurst, Margaret Sanger, the birth-control propagandist, Isadora Duncan and many other liberal thinkers. Little Katharine not only sat and listened to these women's talk, sometimes on Emma Goldman's knees, but was encouraged to join in the talk—an extraordinarily intelligent, precocious child, given to the use of long words and not only expressing astounding ideas but doing so with a semblance of knowing what she said.

A LATER picture next came to mind—a household up in Hartford, Connecticut, where the house was run to suit the Hepburn children. They got up when they pleased, ate when they pleased, came and went as they pleased, unquestioned. Katharine played golf, I recall, on a course which adjoined the home, but it never even occurred to her to regulate her golfing hours to the household routine. Instead, her meals were served when she got ready to eat them. The usual rules of home discipline were reversed and the household routine (if such it could be called) was made to fit the self-expression of its younger members. Indeed, with the exception of Doctor Hepburn, the father of the family, nobody gave heed to any set hours or habits.

Oh dear, oh dearie me! I feel that I myself am partially responsible for Katharine's oddities! You may recall that when she first came out to the RKO lot, Miss Hepburn's clothes were a source of much concern to those who had to put her best foot forward for her. The truth of the matter was that Katharine would not, or could not, dress properly.

She wore old slacks, or any old housedress, when she should have been looking her snappiest. The studio even went so far as to send to New York for an expert to dress the wild woman, whether she liked it or not. And as I looked at Katharine's rebelliously worn blue costume (and it was chic enough, goodness knows) I recalled still another early portrait of the girl, seated with dangling legs, on my desk at the Woman's (*Continued on page 113*)

UNKNOWN LOVES



YOU can read in the papers that Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmy Dunn are seen at all the smart places dining and dancing together.

You know that Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez are interested in each other.

The love that Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland had for each other is Hollywood heart history.

These are things that everybody knows. But these well publicized affairs are not the only loves of Hollywood. Buried deep in Hollywood secrecy are numbers of romances—some unrequited, some fulfilled, some tragic, some amusing and some pathetic. And because I think that you should know what Hollywood knows I'm going to tell you about as many of these as I have space to tell. As you can see while you read these pages, both names involved in a romance cannot always be told.

You've probably thought of Anita Page as just a cute little sub-deb type whose beaux were the juvenile swains of the town and whose dates were always carefully chaperoned. This was true until the late Robert Ames came along. Bob was much older than Anita. He was a New York actor with all that charm and wit and fascination.

By KATHERINE ALBERT

And it speaks well for Anita that she was able to appreciate his charm and his great wealth of understanding and did not, as so many girls of her age do, put him in the "why-he's-an-old-man" category. What romance there was, was at the studio or at parties which Anita attended with boys nearer her own age. It was a romance of hastily and avidly snatched conversations on the set with a hundred pairs of eyes upon them. It was a romance which flowered—as much as it ever flowered—at luncheon time in the clatter of the big, bare studio commissary. Unromantic as their meetings were, Bob Ames gave Anita Page a grasp upon maturity. And then tragedy descended upon them.

When Bob Ames died in New York, everybody thought that he and Ina Claire were sweethearts. It was Ina who got the world's sympathy when his body was found in his hotel room. But it was Anita, three thousand miles away, working in a studio in California, who needed that sympathy. And, since theirs had been an unknown love, Anita must not say a word. The tragedy gave Anita a maturity and a wisdom she might not otherwise have had.

Right now Hollywood's sharp eye sees an attachment that the rest of the world does not see. Myrna Loy, one among the cinema town's enigmas, is wearing a look upon her face that can only come from unrequited love. It is pitiful, for the man in the case is married and nothing that touches upon romance can ever happen between them.

THE reverse of this situation is the case of Robert Young, who is in love with a married woman. Although love is not really quite the word. It isn't the word at all, as a matter of fact. What Bob Young feels for Helen Hayes is worship. Helen is married to—and she adores—Charlie MacArthur. Not by the furthest stretch of the imagination could there ever be a

HOLLYWOOD HAS ITS ROMANCES WHICH NEVER GET PUBLICITY

OF HOLLYWOOD



Two were engaged. Two loved. Two were loved. One is unhappy. One was a good sport. One was worshipped. And one was—forgetting?

romance between her and Bob Young.

As you probably remember, he played her son in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." It was Bob's first big break. Helen helped the newcomer in every way—giving him the benefit of her sure and tried technique. After the first day's work she came off the set and said, "That boy simply breaks me up. He tries so hard. He is so sincere. When I'm in a scene with him I want to cry."

And as for Bob—good heavens!

When the picture was over he wanted to tell Helen how grateful he was for her help. He went to her and stood there looking down at her piquant little face.

"Miss Hayes," he began, "I—I want you to know—er—I'd like to tell you—"

He couldn't go on. His worship was too great. He was too sensitive and inarticulate. He tells other people how grateful he is to her and how wonderful he thinks she is—but he has never been able to tell Helen herself. Instead he sits in the smaller movie theatres and watches her upon the screen—seeing her pictures over and over again—and there, in the darkness, he can look up at her and say, "Thank you!"

WHETHER it was a romance or not nobody ever knew. Jean Harlow is too smart a girl for that. But the fact remains that during the past month or so a certain platinum blonde was seen night after night at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica, seated at the same table and seldom taking her eyes off the orchestra leader. Of course, there's no reason why she should not go night after night to hear this orchestra. In this issue of MODERN SCREEN Princess Laure Murat tells you how rightly Hollywood defies outmoded conventions. It is right for Jean to try to forget the tragic suicide of her husband, Paul Bern. It is right that she should seek gay companionship.

Jay Whidden is the name of the orchestra leader. Jean tried to get him for her leading man in a new picture, but something interfered. Nobody knows what it was—whether they had a quarrel or whether Jean's interest cooled. Anyway, he didn't play in her picture. And now Jean is seldom seen at the Miramar.

The most touching story concerns Joan Crawford and her script boy. As in the case of Bob Young and Helen Hayes, it was not exactly love the boy had for Joan—but pure and unadulterated worship. His eyes followed her wherever she moved on the set. He was made happy for a day when she talked to him—as she did whenever she had a chance. On Christmas Eve Joan gave a party to all the studio workers in her dressing room. I could tell for pages about that party—at which everybody received stunning gifts—but that's another story. Joan asked the script boy to help her serve the guests.

He was in an ecstasy of delight. His goddess had asked him to help her! And the beautiful part about it is that it was not as a goddess that Joan asked—but as one friend to another. He worked all that afternoon—helping her distribute the (*Continued on page 109*)

YOU'LL BE SURPRISED—AND TOUCHED—WHEN YOU KNOW THEM

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND'S SECRET

No one has known about it until now. It explains why this chap is not always as happy as he looks



By MARTHA KERR

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND has a deep sorrow — something that he has never told anyone until now.

Alexander, who set such a high standard for himself in "Strange Interlude," and more recently in "Humanity," is known to his friends as "Bill"—possibly you know. When he was twenty, he fell desperately in love. It wasn't just the usual boy and girl romance because Bill, as you'll soon see, had already lived a strange and colorful life and knew something of love. This girl was an invalid. He realized that marrying her meant accepting terrific responsibilities. Instead of being free to come and go as he pleased—as he had been before—it meant he would be completely tied down, providing for her. He thought the situation over carefully. He knew that he loved her, but balanced against that love was his love of freedom.

So he just left her, without saying a word. Now, of course, he knows it was the bitterest mistake of his life. And he will never, never forget that girl. Her memory still eats at his heart.

His leaving her probably seems, to you, like a cruel thing. How—you ask—could a boy who was really in love make a gesture like that? But before you pass judgment on Bill Kirkland, hear the events of his life that led up to his meeting "the girl," and you will realize that it was the only thing he could have done.

Briefly, let me set down a few of the things that have happened to him:

At fourteen he serenaded a señorita through a grilled window down in romantic Mexico.

At fifteen he was keeping dates with chorus girls.

At sixteen his adored one was a Russian adventuress in her thirties.

His seventeenth year found him fox hunting with an apple-cheeked English girl.

When he was eighteen he thought a waitress in a lunch-wagon needed protection.

And at nineteen he was reading Karl Marx with a pretty young intellectual.

I know you don't believe me. I shouldn't expect you to. It's too fantastic that a boy who looks like Bill Kirkland—young, fair-haired, blue-eyed—and a boy who has the wealth of quiet charm that he possesses, should have crowded so much into such a short space of time. But I'll vouch for the truth of everything I'm telling you.

HIS young life was made up of sudden changes—from Mexico to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; from the Crillon in Paris to a year of poverty in the "white trash" section of Knoxville, Tenn.; from being a bank president's step-son to sleeping under a Christmas tree in a municipal park. They were all breathless and exciting journeys that made him wonder what the next day would bring.

Once when he was traveling through the south in his uncle's private car his father said to him, "Bill, when I think of your riding around in a private car at six, I wonder what there's going to be left for you to look forward to."

Just four years later, the *(Continued on page 110)*

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



"WE CAN'T GO ON—
PRETENDING TO BE HAPPY
WHEN WE'RE NOT"



THE EXCLUSIVE INSIDE STORY OF

THE SEPARATION

By KATHERINE ALBERT

IT has happened!

And for the next few months you will be seeing dozens of stories about Joan's and Doug's separation. Each writer will have his own opinion. Every story will give you a different reason. But here—the first magazine story to mention the separation as an actuality—you will find the complete and absolute truth; the real reason for the parting of these two people.

I have been wanting to write this story for months. I, as one of Joan Crawford's best friends, have known things which my loyalty to her prevented my telling. But they can all be told—now that it has happened!

First of all—the cold, hard facts!

Doug has moved away from their Brentwood home. Joan remains at that house. There will be no divorce at present, because neither of them wants to remarry. It is a legal separation. They have talked the matter over like the lady and gentleman that they are and have come to the agreement as the only way out.

And now for the story behind these vital statistics—what is it?

The trouble has been brewing for months. Remember when Joan and Doug went to Europe in July, before there was even a hint of discontent? That trip was made for a purpose. It was a last fling—an attempt to revive the thing that they saw going—their happiness. Before their European trip they were on the verge of separation. They thought perhaps if they could get away from Hollywood, have a swell time together, be free of the work that drives them both so hard—the nervous, exciting work—they might be happy again.

They came back rested. They had had a grand time.



"IT'S NOT FAIR TO YOU NOR TO ME. WE HAVE GIVEN IT EVERY TRIAL."

. . . A thousand conjectures have been told and written concerning the separation of these two people. Modern Screen gives you the inner truth —by someone who knows them well

OF JOAN AND DOUG

They thought that they could once more make a go of it. Joan had developed a sense of humor. She could look at it more calmly. But the trip to Europe was only a drug that deadened pain. It did not remove the cause of the trouble and back in Hollywood it all began all over again.

IT has come so slowly—their drifting apart—that it is impossible to put your finger on any one set of circumstances to blame for it. They had simply gotten on each other's nerves. Remember how young they were when they married. Remember how much each has changed. And don't forget that they both give much of themselves to the camera they serve.

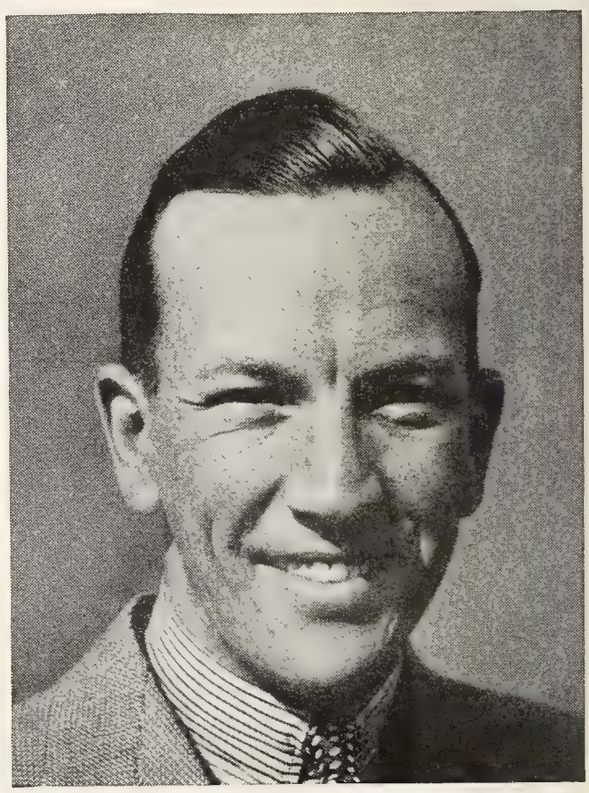
Joan likes to be alone when she has finished a day's intensive work. She has one of the most remarkable minds I have ever known and she likes to think—by herself.

Doug is a gregarious person. He enjoys people—spritely, amusing people, it is true—but he does want people around. Doug can throw off the day's work in a way that Joan never can. When she has done a terrifically emotional scene in the afternoon she is devastated for the rest of the day. Doug can come home and chat. Who can say which way is best? They are merely different ways, but I do know that this tremendous difference in temperament has caused much of their unhappiness.

Once, while they were still making that valiant effort to revive the love that they saw slipping away from them daily, Joan suggested that they go away together for a week-end—just the two of them—to talk things over. Doug agreed. But by the time the week-end arrived three or four other people had been invited to go along. Doug had asked them. Joan and Doug did not go away on that week-end trip.

They have, during the last two years, grown apart temperamentally. When they (*Continued on page 85*)

Mr. Coward (below) tells his reactions to Miss Wynyard (left) and to "Cavalcade."



SAYS NÖEL COWARD:

"It was a slight shock when I heard that Diana Wynyard was to play the part of Jane Marryot in the film version of my play 'Cavalcade'"

"My impression of Diana Wynyard in private life . . . is that she is very uncompromising, very direct and that she has a great sense of humor"

"I should say that 'Cavalcade' was discovered for the Fox Film Company by two women"

WHAT THE AUTHOR THINKS ABOUT IT

...In honor of "Cavalcade" —the year's sensation—we are offering two stories. The first, on this page, gives the brilliant author's opinion of the film and the people who play in it. The second, on the following pages, is the inside story of the filming itself



Frank Lawton and Clive Brook in the scene from "Cavalcade" where they meet in Flanders. Nöel Coward mentions an interesting fact about the scene.

By NÖEL COWARD

As told to Oscar M. Sheridan

Modern Screen is honored to have been chosen by Mr. Coward as the only magazine in America to present his views. Nöel Coward is one of the most—if not the most—successful authors in the world today. Born and bred in England, he has been on the stage ever since he was a child. In his late 'teens he took to playwriting. His play "The Vortex"—a story of post-war social life—was a hit both in England and here. Since then he's done a number of plays and musical comedies. "Private Lives"—which became a movie with Norma Shearer—made America Coward-conscious. After that he went to England and did "Cavalcade." Now he is appearing on Broadway in his latest, "Design for Living"—which, by the way, Paramount will do as a talkie. He is in his early thirties.

IT was a slight shock when I heard that Diana Wynyard was to play the part of Jane Marryot in the film version of my play "Cavalcade."

I knew Diana Wynyard only slightly.

I had, of course, seen her on the stage; mostly in plays of a slight and artificial nature, and displaying a type of tricky comedy technique that showed her to be a great artiste in that style of work. But that she was able to enact the difficult emotional role of the mother in "Cavalcade" I was not so sure.

Yes, I was filled with misgivings at the thought that Diana Wynyard had become the American film conception of Jane Marryot, but there was nothing for me to do, for although I had been invited to submit ideas for casting the film, I was not able to do so. For one thing, I was very busy with "Words and Music," my new revue, and if I had made any suggestions I naturally would have advised the original cast of the play. The play was still running, so my suggestions would have been valueless.

I did not know Diana Wynyard's capabilities for I had never seen her in anything but light comedies. If I had seen her work in more serious dramatic plays it would have been a different matter. I would have recognized immediately her talents; it is not difficult to recognize a true artiste and if ever there is one it is surely Diana Wynyard as I know her now. She is superb.

My first knowledge of the results of "Cavalcade" was conveyed to me in a letter from my friend G. B. Stern, the brilliant English authoress. She said that "Cavalcade" was immense and that Diana was magnificent. I had such faith in Miss Stern's critical sense that all my fears were instantly put at rest. Then, when I saw the picture, to say that I was enthusiastic is to put it only very mildly.

Diana Wynyard's performance I found entirely entrancing. I was impressed most of all by her ability at having completely discarded all comedy technique. I was moved by the way she grew old so very gracefully. I was amazed to see how utterly simple she had become; how naturally she had played her part. To her, I am immensely grateful.

My impression of Diana Wynyard in private life (I first met her casually at a party) is that she is very uncompromising, very direct and that she has a great sense of humor. In talking with her I found her refreshingly uneffusive, and she struck me as being a very sincere sort of person. No, I would not call her beautiful. I would say that she has very nice looks, or perhaps I might say she is what I call a handsome woman. She has charm and grace, and in (*Continued on page 100*)

THERE WAS A PARTICULAR THRILL FOR EVERY PERSON WHO WORKED ON "CAVALCADE," BECAUSE IT WAS DESTINED TO BE A GREAT PICTURE

By WALTER RAMSEY



THE INSIDE STORY

(Right) Diana Wynyard as an older woman. Read how it was done. (Further right) Diana again and Clive Brook. (Extreme right) Una O'Connar and Herbert Mundin—the Bridges.







THIS, the story *behind* the story of "Cavalcade," has been written in the sincere belief that those who have already seen this marvelous production will have been so impressed with its human quality and charm that they will be anxious to learn some of the back-stage reasons why it was fated to be *great* from the very beginning. To those readers who haven't seen "Cavalcade," we hope the *human* side—the back-stage story—will make them determined to see it.

Curiously enough, there were many good reasons why it needn't have been a great picture! "A history of England?" one heard on all sides, "Why do they want to make *that* in America? The man who payed thousands for that story is doomed! The Fox Studio is doomed! It will be a huge failure!" And not only in America were these sentiments expressed. England was upset at the idea of having the history of their country sold "down the river" to an American film company! "Noel Coward has betrayed his own country!" was heard from across the Atlantic.

The members of the stage cast (imported for the occasion) arrived with their noses in the air and seeming to say, "Can it *realleh* be done, ovah heah?" Two days had hardly passed before they had been totally won over by the attitude of Frank Lloyd. I presume the desire to make the picture great was really generated by the American members of the cast and staff who had heard the Hollywood rumor: "Fox studio stands or falls on the results of 'Cavalcade'!" Everyone tried to do his best.

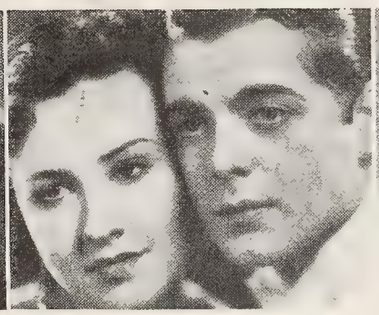


SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH HAPPENED BACK-STAGE DURING THE MAKING OF THE PICTURE WERE AS THRILLING AS THE PICTURE ITSELF

(Left) An amazing thing happened during the making of this scene.

OF "CAVALCADE"







(Left) Frank Lloyd, who directed "Cavalcade." (Further left) Edith (Margaret Lindsay) and Edward (John Warburton). (Extreme left) Fanny (Ursula Jeans) and Joe (Frank Lawton).

The first side light of the picture developed accidentally. Lloyd had indicated to his assistant the number of hours he would need for each scene. The assistant was to schedule the scenes to particular days. Four days after the completed schedule was handed to the director he noticed that the date on the schedule set aside for the taking of the Armistice scenes fell on November 11! Coincidence? Perhaps. Later, however, the schedule was changed and the Armistice scenes were allotted a different date. Then, strangely enough, an accident to one of the players caused a third change and "Cavalcade's" Armistice Day fell once more on November 11—for good.

You saw a marvelous group of scenes in the picture of the original Armistice Day celebration. Six thousand different extras were given work that day! But you didn't see the *real* celebration of Armistice that I saw! Lloyd got the studio's permission to cease work for the day. Hundreds of ex-soldiers had been called to work—some English veterans and some American. And how they paraded! Flags waved, bands played stirring music of both the nations. A bishop of the church gave the benediction. And at exactly eleven o'clock, all heads were bared and a two-minute silence was called for. Thousands of men and women stood facing the west. At the end of the two minute interval, an American bugler played "Taps" and an English veteran played "Last Post!" It was, in fact, almost a greater scene than you saw in the picture!

Lloyd had sent out the word that as many war veterans as could possibly be used would be given an opportunity



No man under five feet ten was supposed to take part in this scene. Yet, when the uniforms were given out, many of the men were found to be under that height. How come? The reason is one of those things which makes one keep faith in human kindness.

to work in the picture! American Legion Posts immediately began drilling their men. Those out of work were to be given the first call. Some of those men drilled *ten weeks* so that they would be in perfect trim for their small part. And they knew that the longest they could possibly work would be six days!

MR. TUMMEL, Lloyd's assistant, went to the various posts to choose the men to enact the "troop ship" scenes. He knew that the C. I. V.'s were all tall men, so he picked men five foot ten and over. Special overcoats were made for the soldiers to wear. Imagine his thoughts when he got to the dock to find that fifty of the men present were 5 feet 7 inches and under! He had a hunch what had happened. These fifty smaller men had been given the chance to work by those he had chosen because they needed the money more than the others! Tummel had a hectic two hours of taking hems in overcoats.

And remember the scene (after the World War) where we see a group of blind soldiers learning to make baskets? It was a very impressive scene—one you won't forget in a hurry. But the scene *behind* that bit of film was far greater!

Director Lloyd had instructed his assistant to have the proper set constructed and when everything was ready, to hire twenty-five actual blind soldiers from the Braille Institute for the Blind. The assistant did just that, but forgot to tell the director that they would be on hand at twelve o'clock of November 1! Lloyd had been lunching with Diana Wynyard that day, and returned to the set at one-thirty. They had been telling each other some of the funny incidences of their careers and so arrived on the set laughing! The moment they saw those twenty-five men sitting there, however, the laughter ceased!

Then came the dramatic moment, when one of the blind soldiers (having heard Lloyd's laugh as he came on the set) called to one of the prop boys and asked to be led "to the man who laughed." When he stood in front of Lloyd, at last, he held out his (*Continued on page 97*)

IF YOU WANT TO BE LIKE KAY FRANCIS

By FAITH BALDWIN

. . . Any girl could be like her—if not physically, then spiritually or mentally. All you have to do is to learn how from this story



IF you want to *look* like Kay Francis you must be tall and slender with magnificent soft, shining black hair and gray-green eyes. You must have a wide, generous mouth and beautiful teeth, expressive hands, a fine textured fair, pale skin and the tiniest feet. You must have character in your face and good bones and a light, graceful carriage.

Most of these things you must be born with; some may be cultivated if your general build and coloring follow the Francis lines. So if you want to look like Kay Francis — and who wouldn't want to look like her?—you must look like this. But if you want to *be* like her, be like her in character and emotion reaction and attitude toward life, that's different.

The day I saw her we sat before a bright coal fire in the living room of her brother's charming New York house, and she wore a black negligée, very plain, with flowing sleeves, and I asked her if she'd mind if I sat and looked at her for a couple of weeks. For that's the way she affects you. And she laughed, and said she wouldn't mind; which was courteous of her. She said it in her low, pretty voice, which can't quite manage the R's and so slides over them, much to her horror.

We had something in common, for we had attended the same school. Miss Fuller's, in Ossining, New York, but, alas, at very different times. So we talked about Miss Fuller's and about the Cathedral School in Garden City to which Kay went afterwards. About her first marriage at seventeen, and about her original birthplace in Oklahoma, which she doesn't recall, and small wonder, as her parents moved to California when she was a year old, and later to Denver. And, when Kay was four, to New York City.

The background of Kay Francis is bound up with the stage, for her mother, Katherine Clinton, was a well-known actress, and, I judged from the little things her daughter said about her to me, a wise and wonderful mother as well.

Kay's life has been colorful and varied. She has excelled in school athletics. She has in her school days written a play and played the leading male rôle in it. She has taken a secretarial course, travelled abroad, and been secretary to such important people as Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and others.

AND she has been on the stage, as the Player Queen in the modern version of "Hamlet," as a member of the Stuart Walker Stock Company, and on Broadway in such plays as "Venus," "Crime" and "Elmer the Great."

After that came Hollywood, and the rest is motion picture history. Her favorite rôle was the one she played in her recent "One Way Passage," a great picture, and she very much liked doing "Trouble in Paradise," as well. Her latest picture is called "The Keyhole."

As you know, she is married to Kenneth McKenna. And I know she likes books, airplane travel, sailing, tennis, sunshine, fresh air, and a clean face—which, besides being likes, are also beauty secrets — and watching all sorts of sports. She plays bridge and backgammon, and appears to possess a perfect menagerie of domestic animals. She drives a Cadillac—and a (*Continued on page 105*)

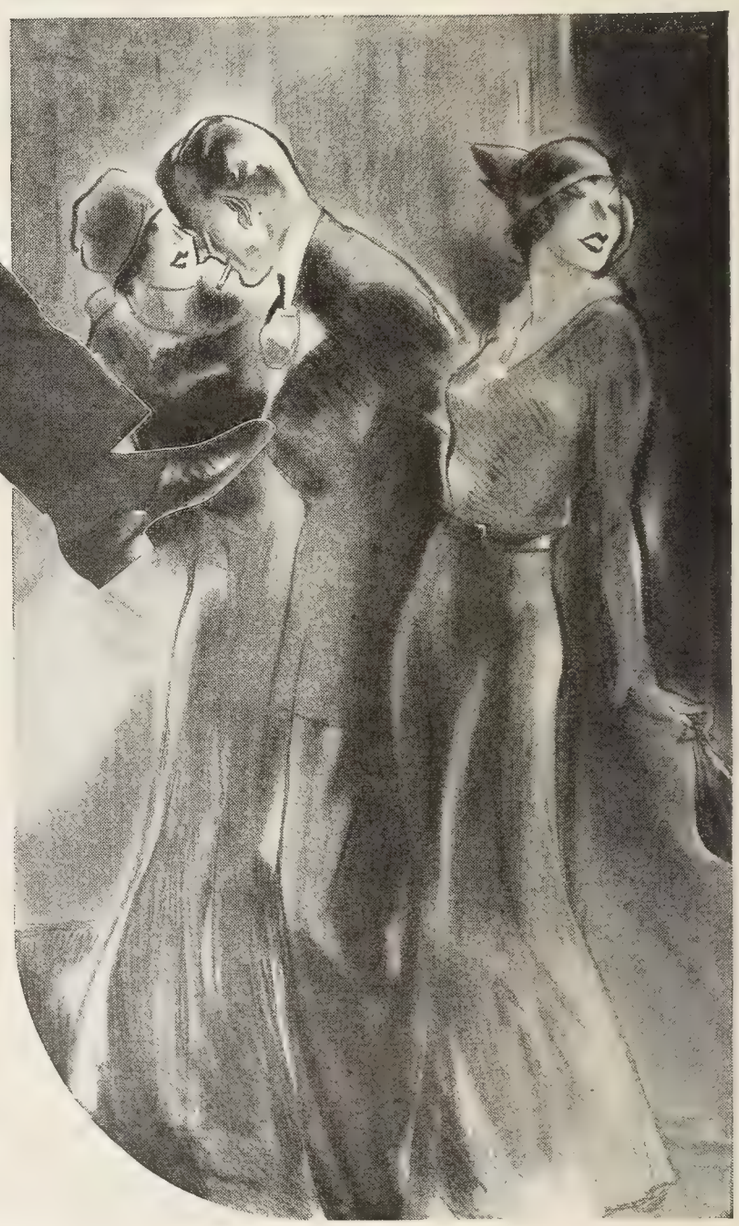
When his NOSE was a handicap

By DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE



These are some of this famous author's books: "Millie," "Louis Beretti," "In the Reign of Rothstein," "Impatient Virgin," "John Bartel, Jr." His latest is "Female." You've seen most of them on the screen

Illustrated by Floherty, Jr.



...This famous author, whose many novels show his remarkable knowledge of modern life, gives this picture of Durante—a picture with a story behind it

JIMMY DURANTE led the way from the Lyric Theatre where he and Hope Williams had been rehearsing for the Brown-Henderson musical, "Strike Me Pink," across Forty-third street to the Hotel Astor.

"Hello Jimmy."
"Hello Jack."
"Hello Jimmy."
"Hello Pat."
"Hello Jimmy."
"How ya makin' out?"

A dozen greetings from a dozen men in the street, and in the lobby. A half dozen handshakes, three thumps on the back by the Durante hand.

The elevator operator grinned.

"How're ya, Jack?" Jimmy asked.

The door of the Durante suite was locked.

"I guess the Missus is out," Jimmy said. "Waiter! Will you bring up a key?"

Two maids popped into the hall, and one of them opened the door with a passkey.

"Thanks, folks," Jimmy said.

"You're welcome, Mr. Durante," they replied in unison, all smiling.

Jimmy dropped his soft white felt hat on a couch, a big slightly-burned cigar on a table, his light tan overcoat on a chair, crossed the living room, and threw up a big window looking north over the lights of Broadway.

"You know why I'm in this hotel?" he demanded. "You know why I'm in this suite? Look at that."

He flung an arm out toward the flashing, many-colored lights.

"What Zane Grey's mountains are to him them lights are to me. That's the grandest scenery in the world to me."

He smoothed back scant, drab hair in a characteristic gesture, but his small blue eyes were serious. He looked tired. A doctor had paid him two visits between the time he finished rehearsing at two o'clock that morning and the time he fell asleep two hours later.

"Somethin' I ate," Jimmy said. "Or maybe it's nerves from havin' to rehearse this show in a week. Hope's a great actress, ain't she? Now, I gotta get another gag for her."

JIMMY introduced a pleasant, dark-complexioned chap, a bit of gray in his hair, who was hanging up scattered wearing apparel.

"My drummer," he said. "Old friend. I keep old friends busy if I can."

Jimmy had introduced a half dozen men in half an hour without mentioning a name. They all were Old Friends.

"How about a drink of water?" Jimmy asked Old Friend.

Old Friend produced two glasses of ice water. Jimmy and the guest drank.

"What do you want from me?" Jimmy asked. "Maybe we can think of a gag."

"How about forgetting gags for a minute, Jimmy?" was suggested. "That nose of yours that you're always boasting about must have given you some sad moments before you became famous."

Jimmy's tired features, which had been laughing and grimacing for hours on the rehearsal stages in two theatres, and on public parade in between times, relaxed in mournful lines. He turned weary eyes, with fatigue shadows under them, to his questioner. He nodded slowly, solemnly.

"That's right," he said. "Specially from twelve to eighteen. I was very thin, and my nose looked pretty big."

"You weren't happy about having a big schnozzle then?"

Jimmy shook his head, still solemn.

"That's the age a feller begins to like the girls," he said. "It was pretty tough."

"They used to say, 'Hey, Big Nose,'" Old Friend contributed.

"They used to say a lot worse than that," Jimmy asserted. "They used to call me a Big Nose this-an'-that, and (*Continued on page 108*)



The girls would gather around some good looking guy and Jimmy Durante was always left out of things. No girl, after all, wanted a guy with such a schnozzle.

BAD, BAD WOMAN

. . . Mae West, the famous exponent of sex in the theater, makes her Hollywood début. What's she like? Well, she's different, and startling, and amazing—see for yourself



Harold Seton



(Above) This is as she appeared when she was first successful in vaudeville. And this (right) is as she appears in "She Done Him Wrong."

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

WHEN Mae West first swayed across hundreds of American screens with one hand on hip and shoulders hunched forward, folks in the audience turned to each other and said, "Oh boy, I'll bet that baby has had a past!"

And, oh boy, that baby has had one, too!

Let's start right at the very beginning and find out how Mae West got that way—where she got that whiskey voice, that Bowery walk, those smart come-backs. What, in other "woids" (that's the way Mae would say it on the stage) makes Mae West tick and how was she able to give dignified magistrates a laugh when the people of New York preferred charges against her?

It all begins back in Brooklyn when Mae West was a kid. A dignified aunt used to watch Mae bullying the boys in the street and say to her mother, "Tcht, tcht, that child is too wilful. She'll come to no good end. Why don't you make her act more like a lady? Why do you let her have her own way? Why don't you correct her?"



Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman for the Eastern territory—J. Culver—got this swell picture of Mae in New York.

If that same dignified aunt could see her, now that she has become famous playing bad, bad women for the edification of thousands of audiences! If that aunt could see her jewels and her spangled gowns and could hear her say—as she said to me a few weeks ago, in that husky voice:

"Listen, there's some bad in all women. I work off my energies—and I've got plenty of energy—by being that sort of woman on the stage and screen. If I didn't have that outlet I might have been one of 'em myself. I couldn't make any prophecies. I've always been interested in women like that. Maybe it was the theatre that saved me. Anyhow, I've made a lot more money in the theatre."

MAE was a wilful kid. Once she and her mother were invited to a friend's house for tea. It was one of those dignified gatherings. But immediately after the wraps were "laid off" Mae espied one of those living-room atrocities—waxed flowers underneath a cylinder of glass. She thought it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen and because it was so beautiful she wanted to touch it. So, wanting to touch it, she did—running her little hands over the smooth, rounded glass.

The hostess—a fluttery woman—ran to her. "No, no, dear, you mustn't touch that. That isn't for little girls to play with."

Without a word Mae walked into the bedroom, got her own coat and hat and her mother's. She carried her mother's wraps to her and said, "Here put these on. We're going home."

The hostess begged them to stay. She lured Mae with promises of the lovely cakes that would arrive with the tea. She told her that there would be piano playing later on. She begged Mae to forgive her.

"She even," said the West in telling the story, "offered to let me play with the damn thing."

But all this cajolery was no use. Mae had been insulted. Mae was going home. And because her mother adored the child and was later to sit in a theatre watching that same daughter play in "Sex," "Diamond Lil," etc., and see nothing bad about the plays, she put on her hat and coat and went home with the little girl.

Some months later the mother promised Mae a doll. She could have any one she chose and together mother and daughter journeyed to the store. There were hundreds of dolls in great piles. All of them were lovely but right at the very top was a doll dressed in a lavender frock. This doll was perched precariously at the top of the pile—almost touching the ceiling. Mae pointed upwards.

"I want that one," she said.

The salesman smiled and began to look for a doll like it on one of the lower shelves, but found none. He begged her to chose another, pointing out the merits of the more easily reached ones.

But Mae stood there, pointing. "I want that one."

They explained how inaccessible was the toy. They offered her bigger dolls, more (*Continued on page 104*)





KEEP YOUR EYE ON THEM!







The gal at the extreme left is Jean Parker—"Rasputin" and "The Secret of Madame Blanche." (Top, opposite page) Ruby Keeler—"Forty-second Street" and "High Life." (Immediately above) Henri Garat—"Congress Dances." Now doing "Adorable." (Above, right) Benita Hume—"Clear All Wires" and "Service." (Right) Onslow Stevens—"Nagana" and "Peg O' My Heart." (Below, right) Wera Engels—from Germany—"The Great Jasper." (Below) Patricia Ellis—"King's Vacation" and "Picture Snatcher." (Bottom, opposite page) Lyle Talbot—"Ladies They Talk About," "The Life of Jimmy Dolan" and "She Had to Say Yes."







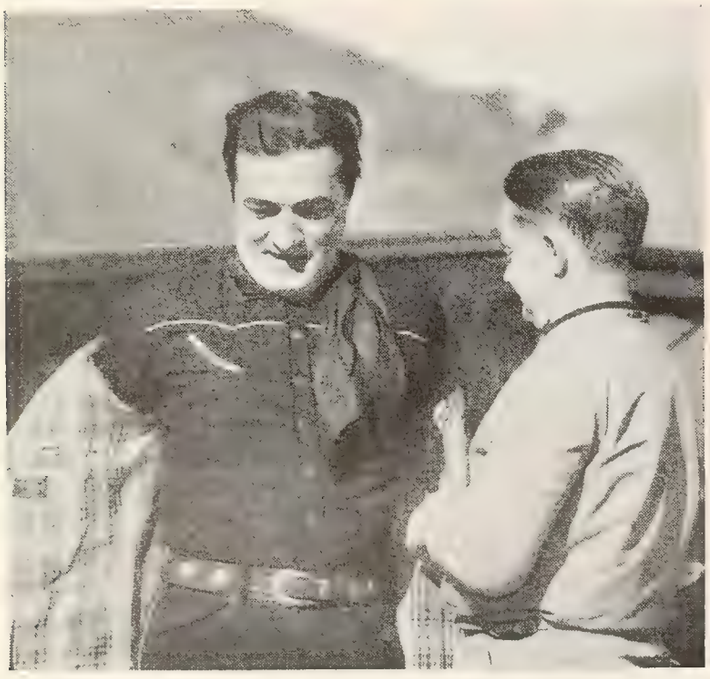
THE ROVING CAMERA



(Left) Buster Collier, Sir Guy Standing, Miriam Hopkins and Director Stephen Roberts of "The Shame of Temple Drake." (Below) Edward G. Robinson adopts a goat as a mascot at the New York Zoo. (Below, left) Connie Bennett and Elsa Maxwell. Elsa is Europe's most famous hostess and was called in to assist on "Our Betters." (Bottom, left) Tom Mix snapped as he prepared for his last day at movie-making. (Bottom, right) Modern Screen's exclusive New York cameraman gets a close up of Lyda Roberti. While playing in the stage show, "Pardon My English."









Culver Service

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by K. O. Rahmn

We honor Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard for the romance they bring to "Secrets."



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

We honor Lee Tracy for his excellence in M-G-M's "Clear All Wires" and Universal's "Private Jones."



We honor John Barrymore for his vivid portrayal in the title rôle of "Topaze."





VISIT THE MOST FAMOUS HOME IN THE WORLD

Across the top of these two pages is a view of the whole of Pickfair. The guest house is on the left. The trees are silver sycamores, cypresses and pines. Turquoise blue window shades give the house a perpetually sunny look. (Left) Mary Pickford, on the stairs of Pickfair.

IT is more than just a beautiful house, this Pickfair. It's steeped in such serenity that you feel you never knew the real meaning of peace until you passed through the wide gates leading up to it.

This is the only home of her own that Mary Pickford has ever had. Douglas brought her here as a bride a little less than ten years ago and between them they have made Pickfair the pride of Hollywood. Something to be pointed out as standing for integrity and fineness in this morass of upset ideals and twisted emotions.

"I suppose we could have built a far more elaborate house with the money we spent a little while ago in remodeling this one," said Mary musingly, with forefinger pressed to chin in a gesture known to millions. "But it wouldn't have been the same. We have shared happiness here—and sorrow—and it's *home*. That word means everything, doesn't it? We feel that Pickfair has grown to be a part of us. It was a hunting lodge when we took it, you know. We converted it into this Eighteenth Century English type of house and even had new floors put in. Last winter we added a guest house and redecorated every room except the dining room and



. . . Visit Pickfair—where Hollywood's royalty lives and where visiting royalty is entertained. A faultlessly beautiful house—and a real home, too. Mary Pickford, its gracious mistress, will show you about

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

library. It's something I have been wanting to do for a long time. But putting a new dress on Pickfair hasn't changed it. It hasn't blotted out any of the lovely associations or memories."

NO, but that "new dress" put a good many people to work just when the unemployment situation in Los Angeles had reached a crisis. Mary decided she had to do something about it personally besides donating sums for relief. That's typical of her. When there is a national or civic problem to be confronted Mary is among the first to face it. She rolls up both diminutive sleeves and goes to work. This time she called in that delightful lady, Marjorie Requa, who has been her consulting decorator for the last seven years, and together they went over plans and specifications. Net result: a hundred and fifty men were put to work immediately and Miss Pickford took the American woman's slogan to heart and went shopping.

"Furnishing a home is an exciting adventure for any woman. The stores become treasure coves into which you dig to find just the right things to make 'picture

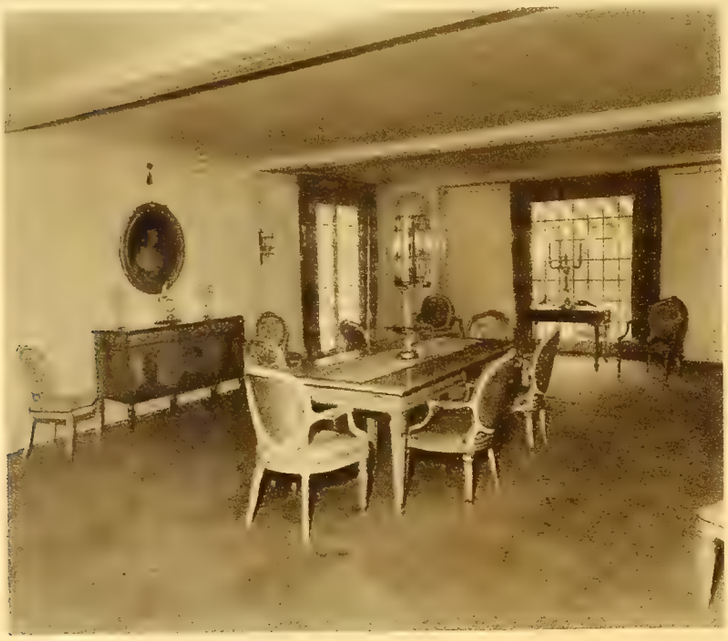


(Right) Mary and her own pet and particular Tony on the terrace. This terrace runs around three sides of the house. Formal gardens and fountains deck the lawn. Pickfair stands on a hill and from it you can see the Pacific and all of Los Angeles spread out below.

Just when the unemployment situation in Los Angeles was at its worst







(Above) An amusing Hill-billy party Mary and Doug gave recently. The chap in the left foreground with the whiskers is a real Hill-billy. You can find Mary and Doug, of course, and next to Doug, made up in mustache and all, is Lady Millicent Hawes, from England. You can catch a glimpse of Fay Wray behind the neck of that guitar. (Left, reading down the page) The upper hall—bigger than most rooms. The cabinet contains many of the little Chinese figurines of which Mary is so fond. Next is the dining room, and then the room of Gwen Pickford, Mary's niece.



corners' in your house." Mary's brown eyes lighted up with the joy of it. You realized suddenly what a true home-lover she is; every nook and cranny of Pickfair holds something precious to her. "The first thing is to make sure that you have a certain continuity from one room to another. There has to be a happy blending or you get a harsh, irritating note. I've learned to try out my carpets and curtains together and then to select the furniture that will give 'weight' to the room. It's easy to do this. Simply take a small board or anything painted the color you want your draperies, decide what shade of carpet will go best with it, and experiment with various colors against these two so that you'll know what furniture to buy to harmonize with them. I think husbands should be consulted about this matter and their tastes considered. After all, they have to live in the house, too!"

Doug and Mary together chose Eighteenth Century period decoration—that period when the French influence was predominant throughout the civilized world. It was then that beauty became identified with simplicity for the first time since the Classic Age. A beauty that was captured in the exquisite tones and artistry of the designs. It is a period adapted to Mary in a remarkable manner.

"Furnishing a home is an exciting adventure for any woman," says Mary

Mary and Doug built their guest house—and thus found work for many







(Above) The west end of the drawing room. The mullioned window looks onto the terrace and a formal garden of roses and irises. The case of that grand piano was especially made to go with the oyster white carpet. The satin damask curtains are oyster white, too—they give a lovely pearly hue to the room. (Right, reading down the page) First the Chinese gallery in the attic. Aren't those Japanese drawings of Mary and Doug amusing? Then, a view of the entrance hall. That embroidered hanging is Chinese—centuries old. And, finally, the cheerful breakfast room.

BUT before we go in the house let's stop for a moment on the lawn that contrasts so vividly with the whiteness of the walls. (There's a complete view of the house across pages 54 and 55.) Silver sycamores and Italian cypress and stalwart pines offer shade and on every side we see those "million dollar views" so dear to the heart of every Californian. There's the ocean to the right, a gleaming strip along the horizon, and all Los Angeles.

A wide brick terrace runs around three sides of the house which is now in the form of an ell. The guest house is to the right of the entrance and connected with the main part only through the loggia. Turquoise blue blinds lend a rich note of color to it. That color, combined with oyster white, dominates throughout the dwelling. We meet it right here in the entrance hall—spacious and supremely restful. It isn't a hall in the ordinary sense. It could very well have served as a living room for Marie Antoinette. The parquet flooring is kept highly polished.

Supposing you were arriving at Pickfair for one of their charming parties. You'd drive up under the great *porte-cochère* on the east side of the house and enter through a small green and gold reception room. Up a short flight of stairs and you would be in this hall watching a brilliant array of stars waltz by. It swings off at a

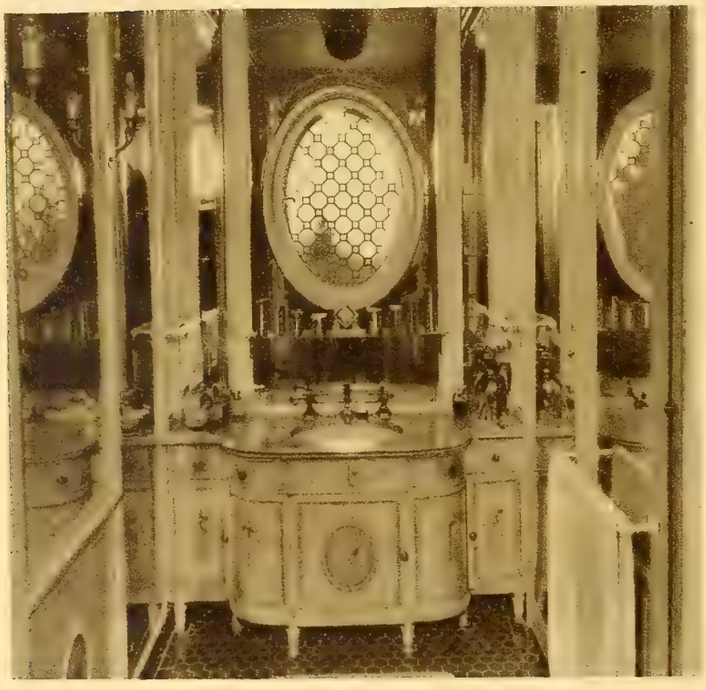


Her clever and artistic ideas will give you ideas for your own home





(Above, left) This is where you would enter if you were visiting Pickfair. (Above, right) The west end of Doug's suite. The globe with the clock under it lights up and tells the time in every part of the world. (Below, left) One of the baths in Doug's suite. Sumptuous? (Below, right) Doug's red and gold lacquered Chinese bed.





right angle toward the dining room wing. But wait. Above that antique console table facing the drawing room you'll notice a Chinese embroidered hanging (page 57)—I don't know how many hundreds of years old it is. Chinese designs were very much in vogue during the Eighteenth Century and Mary has used them to great advantage in her home.

Next to the table is a gracious old French settee with an Italian mirror above it. Opposite stands a white and pale green and gold Adam cabinet—a lovely piece. On top of it are old Worcester vases, filled with shaggy shasta daisies, and a Louis XVI clock.

Some of these things Mary and Douglas purchased abroad. The figures in a tall French cabinet in the lower hall, for instance, they brought back with them from China when they were there some time ago.

"I loved China," said Mary. "When we started out on that trip I wasn't particularly interested in going there, but once we landed in Shanghai I began to realize what a wonderful race those people are. Their whole soul is wrapped up in the fine pieces they create. Look at the work that went into this, for example." Carefully, she drew out a bit of Imperial jade of such delicate carving that you wondered if a human hand really could have done it. She has an innate appreciation of beauty, this little Miss Pickford, and a sense of values as well. In collecting the Kuan-Yin statues (Kuan-Yin is the Chinese goddess of mercy) of which she is so fond, she had some amusing experiences and some that were touched with pathos. Especially in getting the coral Kuan-Yin in the guest house and the white porcelain one in the drawing-room. But more of that later. (*Continued on page 89*)

WHAT EVER BECAME OF FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN?

. . . This, the second of a fascinating series dealing with old timers whom obscurity has claimed, tells you the tragedy of a player who once was the most popular man in the world

By KATHERINE ALBERT



IT was just an obscure item in the morning's paper. A line or two to the effect that Francis X. Bushman was suing one Allen E. Hamilton for damages covering injuries received in an automobile accident. The item further stated that Bushman claims he was permanently disabled in the crash and that his professional career was seriously hampered.

Poor Frank! Poor Bush!

In 1918 the fact that Francis X. Bushman was suing anybody for anything would have been spread over the front pages of every paper in the country. For at that time he was the most sensational star of the cinema.

If he appeared on Broadway, Hollywood Boulevard, or any Main Stem in any town in the United States, traffic was held up for blocks.

Six stenographers and a secretary were needed to take care of his "fan mail."

His face was, according to Arthur Brisbane, "the best known in the entire world."

He had everything the world has to offer—fame, money, adulation, acclaim. And he lost it in three short days!

Perhaps you know that story already, but I must tell it again briefly, for it is so dramatic. When he was the greatest star of them all—and he was that when he co-starred with Beverly Bayne—it was considered bad policy for matinée idols to be married, so his wife and five children were kept at his home, "Bushmanor" in Maryland, while he worked in the studios. This secrecy and separation led to disagreements and a divorce was imminent. Also he wanted to marry Beverly Bayne.

The studio thought it would be wise to break both stories at once—the divorce announcement and the approaching marriage. And when those news items appeared in the papers Francis X. Bushman was through!

It wasn't that his fans objected to his marrying Beverly. What made his adorers hate him was that he had been married all those years. Two days after the announcement only one stenographer was needed to handle his fan mail.

IT is hard for today's fan to imagine such a situation. Modern stars may marry and have children and lead normal lives without jeopardizing their popularity. But not then. Bushman was ruined!

"I was the bitterest man in the world," Bushman said not long ago. "I hated the public that had ruined me. I hated the world and everything in it."

But in 1923 came his chance at a big come-back. The public had forgotten the hidden wife, the divorce and his marriage to Beverly Bayne. He was called to a studio again to play the role of Messala in "Ben Hur."

For two years he was in Rome. He came back to the States full of hope. He knew he had done a good job. He felt that this was his chance to regain his lost place among the stars. But studio politics now played an important role. While the company was in Rome the studio which first began "Ben Hur" was bought out by another. When Bushman got back he discovered at its head a man who thought Bushman had slighted him two years before. This executive refused to pay Bushman the salary the other studio had agreed upon. High words were said. The old grievance was aired and from that day to this Francis X. Bushman has never had a role at a major studio!

(Continued on page 98)

IT'S HOT



The photographs in this feature were taken by "Scotty," Modern Screen's Exclusive Cameraman



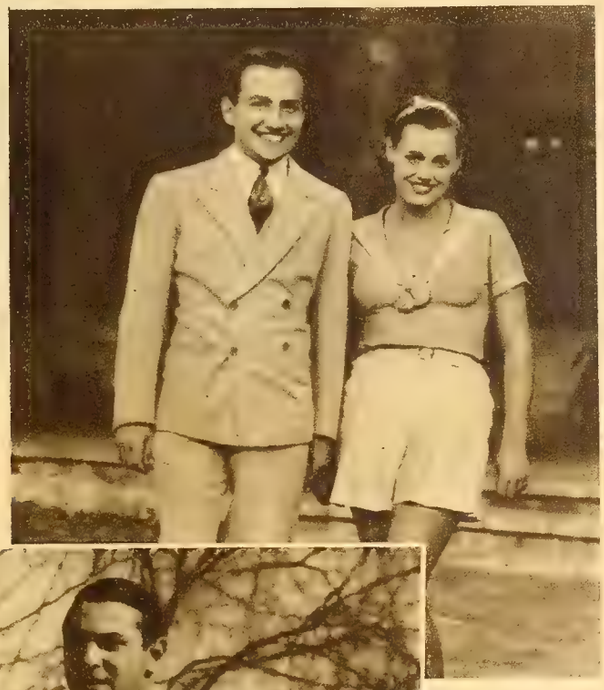
When Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson were staying at the Desert Inn they, with a party of friends, went on a moonlight picnic (above) and horseback ride. Lot of fun. (Left) Gary Cooper with his momma and poppa—on the desert. (Below) The pool of the Mirador Hotel at Palm Springs.



. . . When Hollywoodians feel like basking in the sunshine they go to Palm Springs. Now, turn over the page







(Above) Lee Tracy and also Gwili Andre at the Palm Springs hotel. (Right) Ken Maynard and his wife. (Right, above) Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Eleanor Holm. They're seen together quite a lot these days.





(Left) Johnny Weissmuller and Charles Laughton talking to Richard Arlen and his wife (seated). They were all short-vacationing at the El Mirador at the time.



IT'S COLD

(Above, left) A study in family resemblance, or like father like son—or something. Doug, Jr., spent a busy time trying to emulate his father's skiing prowess. (Above, right) Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston. (Below) "Buttons" Joyce, Zeppo Marx and his wife, Joby and Dick Arlen and Mrs. Frank Joyce.



. . . Only about sixty miles from Palm Springs (see preceding page), yet you'll find snow at Lake Arrowhead





(Above, left) Yep, that's the wife with him. What? Oh, yes, it's Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable. (Below, left) Mickey Mouse as he appeared at the Mickey Mouse snow carnival at Lake Arrowhead. (Above, right) Zeppo Marx, busily kodaking. (Below, right) Dick Arlen again. Pretty good, Dick.





(Right) With Joan Crawford in "Today We Live." (Below) On his African jaunt—this was taken about eighty miles northwest of Nairobi. (Further below) Vacationing at Palm Springs after he finished making "A Farewell to Arms." That picture made him a bigger success than ever.





THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF GARY COOPER

By WALTER RAMSEY



GARY'S life in Hollywood began with enough of an adventure to hold any young man. While on location with the "Wings" company in Texas (his first picture of any importance under his new Paramount contract) he was forced to make a parachute jump from an airplane of which he, an inexperienced flyer, had lost control. Gary literally descended into Hollywood fame from the sky and from that moment he was a figure of talk, and conjectures, and movie prophecy.

It is amazing, considering how shy Gary was at the time, that for the first year or two his adventures proved to be purely in the realm of the romantic. He was rumored in love with, or engaged to such flaming ladies as Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent and last, but by no means least, the fiery Lupe Velez. The trials and tribulations, the combustive excitement and the general adventure of that romance is too well known to movie fans to need amplification here. If one were to judge by what one reads, Gary's entire time was devoted to being in love with Lupe—which was not exactly the case.

In spite of his torrid romance, he made seventeen pictures during the first two years of his contract. Among the better known were "It," "Children of Divorce," "Beau Sabreur," "Legion of the Condemned," "Lilac Time," "The Virginian"—and going into his third and fourth year, "The Man From Wyoming," "Morocco," "The Spoilers," "City Streets," and others.

FOR four long years the adventure of Hollywood was Gary's complete life. There was a time when it seemed to threaten to be the one adventure he could not beat. For two, at least of those four years, he was on a maddening merry-go-round of Hollywood. Pictures, pictures and more pictures—Lupe—the constant strain of being pulled between his love and his family (who had

. . . How he achieved film fame through an exciting adventure. His rapid rise to stardom. His romantic loves. And the African trip



His new Hollywood home. He lives there with his parents. Charming and comfortable but unpretentious.



The living room of the Gary Cooper establishment. He didn't buy any of those hunting trophies, you know.

joined him in Hollywood)—bickerings with the studio over salary. The adventure of fame and success and money might be the ultimate achievement of most men, but to Gary, the long, rangy kid from the Montana ranch, it was a devitalizing, tearing-down process. Several times he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. His health was in a deplorable state. His nerves were shattered.

In the spring of 1931 Gary Cooper disappeared from Hollywood.

For two weeks no one knew where he had gone. The studio finally admitted he had been granted a short vacation to go to New York. His family said: "Gary is merely taking a little rest in New York." Lupe reiterated the statement that Gary was gone for only a little while. The next news Hollywood had of Gary confirmed this by saying he actually was in New York. He had taken Tallulah Bankhead to the theatre. The next news flash was that Gary had left A. W. O. L. for an extended trip to Europe! No asking permission of his studio, his family, Lupe or anybody! Gary merely informed them he was leaving. Later Gary told me:

"All of a sudden I knew I had to go. I knew that two weeks of night clubbing and theatre parties in New York would not be a long enough 'rest' to cure my tired nerves. I had lost so much weight from overwork I was weak. In Hollywood I was being pulled apart by factions, both of whom sincerely believed they had my real interests at heart. It was getting so I couldn't make a decision for myself. I knew that the only way to get back on my feet was to get away for a long time. A year, at least. Even if it had meant that my contract would have been cancelled and that I would never make another picture in Hollywood, I would have gone. At that time my health and peace of mind were more important to me than anything else!"

GARY had no definite aim in mind when he started out for Europe. He was both amazed and surprised —and delighted—at the interest he attracted in England and France. But he had not come to Europe seeking adulation, or to be the center of admiring throngs. When mutual friends suggested that he accompany them to Italy to be the guests of the Count and Countess Frasso, Gary gladly accepted.

For two ideal spring months, under the sunny skies of Italy, Gary was the house guest of the Count and Countess, enjoying the charming hospitality of their magnificent villa. They became very good friends and it was with sincere regrets that he read an imperative wire from the studio summoning him back to New York to make "His Woman." Though his two months' rest in Italy had improved his health considerably, nevertheless Paramount realized how badly Gary needed a *real* rest. So when Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Preston extended an invitation to accompany them on a big game expedition to Africa, the studio granted Gary permission to accept along with a five months' leave of absence.

Gary says no kid ever started out to a circus more excited and happy than he, the day he sailed with the Preston party for their farm in the Kenya Colony in British East Africa. One of the dreams of his childhood was to be a big game hunter, (*Continued on page 86*)

WHILE JOHNNY WASN'T LOOKING

When Johnny Weissmuller was staying at the Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs, the guests got a grand opportunity to view that million-dollar body. Scotty, Modern Screen's own cameraman, got out the trusty old photograph-taker and caught these fine pictures of Tarzan. Yes, that's Johnny diving off the top of the page.





GLAMOR

OD'S AND YOURS

IN THIS NEW FEATURE—A MAGAZINE WITHIN A MAGAZINE—WE BRING YOU THE LATEST AND MOST AUTHENTIC INFORMATION CONCERNED WITH FASHION, BEAUTY AND THE HOME

DIRECTION OF MARGERY WELLS

D CHARM GOSSIP

? Connie
friend in
at it you
nky. But
to a tooth-
rette case.

lambs' wool. In the same room she has a club chair covered in silver gray velvet. Instead of the covering being tacked on, it is merely draped over the chair, tucked in along the cushions and allowed to flow gracefully to the floor. The edges are bound, but they could be hand-rolled or neatly stitched.

ONTENTS

ood Charm Gossip . . . 67
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The Modern Hostess 78

● Lilian Harvey has designs woven into her bags and hats of the same pattern as the radiator cap of her swanky foreign-built car. She also has introduced the new gag of having her shoes made of the same material and color as her dresses.

● Everything is scarfs this year. To be real dashing you'll have your scarf, bag and handkerchief to match. Lil Tashman has one of these ensembles made out of red and yellow plaid wool to wear with a blue tailored suit. It's plenty attractive and smart as Lil's things always are.

● One of Bill Gargan's most valued possessions is a gold toothpick which he inherited from his great-great-grandfather. Lionel Barrymore felt quite honored when Bill offered to lend it to him for a scene in his recent picture, "Sweepings," which takes place during the toothpick era.

● Anita Louise wears a dress in the very modern Constance Bennett picture, "Our Betters," that her mother wore in 1905. Anita's mother was very "stylish" when she wore the frock in 1905—and Anita is right up-to-date in it today, twenty-eight years later!

● Mrs. Richard (director) Wallace has some very sweet looking picture frames made out of sheer pink

● Ann Harding is sporting a brand new gray roadster. She has originated the idea of having the cushions for it upholstered in various colors—a set to match each frock. The other day we saw her sailing along the Boulevard in her gray buggy with red cushions and a red and gray street outfit to match. She caused quite a stir.

● Progressive parties have supplanted Sunday night buffet suppers in popularity of late. Of course, they've been the bane of every hostess' existence in the past because the guests had so much (*Continued on page 76*)

ON THIS PAGE—CHATTER FROM THE FASHIONABLE WORLD OF THE STARS

Hollywood Says: TAILORED

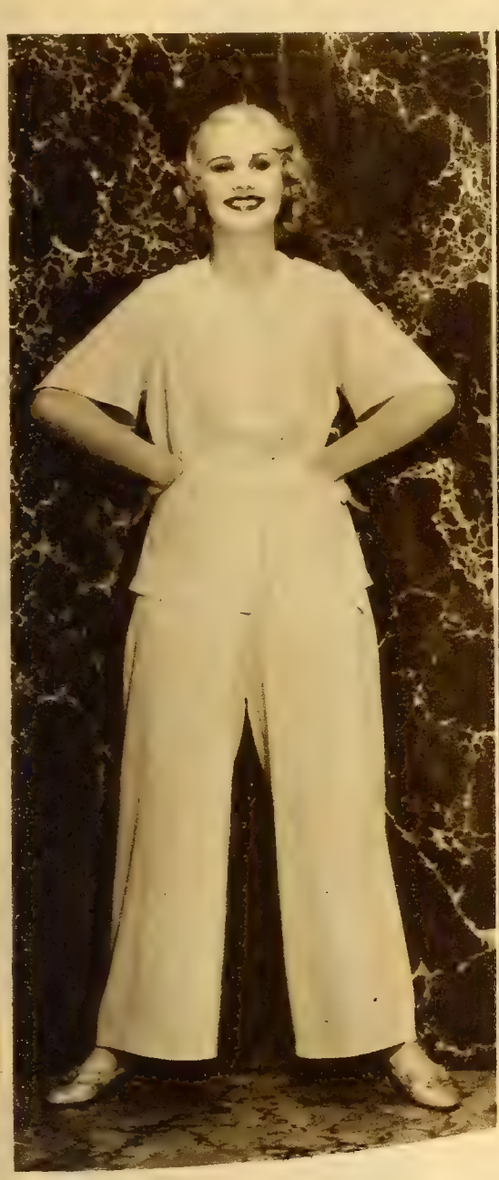




You can see the tailored trend beautifully illustrated in the three pictures above. First, Joan Blondell's trousers, mannishly severe. Then Lorena Layson's tailored suit for daytime. And Barbara Stanwyck's evening gown. Joan Blondell's suit is of red men's wear flannel, with brass buttons. Lorena's wrap-around skirt is of tan jersey, the coat of brown and the scarf striped red and brown. Barbara's evening gown is of ivory satin, printed in gold! How do you like her in a blond wig? She wore it in "Ladies They Talk About," you know.

IT PROBABLY ALL STARTED WITH MARLENE DIETRICH'S TROUSER FAD

CLOTHES FOR SPRING







The three pictures on this page show pajamas and an evening gown—both very tailored. If your pajamas are going to be right this season, they will not depart an inch from tailored lines—which idea is perfectly carried out by those of Jayne Shadduck (new Warner player) at the extreme left. They are pale pink ribbed silk with white pearl buttons. Next, Miriam Jordan's white crepe evening dress can't quite decide whether to be a sailor suit, as it certainly is at back, or a formal gown—which it would appear to be in the front.

HOLLYWOOD has gone tailored. Call it fate, or call it the inevitable leadership of screen stars, the American girl has adopted with enthusiasm the tailored mode for spring. Tailored wear for daytime, for afternoon, for evening, for the boudoir, for the beach—you never need step out of the picture if you accept the tailored lines and find them becoming to your style of beauty.

By tailored, the Hollywood style authorities do not necessarily mean trousers, though even these are good under certain circumstances. But taking a tip from men's suits, the dresses of the season follow their hard and fast lines.

After all, there is more than a mood in this style of dressing. It is essentially American in character. It suits the temperament and the life of the girl of today. No wonder that she takes hold of it so avidly and makes so much out of the fashion as adapted to her own particular needs.

BUT THE NEW TAILORED MODE ISN'T A FAD—IT'S MOST PRACTICAL



Along with all the tailored clothes comes a new style in hairdressing. Curls and puffs have no place with mannish dressing. Mae Clarke's new headdress (left) is perfect in this respect.





(Left) For spring evenings, Minna Gombell's white wool raglan coat is worn over a white sports dress and the square white wool turban is new in line and most effective. (Right) Sari Maritza wears checks in black and white—a clever topcoat with fatigue cap to match.

TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

• Enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered. Be very sure to state the size or sizes wanted. Write your full name and full address plainly on the letter. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. For Canadian and foreign orders, send twenty cents in coin—Canadian and foreign stamps will not be accepted.

• Address any questions about your own wardrobe to Margery Wells, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EVEN FORMAL ATTIRE AND LINGERIE SPURNS RUFFLES AND FURBELOWS



5215

5170



PATTERNS



5195



5202



5112

5215 — Raglan sleeved coat with patch pockets. It may be made shorter. Sizes 12 to 40.

5170—An easy skirt pattern, with smart, high waistline. Sizes 26 to 36 waist measure.

5202—The lines of this frock are perfect. Sash crosses in front and ties in back. Sizes 12 to 42.

5112 — The Gibson Girl frock with puffed sleeves and flaring skirt. Sizes 12 to 40.

5195 — Minna Gombell's gray wool suit (photographed above) has been made into a pattern for you. It is a simple suit to make. The coat fastens on the left hip with three metal clasps. Sizes 14 to 42.



5195

See back views on page 114.

MINNA GOMBELL'S EASY-TO-MAKE SUIT IS OUR STAR PATTERN THIS MONTH

+ + + BEAUTY







By Mary Biddle

Above, on this page, Miss Norma Shearer—on the left, with, and on the right as she looks without make-up. Norma makes her lips fuller with a rather dark lipstick and enhances the depth of her eyes with the clever use of eyeshadow and pencil—read how in the article. On the other page, the two pictures at the top show Joan Crawford—on the left, with street make-up—on the right, in screen make-up. Joan actually scrubs her face for that shine—which is a chic, glowing shine. Now, immediately left, Claudette Colbert—a lovely model for brunettes to follow. All the make-up tricks Claudette uses are designed to play up her dark beauty without making it the least bit theatrical. And on the opposite page at the lower right, an exactly opposite type to Claudette—Constance Cummings—who strives for a most natural, unmade-up look for street wear.

FIVE FAMOUS MOVIE STARS TELL YOU HOW THEY MAKE UP FOR "EVERY DAY"

ADVICE + + +





Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Address her at MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply

I HAVE had a lot of fun this month. I've been finding out just exactly how five of the most famous movie stars make up. Not for the screen—for the street. After all, we may copy the gowns and the coiffures of the stars as seen on the screen—but their screen make-up wouldn't do us much good, would it? I've had many letters asking me such questions as, "What shade of lipstick does Norma Shearer wear?" "How does Joan Crawford pluck her eyebrows?" And I always promised myself that some day I'd find out and tell you. Well, I have found out the make-up tricks of Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Clara Bow and Constance Cummings. All these girls are different types. They all offer helpful information which you will be able to turn to your own good uses. And they have all studied extensively this important business of make-up and grooming.

So—are you all set? We'll start with Joan Crawford. *(Continued on page 87)*



READ ABOUT THEIR SECRETS—YOU'LL SURELY FIND SOME YOU CAN USE, TOO



Claudette Colbert's DREAM HOUSE

The large picture at the bottom of the page shows you a drawing of the little house Claudette would like to have. English style, low to the ground and (as the two plans below show you) with large rooms.

By Jennie Moore

I'D make it an English house."

There was not an instant's hesitation in Claudette Colbert's answer to my query as to the kind of house she would like best if it had to be a very little house at the very low cost that you or I—average folk—could afford to have.

She played the part of Betty Jones (Mrs. John J. Jones on her calling cards), whom I created for the occasion. Betty Jones had been a stenographer before her marriage two years prior to this interview. By dint of some pinching of pennies and hoarding of wedding money, she and John were ready to buy a home of their own. Claudette Colbert, in the person of Betty, explained why she would make it an English house.

"Because an English house *belongs*. It runs down to meet the ground. It fits into the setting. It isn't just stuck on the ground as most houses are. It has a settled feeling about it—that's what I like most.

"Comfort means more to me than anything else in a house. I work so hard all day that I want to be really comfortable when I get home. That's true of everybody . . . not just people in pictures. Betty and Betty's husband want to be comfortable, too. This English house that I'm talking about is *so* comfortable. So is the furniture that goes into it—loungy and large.

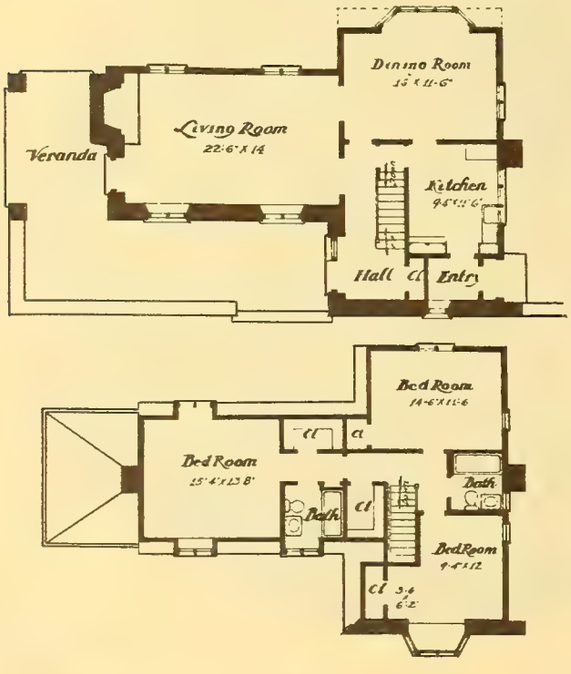
"So you wouldn't choose a French house, in spite of your French traditions?" I asked.

"No, oh, no!" It was a most emphatic negative. "No French house for me. French houses are so dark, so stiff, so formal—except, of course, the dear little peasant houses in the country. Even those are dark, though.

"And I'd want sunshine *everywhere* in my house. Why, I'd build the whole house to catch the sun. I'd catch it coming and I'd catch it going. Otherwise, why have a house at all? I lived in a New York apartment for three years; it faced north and the only decent room in it was the kitchen. The kitchen used to get the sun in the morning, and when I got up I'd always run into the kitchen. Do you know why French houses are so dark?"

I didn't.

"Because there's a tax on every window and door in France. People come back to America and rave about how unsanitary those dark holes are. That dark is imposed on the French people for economic reasons. They can't afford enough doors and (*Continued on page 92*)





YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH IT—THIS ENGLISH DREAM HOUSE OF CLAUDETTE'S

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

SHE *insists* on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a second thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

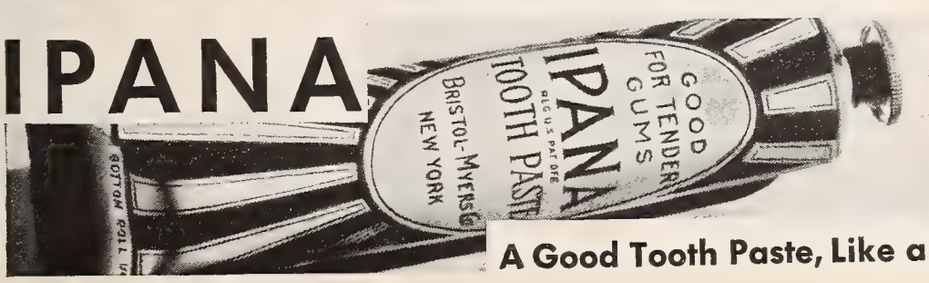
Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA



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Phyllis Frazer always puts a piece of cleansing tissue in her mouth before slipping on her dress. Wards off lipstick stains.



Sue Carols's modernistic atomizer has three speeds—fine, medium and heavy. Clever?



"The commuter purse." Dorothy Jordan wouldn't be without hers. There's a place in the back where you can tuck a book.

(*Continued from page 67*)

fun over the *hors d'œuvres* that the soup at the next house got cold and by the time they'd partaken of the soup the roast at the *next* place was burnt. But Lil Tashman and Kay Francis solved that problem away. To "speed the parting guests" a gong was rung at the end of each course and ten minutes later all the lights in that particular house went out. So the guests had no alternative but to move on.

The invitations can be made very unique. It's considered smarter to print them yourself. Black paper and silver ink are often used and they read something like this:

Bring along your appetite Thursday evening at seven to
1036 North Canyon Drive.
Soup will be slipped to you at
1356 Benedict Canyon Road.
Fish (what, you don't like fish!)
at 1532 Club View Drive.
Dinner plates ladened (and some busted)
at "The Elms."
You'll find sweets to eat over at
The Meeks.

Sometimes the hostesses sign their names, but if only intimate friends are to be invited, who are familiar enough with the addresses, the names are left out.

● Ramon Novarro has created a moonlight effect all of his own. He arranged this by placing an electric light just outside of a large stained glass window in his living room, and when this is lighted it looks exactly like the moonlight streaming in. How's that for cleverness?

● Claudette Colbert has solved the problem of giving a wide face length. It's this: hide your ears! Hollywood beauty shops have been bombarded with requests from plump-faced patrons to have their hair done "just like Claudette Colbert's." They don't realize the secret is so simple.

● Janet Gaynor has never liked the looks of the modern type cocktail shaker, especially in her colonial rooms. La Gaynor finally got the idea of having an old-time copper tea kettle remade for the purpose. It's really sort of old-fashioned looking to see a modern cocktail coming out of a copper tea kettle. Most of Hollywood's folk who have seen the new gadget are on the warpath for some new way to disguise their iced drink dispensers.

● Marlene Dietrich uses a perfume that has a fragrance of pine trees and Jeanette MacDonald sprays herself with the odor of cedar. Just a couple of backwoods gals!

● Here's a swell new idea coming from the Bill Haines decorating shop: a circular dining-room table with a two-inch black marble top. It's really quite effective with the individual white lace doilies. The black marble gleams all around the white of each guest's tiny spread. Fetching, if you're a millionaire!

● And here's a new Hollywood game that will throw a party of about ten under every available table: carefully remove the paper from a cigarette and spread it out flat. The first guest places the paper under her nose and holds it there by inhaling. While thus holding the paper, she is supposed to move it to the next guest's nose when his inhalation takes it away from her, and so on around the crowd. Start by warning everyone to be absolutely serious, and take a picture of the gang at the end of the first round!

● Carole Lombard has a brand new early American interior to her dressing room at Paramount. A large couch set off with little ruffles; white lampshades with little gingham ruffles twining around them and live ivy playing leap-frog on the walls. Quaint?

● An excellent Chinese servant at a recent Hollywood party gave us a brand new idea for serving salads: hollow out the inside of a cucumber, leaving a short handle on the top. Fill the hollow with mixed salad (fruit and nuts) and tie a little ribbon on top of the handle. It's mighty effective—and very appetizing!

● Buckles, buckles everywhere. . . . They've swooped over the fashion horizon and taken Hollywood by storm. You see them in silver, in tortoise shell and beads. They come in every possible shape and material and perch on belts, bags, hats and shoes with equal ease. On Wynne Gibson's new angora dress of hyacinth blue there's a huge Colonial buckle that looks like chromium plate and it's duplicated on her two slippers. Una Merkel has a wooden one on a sport frock. She says she wears it at the races in Agua Caliente so she can touch wood when she makes her bets!

● And have you seen the new radio watches? Clark Gable is sporting one. Says it reminds him of the speedometer on his car. It has a plain silver face and the numbers keep flashing up . . . 6:45, 6:46 and so on.

● Romantic complexions are back in vogue. Yes, my dears! No more ashen cheeks and green eyelids. The stars look as fresh and rosy these days as boarding school ingenues are supposed to look. Madge Evans believes one cause of it is the predominance of gray this spring. You simply *have* to use more rouge with that color or you go blah-blah. So don't be horrified if

(*Continued on page 95*)



The quilt shown in the illustration was generously loaned by Mrs. E. T. Hunt, 124 Prescott St., Toledo, Ohio. It was made in 1833 by an 18-year-old bride of her family, for her new log-cabin home.

Down Through the Years

The little flowers are faded, in this soft, warm quilt sewed so many years ago. But the countless, tiny stitches are as strong as ever . . . Even after generations, stitches made lovingly with J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. six cord thread keep on holding firm . . . If you would sew once, and securely, be sure to sew with Coats or Clark's Best Six Cord. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS **CLARK'S O. N. T.**

A reproduction of the above illustration, suitable for framing, sent free on request — Address Dept. 68S, Box 551, Newark, N. J.

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The Two Great Names in Thread



The Modern Hostess tells you how to make them.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

DO you know that in the early part of the seventeenth century bread used to indicate the social standing of the family? It's a fact! The royal family got the bread when it was freshly baked. The nobility could have it when it was one day old. The gentry got it when it was two days old. The scholars or friars were permitted to have it three days old, and the peasantry when it was four days old and probably beginning to be a little mouldy. Of course, this doesn't mean that people baked their bread and then let it sit around in accordance with the dictates of the law until it had attained the proper antiquity. In those days people didn't bake at home at all for the simple reason that they had no ovens. The bread was all baked in the ovens of the manor. The word "lady" means "loaf giver" from the fact that the lady of the manor used to distribute the loaves.

In one way, most of us have returned to the old feudal customs, because our bread is usually baked in the great commercial bakeries, and we go to the store to get it, as our ancestors used to go to the manor house. To many of us a yeast cake is something to eat straight, and we have sort of gotten out of the habit of baking yeast-raised breads at home. And oddly enough—or perhaps logically enough—as the result of this, we, as a nation, eat less bread than almost any other nation in the world. Bread isn't anything particularly exciting in most homes—it is always there, always the same and often as not it is assiduously avoided.

This era of limited food budgets, however, may bring back home-made bread, because bread is our most efficient food as well as our cheapest. There is more energy in a pound of bread than in a pound of meat—and think of the difference in cost! And just a hint to you women who would like to see prosperity back again: if every person in the United States ate one more slice of bread a day, it would mean the consumption of sixty million more bushels of wheat a year and would go a long way toward solving the problem of the wheat surplus and (*Continued on page 106*)



Gary Cooper at breakfast. He goes in enthusiastically for home-made breads and rolls and buns.

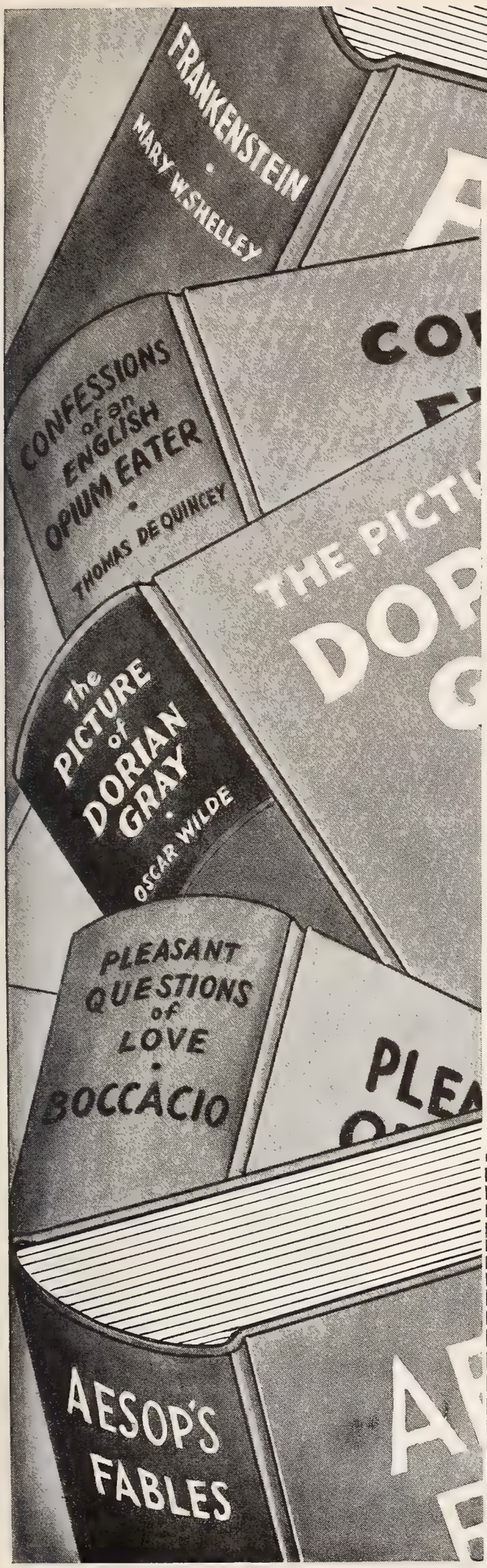
MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for May, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name .....
(Print in pencil)
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.....
(City) (State)

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Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PICTURES

Don't just "go to the movies." Look over this list of pictures first and find out if the movie playing at your neighborhood theater is the sort of thing you'd like

AFRAID TO TALK (Universal)—Eric Linden and Sidney Fox in a story of how an innocent person can be framed in a murder case. **Good—children won't be amused, though.**

ANIMAL KINGDOM (Radio)—Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy and William Gargan in talkie version of the sophisticated play of the same name. If you like smart, modern stories you'd better see it. **Excellent—children won't be interested.**

BE MINE TONIGHT (Universal)—Imported musical picture. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO-Radio)—The film which put Katharine Hepburn on the cinema map. It also has John Barrymore and Billie Burke. The story is slightly unpleasant—having to do with hereditary insanity—but nevertheless should be seen by all. **Excellent—nothing in it for children, however.**

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a missionary gal, Nils Asther as a Chinese general. The story concerns his interest in her. It's unusual and quite interesting. **Good—but the children won't be interested.**

BLONDIE JOHNSON (Warners)—Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

BREACH OF PROMISE (World Wide)—Chester Morris and Mae Clarke in a story with political background. Mae does some grand acting. **Good—but not for children.**

BROADWAY BAD (Fox)—Joan Blondell as a gal who joins the chorus for the sake of her chee-ild. (But it's not as trite as it sounds.) **Very good—but children won't be very interested.**

CABIN IN THE COTTON (First National)—Bette Davis, Dorothy Jordan and Dick Barthelmess in a story of the new south. **Good—children may like it.**

CALL HER SAVAGE (Fox)—The big come-back of Clara Bow! She really is grand as the half wild girl who suddenly finds herself in the midst of complex modern civilized life. Gilbert Roland and Thelma Todd are also in it. **Very good—children will enjoy some of it.**

CAVALCADE (Fox)—Historical drama with Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others. Mob scenes that will amaze you with their power. **Excellent—okay for children.**

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—What the hotel atmosphere did for "Grand Hotel," a public park does for this. Everything which happens happens in the park. And is it exciting! **Very good—parts of it the children will like.**

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)—John Boles and Nancy Carroll in a sophisticated story of New York life. Buck Jones, who used to be a hard-ridin' Western star, also appears in this film but very much minus horses, chaps and boots. **Very good—but don't take the children.**

CRIME OF THE CENTURY (Paramount)—Bank robbery story with a decidedly ingenious twist. Stuart Erwin and Wynne Gibson are in it. **Very good—okay for kids.**

CYNARA (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Ronald Colman, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry, a newcomer, in sophisticated triangle story. **Very good—but it will bore the kids.**

DANGEROUSLY YOURS (Fox)—Warner Baxter and Miriam Jordan. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Universal)—Ralph Bellamy, Alan Hale, Betty Compson and Pat O'Brien. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warners)—Joe E. Brown comedy. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE (Warners)—Telling the world what makes a department store tick—with Warren William, Alice White, Loretta Young and Wallace Ford. **Good—the older children may enjoy it.**

EX-LADY (Warners)—Gene Raymond and Bette Davis. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

FACE IN THE SKY (Fox)—Weak story about hicks who don't seem very convincing in this day and age. **Fair—not for children.**

FAITHLESS (M-G-M)—About a wealthy society girl who loses her money and the sacrifices she makes in order to help the man she loves. Tallulah Bankhead and Robert Montgomery. **Good—not so suitable for children.**

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—War love story beautifully portrayed by Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou is in it, too. Take a great big hankie. **Excellent—but the children should be left at home.**

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)—George Brent, Warner Baxter, Mrs. Al Jolson and Bebe Daniels in the first musical to come out of Hollywood in some time. **Excellent—okay for children.**

FRISCO JENNY (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton does another "Sarah and Son." Only this time she becomes a smart racketeer in the most modern manner. James Murray comes back in it in a small part. Donald Cook is Ruth's son. **Very good—but send the children to a Western.**

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount)—Jack Oakie, David Manners, Adrienne Ames and Carole Lombard. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE GOLDEN WEST (Fox)—George O'Brien in a Western which is typical of its kind but well worth seeing if you like them. **Very good for Western fans—grand for the children.**

GRAND SLAM (Warners)—Loretta Young and Paul Lukas in a story which pokes fun at the national pastime—bridge. **Very funny—but children will be bored unless they happen to be bridge fiends.**

THE GREAT JASPER (Radio)—Richard Dix and Edna May Oliver. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE HALF NAKED TRUTH (RKO-Radio)—All about a side show barker who turns into a high pressure press agent, and the hotcha dancer whom he publicizes in a beeg way. Lee Tracy is the press agent and Lupe Velez the dancer—so you can imagine. **Very good—the kids will like Lee.**

HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM (United Artists)—Al Jolson in a semi-musical film which gives him a chance to put over a couple of songs in his best style. Madge Evans, Frank Morgan and Harry Langdon are also in it. **Good—children will enjoy it.**

HANDLE WITH CARE (Fox)—Jimmy Dunn and Boots Mallory in a weak story which tries to prove that the presence of children can sometimes be a nuisance instead of a blessing. **Fair—children might enjoy parts of it.**

HARD TO HANDLE (Warners)—Press agent yarn—yes, another of 'em!—with James Cagney and Mary Brian. Mary appears with a blond wig which is not very flattering to her. The story is amusing, though, and Cagney is good. **Very good—okay for children.**

HELLO EVERYBODY (Paramount)—Kate Smith makes her debut as a movie star—she was featured in "The Big Broadcast," if you remember—with charm and some real talent. Randolph Scott is also in it. **Excellent—okay for kids.**

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount)—Randolph Scott again—this time in a Western. **Good—the kids will eat it up.**

HOT PEPPER (Fox)—Quirt and Flagg again—now in civilian life. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen once more have the rôles. **Okay if you go for this type of entertainment—better not take the kids.**

HOT SATURDAY (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll, Randolph Scott and Cary Grant in a story which shows how gossip can turn an innocent affair into a hot scandal—in a small town, of course. **Very good—but the kids will be bored.**

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (Warners)—Exciting story of a man who escapes from a Southern chain gang—with remarkable acting by Paul Muni. **Excellent but gruesome—not for children.**

IF I HAD A MILLION (Paramount)—What would you do with a million dollars? This unique story shows what happens when an eccentric millionaire picks several names at random from a phone book and leaves each of them a million. Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, George Raft, Alison Skipworth, Charles Laughton and others are in it. **Excellent—children will like some sequences.**

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)—Chester Morris as an adventurous young man who wins the love of Genevieve Tobin by his utter lack of cowardice. **Very good—okay for children.**

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (Paramount)—All about a mad scientist who, with the help of a lonely island in the South Seas, goes in for creating creatures which are half man and half beast. Charles Laughton as the mad scientist is excellent. **Good—but it's almost too scarey for the kids.**

JUNGLE BRIDE (Monogram)—Charles Starrett and Anita Page. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE KID FROM SPAIN (United Artists)—Eddie Cantor goes to Mexico and quite unintentionally becomes a bull fighter. There's also some nice music and some very very attractive chorus girls. **Excellent—and great for children.**

KING KONG (Radio)—Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

KONGO (M-G-M)—Another tropical picture with a lot of hocus-pocus and gruesome goings-on. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce have the leads. **Good, if you like morbid stuff—but don't take the kids.**

A LADY'S PROFESSION (Paramount)—Alison Skipworth and Roland Young. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT (Warners)—What happens when a woman goes to prison? Here's the answer—with Barbara Stanwyck as the woman. **Fair—not for children.**

LAWYER MAN (Warners)—It seems there was a lawyer who made a name for himself defending gangsters. First Warren William did it. Then John Barrymore. Now it's William Powell's turn. **Very good—but not so interesting for youngsters.**

(Continued on page 103)

"Colonel, when Stoopnacracy comes, everybody will get two copies of Radio Stars!



. . . One for himself and one for the guy what reads it over his shoulder."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE:

"Budd, that looks like a gol-durn insinuation agin me."

BUDD:

"No offense meant, Colonel. I was just speaking generally."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE:

"Generally, eh? You always want to be best!"

IT'S a pity, indeed, to hear Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, those two old radio cronies, exchanging muffled insults. But what can you expect when both want to read the same magazine at the same time? Especially when the magazine happens to be the best durn magazine about radio there is: Radio Stars!

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Look for Rudy Vallee on the May Cover!



You adorers of Stoopnagle and Budd will be especially delighted with the latest issue of Radio Stars because it contains a grand article about the funny pair entitled: "BACK-STAGE WITH STOOPNAGLE & BUDD." And it's just that! With the help of Ogden Mayer's running fire of snappy description and scads of pictures accompanying the article, you'll practically *see* just what these two funny men are honestly like.

That's what Radio Stars can do with all your favorites—set them right before your eyes!

In the May issue, for instance, you'll find "The Grand Romance of Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa" (Portland, you know, is the slightly balmy lady stooge in Fred's Linit Bath Club); and absorbing articles about Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, Lanny Ross and the girl who is responsible for those satisfying Sherlock Holmes hours.

Dozens of other features, including a gallery of beautiful portraits, and scores of snapshots of your favorites at work, at play, and at home. Here, at last, is your chance to really get acquainted with your radio enthusiasms! Give yourself some real fun with the latest

RADIO STARS

THE FASCINATING MAGAZINE OF RADIO PERSONALITIES

★ BARBARA ANN REESE AT 10 MONTHS



BABY 99.8% PERFECT!

"I can hardly say enough," writes Mrs. Franklin W. Reese, 331 Taylor Avenue, Scranton, Pa., "for the good qualities of Eagle Brand as a food for infants.

"Our baby, Barbara Ann, is a beautiful, healthy example of what it can do. She's loved it and thrived on it. Almost from birth she had one bottle of Eagle Brand a day. After she was 4 months old I gave her only Eagle Brand.

"When she was 7 months old, I entered Barbara Ann in a baby contest and after a thorough examination by eminent physicians, she was marked—*99.8% perfect!*

"She has lovely pink and white skin—strong, white teeth—and has never kept us up more than one or two nights. I feel that Eagle Brand deserves the credit for her good health."

◆ ◆ ◆

If *your* baby is not thriving on his present food—try Eagle Brand! It is approved by Good Housekeeping and other eminent authorities. Send for free booklet, "Health for Baby and You." 80 pages on care before birth, layette, baby's bath, bowels, weight. Latest scientific findings on baby feeding. Mail the coupon today.

Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

Eagle Brand

The infant food with three generations of proof behind its claims

FREE! WONDERFUL BABY BOOKLET!

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. 133, 350 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me—free—"Health for Baby and You."

Borden's 1857 — Borden Associated Companies

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address plainly

BETWEEN YOU and ME

"Reserved for the fans"—to tell how they feel on talkie topics. This page is set aside exclusively for you. Is your letter here?

Dear Friends:

It seems to me that there has never been a more significant cycle than the current cycle of animal pictures. You have seen "King Kong," "King of the Jungle," "Zoo in Budapest" and "Murders in the Zoo." These exciting pictures represent three of the picture companies: Radio, Paramount and Fox. And there are several similar pictures on the way. "Man Eater" is being filmed in Malay with Marion Burns and Kane Richmond in the cast. Warner Bros. will offer "Untamed Africa," a real jungle picture. M-G-M is planning "Tarzan and His Mate" and "Eskimo." Radio Pictures also has "Pigmy" on the way. United Artists is releasing "India Speaks" which will show you the adventures of that soldier of fortune, Richard Haliburton. Universal will present "The Big Cage" and "S.O.S. Iceberg."

These pictures should be mirrors of your and my taste. Are they?

The Editor

Please address all letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Should fans adopt a "wait and see" policy?

EDITH M. BROWNELL of Barrington, Rhode Island, writes:

I, with many other fans, like best the more natural and the more sophisticated ladies of the screen. Anita Page, Anita Louise and others of similar type are just "pretty faces" to me. But I say "Give them time!" How can young girls who have had little or none of the hard knocks of this ol' world portray the human women who have cultivated a veneer of sophistication as a protection and yet who prove to be good and darned sweet and loyal at heart?

Some criticisms for directors:

PEARL COLIN of Yonkers, N. Y., can't help but notice certain things:

In "Animal Kingdom," it shows Mr. Howard, in one scene, putting his coat and hat on. He leaves his coat open and is putting on his gloves, but before his other glove is on, his coat is seen buttoned. Practically the same thing happened in "The Yellow Ticket." Laurence Olivier had his coat and scarf open when he was shown kissing Elissa Landi. At the end of this kiss, when he stepped away from her, his scarf was seen to be fixed and his coat buttoned. Now how under the sun can a man fix his coat and scarf when his arms are around some one? And you most probably saw "I Am a Fugitive" with Paul Muni? Well, Mr. Editor, could you please tell me since when prisoners are allowed to carry matches on their persons? Where did they get the matches to light the fuse on the dynamite? (*Quite true, Pearl, prisoners are not supposed to have matches. But there are ways . . .*) And in "Strange Interlude," remember Gordon's birthday party? Don't you think Norma Shearer and the other older characters were made to appear too old? I mean, after all, the boy was only supposed to be eight or nine.

This isn't true—believe us. It's the fans' favorites we stress

JUST A FAN from New York, N. Y., complains:

I like MODERN SCREEN because it is the best, but there is one thing that burns me up. If a player happens to be your favorite you give him a lot of space, while someone who deserves publicity gets very little. For instance, Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable—you do the publicity stunt with Clark so he will overshadow Bob because they are from the same studio. But I am telling you that Bob is a thousand times better than that Indian, Clark.

See page 57—there's a surprise!

A SUBSCRIBER (no address) tells us:

I am writing this for three large circles of young folks, boys and girls, fifty of us altogether. Each one of us buy your magazine monthly. We want you to know what we like best. Stories telling how the stars entertain, where they entertain, what they serve and where they live. Some of the boys are studying architecture at school and are making the most attractive books of homes. The girls are making books of recipes and scrapbooks of the outsides and insides of homes. We depend solely upon your cameraman to show us the beautiful homes for which California is noted.

Concerning Helen Hayes

MARIE BROWN of Montreal, Canada, writes:

You ask for the fans' opinion of Helen Hayes. Surely a pleasant task for most of us Of Helen's remarkable technique I need not write and her great talent is immediately obvious in the three pic-

(*Continued on page 99*)

Hollywood Dares

(*Continued from page 28*)

Taylor are no longer together. But undoubtedly she is a greater individual today because of her years with him. And because she acted as she did.

Speaking of snobbery reminds me of an aunt of mine, Princess Antoinette Murat. This aunt has renounced Paris for her farm in southern France. She is entirely free from snobbery.

A conductor of the tram she used to take to my uncle's house once asked this aunt to marry him. He mistook her, in her farming clothes, for a farm woman. He was quite frank in admitting he wanted to marry her because he felt she would be able to do something with his little plot of ground. My aunt boasted about this proposal for years. She was flattered that her skill and industry should recommend her as a wife for a poor man.

Had the same thing happened to another relative of mine there would have been a most frightful scene on that tram and the poor conductor sadly berated. For this other relative is not at all free from snobbery.

ETIQUETTE books decree: "The young widow should wear deep crêpe for a year and then plain black for six months and second mourning for six months longer."

Not in Hollywood. Not that. And not anything like that.

Often enough a day or two after the funeral Hollywood widows must be back in the studios portraying emotions far from what they feel. They have no choice. They must keep their grief in their hearts.

There's Jean Harlow. An elderly lady I know is shocked because it is reported Jean goes regularly to a certain hotel to hear the orchestra that plays there. This friend argues it unseemly and disrespectful that a young woman so recently widowed should do such a thing.

On the other hand a young friend of mine admires Jean Harlow tremendously because she smiled in all the photographs that show her before the new home she is building.

"That's having what it takes," my young friend observes graphically.

It is natural I should agree with her.

As a child I lived with my grandmother at Juan les Pins. My father, an army officer, and my mother, nursing at her hospital, were always engaged with matters of war. The excursions Grandmother and I made into Nice and Cannes became a trial. For as the war grew older on every side were women wearing dull black or crêpe. I was a healthy normal child. If those poor souls depressed me they depressed many others. And what purpose did this serve, especially at a time when everyone needed what courage and good spirits they could muster?

(*Continued on page 96*)



It's a lonesome world for "B.O." offenders

(body odor)

THEY just can't seem to make friends. And the pity of it is they seldom suspect the reason—"B.O." (*body odor*). Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps—gives *extra* protection. Its gentle, purifying lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Complexions aided, too

Lifebuoy's rich, abundant lather *deep-cleanses* pores of clogged impurities. Makes dull, sallow complexions freshen—glow with health.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

$500.00 in Cash to be GIVEN AWAY

FIRST PRIZE	. .	$150.00
SECOND PRIZE	. .	75.00
THIRD PRIZE	. .	25.00
50 PRIZES	. *each*	5.00

Everybody is eligible in this simple contest, except employees of the manufacturers of Lady Lillian Products and their families. The rules are simple. Merely write a letter, not over 25 words, about any Lady Lillian item, telling what you like best about these world famous manicuring accessories. Enclose a label, cap, or box cover taken from the item you write about. Write as many letters as you wish, about one or all Lady Lillian items, including a label or cover with each letter, thus increasing your chances of winning a cash award. Neatness will count. Contest ends Sept. 1st. Winners' names will appear in this magazine. The decision of the judges will be final, and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

12 GREAT LADY LILLIAN ITEMS

About which you can write! They are known all over the world, and are sold in all Leading Chain and Drug Stores for only

10c Each!

1. Individual Nail Polish
2. Individual Polish Remover
3. Individual Cuticle Remover
4. Twin Set
5. Wonder Three Set
6. Sanitary Manicure Tube Set
7. Hand and Nail Compact Set
8. Complete Manicure Set
9. Eye Cosmetic Set
10. Eye Brow Brush
11. Cuticle Remover
12. Wonder Vanities

A Simple Statement Like This May Win a Prize For You!

"The Lady Lillian Complete Manicure Set at 10c gives me twenty BETTER *complete manicures at a fraction of ordinary cost!"*

This is the NEW

Lady Lillian

NAIL POLISH

Five Smart Shades

CLEAR
NATURAL
ROSE
DEEP
CRIMSON

10¢



15c in Canada

Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Sold in KRESGE *and* KRESS STORES

If your favorite Chain or Drug Store does not handle any of the above listed *LADY LILLIAN* items, send 12 cents in stamps for each article you wish, to

NORTHEASTERN LABORATORIES
BOSTON MASS.

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

. . . Constance Cummings does a Dietrich . . . Keaton says good-by to Hollywood . . . And other bits of movie news and chit-chat

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., is as weary of autograph hounds as anybody but when three little waitresses climbed twenty-five tiers of stairs in the Empire State Building in New York recently just for his "John Henry," Doug not only scribbled his name, but added "Good Luck" as well. The little gals fairly sailed down those steps, they were that tickled!

When the two Prince M'divanis brought their wives—Mae Murray and Mary McCormick—together the other night at one of the night clubs, spectators were surprised to see the two gals carry on in a most friendly manner. They couldn't help but recall the stormy scenes between Mae and Pola Negri, the former Princess Sergi M'divani.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS was the only gal that appeared at the Frank Morgans' party dressed in men's clothes, although the invitations read "wear trousers." But was she popular? Ivan Lebedeff spent the whole evening trying to get her telephone number!

Freddie March had a swell time until Bob Montgomery ran off to the William Powell's party with Diana Wynyard and Freddie's wife (Florence Eldridge) and left him without transportation! And he's *so* cute when he's mad!

But Skeets Gallagher grabbed the spotlight when he lead the whole group (about 200) in a songfest.

A Hollywood studio had to put out $2.50 in cold cash the other day for a wire that was sent collect. It was from a lad in Pittsburgh, and read as follows: UNDERSTAND YOU ARE IN NEED OF NEW TALENT STOP YOU'VE FOUND HIM I'M IT.

Maybe he's another Tarzan!

AFTER ten years of making sour faces so people could laugh, Buster Keaton is going to have a try at laughing himself, that is, if he's got any smiles left! It's good-by to picture making, and a nice long vacation with buddy Lew Cody. Their first stop will be Honolulu. And from there, who knows?

Can you imagine any girl going to a luncheon in her slip? Well, Mae Clarke did! She had sent her favorite luncheon frock to the cleaners with the understanding that it was to be delivered to her at the studio. Lunch time came, and no dress. So Mae slipped her coat over her slip and so to luncheon.

IF there was any possible chance of a reconciliation between Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey its ancient history now! Estelle and John Warburton are like *that*—and the latest reports from the Great White Way are that Jack is galavantin' round with none other than Fifi Dorsay!

Fay Wray continues to get beseeching letters from an old gent who insists that he is her father. All he wants her to do is to give up her career and take care of him! Fay's father has actually been dead for years! Some of these old fogies certainly get queer ideas.

Just another example of "it's tough to be famous."

WE glimpsed Jean Harlow and Howard Hughes out dancing t'other night. Jean was all in gray—and to judge by the smile on her face, everything must be rosy between her and Howard again. This romance dates back to the filming of "Hell's Angels," but it's been cold for a long, long time.

Or perhaps Jean is just trying to forget her recent sorrow in a little gaiety.

Diana Wynyard's home town newspaper please copy: Marlene Dietrich has taken to smoking big black cigars!

NORMA SHEARER says no picture is important enough to keep her away from her husband! So she's forsaking her screen career for several months to accompany hubby Irving Thalberg on his European trip in search of health. When Thalberg was so ill, Norma was with him constantly, and she intends to "stick close" until he's well and strong again.

Rudy Vallee has just rejected Paramount's offer to croon in Peggy Hopkins Joyce's picture, "International House." Says he's too busy studying law! Can you beat such ambition?

GEORGE RAFT and Paramount are having trouble. George refused to do "The Shame of Temple Drake" (one of those meanie roles) so Paramount dropped him from the payroll and Jack LaRue will step into the part. This may be the break LaRue's been needing, who knows? And what about Raft? He still insists the role was so repulsive it would have meant "screen suicide" for him. He may take a jaunt over to Europe where there's real dough waiting for him.

(*Continued on page 114*)

Joan and Doug's Separation

(*Continued from page 37*)

were married, Doug was a dreamy, poetic youth. He has changed into a sophisticated man of the world.

Joan, during the years of their marriage, has more and more sought simplicity. Today, her friends not only include the important people of Hollywood, but also a boy in the publicity department, the younger actors on the lot, a few underpaid writers and a script clerk as well.

And that brings us to Joan's friends. She still has a number of women friends —Claudette Colbert, Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, Doris Warner. It is the hey-hey girl friends of another period in her life who have not lived up to Joan's intense brand of loyalty.

Her closest friends are men—for Joan thinks like a man.

SHE has danced and laughed with Ric Cortez, Bob Young, Alexander Kirkland, Franchot Tone (one of her newest leading men).

Of course, that has all been grist for the gossip mill. But what the gossipers have failed to record is the fact that never has she been alone with any of these men on the dancing parties. Either Douglas or a party of other people have been along.

When Joan is "between pictures" she loves to laugh and she has an amazing sense of the ridiculous. She has found laughter with these bright and amusing boys.

Oh, she has tried to solve her problem. She has wandered through the rooms of her beautiful home trying, to think out every angle of the break with Douglas that was bound to come.

Naturally, she thought of her career. What would such a break do to her as an actress? Two people in private life grow apart and get on each other's nerves and they separate. But after such an important separation as this there is bound to be a storm of gossip, and Joan knew that she would be blamed for it.

But she knew that in remaining together they were not being fair to each other.

They talked the matter over quite calmly.

Seated in the quiet luxury of their enormous living room Joan said, "You know, Douglas, that we have got to face facts. You know that we can't go on like this—pretending to be happy when we're not."

"I know it," said Doug, "It is not fair to you nor to me. We have given it every trial."

And that was how they decided to separate.

"But we'll be friends?" Joan asked.

"I couldn't stand to lose your friendship," said Doug.

"And you never will."

And on that note they parted.

(*Continued on page 101*)

AN AMAZING OFFER!



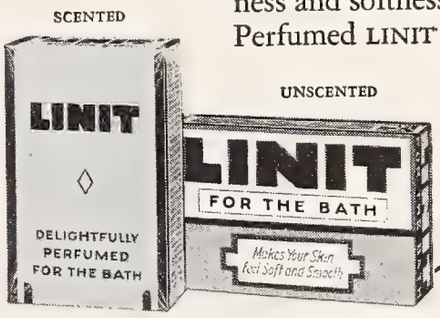
Did you get YOURS *yet?*

This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

RESULTS are IMMEDIATE *with a* LINIT *Beauty Bath*

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin feel *instantly* smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.



Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. MM-5, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose $.....and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

FROCKS *and* FRIENDS

•

Perspiration can Cost You Both



Under your arms there is a social and financial enemy. A social enemy, because the odor eminating from arm-pits is positively repulsive to your friends!

A financial enemy, because the acids of perspiration stain dresses and fade colors. That alone can cost you the best dress that you have to your name.

Odorono Saves your Dresses and your Friendships

Odorono, a physician's defense against perspiration and its odors, protects you. For perspiration *must be prevented* if you are to avoid ruining dresses and offending friends. Greasy creams and sticks, temporary powders, perfumes, soaps, cannot save you. But Odorono is certain; with it your freshness is secure. Without it doubts can disturb your mind—perspiration wreck your dresses.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO REGULAR
for use before retiring —gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.

INSTANT ODORONO
is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Life of Gary Cooper

(*Continued from page 65*)

and now the dream was about to come true!

He forgot Hollywood as completely as though it had never existed. (He had read, upon his return to New York, an article in which Lupe was quoted as saying she was "through with Gary." Though the press made much of it, hinting at reconciliations and "just another lover's spat," it was the beginning of the definite break up between Lupe and Gary.)

I WILL skip lightly over the journey there," Gary told me. "I mention it only to show how one may quickly reach a spot where he may pull a trigger to his heart's content. We sailed for Naples and from there to Alexandria where we entrained immediately for a two-hour journey to Cairo. Three days later we took an airplane for the 4000-mile flight up the Nile to Nairobi, just south of the equator.

"We flew merely for speed, since the journey by boat over the same course would have required twenty-two days. As we started out before dawn, sun helmets were distributed in case we should have a forced landing in the desert, or worse, the sweltering jungles. This served to highly impress upon me the hazards of our journey which was, in the main, over the darkest part of the wilderness.

"What sights we saw below us! On the first day we passed over the ancient city of Luxor, the Valley of the Kings and then, later, the famous tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen. By sundown we were at the border of Egypt and the Sudan. We spent the night at the village of Wady Halfa at the edge of the Nubian desert. It was here, on our return trip, that I picked up Talooca, my monkey.

DURING the third day of the trip I caught my first glimpse of big game, a herd of elephants. The pilot swooped down within a few hundred feet of the herd which immediately stampeded in mad fear. It was cute to see the way the babies held frantically to their mother elephants' tails with their trunks, so that they would not be left behind.

"Once safely landed at Nairobi, we motored eighty miles to the Preston farm which was to be our home for several weeks. This spot is at the edge of the big game country. Situated on the banks of Lake Naivasha, at an elevation of 6000 feet, it presents remarkable living conditions. The farm is surrounded by high mountains, and is not unlike California.

"To the American hunter who has tracked many an hour without getting close to a wary deer, the Preston farm seemed too good to be real. Through the farm, on their way to the banks of the lake, tracked herd after herd of game, and already my finger itched for the trigger. Hiking over the farm I saw lake elephants, zebra, water buck, impalla, Thomas gazelles and hyenas. I tried out my markmanship, imagining I was getting a real thrill, but I was only starting.

"For three weeks we rested and prepared for the hunt. By that time I felt I could lick my weight in wildcats. The Count and Countess Frasso had joined our party, and it was quite a little group of us that finally started.

"In the company of all these experienced big-game hunters I felt like a bungling novice, for certainly I was the greenhorn of the group. There were five of us in the hunt, which they all insisted, was in my 'honor'. Our safari consisted of twenty blacks to act as gun bearers, porters and servants. Our caravan comprised five light trucks, loaded with supplies and the natives . . . and two passenger cars. Don't get the idea that this is 'dude' hunting; far from it. It's just sensible. Without a motor car, a hunter is lost for any lengthy jaunt into Africa. There are horses only in a few places. They can't stand up under the heat, anyway. One takes a car of some kind (by no means swanky) and when the end of the car's possibilities is reached, one gets out and walks.

WITH hunting equipment, food supplies and a hospital kit, we set off for the great Tanganyika Territory, which is famous for herds of game.

"The first few days out, it rained and rained. Our motors bogged down. The mud was as sticky as hot molasses. But if we were inconvenienced, I was too tickled with the entire adventure to notice. Nothing short of an enveloping earthquake would have stopped my enjoyment.

"I got my first crack at game during these bogged down days. As the motors crept along, I got out and hunted. My first bag was an oryx. This is a large buck with two graceful horns, and hunting them is much like shooting deer. I don't know whether everybody was merely trying to be nice to the 'novice' or not, but anyway, I was flattered when they told me it was no small task to bring one of them down, as they are extremely fleet footed. Just as suddenly as the rains started, they ceased, and we stopped to make camp.

"It would be impossible to give an accurate account of all the thrills and adventures of our life there. It seemed to me that I was in a new world, living a new life. Every day I grew stronger and happier. But perhaps you would be interested in hearing about the greatest thrill I encountered on this adventure of my life?

"We were hunting rhinoceros in Mount Kinya, which is a very difficult country for hunting. The brush is very solid, ranging from fifteen to thirty feet high. You have to work your way through . . . and it's a job. I had already seen two rhinos, but I didn't shoot at them because their horns

(*Continued on page 94*)

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 73*)

If you saw Joan in person, you would notice that her face is shiney. No, I don't mean that the powder has worn off her nose. I mean that it is *intentionally* shiny. Like a little boy who has just been given a good scrubbing. And that's just what has happened to Joan's face, too. It has been scrubbed. And this is how she does it:

Before she goes to bed at night, Joan takes off all traces of make-up with a good cold cream. She removes the remains of this with astringent on a cotton pad. And that's that. In the morning, however, she washes her face with lukewarm water and a bland soap. Then she uses up an entire cube of ice on her face until it glows and tingles. Next, with a rough towel, she polishes it—and I mean she polishes it! Rubs her entire face all over until it gleams like an apple that has been polished on the grocery man's sleeve.

You may have heard about Joan's freckles. She has 'em all right. Lots. She makes no attempt to conceal them. Maybe you couldn't get away with this. After all, Joan has beautiful features, beautiful eyes and lovely hair. And when a girl is born with all those blessings, what's a freckle or two? Joan uses no powder in her daytime make-up. And there's another thing—to ignore powder you should have beautiful features and a very clear, clean outdoor-looking skin.

But Joan does use other make-up. She uses a light shade of lipstick and follows the natural line of her none too small mouth. She has never made up her mouth in private life as she made it up in "Letty Lynton" and "Rain." And, as you know, she has abandoned that over-painted mouth on the screen now, too. But, on the other hand, she has not returned to the pretty-pretty, Cupid's bow mouth she used to paint on herself in the old days. Joan's mouth isn't small and rosebud-like. It's big, sensuous and has a great deal of character. And she makes it up just that way. The lipstick goes clear to the corners. And she widens the lower lip just a tiny, tiny bit.

Her eyebrows are about the color of her hair—brown, with a reddish tinge. They need almost no plucking—just a few stray hairs from underneath to give them that beautiful clean sweep. For daytime, she uses the tiniest bit of brown pencil on them. In some photographs of Joan you will notice that her brows are carefully brushed into that sweeping line. In others, you will notice that the hairs at the center, nearest the nose, are not brushed—they are allowed to go anywhere they will. This I like. Without being in the least untidy or shaggy, it gives a very natural look.

Joan makes up her eyelashes with great care. They are very long. She darkens each hair with great precision, taking care that the lashes do not mat together. She uses brown mascara. Only on the upper lashes, however.

. . . *This Machine Broke Down 3000 Years Ago*



TODAY A NEW HEALTH HABIT MAY SET IT RIGHT

REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE—Chewing Dentyne is an easy way to correct many bad conditions. An easy way to keep teeth healthy and white.

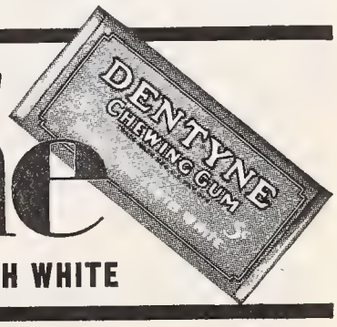
WHEN we stopped chewing tough, wild meats and roots, the complicated mechanism of the mouth went out of kilter. *Without sufficient chewing* the protective devices of the mouth ceased to work right. And slowly mankind found itself with *decayed teeth, malformed mouth structures, throat and mouth disorders* which medical science found it practically impossible to prevent.

But now here's good news. Read the report on this page. We wouldn't go back to eating tough meats. And it's hard to make ourselves chew raw, wild foods, but we would all be delighted to chew delicious Dentyne every day. And according to this report that is just what we should do. Every day regularly—just like other health habits.

Why not start this important habit now! Let each member of your family chew delicious Dentyne at least once a day for five minutes. Tooth brushing—no matter what tooth paste or powder you use—gargling, using mouth wash, all good in their place, will not do the same fundamental work.

Chew delicious

Dentyne



KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

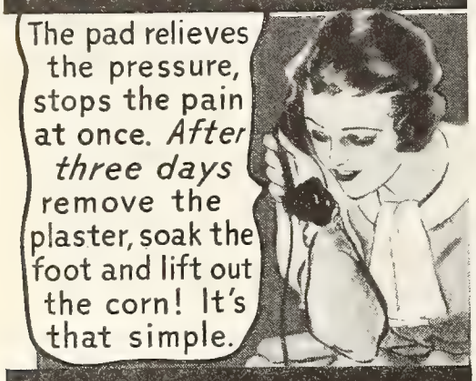
CORNS HURT?



JUST APPLY BLUE-JAY



PAIN STOPS AT ONCE



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And these she always brushes outward, on a slant, rather than straight up. Gives a much more natural look.

Now, there's Joan. With a shiny nose, cheeks and forehead, ready for the street. Red-brown hair, enormous blue eyes, dark lashes, light red mouth, fair skin and freckles.

Oh yes, just one more point. She wears her nails very long and pointed (and says just the things you and I say when she breaks one) and she uses a very dark red polish—which she puts on herself—putting it entirely over the nail, right to the very end, leaving no white edge.

WHEN Norma Shearer gets made-up for the street she always looks perfectly stunning—so fresh and clean and well-groomed. Of course, Norma is a lovely woman but she's smart enough to know how important a careful make-up is—and you girls can learn a big lesson from Norma. Besides taking care and time with her face before she goes out she always carries with her enough extra rouge, powder and so on to keep herself looking well-groomed.

Norma's hair is light brown, her eyes are blue-grey, her skin fair. And, incidentally I believe I'm safe in saying her skin is the most delicate in all Hollywood. Fine-grained, smooth and altogether lovely. That's why she takes such good care of it. She could not, by the way, treat it in the healthy, vigorous way Joan treats her skin. And don't you, either, if you're one of those petal-skinned girls.

First of all she uses a good cleanser, astringent and powder base. Then she uses a little cream rouge on her cheeks. This, you know, gives a base for rouge that makes it stay on much longer. Now she pats the powder on with a puff, patting it in all over her face in large dabs and then with a tiny, soft baby's brush she brushes off the surplus powder. This distributes the powder evenly.

The dry rouge goes on next—subtly used and following the natural line of the natural color in her cheeks. (If your skin is seemingly colorless, you can ascertain where your natural color *would* be by gently pinching your cheeks.)

Norma's lips are not so full as many of the stars but you would never know it, would you? That's because she extends the lipstick—a fairly dark shade—beyond the natural outlines of her mouth. She uses a very clinging lipstick that stays on a long time, but the minute it shows signs of wear Norma puts on more.

Norma's eye make-up is a work of art. Although Norma's eyes are beautiful and expressive, several stars have larger eyes than she. Here's how she applies the make-up. She uses a little brown or blue eye shadow on the part of her eyelids nearest the temples. This extends a trifle farther than the lids. Then a tiny line underneath the eye, beginning at the middle and extending it toward the temple to follow out the shadow. Look at the two pictures of Norma and see the difference. On the upper lashes she uses mascara but none on the lower lashes.

A dark brown eyebrow pencil, following the natural shape of the eyebrows, completes the perfect picture.

NOW—there are two girls that the average girl could copy. And now for an individualist!

You may or may not approve of Clara Bow's make-up, but you've got to admit it's different. When you look at her it seems as if she is a study in orange color. Her hair is that flaming red with orange tints. Her cheeks are orange-tinted, her lipstick a dark orange and her eyebrows are orange, too. The eyes, heavily mascaraed in black, are the only accents. She uses a dark eyeshadow, too.

Those eyebrows give her a startling look and I heard that the English women were amazed at them, for Clara, instead of plucking her eyebrows, just shaves them right straight off—zut, like that—with a razor. "Saves a lot of time," says Clara.

Then she draws a thin, long (very long) line straight across her brow, with that reddish orange pencil. I must say I do not approve of it for ordinary purposes but because Clara is an actress and expected to do the spectacular, she can get away with it.

Her lips are full—almost too full, in fact—so she does not follow the line of her mouth with the lipstick on the lower lip. The upper lip she shapes into a cupid's bow.

Oh yes, and she makes her lashes curl up with one of those eyelash curlers. And there's Clara.

Constance Cummings is another girl with freckles, like Joan, but Connie uses an entirely different type of make-up. She has reddish brown hair, greenish-grey eyes and light brown, naturally curly eyelashes. Her skin is fair and she accents this fairness by using very little rouge.

Her powder base is an astringent and she puts the powder on right over that with no cream rouge because she looks better with very little rouge. She uses the dry rouge in a shade just going into the orange (but not Clara Bow's vivid color). On her eyelids she uses brown eyeshadow and her lashes take the light brown mascara. Eyebrows, too, have this same shade.

Her lipstick is light and follows the natural lip line. This style of make-up gives Connie a sort of neutral, monotone look that is decidedly interesting. There are no sharp accents about her face—all the cosmetics are brownish in color and she uses very little of any of them so she can keep the pale effect.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT—the vivid brunette—on the other hand plays up her type to the utmost. Dark powder, bright red rouge, dark red lipstick, dark brown eyeshadow and heavy mascara. She uses a good powder base, pats the powder in heavily, making sure that it soaks well into the pores and thereby stays on better.

Her brows are very heavy and so she must pluck them, but she is wise enough to know that a brunette looks

very bald if her brows are just a tiny line so she keeps them fairly heavy, but neatly groomed.

Claudette doesn't need to use an eyebrow pencil, except right on the end of the eyebrows. Instead, she just brushes the brows free of powder with —of all things—a pipe cleaner. Yessir, she's found that a grand thing for generally cleaning up the face after the make-up has been applied. With it she takes off the surplus rouge around her mouth and also with it she draws an imaginary line vertically along the indentation above the upper lip from the tip of her nose to the middle of her mouth. Removing the powder from this part accents the natural indentation and enhances the beauty of the mouth.

Claudette uses mascara on both the upper and the lower lashes but she is extremely careful that it does not smear.

And when Claudette Colbert walks into a room her vividness draws every eye to her. Remember, though—while she uses all the make-up in the calendar, she still does it subtly and never looks theatrical.

So now you know exactly and in minute detail just how five of your favorites appear before their friends.

Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads (both dry and oily skin), for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know about some delightful manicure accessories—including a platinum finish for nail-tips —which have just come to her attention, drop a note to Mary Biddle, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll willingly help you.

Pickfair

(*Continued from page 58*)

The Chinese goddess of mercy has a generous representation among the ornaments in this cabinet. You see her in amber, turquoise, rose quartz, spinach jade and *blanc-de-chine.*

ACROSS from the cabinet is a Duncan Phyfe sofa striped in yellow and white; on either side are inlaid satinwood tables supporting Rockingham lamps with taffeta shades in softly blended pastel colors. Two more satinwood tables, with Sheraton mirrors of Adam design suspended above them, are at the entrance to the dining room. Antique Venetian chairs upholstered in oyster white satin brocade add further to the grace of this singular hall.

On the lower floor, it is to be noted that the walls of Pickfair are plain,

*

Figure is half of

smart appearance





Laura La Plante, *lovely motion-picture star, wears metal cloth with precious fur for her evening ensemble; and on the beach an utterly simple, hand-knitted maillot.*

Modern clothes require a gently rounded figure to achieve the best effect. Fortunately this figure of fashion is also the figure of health. So those of us who must reduce can gain both health and smartness.

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oyster white. Combined with the early English crystal chandeliers they give an effect of delicious coolness. They're perfect as an offset to the soft colors of the furniture and paintings.

I like to think of this drawing room, fit to be the salon of a fastidious queen, as belonging to the courageous, spunky little Irish girl who won for herself a greater love from the public than any queen has ever possessed. It's like a beautiful reward for all the years of struggle and hardship that Mary put in.

You go down three steps, and through the great mullioned window at the farther end you see a fountain playing in a formal garden of iris and roses. (See page 57.) Somehow, Pickfair gives you the feeling of living right out of doors. The windows afford either amazing panoramas or—toward the north—woodland scenes that might be from the enchanted Black Forest.

The windows here in the drawing room are deeply recessed. The satin damask curtains, with their fringed bottoms, and the carpet are oyster white; this color is so pronounced in the room that it takes on a lovely pearl gray hue. Accented by deep notes of the turquoise blue and the yellow, gold and blue of the antique French chairs it's almost ethereal in character. When Mary, in a simple blue frock, entered the room it came to life as if it had been waiting for her. She has had many of the pieces originally purchased for her own room moved down here—which shows the unity of Pickfair's interior!

Flowers form a delightful part of this place. There's always a profusion of them. Great clusters of Canterbury bells, ranging in tone from pale pink to dark rose and from lavender to purple, are arrayed in a white crackle bowl which was made to match the grand piano. On the low Chinese lacquer table in front of the fireplace there's a lalique glass bowl filled with tall talisman roses. And beside it rests the white porcelain Kuan-Yin for which Mary braved the native quarter of Shanghai, considered one of the most dangerous spots in any city in the world. She had heard about this particular statue and she went there alone to get it. It was near train time and a frenzied Douglas dashed about trying to discover where she had disappeared to. As he was about to summon assistance, in walked Mary—and the Kuan-Yin.

ON a table beneath a turquoise lamp are equally dainty *objets d'art.* But what I like best, I think, are the old Chelsea and Staffordshire figurines marching up the panels on both sides of the fireplace. There are crystal cocks and other animals on a Louis Quinze cabinet in blue and gold, and white elephants of assorted sizes on a side table. Rockingham lamps with rose-white shades and decorated with bows of turquoise blue velvet ribbon stand on delicately wrought white and gold tables, centuries old. Crystal girandoles add their soft light in the evening and lovely little crystal trees are reflected in a large antique mirror.

Mary Pickford cannot resist beautiful mirrors for the reflections they give a room. When Maurice, the faultless majordomo, announced lunch, we went into the breakfast room—the brightest imaginable place. (See page 57.) Maurice informed me privately one day that the servants' quarters at Pickfair were the grandest he'd ever seen. Yes, Mary would be sure to see to that, too. The table was arranged with a yellow organdie luncheon set and the center-piece was really a masterpiece of yellow roses, yellow calla-lilies and lilies-of-the-valley. I faced the handsome little French mirror over the sideboard which made a valiant effort to include the whole of Beverly Hills in its depth. Mary told us how she was planning to have large flower boxes filled with hydrangeas and hyacinths just outside the bay window. Can you picture that happy setting on a sunny morning? The curtains in this room are a fine white muslin; the carpet is the same green-blue that's in the dining room and in the library immediately beyond it.

Perhaps the most noted room in the house—and the one Mary loves best—is the dining room. (Page 56.) Here she has assembled old pieces from various collections. The chairs are white and gold Adam; some of them are upholstered in green and white damask and some in chintz. Chintz, by the way, is introduced into every room in the house except Mary's own bedroom and the drawing room. It helps to give that jolly country house atmosphere to Pickfair and to lessen the feeling of formality. The sideboards are satinwood with gold relief and marbleized tops. She has the gold compotes and vases from Anna Pavlowa's collection, but the thing that interested me most was the painting of Mary hanging above the fireplace with its famous mirrored door. It isn't a studied pose by any means. It's Mary as you've seen her dozens of times on the screen.

Before we leave the dining room, there's a story to tell in connection with it. At the time they were extending the end of it, it was found necessary to cut down a large tree which was obstructing the view. The head gardener had the tree nearly felled before he noticed that a bird had built her nest on one of the lower branches. He came to Mary about it and she turned to Mrs. Requa distractedly. "Oh, what can we do? She needs that shelter to hatch her eggs!" Just then Douglas strolled into the room. They told him about the bird. "Why, that's easy," said Doug. "We'll just build the tree up again." So they wired the branches back on and left the tree intact until the fledglings were able to fly away.

The library, with French windows opening onto the terrace, is a favorite spot. One end is lined with books and in front of them is an inlaid table of magnificent design. Gold and green drapes set off the satin settee, the Louis XV chairs and satinwood tables. Above one of the tables is an old French painting set in a panel edged with gold and below it on either side are Eighteenth Century embroidered needlepoint pictures on silk. The whole effect is one of richness, luxury and good taste.

IT'S extraordinary how many halls are nothing but lonesome passageways; you certainly wouldn't want to linger in them! Mary's halls invite you to sit down and rest. They're sunny and large and wonderfully airy. The one at the top of the graceful stairway is like a surprise sitting room. (See page 56.) You reach the top step—and there it is beckoning you. She found a place here for the two rich Savanori rugs she purchased in Paris a few years ago. They have a rose and old ivory background with a blue border. The semi-glazed chintz curtains are in blue and tan with roses sprayed across the bottom. A couch and several chairs are done in the same chintz. There are gold painted Adam chairs, a satinwood and fruitwood bureau and a lovely cabinet with old fans and porcelains. A white Staffordshire bowl holds beautiful white gladioli. And it's here too that you meet Scotti. Scotti can sing any tune you care to whistle for he's been trained to follow in the footsteps of Nugget, Mary's beloved canary who, after a final fling traveling around Europe with her, died of old age a short time ago. There's a graveyard in back of the house where the former pets of Pickfair are buried. At present Snooky, a black and white spotted pup of no particular ancestry; Tony, the terrier cut-up who is Mary's prize, and Peter, the dignified, who belongs to Gwen, holds forth in the kennels. There's a picture of Tony with Mary on page 55.

Gwen, as you know, is Mary's niece. A charming young girl who owns a charming room with pale taffeta curtains and French chintz couch and chairs. Her bed and bureau are Louis Quinze. (Page 56.)

Mary's own room is like a dainty flower garden. There are no pictures except a sweet painting of Mary's mother. Flower panels on the walls. The suite consists also of a mirrored dressing room and wardrobe room done in oyster white, turquoise blue and delicate pink. When Mary herself showed me through I had a privileged view of lace that once was Marie Antoinette's. There were rare orchids which Douglas had sent her and which she had kept alive for nine weeks. She said she intended to bury them instead of just throwing them away.

Douglas' wing is all in deep turquoise—curtains, carpet and walls. Mary had it ready for him when he returned from the South Seas, after filming "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." And the first thing he asked for was his little Chinese man, the two-inch figure she had given him while they were in the Orient!

His bedroom is done in French Provincial style, massive, hand-carved walnut pieces. (Page 58.) I counted three beautiful photographs of Mary, besides the oil painting of her, which he caused to be placed about the room. He has a figurine of Mary executed by a famous sculptress and a small ivory miniature of her as well. The recessed windows are hung with turquoise blue curtains of glazed chintz having a copper trim. There's a terrestrial globe and clock on the table that lights up and tells you the time in every part of the world—a gift

"Listen pardner, SMILE when you say that!"



Ruth Hiatt, Educational Pictures

"I ain't aimin' for no trouble, stranger, an' I reckon you ain't neither, but no tenderfoot is gonna come into these yere hills an' tell *me* I don't know my Hollywood!

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from Mary. He has a variety of Italian prints and on his daybed is an antique Italian brocaded spread. The old panels on the walls are one of the most attractive features about the entrance hall. Blue and dark pink flowers are embroidered on a silver-threaded lavender background. But the most startling thing is Douglas' Chinese room. They had the red lacquer and gold bed shipped from the Orient and an old Chinese screen converted into a sliding panel. It's very unique. (See page 58. And see page 57 for a picture of the Chinese gallery in the attic.) It is here that his "gang" sleeps when they visit Pickfair—the men, like Tom Gerraghty, who have worked with him on so many pictures. Across the hall are two glorified baths. (Look at the one on page 58.) One has a tile flooring in vivid Olympic blue and a steam room; the other is in a softer blue and papered in a novelty print.

AND now—the guest house. The living room is a dream. It's done in Georgian knotty pine and Mrs. Requa had the carpet dyed to match the wood. On either side of the marble fireplace are long doors framing scenes of the woods behind the house. There's a gold brocaded sofa and a decorated satinwood table with clever amber bottles and Chinese pieces. Loveliest of all is the pair of jade trees that Sid Grauman gave the Fairbanks. Mingled with the jade leaves are flowers of rose quartz, coral and amethyst and the buds are turquoise.

On the mantelpiece rests a coral Kuan-Yin with a single pearl at her breast—the finest figure of the goddess that Mary has. She spent an entire afternoon getting it. The Chinese merchant refused to sell it to her until he was convinced she loved the art piece as much as he did!

The satinwood grand piano has a throw of gold brocade and a bowl of salmon-pink gladioli is placed on it. There is a cabinet of the same wood on which stands the silver urn given them in Siam. A magnificent Chinese screen beside the door to the east bedroom once graced the palace of a mandarin.

This east bedroom is done in jonquil yellow, turquoise blue and burnt orange—a fascinating combination. The yellow wool and damask spread on the large bed matches the drapes, and the carpet is of the same color. Scatter chairs are in the burnt orange and the lamps on the tables are old English porcelain with cut-out taffeta shades. Old English marble-framed mirrors hang above fruitwood tables. It's interesting to observe how the French terra cotta ornaments pick up the brownish-yellow note in the chintz sofa. Perhaps the most unusual piece is a Venetian screen with ancient Biblical prints.

Another bedroom in the guest house is in the Louis Quinze period. Softly blended taffetas, four-poster canopied beds, charming French decorations.

Stepping out the door onto the loggia you catch sight of the pavilion at the far end of the lawn. Under it are the new bath houses and it's there Douglas has his gymnasium—beside the swimming pool.

And so we say good-by to Pickfair.

Claudette's Dream House

(*Continued from page 74*)

windows. I want lots of windows in my house . . . in every room.

I WOULDN'T want a house that is all chopped up into dinky little rooms, either. If Betty Jones can't have everything in her house, she's got to have a big living room. It has to have a fireplace in it." Claudette Colbert's slim active fingers flipped through some photographs I had taken with me. "See this, this massive one in stone? I'd like a fireplace like that, if the room could stand it. Of course, the room would need to be large and it would have to be developed in a rugged effect to take a fireplace like that. But I would like it."

Claudette Colbert's dream house grew. "A kitchen would be awfully important if you were doing all your own work. It ought to be cheerful, too, because you'd have to spend a lot of time there. I think I'd have mine white mostly—ivory, I suppose I mean—with all the trim in vivid blue or green. Blue is lovely in a kitchen . . . I think I'd have blue. It's so clean looking when it's combined with white." Clean and yet charming—and practical.

She had ideas in plenty on bedroom and bath. In fact, I should make them both plural. For Claudette Colbert said, "If you have the space, I *do* believe that a woman should have a room of her own. No husband likes a fluffy room, and women do like them—for bedrooms anyway. I like French bedrooms; I like the ruffles and the femininity of them. I'm sure no man does, though. I think a man would be happier even in a smaller room where his clothes and things don't get mixed up with his wife's belongings and where powder isn't strewn around in the wrong places. And that two baths idea is certainly an excellent one if, of course, you can afford it."

IF you can afford it! We started out to see what bargains architects might be offering that would come closest to Claudette's ideal of a home. It had to be a house *you* could afford. Here's a plan for the Dream House:

A stone house would be what Claudette would like. The picture of the house on page 74, looking like an old

English print, shows you why, with its field-stone front wall and its massive chimneys of the same material. If you were building in a rocky section, you would find that the field-stone round about which your stone masons would use would help give that further feeling of "making the house belong to the spot."

See how the stone wall at the right slopes down to the garden gate; that's the way this type of design "ties to the ground to give that *settled* look." It gives that real "belonging" look.

Quite a lot of money may be sliced off the cost of this house by developing these stone walls in a rough stucco, combining very naturally with the half timber section around the dormer windows at the eave line of the roof. Almost all old English houses are distinguished by these great half-timbers, and the present day cost of stucco is very low.

Claudette demanded a big living-room. This one measures 22 feet, 6 inches long by 14 feet wide, and its windows on three sides certainly would catch that sunshine coming and going. So would all the other rooms in the house, for every one has cross ventilation or windows on two sides.

Wouldn't you love to lounge on some of that comfy English furniture which Claudette talks about in front of that great fireplace in the corner of the living room? And on summer days, the French doors at its side would open to take you out on the veranda for tea with a friend or for a cool rest overlooking the lawn.

Speaking of sunshine—that oriole window perched on the upper wall at the right just reaches out on three sides to draw the sun into an upstairs bedroom. So does the three-sided bay window in the dining room at the rear of the house.

Notice the efficient kitchen that Claudette would have "mostly in white, with blue trim because blue is so clean-looking." The sink and its drainboards extend under the casement window. Cupboards are built in for dishes and pots and pans, and the stove is so placed that cooking fumes are carried off into the chimney. Ample space left, you'll see, for automatic refrigeration of either the gas or electric type.

"That two baths idea is certainly a good one if you can afford it," says Claudette. And there are the two baths, one attached to the master bedroom of the house and the other situated in the hall near the other two bedrooms.

How do you like this Dream House? Would you care to build it for your family? Working drawings and specifications are available at low cost if you will write and ask Modern Screen about them. It is estimated that the stone house will cost between $9,500 and $11,500 to build, according to labor charges and material costs, which vary in different parts of the country. By some careful changes this cost may be reduced; and Modern Screen is prepared to suggest and help you. Or if you want to know about some other type house or one to cost more or even less money, write us of your desires. Address Miss Jennie Moore, in care of Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



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Adventurous Life of Gary

(*Continued from page 86*)

weren't the suitable size for trophies.

"The back horn is always the same length, but the front horn sometimes runs up to about forty-six inches. A twenty-inch horn is a good trophy. When shooting at a rhino you usually aim for the heart, which is immediately behind the shoulder. If you hurt, or break one of the legs of a rhino, oddly enough it doesn't seem to bother him. He can go almost as well on three legs as on four.

"We picked up the tracks of a rhino one morning about dawn. We knew he was quite near . . . the spoor was still fresh and of a pretty good size. We tracked him for about two hours and finally, after zig-zagging back and forth, crawling on our hands and knees through this thick brush, we heard a twig snap about a hundred yards ahead of us. We circled around until we got so close that we could hear his massive jaw chewing. The brushes were terribly thick and we had to be very careful not to make any noise.

"Jack, an Englishman, and I were alone. Finally, after some more noiseless crawling, I looked up and saw the rhino. Its back was towards us.

"The animal was just a few yards from me, and his big jaw was still moving. There was no draft at all that day. The wind was from the rhino to me, which was lucky, because he was unable to get our scent. If he had it would have been just too bad for us! We crouched there for about eight minutes, hardly daring to breathe. We were terribly cramped, but ready for the fray. A few seconds later the animal turned enough for us to notice that the horn was short—only about fifteen inches. We were in a good rhino country, so we decided to pass him up.

"If he had seen us and had decided to charge, we wouldn't have had a chance to get away. We were undecided whether to shoot, for our own protection, or just sit still hoping that he would move on without seeing us. We waited, and finally the rhino moved on, and we crept backwards—inch by inch—into safety.

WE picked up another track later. We followed it down into a valley, and soon heard a crackling sound about sixty yards away. We immediately tried to get down wind to it. The only way was to stalk through some tall tullies. Every time we got to a big tree we would stop and look back . . . spotting the trees for protection. We moved on and on. The trees started getting thinner and thinner and farther apart.

"Finally there was nothing but tullies. Suddenly we heard a terrific snort, and wham! The big brute got our scent and charged! But not right at us. Luckily we were cross wind on account of a creek, so the rhino just missed us. He was only ten yards from us, but we couldn't get a shot at him. But that was the biggest thrill I had during the whole trip.

"He must have charged for six or seven hundred yards because we heard him crashing through the tullies for a long time. We worked ahead and picked up his trial, and found a tree twenty-five inches at the base that he had hit and broken in three places when he was on his hurried way.

"There were other exciting adventures. When my first lion got away from me, I experienced the same bitter disappointment that most actors feel when they lose a role in a big picture.

"I ran for miles trying to catch a cheetah, and bring it back alive. I learned many secrets of the big game hunters, and feel that when I go back again I will not be such a greenhorn.

"I learned that zebras are too easy to shoot at, and one bags them only to add to a collection, and not for the sport of the thing. I learned that of all the animals of the jungle the hyena is the most loathsome. Believe it or not, and I don't want to spoil any illusions you may have about the beasts, they seldom laugh.

"However, one night after I had taken a shot at one of the whooping things, a pack of them came back to the outskirts of the camp and made a noise that sounded suspiciously like the razzberry! The whole camp laughed.

WE made many camps, pressing farther and farther into the jungle until, at last, it seemed to me that we must have reached the ends of the earth. At dusk we could hear the grunting of lions, not more than a hundred yards distant.

"When the fires flared in a circle around the camp, the light reflected in the eyes of the wild beasts beyond. It looked like thousands of eyes peering at us out of the darkness. Yet there is an eerie beauty about the whole thing that makes everything else in life seem trivial and unimportant.

"There were moments out there in those black jungle nights when I felt I could never return to the petty trials, tribulations and artificialities of Hollywood life.

"Man is only cheating himself when he robs his life of adventure," said Gary. "The ruts and the ties of civilization hamper the spirit of man, make him timid. If nothing else, my jaunt into Africa taught me to have a sense of values, of which I can never be robbed. I know that I am my own master. I know that luxuries and the hot house tidbits of life which are part and parcel of the movie game, are not truly important to me. I was born with the roving fever and a pulse that quickens at the very mention of adventure. I have a hunch that when I am at the end of my road, Hollywood will have been but only one, and not one of the most important, episodes of my life!"

Charm Gossip

(*Continued from page 76*)

somebody tells you that you have a peaches and cream complexion, as you would have been a year ago. Just be grateful.

● Trust Joan Bennett to think of something unique and lovely in the way of a luncheon. That girl is positively getting famous for her beautifully arranged tables. This was a water lily luncheon. And when the six guests trooped into her sun-lit dining room everyone said, "Oh!" The lunch set was yellow organdie, and green china was used. As a centerpiece Joan had four Dresden china swans floating on a lake that was an oval mirror. They were filled with fragrant pale yellow and white water lilies. And her menu carried out the theme.

Jellied chicken broth in green water lily cups

Potato soufflé moulded in a water lily shape with green peppers for leaves

A delicious salmon loaf that added color contrast

Ice cream in the form of water lilies and *petit fours* with green icing.

It's easy to make a similar lunch set yourself of the organdie and, of course, another flower in season could be used as a motif. Vases in the shapes of birds are the latest thing for table decorations.

● Would you believe those three famous sisters, Loretta Young, Sally Blane and Polly Ann not only look beautiful but cook beautifully? Really, I mean. Recently Loretta served her guests with a salad she had made herself. And if you want something delicious. . . ! It's tomato aspic with anchovies.

Heat two cups of canned tomato juice. Add one tablespoon of sugar and one teaspoon of salt. Add juice of one lemon and a dash of tobasco sauce. Add one and a half tablespoonfuls of gelatin —which has been soaked in cold water. Dissolve all and strain. Pour into moulds. When ready to serve, unmould and place on cold lettuce.

If the anchovies are to be used (it can be made without, if you prefer) select the small, curled kind. Pour your moulds half full of the salad mixture and let it set. Then add the anchovies, cover with more salad mixture and chill in the refrigerator. Serve with a mound of yellow mayonnaise on top. It makes a delectable dish.

● Here is the most important bit of news in months. Important because all the latest evening gowns reveal the backs in a way that dismays—if you haven't a good back. Benita Hume is credited with having the most gorgeous pair of shoulders and spinal column in filmdom and that is saying something! Here is her secret. *She stretches.* She does it the first thing in the morning and the very last thing at night.



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Hollywood Dares to Break Rules

(Continued from page 83)

Regardless of my prejudice, mourning is opposed to the premise upon which other social laws are based. At other times, at any cost, we're required to suppress our personal feelings immediately they turn unpleasant and likely to affect others.

THE separate houses Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster occupy are an old story. But they belong in any story of Hollywood's courage. This couple, honestly believing they are happier living as they do, stand up to the gossip that eddies around them.

For too many years entirely it was assumed there were two groups of women. Attractive women. They were described as charming and their praises sung by men. Smart women. They were described as estimable—Heaven help them—and their praises sung by other women.

Aware of the prejudice about women wise in the ways of business, the publicity department that first guided Mary Pickford's bright destiny credited the mother Mary loved so well with the business acumen of the family. But those who know Mary and who have worked with her have always found her more than equal to making her own decisions.

Today Hollywood beauties are frank about being excellent business women. They talk intelligently too, even when the conversation concerns itself with politics or finance. And in their spare time—the little they have of it—they read the new books and study at least one language.

Hollywood has entirely destroyed the old belief that beauty and brains aren't compatible. And proved you don't have to be a clinging vine for men to cling. If you understand what I mean.

WHEN kings were kings it was those at court who influenced fashions and customs. Let a beautiful duchess wear a hat of crushed violets and half the women in the kingdom ordered hats of crushed violets the very next day. And hoped to look as beautiful as the duchess. Let a glamorous favorite fly in the face of tradition and a thousand would do likewise.

Marlene Dietrich is photographed at a grand opening in a man's tuxedo. Within the week an exclusive New York shop advertises a man's tweed suit with regulation trousers as well as a skirt, advocating it for slim young things.

It was Garbo who gave us pill box hats and evening gowns cut high in the front.

Joan Crawford introduced the sleeve-conscious Letty Lynton mode.

As for customs . . . Was it really only a few years ago a famous star, announcing she was expecting a baby several months hence, proceeded to go about quite the same as before until what was at that time a shockingly short period before her baby was born?

Since then a dozen other stars as well as young wives all over the country have announced their babies well in advance of their arrival and continued to live a normal life, socially and professionally, until several weeks before their babies were born. Until now this procedure is accepted within the realm of physical possibility as well as within the far more restricted realm of good taste.

The pattern changes. Life today is much too crowded to be complicated by rules made to serve another age and generation.

Hollywood has the wisdom to see this.

Hollywood has the courage to break such rules.

Hollywood has the following to establish new rules in the bargain.

I'm for Hollywood.



While Doug, Jr., was in New York, Joan lunched with William Haines. Harmless enough—yet it meant an old social custom broken.

Story of Cavalcade

(*Continued from page 42*)

hand—not quite in the right direction—and said: "Hello, Frank Lloyd!" Lloyd was absolutely overcome. It was some seconds before he placed the man as Peter Smith, a former assistant to the director while working at Paramount Studios in 1917! The man had gone to war and they hadn't seen each other since.

AND do you recall the great dramatic heights to which the picture took you during the theater scene? Remember, the men of England had gone to fight the Boers, particularly to save a besieged village in Africa called Mafeking?

Well, those theater scenes were made at the dilapidated old Mason Opera House in Los Angeles. The crowds were in their seats, the orchestra was playing, the dancers were on the stage. Lloyd had a hunch that when the *moment* arrived that the "audience" would know what to do . . . so he didn't tell them what was to come. He wanted their *natural* and spontaneous reaction to the news that "Mafeking has been relieved."

The show progressed, as you remember, through about half of the second act when suddenly the stage manager rushed from the wings and, holding his hands aloft, yelled: "Mafeking is relieved!"

Lloyd *got* the natural reaction he had tried for!

No sooner were the words "Mafeking is relieved" out of the stage manager's mouth than the trombone player in the orchestra pit stood up and shouted, "Thank God for that!"

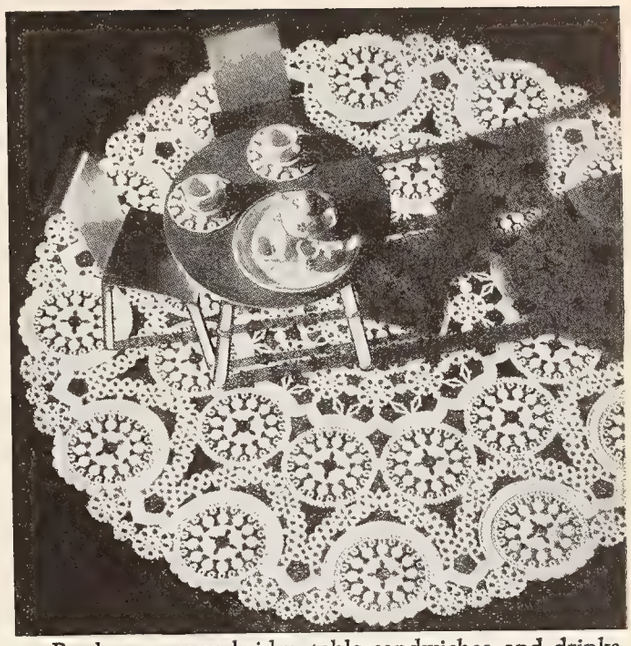
Lloyd was flabbergasted! The scene had been perfect until this musician ruined it! He rushed down to ask him his reason for such an outburst. He received this answer:

"Thirty-two years ago, I was playing in an orchestra in a London theater . . . during the second act a man rushed from the wings and shouted 'Mafeking is relieved,' and when the same thing happened today I subconsciously did exactly what I had done on that night so long ago! I'm sorry my actions spoiled the scene, but I assure you I didn't do it intentionally."

Everyone who had anything to do with the making of Cavalcade gave everything he had to the production. Just two days after Diana Wynyard came on the picture she had caught the feeling of the entire troupe to the extent that she wanted to make her part the greatest of its kind. She would have none of the recognized methods of "ageing" for the screen. She wanted no cane, no tremble. She argued that an old person is merely a tired person, and sold Lloyd on the idea of putting lead on the soles of her shoes as she was supposed to grow older.

"We started the last scenes (where I

a background for smart service



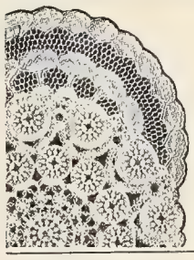
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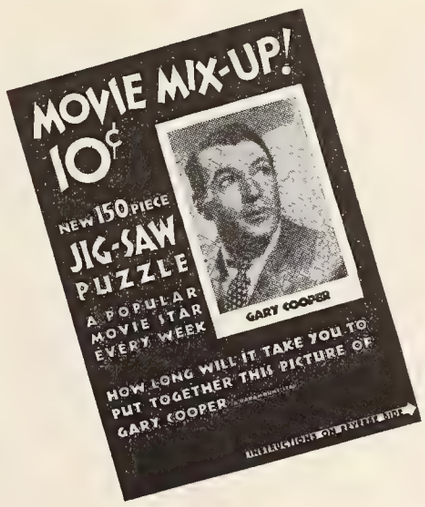
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LOOK AT THIS!

Of all the feminine stars in Hollywood, whose clothes do you think are the most fascinating?

Which stars have the most effective flair for chic? The most envious clothes sense?

Lilyan Tashman? Claudette Colbert? Kay Francis?

All three are noted for their smartness. Lilyan for being the most dashing. Claudette for her French chic. And Kay for that extra "stunning" something.

Next month, in Modern Screen, you will find the new spring and summer wardrobe of one of these stars. Flocks of fascinating new dresses—smart new evening things—and the last word in accessories.

You will be simply thrilled at those clothes.

Which star will it be? Can you guess?

DON'T FORGET!
NEXT MONTH!

was very old) about eleven in the morning," laughed Diana, "and they lasted on until eight that night. By five o'clock I had thrown the lead weights away. I was so tired actually that I must have appeared to be at least eighty!"

THERE may have been some question in your mind as to how the Titanic in the film was made to move. For what appeared to be the Titanic was merely a movie set unmovable. Actually, this particular illusion took over three days of experimenting to accomplish. Finally they hit upon a solution. Director Lloyd had a long ramp built from the ground near the front of the boat up to the center of the rail on the third deck. By propelling the camera slowly upwards . . . and towards the back of the boat at the same time . . . there was created the perfect illusion of the "boat" moving *forward!* In place of the boat moving ahead, the camera was actually moving backwards, which makes for the same optical result!

For the larger mob scenes (the Armistice Day celebration for instance) as many as twenty-five hundred actors were used at once. It is not generally known that this is the largest number of people ever used in a talking picture. but the records will prove the statement!

The various methods of controlling so many people made it appear as though there were thousands more than were actually employed. Loud speakers were used to start the scenes and such devices as lights and flag signals were used after the action had started.

THERE were always two cameras in use, situated at widely separated points, but pointed at the same object. The cameras and the object forming a triangle, with the two cameras at the bottom and the distant object at the top. Between, moved the extras. Five assistant directors were stationed on either side of the triangle to keep the people moving. Groups would be sent through the "lines" from one side and, once across the camera range would be turned about (by another assistant) and started back across the lines again.

The main reason for your conclusion that there were "thousands" of people in those scenes was the fact that the placing of the cameras and their common focal point allows the audience to believe that "there are thousands of people present that aren't in the picture." This is created by the simple method of never showing the edge of the crowd. Since you are unable to see the limits of the crowd, there are no limits!

Did Bridges actually get hit by the fire engine? No! It was a dummy. You may have come to that conclusion—but we'll wager there is still some doubt in your mind. The "action" of the dummy when the engine hit it was so real that there was doubt even in Hollywood as to how the miracle of perfect illusion was accomplished. The preparation for this scene took a great deal of time. It was realized that a dummy must be used, but no ordinary dummy would do. The public had been, long since, fed up with the dead weight look of a movie dummy.

After much thought, Lloyd conceived the idea of filling the inside of the dummy with thousands of small springs. This was done and when the scene was made the audience was surprised to see the dummy move naturally as it struck the ground!

There are countless other little stories of the studio life during the making of this great picture. The story of the veteran who was hired to play the part of a slacker, and after the scene was completed, begged the director for a chance to wear a uniform in the picture—just once! Of the little girl in the picture who refused to throw a toy at her playmate because, as she said, "It isn't good manners and I just couldn't do it!" Or the time when the same little girl spoiled a scene by yelling at the top of her voice: "Aren't we having *fun!*"—right in the middle of a scene.

But there is no more time. The battle is over, "Cavalcade" has won the victory that gave us a great picture and saved a huge studio from disgrace!

Just yesterday, I asked Lance Baxter to take one more trip around the huge stages and sets used for "Cavalcade." It was a pity! Already, one of the little "English shops" had been done over to resemble a "Chinese Chop Suey," the "Pub" had been transformed into a five-cent movie house for another picture.

"You know," smiled Baxter (the technical advisor on "Cavalcade") I hate to see the old set go. I've worked on over sixty pictures in Hollywood . . . but there was *something* different about this one . . . there was really something *fine* about this set and I'll miss it!"

What Became of Bushman?

(*Continued from page 59*)

THEN what has he done with his life? He resorted to the last stand of the has-been—the small "quickie" companies. He played secondary roles under directors whom once he could have hired and fired. He collected small salaries from men whom once he could have bought and sold many times over.

Working in a "quickie" company is the greatest humiliation that a once great star can suffer. Bushman suffered all of the pain to which the spirit is subject.

He did other things—radio talks in which his old glory was partially revived by a silver tongued announcer

who *said* he was the great star, Francis X. Bushman. But seated in the radio studio waiting to step before the microphone Bushman knew he had been forgotten.

He went to England to make a picture. He played in vaudeville in the United States. Upon his return to New York, where once his appearance on the street had tied up traffic, he now walks unrecognized. Once the most expensive suite in the most expensive hotels were his. Now he lives in decent—but obscure—hotels.

He is still doing his vaudeville act. At present writing he is in Canada awaiting the outcome of his suit for damages that I mentioned up there in the first paragraph.

And yet, the strange thing is that he looks very much the Bushman of his days of glory. Frank has always taken great pride in his physical prowess and even during these long, lean years since the finishing of "Ben Hur" (and his second exit) to the present moment, he has kept himself in good shape physically. He walks with the spritely step of a young man. And his eyes still have their piercing, direct, blue gaze.

"I'm doing all right," he will tell you—and you must admire his gallantry. "I feel better about things now than I did when the first crash came. Then I hated everything. Only one group of living creatures remained my friends—these were my high-bred, pedigreed Great Dane dogs. They understood. I could turn to them. I could tell them my troubles—and they stood by me.

"But I'm not so bitter now. I've met many charming people in these last years—people who seemed to like me for myself. And in these last years I can be sure that people do like me for myself and not for my fame and influence and money.

"That is a certain comfort!"

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 82*)

tures she has made. What her fellow-players think of her was shown when they voted her the winner of the Academy Award. What the fans think of her is rather difficult to put into words. All great stars with huge fan followings owe their fan popularity to a certain definite quality which radiates from them on the screen—in addition to and sometimes in spite of the roles they play. One word springs into my mind at the mention of Helen Hayes. That word is kindness. Just kindness and Charles MacArthur's brief but complete description of his wife: "Helen lilts!"

(*There were heaps and heaps of Helen Hayes letters—all praising. Sorry we can't print them all.*)

And here's another player who gets all praise, no blame—Paul Muni

TESSA WALDMAN of London, England, writes enthusiastically:

My criticism of "I Am a Fugitive" would no doubt be most incoherent, but mere words fail me—and indeed would be superfluous, when I attempt to describe *my* reaction to Paul Muni's reaction to the words in the film—"Your pardon has been indefinitely suspended." The only comparison I find it possible to draw is that of Emil Jannings' wonderful portrayal of the mad Czar in "The Patriot." Muni's magnificent personality would redeem any weakness in any story in which he acted and I feel sure that no one would have the temerity to offer him anything unworthy. I hope that lack of suitable stories will not keep him off the screen longer than necessary.

(*Muni's contract permits him to divide his time between stage and screen. He has not long ago completed a long run on the New York stage in "Counsellor-at-Law." So, once a suitable role is found, we may expect a new film from him.*)

Ann Harding's fans remain loyal

FOR ANN of Framingham, Mass., writes:

After reading an article, "Ann Harding's Menace" in your March issue, I wish to express an opinion. With all due respect to Miss Julie Haydon, it is going to take a great deal more than a resemblance in looks to put her in the place of that superb actress, Ann Harding. Despite the feeling of some club women (about Ann's divorce) there are still hundreds of people who think that Miss Harding is one of the most beautiful and talented actresses on the screen today.

How many of you agree that Lady Luck plays the greater part in success?

C. M. HUGH writes, all the way from Singapore:

Though beauty, personality and talent play also quite an important part, the stars really have to thank fortune for their fine luck. Quite a number admit this fact, but the majority believe they deserve the honor of being stars because of their consistently good work. One example of this was the article in your January issue about Norma Shearer's hard-working self.

Do you want plumper stars?

ALBERT KURTZ of Philadelphia, Penna., speaks for the men:

More men would attend the movies if we could see women with some flesh on their bones. All we see is hipless wonders, skinny legs, bony arms and flat-chested women. Men like women with curves.

And IRENE L. PEACOCK of London, England, agrees:

Wish Crawford and Garbo would put on a little flesh. I love 'em, but lately I almost expect to hear the rattle of their bones when they move.

A complaint about titles. Do you find them misleading?

KATHRYN K. of Hamburg, Virginia, complains:

Why do the producers choose some of the ridiculous and misleading titles which

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Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only 10 cents at most 5c and 10c Stores.

LOOK AT THIS!

Of all the feminine stars in Hollywood, whose clothes do you think are the most fascinating?

Which stars have the most effective flair for chic? The most envious clothes sense?

Lilyan Tashman? Claudette Colbert? Kay Francis?

All three are noted for their smartness. Lilyan for being the most dashing. Claudette for her French chic. And Kay for that extra "stunning" something.

Next month, in Modern Screen, you will find the new spring and summer wardrobe of one of these stars. Flocks of fascinating new dresses—smart new evening things—and the last word in accessories.

You will be simply thrilled at those clothes.

Which star will it be? Can you guess?

DON'T FORGET!
NEXT MONTH!

was very old) about eleven in the morning," laughed Diana, "and they lasted on until eight that night. By five o'clock I had thrown the lead weights away. I was so tired actually that I must have appeared to be at least eighty!"

THERE may have been some question in your mind as to how the Titanic in the film was made to move. For what appeared to be the Titanic was merely a movie set unmovable. Actually, this particular illusion took over three days of experimenting to accomplish. Finally they hit upon a solution. Director Lloyd had a long ramp built from the ground near the front of the boat up to the center of the rail on the third deck. By propelling the camera slowly upwards . . . and towards the back of the boat at the same time . . . there was created the perfect illusion of the "boat" moving *forward!* In place of the boat moving ahead, the camera was actually moving backwards, which makes for the same optical result!

For the larger mob scenes (the Armistice Day celebration for instance) as many as twenty-five hundred actors were used at once. It is not generally known that this is the largest number of people ever used in a talking picture. but the records will prove the statement!

The various methods of controlling so many people made it appear as though there were thousands more than were actually employed. Loud speakers were used to start the scenes and such devices as lights and flag signals were used after the action had started.

THERE were always two cameras in use, situated at widely separated points, but pointed at the same object. The cameras and the object forming a triangle, with the two cameras at the bottom and the distant object at the top. Between, moved the extras. Five assistant directors were stationed on either side of the triangle to keep the people moving. Groups would be sent through the "lines" from one side and, once across the camera range would be turned about (by another assistant) and started back across the lines again.

The main reason for your conclusion that there were "thousands" of people in those scenes was the fact that the placing of the cameras and their common focal point allows the audience to believe that "there are thousands of people present that aren't in the picture." This is created by the simple method of never showing the edge of the crowd. Since you are unable to see the limits of the crowd, there are no limits!

Did Bridges actually get hit by the fire engine? No! It was a dummy. You may have come to that conclusion—but we'll wager there is still some doubt in your mind. The "action" of the dummy when the engine hit it was so real that there was doubt even in Hollywood as to how the miracle of perfect illusion was accomplished. The preparation for this scene took a great deal of time. It was realized that a dummy must be used, but no ordinary dummy would do. The public had been, long since, fed up with the dead weight look of a movie dummy.

After much thought, Lloyd conceived the idea of filling the inside of the dummy with thousands of small springs. This was done and when the scene was made the audience was surprised to see the dummy move naturally as it struck the ground!

There are countless other little stories of the studio life during the making of this great picture. The story of the veteran who was hired to play the part of a slacker, and after the scene was completed, begged the director for a chance to wear a uniform in the picture—just once! Of the little girl in the picture who refused to throw a toy at her playmate because, as she said, "It isn't good manners and I just couldn't do it!" Or the time when the same little girl spoiled a scene by yelling at the top of her voice: "Aren't we having *fun!*"—right in the middle of a scene.

But there is no more time. The battle is over, "Cavalcade" has won the victory that gave us a great picture and saved a huge studio from disgrace!

Just yesterday, I asked Lance Baxter to take one more trip around the huge stages and sets used for "Cavalcade." It was a pity! Already, one of the little "English shops" had been done over to resemble a "Chinese Chop Suey," the "Pub" had been transformed into a five-cent movie house for another picture.

"You know," smiled Baxter (the technical advisor on "Cavalcade") I hate to see the old set go. I've worked on over sixty pictures in Hollywood . . . but there was *something* different about this one . . . there was really something *fine* about this set and I'll miss it!"

What Became of Bushman?

(*Continued from page 59*)

THEN what has he done with his life? He resorted to the last stand of the has-been—the small "quickie" companies. He played secondary roles under directors whom once he could have hired and fired. He collected small salaries from men whom once he could have bought and sold many times over.

Working in a "quickie" company is the greatest humiliation that a once great star can suffer. Bushman suffered all of the pain to which the spirit is subject.

He did other things—radio talks in which his old glory was partially revived by a silver tongued announcer

who *said* he was the great star, Francis X. Bushman. But seated in the radio studio waiting to step before the microphone Bushman knew he had been forgotten.

He went to England to make a picture. He played in vaudeville in the United States. Upon his return to New York, where once his appearance on the street had tied up traffic, he now walks unrecognized. Once the most expensive suite in the most expensive hotels were his. Now he lives in decent—but obscure—hotels.

He is still doing his vaudeville act. At present writing he is in Canada awaiting the outcome of his suit for damages that I mentioned up there in the first paragraph.

And yet, the strange thing is that he looks very much the Bushman of his days of glory. Frank has always taken great pride in his physical prowess and even during these long, lean years since the finishing of "Ben Hur" (and his second exit) to the present moment, he has kept himself in good shape physically. He walks with the spritely step of a young man. And his eyes still have their piercing, direct, blue gaze.

"I'm doing all right," he will tell you —and you must admire his gallantry. "I feel better about things now than I did when the first crash came. Then I hated everything. Only one group of living creatures remained my friends—these were my high-bred, pedigreed Great Dane dogs. They understood. I could turn to them. I could tell them my troubles—and they stood by me.

"But I'm not so bitter now. I've met many charming people in these last years—people who seemed to like me for myself. And in these last years I can be sure that people do like me for myself and not for my fame and influence and money.

"That is a certain comfort!"

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 82*)

tures she has made. What her fellow-players think of her was shown when they voted her the winner of the Academy Award. What the fans think of her is rather difficult to put into words. All great stars with huge fan followings owe their fan popularity to a certain definite quality which radiates from them on the screen—in addition to and sometimes in spite of the roles they play. One word springs into my mind at the mention of Helen Hayes. That word is kindness. Just kindness and Charles MacArthur's brief but complete description of his wife: "Helen lilts!"

(*There were heaps and heaps of Helen Hayes letters—all praising. Sorry we can't print them all.*)

And here's another player who gets all praise, no blame—Paul Muni

TESSA WALDMAN of London, England, writes enthusiastically:

My criticism of "I Am a Fugitive" would no doubt be most incoherent, but mere words fail me—and indeed would be superfluous, when I attempt to describe *my* reaction to Paul Muni's reaction to the words in the film—"Your pardon has been indefinitely suspended." The only comparison I find it possible to draw is that of Emil Jannings' wonderful portrayal of the mad Czar in "The Patriot." Muni's magnificent personality would redeem any weakness in any story in which he acted and I feel sure that no one would have the temerity to offer him anything unworthy. I hope that lack of suitable stories will not keep him off the screen longer than necessary.

(*Muni's contract permits him to divide his time between stage and screen. He has not long ago completed a long run on the New York stage in "Counsellor-at-Law." So, once a suitable role is found, we may expect a new film from him.*)

Ann Harding's fans remain loyal

FOR ANN of Framingham, Mass., writes:

After reading an article, "Ann Harding's Menace" in your March issue, I wish to express an opinion. With all due respect to Miss Julie Haydon, it is going to take a great deal more than a resemblance in looks to put her in the place of that superb actress, Ann Harding. Despite the feeling of some club women (about Ann's divorce) there are still hundreds of people who think that Miss Harding is one of the most beautiful and talented actresses on the screen today.

How many of you agree that Lady Luck plays the greater part in success?

C. M. HUGH writes, all the way from Singapore:

Though beauty, personality and talent play also quite an important part, the stars really have to thank fortune for their fine luck. Quite a number admit this fact, but the majority believe they deserve the honor of being stars because of their consistently good work. One example of this was the article in your January issue about Norma Shearer's hard-working self.

Do you want plumper stars?

ALBERT KURTZ of Philadelphia, Penna., speaks for the men:

More men would attend the movies if we could see women with some flesh on their bones. All we see is hipless wonders, skinny legs, bony arms and flat-chested women. Men like women with curves.

And IRENE L. PEACOCK of London, England, agrees:

Wish Crawford and Garbo would put on a little flesh. I love 'em, but lately I almost expect to hear the rattle of their bones when they move.

A complaint about titles. Do you find them misleading?

KATHRYN K. of Hamburg, Virginia, complains:

Why do the producers choose some of the ridiculous and misleading titles which

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Natural Beauty

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HAVE you looked at your complexion lately? Really *looked* at it?... Is it soft, smooth and clear? Or is it a little coarse, a little rough?

Sun... wind... days spent in the open! They drain the natural oils out of your skin. Cause your face to become dry and old-looking.

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Try this *different* face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes — 10c, 25c and $1.00. If you want to sample three of these popular preparations, mail the coupon for generous Free Trial packages.

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Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No telltale, flat "dyed" look. Cannot affect waving of hair.

No need to guess. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous tint. If Brownatone does not give your gray, streaked, dull, or faded hair its natural color, youth and luster, your money back. Only 50c. All druggists.

they do? "Flesh," for example. That was a grand picture. I went to see it because I like Wallace Beery and Karen Morley. But many people stayed away because the title sounded suggestive and oogey! And you should have seen the ads of that picture they plastered around our town.

MAVIS STARLING of Prospect, South Australia, writes in the same vein:

I saw an advertisement for "Merrily We Go to Hell" and I said to myself, "Some hare-brained thing, I suppose. Probably not worth the wear and tear on the old orbs." Then I noticed with surprise that Fredric March was in it. And I said to myself again (this habit isn't really chronic, yet), "Can't be so bad, after all." Well, I saw it and loved it. But if Fredric March hadn't been in it I would have probably missed a darn good picture and all because of a silly misleading title. Why do they do it?

JOTTINGS FROM OTHER LETTERS

JUST DESPERATE KATE of Canada wants to know what has become of Jean Arthur. (*She is in "The Past of Mary Holmes" with Eric Linden, Kate.*) MARGARET K. of New Haven, Conn., wants to know what free lance means. (*A free lance player is one who is not under contract to any particular studio. His services are paid for on a per picture basis by whatever studio is employing him.*) VIRGINIA T. of Chicago, Ill., wants to know why the leading man in "Prosperity" was mysteriously changed from Norman Foster to Wallace Ford. (*M-G-M made two versions of this, Virginia. Wallace Ford replaced Foster in the second version.*) MRS. K., who doesn't give her address, complains because casts of characters are flashed on the screen without telling which actor plays which character. (*We agree with your criticism, Mrs. K.*) JACK HENRY, who lives right in Hollywood hasn't much patience with the trouser-wearing fad on the part of women. He doesn't object so much to Dietrich's wearing male attire—"Her life is hectic and varied. She enjoys the privilege of an actress—to be amusing and slightly sensational." But, he adds, "Heaven help the box office if Clark Gable should suddenly turn aesthetic and appear at some future opening in periwinkle satin and silver fox!" (*Not much danger of that, Jack.*) GWEN BLAKEY of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, is crazy about Gable, but wants to know if we *must* see him taking a shower, as in "No Man of Her Own." N. L. BROWN of Pontiac, Michigan, states, surprisingly enough, that Leslie Howard is a "so-so actor." (*What about that, Howard fans?*) E. G. S. of Detroit, Michigan, wants to know "why we don't make a little more noise about Gary Cooper." (*Well, we're running the story of his life, E. G. S. The second installment is in this issue—page 64.*) ANNIE S. of Sumter, South Carolina, likes Bette Davis a great deal, but cannot help suggesting "That in future pictures where a Southern accent is needed, they get an actress from a little farther south than Boston, Mass." In other words, Bette's Southern accent in "Cabin in the Cotton" was not entirely convincing to Mason-Dixoners. CLARA FEHRS of Port Chester, N. Y., sends in nice compliments for our Modern Hostess department and Mary Biddle's Beauty Advice. (*Both departments are grateful.*) MARGARET UNDERHILL of Galveston, Texas, states that we give Janet Gaynor far too little space. "She is a great box office star," says Miss U., "yet she is as neglected as the lowliest ingenue." (*The answer is, Margaret, that Janet, while by no means as much of a recluse and publicity-hater as Garbo, is nevertheless averse to giving out too many interviews. She lives quietly and with the exception of the stories about her separation from Lydell Peck, she is not much in the newspaper and magazine eye. We admire her as much as you do, but just to print that we admire her wouldn't make a very good story, would it?*) MARIAN GERING of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in answer to Carter Bruce's recent article, "What Does Divorce Mean to Janet?", replies staunchly that it means "her fans love and will support her as they always have—she's still our ideal."

ONE LAST WORD

Please send in really constructive criticism! We get so many letters which say "I think So-and-So is wonderful." Most of the raves at present seem to be about Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell. We admire both boys immensely, but we think sometimes if we see one more letter saying Tom and Richard are wonderful we'll go mad. But seriously—tell us *why* you like or dislike. Just a plain statement of the fact that you enjoyed a picture or admire a player isn't particularly amusing or enlightening to other readers.

Remember—this department is in a roundabout way, working for the good of future talkies. *You* are really the only people who can work that good—by intelligent, sincere criticism. You can put that criticism into letters to this department. We will be only too eager to print such letters. So let's hear from you!

What the Author Thinks

(*Continued from page 39*)

contrast to the type of parts I had seen her play, there is, about her, absolutely no artificiality. But in "Cavalcade" in which, I again repeat, I find her performance magnificent, she is very, very lovely . . . as lovely a creature as I had in mind when I created the character of Jane Marryot.

In again saying that while I was invited to submit suggestions for the casting of the various parts and that I was unable to do so for the reasons I have already explained, I would like to take this opportunity of saying that I feel the picture is superior in every way than if I had personally been connected with the actual production, for the suggestions I then would have made would not have been an improvement on what was done without my cooperation.

I had many discussions in London with Mr. Winfield Sheehan with regard to the filming of the play. It was the desire of Mr. Sheehan to keep as near to the play as was possible. It was his idea that a faithful replica of an actual performance of the play at Drury Lane Theatre should be made in the form of

a gigantic newsreel—by that I mean no extraordinary efforts at special lighting or any attempt at directing. A true and unpretentious record of the play was made and that is all. That it was of invaluable help in the filming of the play is indisputable.

I should say that "Cavalcade" was discovered for the Fox Film Company by two women, Mrs. Florence L. Strauss, Eastern story editor, and Mrs. E. R. Tinker, wife of the then President of Fox. The play was bought and Mr. Sheehan himself liked it so much that he decided that he would personally supervise the production. Consequently, his views, advice and suggestions were of great interest to me.

I think we were in complete agreement right from the start, although I was afraid that perhaps with all those thousands of miles between him and Hollywood he might not be able to put his ideas into operation as conclusively and as effectively as he would outline them to me.

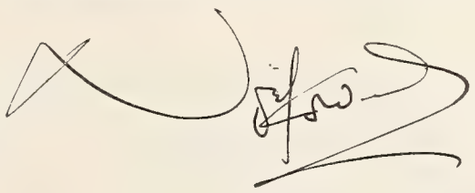
AN interesting and quite amusing anecdote in connection with "Cavalcade" should be related here. I was dining with my very old friend, Ronald Colman, one evening in Hollywood when Clive Brook walked in and joined us. Clive Brook had just returned from London and was more than enthusiastic about my play. There was no question then of his playing the part, and he had no inkling that he might be offered the role. I was deeply touched by his effusion and as a consequence I was more than pleased when I heard that he had been cast in the film. I would like to say that I was thrilled with his performance and for the life of me could not imagine anyone better suited to the character I had depicted.

I have been asked if there is anything in the picture that I do not like.

There is nothing that I *violently* dislike, if that is what is meant. I am not favorable to the horsemen going through the wood interpolated as an expression of the passing of time. It is too much like the pages of a calendar being torn off and I feel it hinders the action a little. But this is suitably balanced, I will say, by a scene that I like very much and which was not in the play and for which I am in no way responsible. The producers of the film decided to allow Joey Marryot to meet his father in Flanders and this I found effective and charming.

As for the much discussed comparison of the movie and the play, they are so very different. It would be unfair of me to say that the players in the film are superior to the actors in the play. I would not even say that this is the case. I might compromise by admitting that some of the players in the film are more effective than some of the actors in the play—and vice versa. But it would be unkind of me to say who those artists might be.

In conclusion I will say I am very grateful to, among others, Miss Diana Wynyard, who has given as sincere and beautiful a performance as I had ever hoped to see in the picturization of my play. I think I shall always see her standing in Trafalgar Square or saying good-by to the last of her sons at the station. Yes, Jane-Diana-Marryot-Wynyard will always live for me as I am sure she will for all those who go to see "Cavalcade."



Separation of Joan and Doug

(*Continued from page 85*)

But remember this and this is the absolute truth.

There is no other man in Joan's life!

There is no other woman in Doug's!

Had there been they certainly would have chosen to get a divorce instead of this separation.

Perhaps one or the other may say that it is a temporary separation—but that is not true.

It is final—and there is never any going back with a woman like Joan. For remember that this is not so sudden as it seems to you. Remember that this has been coming on for many months.

They have tried—and tried hard—to make a go of it.

But it just wouldn't work.

And how does Doug Senior feel about it?

Before they made their final decision they talked it over with Doug, Sr. He is a wise and a kindly man and he said, "If you two kids can't be happy together, then there's just one thing for you to do."

And they've done it.

Of course, Joan will get the brunt of it all. Of course, the envious will be saying, "Sure, we knew it wouldn't last. Crawford is just reverting to type." Joan knew this, too, and it has given her many sleepless nights. That is why the separation has been postponed longer than it should have been for the peace of mind of both.

But Joan is brave enough and true enough to stand that gossip. She is big enough to face it—like the girl she is.

As I said before you'll be hearing and reading plenty of bunk about those two—but this is the absolute truth!

The Last Word in powder puffs..
Read what Joan Foster, leading beauty consultant says:



5¢ and 10¢ each

IF you really are interested in applying your face powder more becomingly, and with utmost smoothness, be sure to buy this superior Powder Puff.

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What makes men fall in love with Blondes?

TESTS show that men fall in love with blondes much more easily than with brunettes. However, when blonde hair fades or becomes dull and lifeless a blonde becomes less attractive. By using BLONDEX, amazing special shampoo, the original golden, sparkling radiance of youth is restored and faded blonde hair becomes a shimmering cascade of golden loveliness. No dye, no harmful chemicals—marvelously beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try BLONDEX today! See for yourself the wonderful new beauty it will give your hair! It costs so little—only a few cents a shampoo. Now BLONDEX comes in two sizes—the economical $1.00 bottle and the new inexpensive 25c package. Get BLONDEX now at any drug or department store.

JUNE CLYDE
POPULAR STAR



Her little secret!

(Would you care to share it?)

Nobody knows just *what* she does to keep her hair so attractive looking. It always sparkles! It never seems dull (like so many other girls' hair.)

What is her secret?—You'd be surprised! A simple little shampooing hint that a famous beauty specialist gave her. Yet you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample!

**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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J. W. KOBI CO., 634 Rainier Ave., Dept. E
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair:

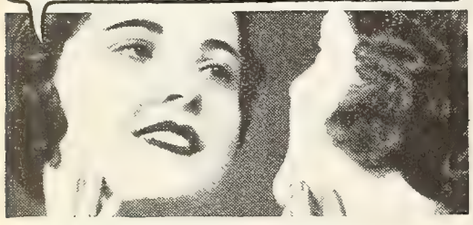
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Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5 and 10c stores.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

A Tour of the Talkies

(*Continued from page 10*)

you don't expect too much, you may not be disappointed.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED (Paramount)

Ten of the best writers in the country put their heads together and brought out this prize story in Liberty. Each writer, as you will remember, attempted to outdo the other, so the net result is rather good.

Nancy Carroll is in love with Cary Grant, but on the eve of their marriage, Louis Calhern (the bad man in Nancy's past) shows up. Said bad man gets overly-tough and so Nancy has to kill him. However, she believes she can snatch three days of happiness for herself by skipping off on a "cruise to nowhere." John Haliday, Calhern's best pal, suspects her and grabs the same boat, puts on a mock murder trial and gets her to break down and confess while the police take down the words via microphone. Cary gets her out of it in the end by horse-whipping one of the witnesses—and what a scene *that* is and what an actor Jack LaRue is!

Nancy isn't well photographed but we think you'll like the picture all the same.

BLONDIE JOHNSON (Warner)

Not so good, not so bad, either.

Joan Blondell goes gangsteress on us in this opus. She starts out with a chip on her shoulder against the whole world and becomes a big-shot racketeer, ruling with an iron hand from her pent-house apartment. Chester Morris is quite good as the double-crossing sweetie and strives as hard as does Joan to bring this picture out of the rut. It doesn't do them much good!

Mae Busch and Toshia Mori (the Japanese Wampas star) do what they can as well, but the picture still rates "Also Ran."

WHAT, NO BEER! (M-G-M)

This may have been the reason for M-G-M's letting Buster Keaton out after ten years with that studio—at any rate, Buster should never have allowed them to put Jimmie Durante in this picture with him because Keaton suffers by comparison.

Not that the picture doesn't have its moments. It *does!* Imagine, if you can, Durante promoting Keaton into a partnership beer racket, Buster to furnish the money and Jimmie the poisonality! Trouble, in the form of rival beer joint owners plus the coppers, haunts their trail. The high light of the picture is reached when Durante gets a tip that their joint is to be raided! He fools them all by inviting the whole town to come over and drink up the evidence. What a laugh *that is!*

Roscoe (Stuttering) Ates and John Miljan add to the merriment, but Durante purloins the negative.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Universal)

Here is an unusually strong dramatic picture! It should be enjoyed especially by those of you who have a serious turn of mind.

Twelve sailors and a feminine stowaway are lost at sea aboard a rum runner. Knowing they haven't long to live, they spend their last hours in a huge drunken brawl. Suddenly, and mysteriously, "the stranger" appears, takes them safely to shore and, as mysteriously, disappears again. The kick is in the various characters' reactions to the stranger.

There are some fine performances: Ralph Bellamy as "the stranger," Alan Hale, Betty Compson and Pat O'Brien. See it.

A LADY'S PROFESSION (Paramount)

How would you like to forget the bank failures, the mortgage, the war debts and all that tonight?

You can—with Alison Skipworth and Roland Young!

The title is a bit misleading. The plot really (what there is of it) concerns some broken-down English aristocrats who have arrived in America quite without knowing what bootlegging is and *why!* What happens *aside* from the story is what makes this picture such a honey!

Alison Skipworth creates the greatest laugh we have ever heard in a theater: all she does is try to get a certain number on the telephone. That's all, really. But you'll be convulsed.

You really should see this offering.

BE MINE TONIGHT (Universal)

This is another of those imported pictures and, as is becoming the habit lately, it is quite good. It's a musical—with a logical plot for a change—in which you will hear one of the most glorious voices you've *ever* heard! This man Jan Kiepura is the most famous tenor on the continent and is quite a handsome fellow as well.

It's a case of mistaken identity

with a lot of rather clever situations. We'll wager that you come away from the theatre raving about the leading lady (played by Magda Schneider). She's one of the freshest beauties for some time. Like singing? See it!

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount)

At last a director who has enough sense of humor to kid "Grand Hotel." A bouquet for you, Mr. Erle Kenton!

A story about people who go to the races and live in a small-town hotel. Jack Oakie starts the story by asking for his mail at the desk (remember Lewis Stone?). Immediately after, there's a murder—but David Manners and his bride (Adrienne Ames) get a break. You will see Carole Lombard reconciled with her ex-sweetie, Sidney Blackmer—through a bet! Plus the story of the old Southern Gentleman (Walter Walker) and his young daughter.

A lot of stories in one story. But we can't tell them all to you. The last line of the story, Oakie asks for his mail again. There is none. He says: "Nothing ever *happens* in this burg!" You'll like it.

SISTER TO JUDAS (Mayfair)

This is a slow, monotonous story about a man's insane jealousy over a girl whom he saves from suicide and then marries. Johnny Harron is the man and Claire Windsor (back again) is the fair damsel. Holmes Herbert is the other man.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warner)

Here's one that will make you laugh!

Joe E. Brown as the small-town baseball sensation goes to the Big Leagues with swell ideas as to just how marvelous he really is! Joe will kill you with his "talk over the radio" in which he gives his "reasons for success."

Then, of course, there is the cruel fellow (with mortgage in hand—forged and all that stuff) who attempts to take advantage of the home folks while lil' Elmer is wowing 'em in the Big Time. Needless to say, Elmer does his stuff and the whole sit-she-ation is cleared up!

Joe originally played this on the stage, so he has every trick down pat. You'll like it.

A SUCCESSFUL BLUNDER (Radio)

Nothing to get excited about here. Just one of those yarns about a murder!

Something new, though: You *see* the murder committed and then watch the amateur detective try to solve the crime. The detective is Junior Durkin—with Mrs. Wallace Reid as his mother.

It doesn't pretend to be sensational.

JUNGLE BRIDE (Monogram)

Just a "quickie" that's been "jungled-up" and results in rather slow entertainment. Desert island—murder—Charles Starrett accused and finally freed. Not very good.

KING KONG (Radio)

Finished at last! It took Radio two years to make this picture. But what a masterpiece! It's so different that the memory of it will linger with you a long time after seeing it. And you won't so easily forget Kong, the biggest beast in all Animal Kingdom!

The story concerns an expedition into the jungles. The girl (Fay Wray) is captured by a tribe of natives and given to their leader (King Kong) to appease his hunger for killing. But instead of killing her, Kong falls in love! Later, the girl is rescued by her people and Kong is captured and taken to New York for exhibition. Once he breaks loose he stops at nothing. He kills, tears down skyscrapers. turns the entire city into pandemonium, because he thinks in so doing he is protecting the girl he loves! And when he is finally killed, you'll actually hunt for your hanky!

Fay Wray—how beautiful she is!—does admirable work. Bruce Cabot as the hero is good, and Robert Armstrong is fine as the head of the expedition troupe.

See this by all means!

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 80*)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (Radio)—The comic strip character comes to life with Mitzi Green as Annie. **Excellent for the whole family.**

LUCKY DEVILS (Radio) Have you ever wondered what the men are like who do the dangerous stunt movies? You can find out if you see this. Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Bill Boyd are in it. **Very good thrilling stuff—okay for kids.**

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)—In "Grand Hotel," all the action took place in a hotel. In this story all the action takes place on an ocean liner. George Brent, Alice White and Zita Johann are in it. **Fair—children will be bored.**

MADAME BUTTERFLY (Paramount)—The famous operatic story of the little Japanese girl who fell in love with the American naval officer. Sylvia Sidney is lovely as the Japanese girl. Cary Grant is the naval officer. **Very good—but the children won't care for the sad parts.**

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MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM (John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran)—The poignant story of a little girl in a boarding school whose emotions are misunderstood by the over-severe principal. The dialogue is in German but there are English titles which make the story easily understood. **Very good—but not amusing for children.**

THE MATCH KING (First National)—Warren William in a story which is supposed to be based on the life of Ivar Krueger. Lily Damita plays a movie actress—made-up to look suspiciously like Garbo. **Good—the children won't be crazy about it, though.**

THE MASQUERADER (United Artists)—Ronald Colman. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

ME AND MY GAL (Fox)—Waterfront story—and pretty roughhouse—with Spencer Tracy and Joan Bennett. (Not Joan Blondell as we wrongly stated last month.) **Good—but you'd better look at it yourself before deciding whether the kids should see it.**

MEN MUST FIGHT (M-G-M)—Diana Wynyard and Phillips Holmes. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

MIND READER (Warners)—Warren William and Constance Cummings. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Along comes Boris Karloff scaring all the kids—and grown-ups—again. This time he's an Egyptian mummy who is brought to life by the application of some abracadabra and incantations. **Very good—parts of it okay for the tots.**

NAGANA (Universal)—Tala Birell and Melvyn Douglas show how they react to the tropics. You'll find their acting just as interesting as their reacting. **Very good—but children won't be interested.**

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT (Paramount)—George Raft as the owner of smart New York speakeasy has social ambitions because he loves Constance Cummings who is a Park Avenuooer. Mae West and Alison Skipworth also have parts which will delight you. **Good—but children will be bored.**

NO MAN OF HER OWN (Paramount)—Clark Gable, Dorothy Mackaill and Carole Lombard in the story of a gambler who learns about love from two women. **Excellent—but don't take the kids.**

NO OTHER WOMAN (Radio)—Irene Dunne suffers again in this—and very beautifully, too. Charles Bickford and Eric Linden are also in it. **Good—but not very interesting to children.**

PARACHUTE JUMPER (First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a young man who will accept any position—no matter how dangerous—in order to get along. **Excellent—and the kids will enjoy it, too.**

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES (Radio)—Remember the play called "The Goose Woman"? It made quite a dent in the popular mind some years ago. Well, this is a talkie version of it—with Jean Arthur, Eric Linden and Helen McKellar. **Fair—not for children.**

PENGUIN POOL MURDER (Radio)—Murder mystery with large doses of comedy supplied by the delightful Edna May Oliver. **Very good—and okay for children.**

PRIVATE JONES (Universal)—Lee Tracy and Donald Cook. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PROSPERITY (M-G-M)—Not quite as perfect as some of the other Marie Dressler-Polly Moran combinations, but well worth seeing all the same. **Very good—all right for the kids.**

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS (M-G-M)—Story of Russia's mad monk with no less than the three Barrymores playing in it. Lionel's performance as Rasputin will thrill you if you are one of his fans. **Excellent—but not for children.**

RED DUST (M-G-M)—More tropical stuff—this time with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Mary Astor and Gene Raymond. Clark and Jean make a magnificent team. **Very good—but better keep the children away.**

ROCKABYE (Radio)—Connie Bennett in mother-love rôle. **Fair—won't interest children.**

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Conrad Veidt, and Esther Ralston. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

SAILOR BE GOOD (Radio)—Jack Oakie goes nautical again in this story of prizefighting and the navy. **Very good of its kind—not for children.**

SCARLET RIVER (Radio)—A Western movie company on location is the background for this fast-moving action story. **Good—okay for children.**

SECOND HAND WIFE (Fox)—Sally Eilers as the second wife of Ralph Bellamy tries hard to remove the first wife's influence over her husband. **Good—but children will be bored.**

SECRETS (United Artists)—Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE (M-G-M)—Interesting and exciting drama of the older days with Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes. **Very good—but not for children.**

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)—Mae West blazes a trail across the screen in her first starring picture. Taken from her play, "Diamond Lil." **Very good of its sizzling kind—certainly not for children.**

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS (Paramount)—Cecil B. DeMille's amazing spectacle of the days when a Christian was something to feed the lions. **Excellent—but parts of it are too harrowing for children.**

SILVER DOLLAR (Warners)—The story of "Haw" Tabor and his amazing rise to power during the gold rush days. **Very good—but won't interest children.**

SISTER TO JUDAS (Mayfair)—Johnny Harron and Claire Windsor. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

SO THIS IS HARRIS (Radio)—Phil Harris, famous entertainer, does his stuff which makes this a corking musical picture. **Good—children will like some of it.**

STATE FAIR (Fox)—Grand story about a family which goes to the fair and what happens when they get there. It really is an all-star cast, with Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Norman Foster and Sally Eilers. **Excellent—okay for children.**

A SUCCESSFUL BLUNDER (Radio)—Junior Durkin. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

TERROR TRAIL (Universal)—Tom Mix in one of his last movies. Better see it if you're a Mix fan. **Okay for Western fans—excellent for children.**

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)—Amusing story of a maid and butler who go grand after receiving a tremendous legacy. Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville, Roland Young are in it. **Very good—and don't leave a single child at home.**

TONIGHT IS OURS (Paramount)—Fredric March and Claudette Colbert in a little something about a Queen and a commoner—and their love. **Very good—too flimsy to interest children.**

TOPAZE (Radio)—John Barrymore. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WAX MUSEUM (Warners)—Lionel Atwill as a madman whose chief joy in life is to murder beautiful women and then turn them into wax figures. **Very good thriller—but children may find it a bit too shocking.**

WHAT, NO BEER? (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK (M-G-M)—Amusing comedy about an author, the girl he loves and the gangsters with whom they get mixed up—with surprising results. **Good—okay for children.**

THE WOMAN ACCUSED (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

Bad, Bad Woman

(*Continued from page 47*)

easily reached. Much prettier dolls.

Mae wasn't interested. "I want that one." And turning to her mother, "You said I could have any doll I wanted."

THEY finally saw it was no use trying to dissuade her and at last two ladders were brought from the back of the store and Mae—the gal who always gets what she wants—proudly bore home the lavender-dressed doll.

It was this same stubborn and precocious child who, at the age of six, panicked a Brooklyn audience on amateur night by doing imitations of Eva Tanguay and other famous stars. That began her theatrical career—a career that was to lead her through stock, through vaudeville into musical shows and at last to make her author, producer and star of the sensational "Sex" and "Diamond Lil" and eventually to lead her to the screen in "Night After Night" and "She Done Him Wrong."

Mae West was the first person—according to Mae West—to do the shimmie on any stage!

That was way back when she was in musical shows.

Another story goes that Mae West was a member of an acrobatic act in vaudeville and also lifted what was supposed to be a 500-pound weight.

When she got her chance to get out of the lowbrow end of theatrical life and be a producer and star in her own right she figured—and she figured smart:

"Every Broadway actress has her own line," Mae said. "I'll give 'em

something different." And the sensational play "Sex," which she wrote herself and in which she played a harlot, was the result.

Mae gets her material in strange ways. One night she was coming into her hotel when another guest at the hotel—a man who had had a bit of a past himself—said to her, "You know, when you wear all those diamonds (the ones, incidentally, that were stolen in Hollywood) you remind me of an old sweetheart of mine who had more rocks than any gal I ever knew. Come to think of it—you look like her when you put your head down and sort of look up through your eyelashes with that hot look."

"Yeah?" said Mae, "Who was your friend?"

"They called her 'Diamond Lil.'"

AND that's how Mae got the idea for her greatest success. Diamond Lil was a real character of the 'nineties—as beautiful as Lillian Russell and much more spectacular. Mae didn't know whether she could play a 'nineties belle or not. Her mother told her she'd have to put on a lot more weight. At the time she tipped the scales at just 110.

"So I ate my head off," said Mae, "and opened in 'Diamond Lil' weighing 130."

"Sex" had been running on Broadway for some time before the law decided that it was offensive. So Mae was summoned to appear in court. Also there was the little matter of a play called "The Drag" which she had authored but in which she did not star. Later she wrote and produced "Pleasure Man" and the city of New York wanted to see her about that, too.

She appeared in court smiling and swapped wisecrack for wisecrack with the city fathers.

All during the time of her extremely spectacular Broadway success don't imagine that there weren't men in her life. Mae knows plenty about men. And then along came a lad whose last name is Timony. He's a brunette gentleman who wears a derby hat, smokes big black cigars and doesn't mind getting hard-boiled when the occasion demands. You'll see him around back stage or wherever Mae is. He gives her plenty of good advice and Mae has liked him in a big way for a couple of years now. Timony is what is known as a character.

Yessir, it's men that Mae knows best—and men who like her best, in Hollywood she found she got on much better with the men than the women. Women sort of resent Mae. They know her reputation. They know what kind of roles she has played and when Mae comes into the room all the nice little Hollywood girls cast anxious glances at their boy friends and decide it's about time to go home.

For Mae speaks a man's language. She loves prizefights and things like that. Hollywood had never seen anything quite like her. She's so doggone honest and sincere and real and—well—just what she is, Mae West.

I asked her if the roles she played didn't make people misunderstand her—make them think she, herself, was that sort of woman.

"Certainly!" said Mae.

And then I asked her what she did to counteract that impression.

"Well, I'll tell you," she said. "I don't try to change anybody's opinion. A person who is interested in the sort of woman I characterize likes it a lot better if he thinks I'm that sort, too. And people who are not interested in women like that—well, they're just not interested at all. So I just don't bother.

"People can get any sort of impression about me they want to have. And I'm still not doing so bad!"

Want to Be Like Kay?

(*Continued from page 43*)

Ford—and sails quite a big boat.

As for her dislikes, they seem to include fittings—and this from a woman who wears lovely clothes more beautifully, I think, than anyone on the screen — interviewers, yet she was charming to me, and posing for pictures and portraits.

I am telling you all this because peoples' likes and dislikes are sometimes keys to their personalities. But it isn't enough to like and dislike the same things as Kay Francis in order to be like her.

To be like her, you must be vital. You must be interested in strange people and strange places, you must be ready to embrace change and adventure when they come your way. You must be ready for new fields of endeavor. Think of the variety and changes of her life. From schoolgirl to secretary, and from secretary to stage and screen! You must be alive, every inch of you, and you must be adaptable. You must be a hard worker. Only a hard worker could have accomplished as much in a time as comparatively short.

You must have a sense of humor, which laughs with others, and at yourself. There is a difference, you know. Kay Francis has humor which is like a clear cold spring of water, but not too cold; sun warmed, let us say. It ripples back of her laughter, and the light in her sea-gray eyes—stormy eyes, I think. It is very refreshing.

I ASKED her what quality in people appealed to her most. She told me promptly but thoughtfully, simplicity. I do not believe she means the simplicity of purely mindless, primitive



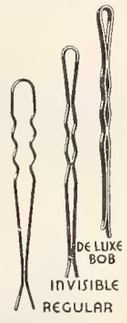
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things. She is not a primitive person. She is entirely of this world, poised, sure of herself, friendly, but not giving herself in intimate speech to every passerby. A good listener, an excellent conversationalist, as styled and chic and charming as one of the frocks Banton so brilliantly designs for her.

She has ideas. She knows which pictures she likes and which she doesn't like. She knows which parts she can feel, and, feeling, play. She has an excellent grasp of the mechanics of screen writing, the perfect construction which should go into the making of the perfect picture, and she is quick to see flaws in technique or characterization.

If you want to be like Kay Francis, you can't stop learning. You can't just rest on your laurels. You must set yourself a goal, and when you win through to it you must set yourself another goal and try for that one, too. Here is a self-contained person, quiet in gesture, restrained in speech but alive to her long finger tips, nothing inert about her, nothing phlegmatic. But a controlled person. I imagine that that control has been a goal and that she set it for herself.

If you want to be like Kay Francis you will have no use for swank. You will be faintly amused and more than faintly disgusted at the people who swagger in their talk, and who, having themselves won a certain position, look *down* instead of *at* other people, and who go suddenly high-hat.

If you want to be like Kay Francis you will be yourself. That is a paradox, I suppose, as perhaps you know your real self does not resemble Miss Francis in the least. But if you are yourself, you are like her in one very basic quality. For she is herself, quite perfectly, and does not try to be like anyone else. And how very wise she is.

In other words, if you want to be like Kay Francis you will be first of all your very own self, with a respect for the personality which is uniquely your own, a respect which isn't in the least vanity, and which is a very valuable thing to possess. For the rest you will be entirely natural. You will have no little affectations which, while they may be endearing for a time, soon become a bit boring. You will care for enduring things, the world which lies beyond your door, books, knowledge—and for simplicity.

I DO not mean simplicity of the "simple" sort. I mean a rather expensive simplicity. For it is, you know, the "simplest" clothes that are most expensive. The simplest dinner, which is the best, is generally prepared from the very finest materials. And in order to live simply one lives expensively. Nor do I mean expense in dollars. I mean that in order to live one's life as simply as possible, one must pay for it in a number of ways.

I remember that Miss Francis told me that when she is working she goes to bed at eight o'clock. If she consents to go out during the making of a picture she leaves a party at about nine-thirty. Ten is her deadline. Now, that is working hard and living simply, isn't it? And sanely, too, and wisely? But it costs her something, I imagine, in explanations and all the rest. We are cut so on a pattern that when any one deviates from it and makes his own pattern we are apt to be exclamatory about it. But when Kay Francis says she must go home at nine-thirty, she goes. This is her life. She intends to live it as she sees fit, and if she sees fit to be, for a time, a nine-thirty girl in a three-thirty town, she'll do it.

If you want to be like Kay Francis you must figure out where you are going and why, and when you have decided, you must go there serenely, as befitting a gentlewoman. With a little laughter back of your eyes, and with confidence in yourself and in your star.

In other words, if you want to be like Kay Francis you must be a very real person, and a person with not only genuine physical beauty, but genuine character.

If you *are* like her, I congratulate you. If you want to be like her I congratulate you also; it is a step in a very right and praiseworthy direction.

Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 78*)

getting around that corner where prosperity is reputed to be waiting for us.

ONE of the reasons why it should be a genuine pleasure to bake bread is the fact that the men, bless them, do so enjoy home-made bread and rolls and coffee cake. For instance, take Gary Cooper. He still remembers and loves to talk about the bread and rolls which his mother used to make when they lived in Montana. Of course, Gary, like lots of other men, clings to the notion that the bread his mother used to bake was the very finest bread which ever came out of an oven. Perhaps your husband makes just such a claim for *his* mother's bread, too. But with modern ranges and oven controls and thermometers and superb flours and scientifically prepared yeast, any woman with any instinct for cooking whatsoever can turn out better bread than *any one's* mother did and, what is more, do it with unfailing regularity if she will but follow a few simple rules.

The preparation of bread is a simple process and the time consumed in making it is short compared with that required by lots of other foods. And when you have introduced your family to the joys of hot clover leaf rolls, fresh and

fragrant, straight out of the oven, and cinnamon buns and oatmeal bread and butterscotch or almond coffee cake—not to mention the dozens of other varieties which you can make at home and which are difficult to buy, we know you will find they will be as delighted with them as can be—and will you be proud!

Almost all yeast-raised doughs are started off in the same way. The dough is mixed, kneaded, and set aside to double in bulk. As yeast does its best work at a temperature of about 80 degrees, you want to place the dough in a position where the temperature is as close to this as possible. Then the dough is kneaded again, shaped and again left to double in bulk. If you are in doubt as to whether or not your dough has raised sufficiently, stick your finger into it. If the impression disappears, let the bread rise a little longer. If the impression remains, the bread is ready to bake. You can't tell us that's much of a task!

THE next important point is the baking of the mixture. Loaves of bread should be put into a moderately hot oven—425 degrees is best, to raise the dough to its maximum bulk. Then, after fifteen minutes, the temperature is reduced to 375 degrees and the bread baked for about forty-five minutes longer. Rolls are baked for fifteen to twenty minutes in a slightly hotter oven —450 degrees is best—while sweetened, rich doughs require lower temperatures of 350 to 400 degrees. Then, when your bread is baked, if you like a shiny crust you brush the top with melted butter after removing the loaves from the oven. If you like a crisp crust let the bread cool without covering it—but if you like a soft crust, cover the loaves with a towel during the cooling.

One of the nicest things about yeast doughs is the fact that, if you have a mechanical refrigerator, you can store the dough after it has been mixed and keep it for several days. Keep the dough in a tightly covered container and the dry cold of the mechanical refrigerator will keep the yeast plants pleasantly inactive until you are ready to have them get to work. Then you can lop off pieces when you want to make up a batch of hot rolls for lunch or dinner.

If you want to maintain your family's interest in bread at a white heat, you must vary the breads frequently. Gary Cooper claims he could eat oatmeal bread at every meal, but we noticed with satisfaction that he went right on to talk about how much he enjoyed hot rolls, coffee cake and buns for breakfast. Our cameraman caught Gary in the act of eating his breakfast bacon—very crisp bacon, of course—with his fingers! Though no sanction to that procedure is given in any book of etiquette we have ever seen, it's the very nicest way to eat *crisp* bacon we know of.

We are giving you here a splendid basic recipe for bread and one of the many variations into which it can be made by the addition of a little of this and a little of that. In this month's Star Recipe Folder you will find four other recipes, one for the French buns, another for oatmeal bread, a third for butterscotch coffee cake and the fourth for cinnamon buns like those in the picture accompanying this article. These are, all four of them, Gary Cooper's favorites and will be nice to keep on hand *in case* Gary is your house guest one of these days! But in the meantime, try them out on your family and friends and see what a hit you will make—and what a reputation as a cook!

BASIC BREAD RECIPE
(Quick method)

2 yeast cakes
¼ cup lukewarm water
4 cups scalded milk (or half water, half milk)
2 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon salt
12 cups sifted flour

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Scald milk and cool. (Test milk by dropping some on the inside of your wrist. When it feels neither warm nor cold it is the right temperature to use.) Add sugar, butter and salt to milk. Add yeast water and half the flour. Beat until smooth. Then add remaining flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Turn out on floured board, knead until dough is smooth and elastic and has a bubbly appearance under the surface. Place in greased bowl, brush with melted butter, cover and set aside in warm place, free from draft until light (about 1½ hours). Knead again, mould into loaves and place in well greased pans, half filling the pans. Brush with melted butter, cover and let rise again for one hour or until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven (425°) for fifteen minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (375°) for forty-five to fifty minutes more. Bread is done when it shrinks from the sides of the pan. Turn out immediately on wire rack and brush with melted butter if desired.

CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

(A variation of the above)

To one half the above recipe for bread add 1 tablespoon sugar and 2 tablespoons of melted butter before the first kneading. After first rising, knead again and shape very small portions of the dough into small round balls. Place three balls in each well greased muffin cup, half filling each cup. Brush tops with melted butter. Cover and let rise until light—about ¾ hour. Bake in hot oven (425°) about 15 minutes.

Now, fill out that coupon on page 78 and send for this month's recipes.

In our next issue, the Princess Laure Murat will inaugurate a new department. It will be devoted to the subject of good manners. Watch for it!



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When His Nose Was a Handicap

(*Continued from page 45*)

keep askin' me what girl would go with a Big Nose."

Jimmy handed the empty water glass to Old Friend, and straightened. Fatigue left his face and frame, as he grinned.

"But say," he exclaimed. "When some guy comes up to me these days, and says, 'I seen you in a picture, Jimmy, an' I don't think you got such a big nose.' Do I burn up! Honest! It hurts me now when some one says my nose ain't so big."

Jimmy rubbed a finger along the noted nasal projection, while mention was made that many persons rise to fame because they seek to overcome early handicaps.

"I thought it was a handicap from twelve to eighteen all right," Jimmy nodded, serious again. "I used to walk home sayin' hello to this guy, and hello to that guy, and all the time in my mind I was thinkin' if I only could get my nose shortened."

He grinned suddenly.

"But don't get me wrong," he repeated. "Do I burn up if a guy tells me it ain't big now!"

"Did you get into any fights over being kidded about the size of your nose?" was asked.

"I was fightin' all the time," Jimmy replied. "I fought with one guy for four hours, and got my schnozzolla busted. I fought through six streets for four hours that time—all over the old neighborhood.

"You see, I didn't mind just bein' called 'Big Nose,' but those guys couldn't just call it once and then let up. They had to keep bearin' down, an' then I had to fight."

He straightened quickly.

"But I'd like to fight a guy now that wouldn't pay attention to the schnozzle," he said.

"Where I was born, and grew up, down in Catherine Street, near Cherry, it wasn't a soft neighborhood, and a guy with a schnozzle like mine, especially as I was very thin in those days, had a tough time," he continued.

BUT when the girls would gather around Joey McLaughlin, or some good lookin' guy like that I'd sit down at the piano, and begin to give 'em some music and make gags. And then they'd pay attention to me."

"How'd you learn to play?"

"My mother made me take lessons from Professor Fiore. And did it burn me up!

"And then the Professor used to give those things to show off how much his pupils knew—what-d'y-call-'em?"

"Recitals?"

"That's it. And my mother used to make me dress in a Buster Brown collar, and it burned me up. I never knew my lessons, but I could play the piano; and then they'd pay attention to me instead of to my schnozzle."

"That's when it burned you up to have a schnozzle?"

"That's right. I was sick over it then all right, but I kep' playin' the piano and makin' gags, and gettin' laughs. I always could get laughs. I always liked everybody to be havin' a good time. I always liked a good time myself."

"Overcoming the handicap of a big nose by playing and singing and making gags?"

"That's right," Jimmy replied. "Only I feel like bustin' a guy that says my nose ain't big now."

"He used to be ashamed of it when he was a kid but now Jimmy's proud of the old schnozzolla," Old Friend contributed helpfully.

"I used to think my nose was too big for the girls, and too big for business," Jimmy agreed. "But now it's different."

"When did you first begin entertaining?"

"I had a brother who was a photo-engraver for the American Banknote Company, and I used to run errands around there. I got laid off, and I heard there was a job playin' the piano down at Coney Island. I went down and tried out in a turtle neck sweater, all the rest of the guys that tried out were wearin' tuxedos. I got the job at twenty-five dollars a week—kiddin' and playin' the piano. That's how I started."

"And then you began to make gags about your nose yourself?"

"That's right," Jimmy said. "I had the schnozzle, so I might as well use it in my business."

JIMMY said that after the run of "Strike Me Pink" he will return to Hollywood, where he may be co-starred with Jackie Cooper in a photoplay written especially for them. His films, since he went with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, are: "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," "The Cuban Love Song," "The Wet Parade," "The Passionate Plumber," "Speak Easily," "Blondie of the Follies," "What! No Beer?" and "Hell Below."

At the door of his suite, Jimmy said: "We didn't get any gags in this interview."

"This was supposed to be a gagless interview concerned with the psychology of overcoming a frustration," he was told.

"Ha! Ha!" he said. "That's one gag anyway. Now I gotta think up another one for Hope Williams. She's a swell actress, and a swell dame."

Another Old Friend down in the lobby said:

"So you saw Jimmy? He's a swell guy."

To this observer it appeared that Jimmy Durante is a swell guy entirely surrounded by swell guys, swell dames, and Old Friends.

"You didn't see Mrs. Durante?" the Last Old Friend asked on the sidewalk in front of the Astor. "Gee! She's a swell dame. They been married eleven years—and they're still swell pals."

Unknown Loves of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 33*)

presents, each one of which she had personally picked out. It was Joan and he, working together side by side, making people happy—*together*. It was the high point in that boy's life—a life that was to be snuffed out so soon.

For, as he was driving home after the party, happier than he had ever been, there was an automobile crash. The hospital telephoned Joan at two a. m. He had been saying her name over and over again. Joan jumped out of bed and rushed at once to the hospital. It was she who called in the finest specialists and begged them to spare no expense or care on the boy. But he died on the operating table, her name on his lips.

The end of this pitiful little story is that Joan paid all expenses for sending the body back to his home in Florida and when she discovered that his slim salary had been making it possible for his sisters to go to school, and that now they would have to leave school, she sent a check big enough to allow the girls to finish their education.

THERE are many studio workers who worship the stars they serve. A cameraman who was once on Irene Dunne's set loves her from afar. A publicity boy adores Karen Morley; a publicity woman is in love with Ricardo Cortez. But none of these people may speak of their love.

Mary Astor kept secret for many months her love for the young doctor she eventually married. She did it because she was afraid of Hollywood—afraid the town would criticize her for falling in love too soon after the death of her husband, Howard Hawks.

Jumping to the past you'll find some strange unknown loves. Alexander Kirkland and Zita Johann were, when they were playing in a theatrical production in Europe, engaged. Kirkland has a brilliant and mature mind. Zita is exotic and lovely and it was only natural that they were drawn together. But temperaments clashed and the engagement was broken. Now the two find themselves in Hollywood—both building screen careers. And the amazing part is that their romance has been enriched by the years and they are very true and fast friends. There is no romantic love between them. An almost better thing has come in its place—friendship. And don't get Kirkland started praising Zita! He thinks she is destined to be one of the great screen successes.

Years ago, long before she married William Powell, Carole Lombard was in love with a young actor. Although he was married at the time, everyone knew that there was trouble—and had been even before Carole entered his life—between him and his wife. Carole was just a kid, but she played the game squarely. She refused to do anything to force the divorce, which inevitably came, but after she was in love with Bill Powell. There is, really, much more gallantry in Hollywood than the casual observer sees!

JUST the other day Dick Barthelmess and Constance Talmadge spoke to each other for the first time in years and wrote finis to an old romantic quarrel. Connie and Dick were engaged and very, very much in love. They had a lover's quarrel that resulted in Connie's marrying the famous tobacco king and Dick's marrying Mary Hay. But so bitter was the quarrel that even after their marriages Connie and Dick ignored each other when they met. Now, after all these years, it is forgotten at last.

There was a great mutual attachment between Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in the old days. Of course, Alice was married to Rex Ingram (and still is) and Rex was Ramon's discoverer. The three were the best of friends and were often seen out together. Because Ramon Novarro is the boy that he is he never declared himself to his friend's wife, but those who knew Ramon best were sure that his love for Alice was something more than friendship.

While Ramon was making "Ben Hur" he asked Alice if she would ride with him during one of the rehearsals of the famous chariot scene. Ramon, you know, actually did that hazardous driving. Alice declined. "You're not afraid that I would take any risks, are you?" Ramon asked. "You would trust me to be careful, wouldn't you?"

"I'd trust you," Alice said, "but I wouldn't trust the horses."

It was a very beautiful love Ramon had for Alice and even now—after all these years—whenever Ramon goes to Europe he is a guest at the Ingram home and when Alice visits Hollywood she always looks Ramon up at once.

BEFORE she was married to her present husband Helen Twelvetrees was often seen in the company of a famous executive. The executive was married, it is true, but for years and years he and his wife had been estranged.

Then there was a brief but unknown romance between Connie Bennett and a film salesman (before her marriage to the Marquis, of course) and another longer—but still unknown romance—between Gloria Swanson and a famous director. This last was many, many years ago—long before Mike Farmer came upon the scene.

I have tried, in this story, to give you as thorough a picture as I can of some of the romances about which Hollywood knows—but the world does not. Naturally it has been impossible in many cases to mention the names of both the persons concerned. And now I must tell you a story in which I can mention no names at all, and you'll see the reason why when you read it. The story is too good to keep and perhaps you can guess the principal actors. At

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any rate it was Hollywood's favorite gossip for months!

Two Hollywood stars had been intimate friends. One day one of the stars stopped by her friend's house to return a book she had borrowed. She saw her husband's car parked in her friend's driveway. She rang the bell—but there was no answer. She rang again and again and finally the butler came to the door.

"Is my husband here?" she asked.

"No, madame," said the butler.

But the wife pushed the butler away and marched through the house to a little den off the library. She tried the door and it was locked, but she knew the house well, so she went around through the library and flung open the other door which was unlocked. There, of course, just like a farce comedy, she found her husband kissing her best friend.

The next day the husband gave his wife a diamond bracelet to make her forget her injured feelings, but the wife and her erstwhile friend have not spoken from that day to this!

I have been close to many, many of these unknown loves of Hollywood. I have had many girls cry on my shoulder and tell me of their heartaches. For all the romances of Hollywood are not light and gay and cheerful. The word "taboo" is written across many of them. And very often a man has been called upon to play a make-believe love scene with a woman he really loves but to whom he dare not confess his love.

The newspapers tell about the well known romances, but Hollywood knows how long is the list of unknown loves!

Alexander Kirkland's Secret

(*Continued from page 34*)

father died, his properties hopelessly tangled up in the Mexican mess, and Bill was running errands for nickels in a near-slum in the South where his mother was hiding their plight from friends.

When—several years later—he was expelled from Taft School, he made a grand exit. He ordered an enormous funeral car and he and six friends—along with the sixteen pieces of luggage he owned—drove slowly over the grounds, to the tune of cheers from the other students. What a crazy kid he was! He ought to have saved some of that showmanship for Hollywood!

And now, maybe, you understand how it was possible for Bill to leave the girl he loved. You can see how unlike the average boy's his background is. He had done as he pleased, been (by circumstance) snatched from wealth to poverty and then back to near-wealth again, only to discover, when he was still in his teens, that he had to earn his own living after all. At twenty, when he met "the girl," he had already crowded several lives into his one short life. What, then, did he have to offer her? Stability, assurance of being taken care of, comfort and ease? He could not be sure he could give her these. And don't forget, she was an invalid.

So he did the only thing possible to do. He left her—and he left her without a word, because he could not trust himself to tell her he was going. Isn't it strange that what often seems to be the most cruel of deeds turns out to be courageous when all the facts are known?

His giving her up shattered him and so he thought he would live so fast that he would not have time to remember. He began chasing around with a wild, crazy, mad group of young people. This was his escape from the thing that haunted him. One day two girls and another boy of that crowd came to him in a big blue car they said had been loaned to them and they told him that they were going to Scott Fitzgerald's beach house.

They did go to the beach and stopped in front of a house. When nobody answered the bell the other boy went around to the back of the house and let them in so that they could avail themselves of hospitality to which they had no right.

AT last the owner of the house (it was not Fitzgerald) came home, found them there and was infuriated. But Bill's friend was a smooth talker and the crazy escapade ended with the owner's asking them to remain as his guests.

However, there were not always trick endings to Bill's adventures during that mad period of his life. The friends who he thought were just wild kids were, he discovered one disastrous night, a gang of petty thieves and blackmailers. One evening there was a mix-up over a girl. Bill hit the leader of the gang over the head with a bottle. Gallantly enough, he remained to tie up the boy's bleeding head and then got out fast! He never saw any of them again.

And thus "the girl's" influence was still felt. In trying to blot out her memory, in trying to be free, he had almost lost his freedom permanently.

And now he saw how ephemeral a thing freedom is. He needed that experience with the small time gangsters to teach him, so he traded freedom for a career. And that career has driven him ever since. The stage—and long hours of work—claimed him. Then came pictures and more work. His work has bound him.

The girl? Bill is twenty-five now. He knew her when he was twenty. Too much water has flowed under the bridge of experience for him to go back over lost territory. But she is still in his mind.

Now a lot of people have had strange

and colorful lives. The part that makes Bill's different is that his fantastic career has taught him how to live and given him a—I hate the word, but it says what I mean—philosophy that is startlingly mature for a boy of his age. His mind runs straight and true. He is sensitive, honest and sincere. And long since he has stopped just skimming the surface of things. Bill Kirkland goes deep, deep into human relationships. And because of this abundance of honesty and sincerity he is fitted to give some rare moments to the camera.

Although there are no more mad moments in his life—surely he has had enough of those—I don't want you to get the idea that he has grown stodgy. Not very long ago he said:

"Life is keenest when death is closest. The times I've felt most alive are when I've been in automobile smash-ups, a plane crack and a few weeks ago on a runaway horse in the Malibu Mountains.

"I was riding a friend's horse that had never been ridden except by the owner. The big black stallion was nervous with a new master, especially so on those trails about two feet wide over the canyon. When a rabbit zipped down the trail, the stallion bolted.

"If I pulled him in he might have reared and gone over the side of the mountain, so I let him have his head. I cut through the overhanging branches like a bullet and when he went around turns I could hear the dislodged rocks clattering down. He was heading for the narrowest and highest trail on the mountain.

"But I didn't have time to be scared. All I could feel was the thrill. I sighted a sort of peninsula of ground at a turn ahead and decided to land there, so I kicked out of the stirrups and threw myself. And that horse backed up to where there was enough ground to turn on and nosed me!

"By this time I had had enough time to get scared but I figured that he had run me about four miles and I'd rather be killed than walk that far in riding boots so I got on again and stayed on this time.

"I found out the next day that I had broken a rib, but I didn't feel it until the next day. And that's what's so swell about excitement—you don't have to pay for it until you've had it. And that's what's so silly about a thoughtful life, you pay for everything in advance—even what you don't get.

"You never appreciate life so much as when you're standing on the brink of a volcano. But the penalty is that you cease to be impressed with a wisp of smoke from a cigarette."

Three Vital Moments

(*Continued from page 29*)

charged with emotion as to offer us a full explanation of the three major slants of his personality.

"NEVER, never, never will I forget the first one!" Clark says. "It was when I was six years old, and they told me that the woman I thought was my mother wasn't my mother at all, but my step-mother."

As he speaks of it, even today when so many years have passed, his voice is vibrant with the bitterness of that moment.

"My real mother died seven months after I was born. My father didn't know what to do with a seven-months baby, so he took me out to my grandfather's farm and turned me over to Grandma. I stayed there until I was two and a half years old. Then Dad married again, and took me back. The idea was that I would grow up believing that Dad's new wife was my real mother. I'd do the same thing for a kid of my own. It was sweet of them. They thought they were saving me from ever learning that my mother had died. They had no way of knowing that it wouldn't work out that way. What spoiled their plan was that we lived in a small country town—Hopedale, Ohio. Everybody knew everybody else's family secrets. And, of course, kids are worse gossips than their parents, because they don't understand what the gossip is about, except that it must be important or else their folks wouldn't be so interested in it, and the mystery makes it all the more attractive to them. I guess every kid in town knew that I was a step-child, except me. It didn't come out until I was six years old, when I started school. I was crazy about that school! To me, so new in it, it seemed like just a place for a lot of kids to get together and play games. I remember just when it happened. We were coming out of school for the morning recess. The first thing I knew, some kid was yelling in singsong fashion, the way kids do:

"'Clark ain't got no Ma-a,
Clark ain't got no Ma-a!'

"I thought it was some new kind of game, at first, but the next minute there was a whole ring of kids around me. The secret was out, you see. They stared at me the way they might have stared at a dog that had been run over in the street. I suppose they were just curious, wanting to see how I'd take it. And then they all took up that singsong.

"'Go on, I have too got a Ma,' I said. I tried to keep from crying.

"'No you ain't, either. You got a step-ma. Your ma is dead. The ma you got ain't no real ma at all.'

"When the bell rang, it was all I could do to make it to my desk. I haven't the least idea what the rest of that day was like. I must have been in a kind of—what would you say—stupor?



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When I got home that afternoon, crying—I sneaked home 'cross lots, alone—I asked Dad what the kids meant, and he told me that it was true. It killed me. That's the only way I know to express it. Some part of me died, that day. I was different from other kids. They had mothers, and I didn't. I would never have a real mother to love me. I would always be shoved off, apart from other people."

THAT moment may easily explain the bitterness and disillusionment which are so much a part of Clark's screen appeal today. A child of six is a thousandfold more sensitive than we, his elders, believe. Children suffer more than grown-ups, because they have no way of knowing that their suffering is not going to last 'for ever and ever.' Those stupid little schoolmates implanted in Clark's soul, so deeply that he has never since been able to remove it, a conviction that he was different, that he was an outcast. And at the same time they killed his faith in his parents, not only heightening that conviction but also lessening his faith in everybody in general. Clark became, as a result, a sullen and suspicious boy. To this day, he is unable to trust anything, or anybody, wholeheartedly. Thus we say that he is disillusioned and cynical.

For our second determinative moment in Clark's life we must skip to his eighteenth year. At eighteen Clark was working in a factory, at Akron, Ohio, which specialized in the making of auto rims. The steel was brought into the factory in long strips. These were cut into lengths according to the circumference of the tire rims being turned out, and the lengths were fed into bending-machines. The bending-machines took the straight lengths, clamped them tightly, and then, when the steam-pressure was turned on, with terrific force curled them into perfect circles.

Clark's past, young though he was, already included working as a lumberjack, a newspaper advertising man, a tool-dresser in the oil fields, and a haberdashery clerk. He was in the steel-mill as a timekeeper. Drifting around among the workers, he had often wondered what would happen if one of them should become careless about inserting his strip of steel into his machine. The men were on piecework, and they worked fast. It seemed inevitable that, sooner or later, somebody's flying fingers would make a mistake. So, one day when he heard a report like a cannon-shot, Clark knew instantly what had happened. Either a length of steel had snapped because of a fault in it, or a man had shoved it into the bending-machine without proper caution.

DASHING out of his small timekeeper's office, he raced in the direction of the report, for he knew that the workman would be hurt, and that bandages and tourniquets might be needed. He need not have hurried. The rim, lashing out from the machine like a coiled spring, had killed the man instantly. Its lower end had crushed his chest and his arms. Its upper had sheared his head off, smashing it to a pulp. Blood was pumping from the arteries of the headless neck in a veritable fountain.

"I was almost the first man there," Clark says, "and I got a good look. It made me feel faint, and sick at my stomach. I saw that poor, bloody, smashed devil for months afterward. I don't mean I just had dreams about him; I had regular hallucinations, in broad daylight. The whole scene would come back to me, down to the smallest detail. Months and months, it took, before it went away."

It *never* has gone away, entirely. It explains why Clark is reckless, grim and defiant. Why try to get a secure, easy life for yourself, when there is no such thing in the universe as security? When an accident may come at any second which will smash you to bits as that workman was smashed? Be reckless! For life itself is reckless! It is no wonder that Clark gives us the impression of grimness. That bending-machine taught him how grim fate can be! A piece of faulty steel—a slip of your finger, that you can't help—and you're over the boundary-line of death before you ever know what hits you. If that isn't grim, what is?

The moment in Clark's eventful life which determined the third major slant of his personality was of another kind entirely. The first two were instantaneous reactions. The third built itself up over a period of years, and came to him in the form of a slow realization, in the dingy hall bedroom of a third-rate hotel.

HE had left the oil fields for the stage, by that time. Why he wanted to be an actor he had no idea—"I guess because the work was easier than tool-dressing," he says, now, smiling. Merely to *be* one had seemed sufficient to him, at first, looking at it from the vantage-point of an oil derrick. Actors made money, they had an easy life, they traveled, they grew famous and beloved. What a marvelous existence! . . . At any rate, he had made his decision, and now he was an actor. He had played in Little Theaters, in ten-twent'-thirt'; he had toured the country in stock companies; he had played leading parts in Texas, he had carried a spear in Jane Cowl's "Romeo and Juliet" company on the coast. He had gone up, down, up, down. He was an actor.

"And then, one night, something hit me," Clark tells you. "I don't remember what town it was, but I remember the hotel bedroom I was in. I'd finished work at the theater, had something to eat, and come back to the hotel. I was getting ready for bed, and, all of a sudden, I began to look around me, at the room, as if my eyes had opened twice as wide as usual.

"'Look at this dump,' I said to myself. 'Look at it! An iron bed. A mattress. A dusty red carpet. Varnished, ugly wood. Faded wallpaper. Four walls, like a box. This is a fine way to live! So this is what you get for being an actor!'

"Then I began to look at it the other

way 'round. 'All right,' I said to myself, 'now, suppose that you get to be a success. In this business you go up and down, up and down. I've been a success before, and I'll be a success again, as soon as I get into a decent play. All right—suppose I'm a success. What of it? All I'm living in this hole for is to keep going until I'm a success. What is success good for, to make me want it so badly?'

"I thought it over, sitting there on that hard bed with one shoe off and one shoe on, and it came to me that I didn't really care whether I was successful or not. Success would never mean anything to me because I didn't have anyone to share it with, anyone to be proud of me. Here I was, kicking around the country, giving year after year of my life to it, eating bum food, sloshing through rain and snow, nursing myself in hotel bedrooms when I caught cold, putting up with a lot of misery, struggling to get ahead—when not one soul in the world cared whether I lived or died. What difference did my life make? I had *no*body!

"I can't quite describe to you what that feeling was. It only lasted for a minute or so—maybe only a few seconds—but it was as if all the loneliness of all the lonely people in the world poured into me!"

And that loneliness, too, has never quite left Clark. It shows in his face. You hear overtones of it in his voice.

It explains, in all probability, why women sense in him the need of love. In a flash of awareness, in that dingy hotel room, he learned how terribly he needed love, how marvelous and how desirable a thing love is. The hunger for love, that burst into fierce flame then, has colored his subconscious mind ever since. Ah, yes—if he were given love, he would know what to do with it! For he knows its value. And women *know that he knows.*

Clark Gable is bitter, defiant, and wistful. . . . Bitter, because the heart of a boy of six was shattered. Defiant, because a blood-spattered machine mocked a sensitive boy of eighteen with the truths that the good die with the wicked, and that a man's life is not precious in the eyes of nature. Wistful, because a young man in his late twenties realized that, though he spent the rest of his life searching, he might never find enough love to warm away his intense loneliness and yearning.

Hepburn's Behavior

(*Continued from page 31*)

Peace Party Headquarters, while the girlish, half-grown Katharine asked me about reform (yes, I was also a Dress Reformer then!) and listened attentively while I expounded the evils of conforming to basically ugly and swiftly changing fashions.

I recall well how her eyes widened as I enlarged on the freedom of the body, the beauty of Greek costumes and the cult of the classic dance.

"Well! My body is *always* going to be free!" she declared in solemn agreement with me.

And then, I remember, we both turned to criticize the costumes of the women passing on Fifth Avenue below the office window. The tight, uncomfortable costumes of early, pre-war days, mixed with the uniforms of all nations. I wore a Greek robe, myself, and Katharine was as interested in it, if not more so, than in the anti-war propaganda our office was putting out. In that day I little dreamed that, in two short weeks, President Wilson would have declared war in spite of our puny efforts, and that I would have changed my tunic for a military tunic, and my desk for the driver's seat of an ambulance, but such was the case— While Katharine—well, Katharine, with all of the indelibly printed radicalism of her childhood background fresh in her young mind, was to be plunged during her most formative years, into the flaming youth set which was such a notable by-product of the World war!

That was all years and years ago. My world moved—as did the Hepburns'. We drifted apart. Even the name came to mean little to me. And so, when Katharine Hepburn started startling Hollywood—where I have been living for some years—I did not realize it was the same little girl who had been taught to always express herself.

I finally met the wild young lady. I looked at her with a puzzled expression in my eyes. Then the past came back.

"WHY, I remember you from the old days," I said. "And your mother—"

"Oh," Katharine burst out. "Oh, I was afraid you would. And if you do, you know altogether too much. I hoped you'd forgotten!"

I had forgotten, but now I remembered plenty. Her family far from opposing the girl's stage career, had been delighted at her choosing the theater as a profession. They would have been equally pleased if she'd decided upon big game hunting in Africa, provided Katharine was "expressing her true self fully."

I noticed that the aftermath of the war has left a mark of change upon her, so that the little lines about her mouth and eyes tell a tale of deep experiences and fierce emotional battles. But the girl was no longer a puzzle to me—knowing these intimate details of her hitherto secret youth, I understood—her fierce rebellions—her impatience—her superior attitude—for it is a fact that, whatever else may be said of her, Katharine Hepburn is not as other women. And you know the reasons.



She feared this darkness around her...

. . . but she was more afraid to stay in that house!

BABY-TALK GIRL. Prude. Ninny. That's what they called her. But all the names in the world couldn't overcome Nita's distaste for promiscuous kissing.

Something in her rebelled against the random petting of this house party to which Jerry had brought her.

Came that awful scene—to sear her memory. . . . In shame and embarrassment she bowed her head; then, before astonished eyes, ran wildly, hysterically, from that house. . . .

Let Dorothy Dow tell you in her charming way the interesting conclusion of this stirring story that strikes home so deeply to every girl. Look for "SMALL TOWN GIRL" in the current issue of SWEETHEART STORIES.

You're due for a feast of absorbing love stories in the same issue, especially "Port o' Dreams," a complete novelette and a gloriously romantic tale of young love.

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Let's Talk About Hollywood

(*Continued from page 84*)

ALL this publicity Paramount is putting out about Marlene and her trousers is getting a lot of cracks from the sidelines. Her statement that she wears them "because they are so comfortable" rather contradicts the consensus of masculine opinion that tuxedos are about the most *un*comfortable things created!

CLARK GABLE acted like a big overgrown kid when the jokesters on the set of "The White Sister" sprang a surprise party on him the other day. There was a huge birthday cake with one candle. Helen Hayes presented him with a bronze statue (kewpie doll) as the award for the most out-of-focus picture of the year (Clark has his own camera, y'know). Other gifts were: ear tape, a moth eaten polar bear head with pop gun attached, one lone peanut in a box and a candle stick.

London reports that Marlene Dietrich and Ramon Novarro are scheduled to grace their fair city this summer—in vaudeville. What accents that will make!

EVERYTHING is beginning to look up for Mae Clarke. This gal has had some mighty tough breaks, but that's all over now. Her latest good news is a nice contract from M. G. M., which she earned after her role in "Rivets" with Jack Gilbert. She's all set to step into "Soviet" which will co-star Clark Gable and Wallace Beery. It looks like Mrs. Clarke's girl is "sittin' pretty."

William S. Hart will always have a place in his heart for horses. Recently when he stepped off the train in Chicago he noticed a poor old nag shivering in the rain. Bill immediately went over and bought a bright red apple and offered it to the horse. . . .

JIMMY CAGNEY'S next picture dealing with "reform" must have had its affect on him! He (yes, the same red-headed rascal that put up such a howl over a raise just a few months ago) has *voluntarily* taken a cut in salary!

SAN FRANCISCO folks who attended the opening of the musical revue "Tattle Tales" received quite a shock when the leading lady, Barbara Stanwyck, became suddenly ill and had to be taken to her hotel on a stretcher. The manager announced that the show couldn't go on without her, so their money would be refunded at the box office.

Barbara has been ailing for some time, but like all good troupers, has tried to "carry on" in spite of it.

Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor are seen everywhere together! And just a few weeks ago Eleanor started divorce proceedings against Vidor and ooh, the nasty things she said about him! It's a queer world. . . .

HARPO MARX has challenged Ely Culbertson's remark that "There isn't a good bridge player in the movie colony." He and Chico are going to take on the expert and his wife in a fifteen rubber match. Harpo says he has no family ties, so "all night" sessions will be okay with him.

Culbertson has proved quite a disappointment to a lot of Hollywood dames. They all had hopes of playing a hand or two with the great Eli, but so far his social engagements have been almost nil! It's all business with him. In fact, he takes it so seriously that the director on his picture walked out because Culbertson raised such a fuss about the way the cards were dealt in a certain scene!

WE ran across Marie Prevost and Buster Collier billing and cooing over their tea cups the other afternoon. They've been doing it for ages! The thing that caught our attention, tho, was Marie's figure. Remember how plump she used to be? All gone. This Prevost lady now has one of the slickest figures in Hollywood! Exercise turned the trick, says Marie—especially walking.

'Tis said Lydell Peck is ready, willing and able to kiss and make up any time Janet Gaynor says the word. But the only "word" Janet seems to be saying is to her Mexican attorney.

HOLLYWOOD men decided it was high time they did something about this "pants craze" among the females; so Wally Beery walked blithely into the Derby one noontime with two gorgeous (?) women on either arm. Upon close inspection the "women" turned out to be Wheeler and Woolsey in *skirts!* (Both smoked black cigars). Next day the Marx brothers tripped daintly down the boulevard in ruffles! Jimmy Durante went to the other extreme and sallied forth in a pair of "knickerslacks," which are nothing but abbreviated shorts! Schnozzle claims they're veddy comfy, and accentuate the beauty of his shapely limbs!

After a year's absence, Esther Ralston along with hubby George Webb and baby Mary Esther, is giving her home town Hollywood a fleeting visit. Esther has been faring very well over in Europe during the last year.

ANOTHER marriage gone on the rocks! This time it's Boots Mallory who is asking to be relieved of marital ties. The husband in this case is Charles Bennett, New York agent. And the reason is "temperament" as usual.

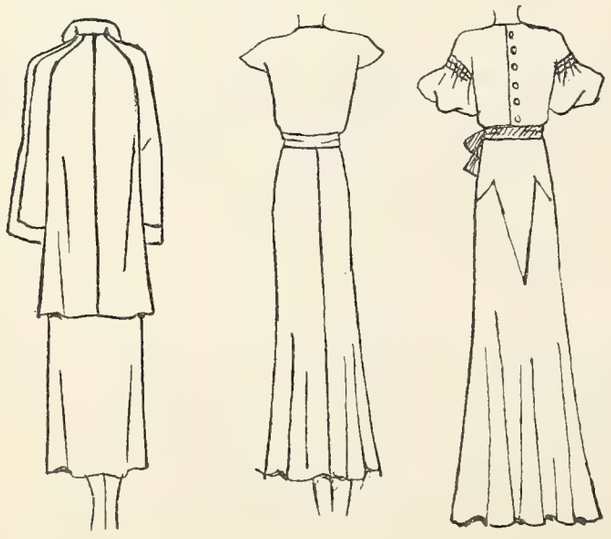
In the same breath we announce the marriage of Josephine Dunn and Eugene John Lewis, attorney.

So that evens things up.

A warning to all butlers: Always laugh at your master's jokes, no matter how many times you've heard them! A well known Exec in Hollywood recently fired his man because he refused to even smile when said Exec made a funny crack in front of a room full of people.

PLEASE save the part for me, I'll promise to get well in a hurry!" So cried Benita Hume as she was rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. Benita, English actress, had just signed a ticket with M-G-M and was about to step into her first leading rôle in "Service" when the ol' appendix started turning cartwheels.

We regret that owing to the number of stories in this issue we simply hadn't space for our Directory of Players. This will surely be included in our next issue. If, in the meantime, you need our Directory, send ten cents in stamps to MODERN SCREEN, *100 Fifth Avenue, New York City—saying it's for the Directory—and we'll send you the latest one on hand.*



The back views of three of our patterns—the swagger coat and skirt (5215 and 5170), the afternoon frock (5202) and the semi-formal gown (5112). The front views are on page 71.

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PICK UP!



She sought refuge in his taxicab, but found . . . . ?

Freedom was a mockery for Mary Richards! Yes, the prison gates had opened—but to what had they released her Bleak city streets. . . .

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says JOHN HELD, Jr.

The Famous Artist and Author gives some Fashion Advice for your Spring Apparel and Home Decorations

BEFORE I started to make the drawings for this page, I interviewed well-known style creators and interior decorators. "What", I asked, "is the outstanding fashion note for Spring?" "Color!", they answered. "Color in every article of apparel — home decorations, too. Color that is lively, brilliant, cheerful."

That being the case, how fortunate there is such a product as Tintex. With these so-easy-to-use Tints and Dyes, you can give everything you wear the gayest colors of the season —at an insignificant cost!



Above, I've sketched three young ladies who have just finished their Spring Tintexing. And my! How the old homestead glows with fresh, bright color. Faded curtains, drapes, slip-covers, table-linens, etc., have become just-like-new!

It's an exciting adventure to restore color or give new color to faded "undies," stockings, dresses, frocks, etc. And it's an adventure without any risk if you use Tintex. Never spots and never streaks.

A Tea-Time Interlude:—"No, darling, I must confess. This isn't a new dress—just last year's dress, given a glorious new Spring color with Tintex."

I've always felt that if any product has achieved leadership it must be pretty good. Don't you feel the same way? Well—Tintex is the largest-selling Tint and Dye in the world! Women seem to agree on Tintex.

You can always get just the color you want with Tintex Tints and Dyes. There are 35 fashionable colors to choose from. And you can buy them all-over-town!

One real kiss
gave her new ideas on life!



She could lick an army! Swear like a trooper! Drink any man down! What a man-eater she was! Until a *real* man came along and gave her new ideas on life. From then on things were certainly changed! . . . This is the "different" picture you've been longing for. So gay and merry you'll laugh yourself sick when you see it—and laugh a lot more every time you think about it. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre, now, when it is going to be shown.

"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"

A Jesse L. Lasky Production

with

ELISSA LANDI
MARJORIE RAMBEAU
ERNEST TRUEX
DAVID MANNERS

Directed by Walter Lang

A

FOX PICTURE

In this picture it's the women who do the chasing—the men who are chaste!

MAY -1 1933
©C1B 190390

MODERN SCREEN

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You can save $100 by washing your clothes this easy way

NOTHING is harder on clothes than scrubbing them against a washboard. Save money — use Rinso! Its lively suds *soak* out dirt. Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter —last 2 or 3 times longer. It's possible to save $100 or more on clothes by washing them this safe, "scrubless" Rinso way.

The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers recommend Rinso. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.*

Great in washers, too

Makers of 40 famous washers say, "Rinso for safety and whiter clothes!" Wonderful for dishes —*easy on hands!* Get the BIG box.



The biggest-selling package soap in America

REVIEWS

—a tour of today's talkies



James Cagney and Alice White in "Picture Snatcher." Cagney is at his best in this one—and that's saying plenty. The story is good, too.

PICTURE SNATCHER (Warner)

THIS boy Cagney never misses! Here we have Jimmy fresh out of the Big House with a determination to go straight. He gets a job on a newspaper, falls in love with a cop's daughter, is instrumental in getting the cop a promotion and then unintentionally demotes him again. But when a couple of policemen are bumped off, Jimmy turns hero, wrings in the old cop on the glory, and both go on up the ranks—with Cagney winning the gal (Patricia Ellis) as well.

Cagney is at his best in this snappy fast-moving comedy. He has ample support in ga-ga-eyed Alice White, Robert Emmett O'Connor as the cop and Ralph Bellamy as the city editor. You'd be foolish to miss this one.

OUR BETTERS (Radio)

Here we have the beauteous Connie Bennett in a gay, witty and sophisticated yarn about decadent post-war society. Connie, an American gal with lots of do-ray, falls in love and marries a man of title (Alan Mowbray). When she learns he's married her for her money, she becomes the most disillusioned and notorious woman in London society. There are some very subtle situations, loads of sparkling dialogue, and acting and direction are smooth as silk. Gilbert Roland makes a slick gigolo, Anita Louise and Charles Starrett furnish refreshing romance and Violet Kemble Cooper as the duchess *almost* beats Connie to the laurels. Swell satire.

THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE (Paramount)

This is not a picture for churchgoers. Taken from William Faulkner's devastatingly frank novel, "Sanctuary," it shows us Miriam Hopkins as the wild daughter of a respectable Southern family. She is scheduled to marry William Gargan, a nice young attorney.

But she craves adventure and gets it by running away from a party with Buster Collier, just for fun. They fall into the hands of some ultra-tough bootleggers, headed by Jack LaRue—and when you see him you'll know why George Raft didn't want this cruel, nasty role. A terrible character to play.

Pictures marked ● are recommended. Those marked ● ● are specially recommended. Brief reviews on page 90.

- ● ● Picture Snatcher
- ● Our Betters
- ● The Story of Temple Drake
- ● ● Hell Below
- ● Out All Night
- ● ● Today We Live
- ● ● Zoo in Budapest
- ● ● Christopher Strong
- ● Baby Face
- ● ● The Working Man
- ● ● The Barbarian
- ● ● Trick for Trick
- ● ● Gabriel Over the White House
- ● Sweepings
- ● ● The White Sister
- Fast Workers
- The Kiss Before the Mirror
- ● ● Pick-Up
- ● ● Clear All Wires
- Central Airport
- ● ● The Cohens and the Kellys in Trouble
- ● Humanity
- Pleasure Cruise

LaRue does it splendidly, but there's not an ounce of sympathy in it. Miriam makes Temple Drake understandable. Buster Collier is good in his small role. Gargan is somewhat miscast.

We advise you to see this if you'll promise not to be shocked.

HELL BELOW (M-G-M)

This picture has entertainment, and *what* entertainment! It moves along rapidly, has plenty of punch, sweet love story and good hearty comedy. Robert Montgomery is a naval officer whose orders have sent several members of his crew to their death. He is court martialed, sends his girl back to her crippled husband, and meets his punishment bravely. You will like Montgomery in this serious role. Madge Evans makes a lovely heroine, and Jimmy Durante and his kangaroo will send you into hysterics. Edwin Styles is good as the crippled husband, and Robert Young and Eugene Pallette are okay in their parts. But we're leaving the best till last. Walter Huston. He's *grand!*

OUT ALL NIGHT (Universal)

This Zasu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy is a rib-tickler if there ever was one! They're a coupla newlyweds in this yarn, trying to enjoy a honeymoon at Niagara Falls. But what (*Continued on page 8*)

Are Men's glances Keen...Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?



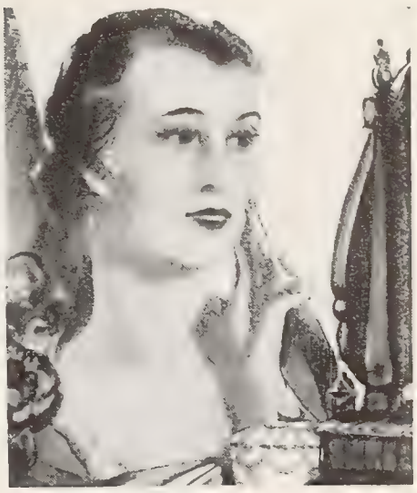
You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life . . . the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

The cost of keeping your skin lovely is amazingly low! Never in your lifetime have you known a soap so fine, so delicately perfumed, so beautifully wrapped to cost so little! Get a supply of Camay today.

Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.



• *Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.*



• *Camay is pure—made of delicate oils. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!*

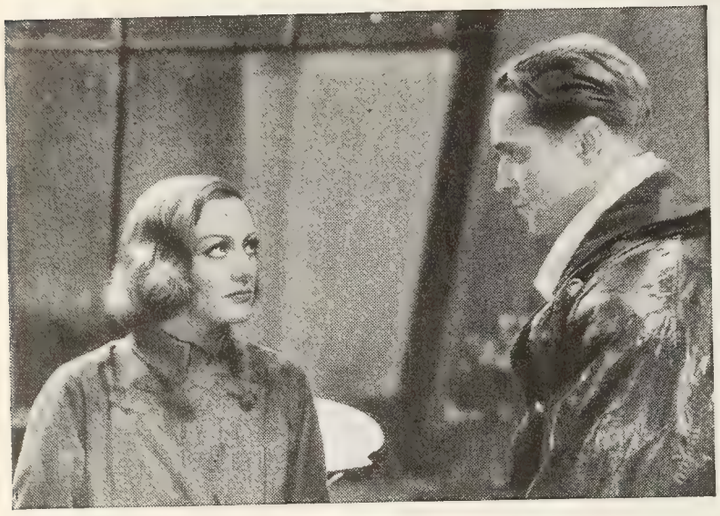
Copr. 1933. Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN







(Above) Walter Huston and Karen Morley in "Gabriel Over the White House." A political satire, plus a real story. A splendid film. See it. (Above, left) Madge Evans, Walter Huston and Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below." All about a submarine and its inmates and how Bob gives the wrong orders which send a number of men to their doom. Bob, and Huston and Madge Evans, are all swell. (Left) Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone in "Today We Live." It concerns a girl, her brother and her girlhood sweetheart and the entrance into her life of the man she really loves. Good.

(*Continued from page 6*)

with one of them thar nosey mamas-in-law, they have little chance for privacy. There's a kidnapping scene that's a wow. Zasu and Slim are funny as usual . . . especially Zasu. But that mamma-in-law (Laura Hope Crews) steals most of the laughs. Forget your troubles for an evening and have a chuckle for yourself.

TODAY WE LIVE (M-G-M)

Chalk this one up as a "must see." It boasts of fine acting, thrilling battle scenes and a beautiful love story. The action takes place in England and on the battlefields of France and the principal characters are a girl (Joan Crawford), her brother (Franchot Tone) and her childhood sweetheart (Robert Young). The three are inseparable and share all secrets. Then enters the American (Gary Cooper) and he and the girl fall in love.

Joan has never been more ravishing to look upon . . . and Cooper, Young and Tone are all letter-perfect in their portrayals. Roscoe Kearns and Louise Closser Hale furnish the laughs.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST (Fox)

This is a love story with an unusual background. Gene Raymond, an attendant in a great zoo, meets Loretta Young, runaway from an orphan asylum. But it's the animals, not the love story, which really hold your interest. The elephants stampede and manage to let most of the other animals escape, what with their trampling down of cages and all. Then everyone has to turn to and catch the lions and tigers and leopards again and put them back in their cages. Very exciting. And the photography is excellent. Take the whole family.

CHRISTOPHER STRONG (Radio)

Ever since her sensational performance in "Bill of Divorcement" every eye has been focused on Katharine Hepburn. Whether she would be as good in her second flicker was questioned. But this Hepburn gal is okay. What an actress!

The story is secondary to the Hepburn personality. It concerns a married man (Colin Clive) and his wife (Billie Burke). They are happily married until the man meets the young innocent gal . . . and they fall in love. Colin Clive and Billie Burke give fine performances. Ralph Forbes and Helen Chandler also contribute their share of good acting. But it's Hepburn you'll be watching, and remembering. You wouldn't want to miss this one.

BABY FACE (Warner)

Barbara Stanwyck steps forth in a role here that should put her right up in the front row. She's grand as the tough, ambitious Lily Powers who knows all there is to know about men. And how she uses 'em!

From her dad's beer parlor in a small tank town, she graduates to New York where she goes to work in dead earnest. Her final victim is the president of a bank.

George Brent, Donald Cook and Arthur Hohl are all good. But it's Barbara's picture, and she was never better. Better leave the kiddies at home.

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE (M-G-M)

Excellent. It's like reading the headlines in the paper—when the paper has lots of news. It's what is known as a political satire, but don't let that make you think there's no story. Walter Huston, as the "dictator president" who settles national matters just like *that* is superb. It's rumored that President Roosevelt made several suggestions for this talkie. Franchot Tone as Huston's secretary gives his best performance to date. Karen Morley is good. See this.

THE BARBARIAN (M-G-M)

Here's *real* romance! You have the desert as the setting and a thrilling looking sheik who makes warm love to a cool and dignified English lady. But, of course, the lady weakens. Not since the Valentino days have we had such a good romantic yarn. (*Continued on page 10*)

IT WILL MAKE "FRISCO JENNY" TURN PALE

Even Broadway blushed at this sensational stage play of a 1933—model Delilah who had a weakness for every "strong man" in her barnstorming medicine show . . . If you liked Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny", you'll like her even better as "Lilly Turner", most lovable "bad girl" the screen has ever shown! » » »



RUTH CHATTERTON in "LILLY TURNER"

with GEORGE BRENT
Frank McHugh
Ruth Donnelly
Guy Kibbee

A First National Picture based on a play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott
Directed by William A. Wellman

WARNER BROS. again!







(Above) Colin Clive and Katharine Hepburn in "Christopher Strong." Katharine is a dashing woman aviatrix and Colin is a respectably married man. They meet, fall in love and try to fight their emotions. (Above, left) Jack LaRue and Miriam Hopkins in one of the tense, tragic scenes from "The Story of Temple Drake." You'll hate LaRue for the villainy of his character—but you'll have to admire him for his acting. (Left) George Arliss and Bette Davis in "The Working Man." This is George Arliss at his best—a delightful, human film the whole family can see and enjoy. Bette is very lovely.

(*Continued from page 8*)

Ramon Novarro as the sheik is in his element and for the first time in her career Myrna Loy has a sympathetic role. She looks glamorous and makes a good subject for Novarro's burning kisses. Photography is gorgeous.

For the ladies particularly.

TRICK FOR TRICK (Fox)

Ralph Morgan is a magician and spiritualist in this one, and some of the stuff he pulls is worth your hard earned money to see. You'll get five laughs for every nickel you spend. Things happen fast and furiously in Morgan's house of mysteries. He and his rival (Victor Jory) are asked to aid the police in solving the murder of a girl (Sally Blane) . . . and from then on it's one trick and one laugh after another. Swell entertainment.

THE WORKING MAN (Warner)

This is George Arliss' best picture for some time. He plays a wealthy shoe manufacturer who never married—because his sweetheart married a rival. When this couple die, Arliss appoints himself incognito guardian of their children, Bette Davis and Theodore Newton, and rescues his long-ago rival's business from bankruptcy. But only temporarily—for other crises come and Arliss finds he must merge his business with his "rival's." So—he goes fishing. Hardie Albright is good as Arliss' nephew. And Bette Davis is lovely.

SWEEPINGS (Radio)

In this story we meet Daniel Pardway (Lionel Barrymore) and his wife as the proud owners of a small store in Chicago immediately after the big fire.

Pardway's entire lifetime is spent in building up this store until it becomes one of the city's leading establishments. His dream during all these years is that his children will continue in his footsteps. But one by one they disappoint him until in the end he realizes his old partner (Gregory Ratoff) is the real standby.

The story is a bit draggy in spots but the fine acting of Barrymore and Ratoff will leave you satisfied. The rest of the cast, including Eric Linden, Gloria Stuart, Alan Dinehart and William Gargan, is incidental.

THE WHITE SISTER (M-G-M)

This beautiful and tragic romance bears all the charm and poignancy of the silent version. The performances of Helen Hayes and Clark Gable are equally as sensitive and fine as those of Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman (if not more so). It is the story of a man and woman deeply in love. The man goes to war and word comes back that he has been killed. The girl becomes a nun, and the man returns only to learn that the bonds of religion are stronger even than her love for him.

Helen Hayes and Clark Gable were never better. Lewis Stone, Louise Closser Hale and May Robson also contribute splendid performances.

FAST WORKERS (M-G-M)

This yarn didn't do anything for John Gilbert, but it did do a lot for Mae Clarke. Because of her excellent performance, M-G-M signed Mae to a nice long ticket.

The tale is about two riveters (Gilbert and Bob Armstrong). Yassha, you'll learn all about what these riveters do, think, say and even eat, but you won't find it particularly interesting. And don't say we didn't warn you.

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR (Universal)

This should have been better. The story is a pip but bad production makes this just fair entertainment. It starts out with Paul Lukas finding his wife (Gloria Stuart) in a rather compromising position with her lover. He murders her. After he has told the story to his attorney friend (Frank Morgan) he, Morgan, finds his wife (Nancy Carroll) in the same situation when he returns home.

Morgan swears that if he can acquit his friend . . . he, too, will murder his wife. Lukas goes free, but Morgan and Nancy kiss and make up . . . and that ends the murdering. No, it's not boring. But it could have been better.

(*Continued on page 82*)

"I keep my lingerie lovely looking with Lux"

says *Wynne Gibson*



"No fastidious woman would think of wearing underthings a second day. It's so easy to Lux them, and Lux keeps colors and materials so exquisite! I also insist that my maid wash all sweaters and washable dresses in Lux. It's so economical that any girl can keep her things lovely the Hollywood way." WYNNE GIBSON

Paramount Star appearing in "The Crime of the Century."

Why don't *you* follow this thrifty Hollywood rule

Everywhere girls follow the method lovely Wynne Gibson uses to keep lingerie exquisite looking... daily washing with Lux.

These gentle suds whisk away perspiration odor, yet protect color—keep fabrics looking like new. Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali. Never rub with cake soap—it weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Frank C. Richardson (right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says:

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded. That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials . . . keeps them new longer . . . and saves money."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

— TRUST TO LUX









All pictures by J. B. Scott



WHAT PICTURES!

Some grand informal shots of the stars! (Top, left) Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable are shown at the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. This was their first night out after returning from that hunting trip in Utah. The hunting trip was grand. (Top, right) Gloria Swanson, looking chic as usual and younger than ever, arrives in Hollywood with husband Michael Farmer. (Bottom, left) Down at Agua Caliente. Gary Cooper with a friend, Margaret Beck. No romance. Really a friend. (Bottom, right) Claire Windsor and Antonio Moreno, also at Agua Caliente. These two are seen together very frequently. Romance? Well, there's some news about them on the next page. (Immediately, left) Jean Harlow, snapped on Sunset Boulevard. Just been at the hairdressers.

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 2, NO. 4 HOLLYWOOD, MAY, 1933 NEWS SECTION

STARS USHER IN BEER WITH GAY FOAMY PARTIES

Everybody Who Is Anybody Publicly Celebrates the Return of Legal Brew

"Beer it ever so humble," sang Bing Crosby at the exclusive Little Club on the night that beer returned, "there's no-o-thing like foam!"

A grand gang was present at the Club. Bing and wife Dixie, Joby and Dick Arlen, Wesley and Arline Ruggles, Sue and Nick Stuart, Carole and Bill Powell with Dick Barthelmess. Gary Cooper, stag. And who should walk in, a bit late, but Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer.

It's funny, but the ladies didn't drink much beer. Fattening, you know. They do say that there will be a clause in lady stars' contracts forbidding them to touch it. Marlene Dietrich, however, figured that the new contract hadn't yet been signed.

Helen Hayes' European Vacation Cut Short by Call from Studio

Very recently Helen Hayes and her author husband, Charlie MacArthur sailed for a European holiday with Irving Thalberg and his wife, Norma Shearer. The four of them had planned to stay away for some months.

But, alas, Helen must return at once for M-G-M needs her to play in "Night Flight." The Thalbergs, however, will continue with their vacation plans. Mr. Thalberg hasn't been well, you know. He is much better already, though.

Robert Young and New Wife at Last Manage Honeymoon

Bob Young—the chap who made his first hit as the doctor in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"—recently married Elizabeth Henderson of Santa Ana. And ever since, the two of them have been trying to get away for their honeymoon.

Three times they packed their bags, but each time the studio had another assignment for Bob and the honeymoon had to be temporarily postponed. The fourth time, however, proved to be lucky, for they finally got away—to Vancouver, B. C.

Diana Wynyard Sails for Short Vacation in Deah Old Lunnon

M-G-M promised Diana Wynyard a vacation several weeks ago, but at the last minute decided to put her in "Reunion in Vienna" so that poor Diana had to wait awhile before setting off.

However, with "Reunion" finished, Diana and her English maid are now on their way to England.

Have a good time, Diana!



MERIAN C. COOPER AND DOROTHY JORDAN

Joan Crawford Trying to Forget Troubles in Gaiety

Joan has had a great deal of worry lately. The separation from Doug, Jr., of course, was the biggest worry. Joan and young Doug both did things as sensibly and intelligently as they could, nevertheless— But evidently Joan has decided that worry never solved any problems. So she repaired to Palm Springs. And since her return she's been doing the night places, chiefly with Franchot Tone.

Success of "42nd Street" Starts Rage for Musicals

Warners will follow the highly successful "42nd Street" with "Golddiggers of 1933"—with a huge cast. Fox makes "My Lips Betray" with Lilian Harvey and John Boles. Also "It's Great To Be Alive" and "My Weakness." M-G-M is doing the stage success, "The Cat and the Fiddle" with Ramon Novarro and "The Hollywood Revue of 1933." Paramount, of course, is doing "International House." And Radio, besides "Maiden Cruise," has in mind a musical, as yet an untitled, for Irene Dunne and Francis Lederer.

Flashes from Here and There

Aline McMahon was sued by Warner Bros. for failure to appear in a certain scene of one of their pictures.

While working in "Song of Songs" Dietrich was thrown from a horse and received concussion of the brain.

Nils Asther has been cast in "Night Flight." Also in it will be Helen Hayes, John Barrymore and Clark Gable. What a cast!

Wheeler and Woolsey are off for a four months' around-the-world trip.

Jean Harlow's taking up of the Tango has started Hollywood off on a new Tango craze. Everyone's doing it these days.

Alice Joyce has married Clarence Brown, director.

Wilson Mizner, famous wit and playwright and scenarist, died in Hollywood.

Will Rogers turned down the role in "Arizona to Broadway" so it was given to Jimmie Dunn.

MERRY MONTH OF MAY BIG TIME FOR DAN CUPID

New Romances Kindling And Old Loves Shelved For New Thrills

It's very hard to keep up. We'll start with Gary Cooper, who has ousted the Countess Frasso from his affections and taken up with Wera Engels from Germany. The Countess, however, has won Ivan Lebedeff. Little Dot Jordan has ensnared Merian C. ("King Kong") Cooper.

The warmest romance is that of Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice—Grantland Rice's daughter. It looks like a marriage. In fact there are rumors that they are married. And guess who else—Claire Windsor and Antonio Moreno. Tony's wife was killed in a tragic accident a while ago, you remember. Claire is the only woman he's been seen with since then.

Anita Louise Deserting Movies to Go Abroad and Study

Anita Louise, the lovely young thing whom you've seen in "The Phantom of Crestwood," "Our Betters" and "Little Women" is planning to go abroad soon to study voice culture.

As Anita is only sixteen, this time out from the movies will not harm her cinema career.

It will be her first time out of the country since babyhood. She was born in Vienna, you know. But hasn't been abroad since coming to America.

Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb Are Definitely Splitting Up

Rudy Vallee and his wife, Fay Webb, are definitely separated. A property settlement has been arranged. Fay may live in California.

The separation came as something of a surprise for it is only a few months ago that Fay's father had succeeded in bringing the two together after their first rift.

Fay may get the divorce in California.

Alice Faye, the soloist in Rudy's band, is being picked by the wiseacres as the next in line for the title of Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

Tom Mix and Former Wife in Morass of Hot Legal Battles

Tom Mix was sued by his former wife for payment of $50,000 in promissory notes given her as property settlement at time of their divorce. Then Tom sued her for payment of half the income tax on their community property.

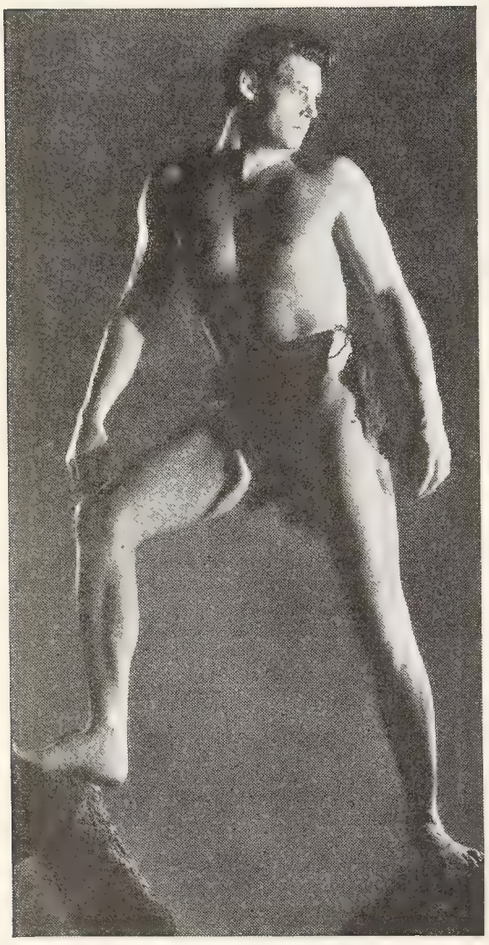
Mix won the first suit because the promissory notes were rendered void by his former wife's remarriage.

WHAT





(Above) Baby Le Roy. "A Bedtime Story" has made him a star. (Left) Connie Bennett arriving back in Hollywood. (Below, left) Isn't he grand?



JOAN AND DOUG GOING PLACES!

WHEN we saw Joan and Doug together at the Roosevelt Blossom Room the other evening we were rather surprised. They seemed to be having a marvelous time dancing and all that! It happened just a few days after their separation had been announced.

Being of a snooping nature—and wondering whether they had changed their minds—we followed them down the stairs. They got into *separate* cars (rather unique idea for separations, what?) and started out in different directions!

Maybe it's just Joan's way of being particularly swell until Doug has had a chance to fight his way out of the law suit that's hanging over his head—a law suit that many people in Hollywood believe is a fake!

● Had you heard the true story about the Hollywood actor who lost his "upper plate" of false teeth while gambling at Caliente? Yes he did! And they landed on 32 while the wheel was spinning and *that* number came up (page Mr. Ripley).

● "Hello, Joe!" exclaimed an acquaintance to Joe E. Brown the other day on Hollywood Boulevard, "Say, you're fine after that recent operation. By the by, what did they operate on you for?"

"Five hundred dollars," replied Joe E.

"Yes, I know," went on the man, "but what did you have?"

"Five hundred dollars!" grinned Joe E., from ear to ear.

● The "Eskimo" company, headed by Director Van Dyke, is back in Hollywood, after over eight months in the frozen wastes of the north country. With "Van" comes a boatload of Eskimo actors; the "Greta Garbo" of the North; fur coats for everyone on the M-G-M lot; and a flock of swell yarns.

The Eskimo actors were immediately housed in a large bungalow—which had to be fenced in to keep the tribesmen from running into traffic (which they can't as yet comprehend) and getting themselves killed before the picture is finished!

Dortuk, the beautiful Eskimo leading lady, was taken to the studio and gowned in a beautiful evening dress—a sight that almost caused the rest of the natives to die from laughing.

Dortuk made the announcement that: "I don't care for the men in America . . . they laugh and make too much noise . . . I still prefer the men of the great *silent* north!"

● This never happened before in Hollywood:

The day before Mae West was expected back from the East, a large

Joan and Doug seen together at the Blossom Room—after their separation

EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW



J. B. Scott

Phil Berg, Leila Hyams and Buster Collier gave a joint circus party at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club. Don't the three of them look silly?



J. B. Scott

Among the distinguished guests at the circus party were Bill Haines and his escort, Polly Moran. Polly's all dressed for a snappy swim.



Acme

Ramon Novarro sails from New York on the S. S. Paris for a European concert tour. He recently finished his latest film, "The Barbarian."

group of theater owners in Southern California called at Paramount studio and demanded the pleasure of meeting the train and giving Mae a rousing welcome.

". . . We want to show our appreciation to Miss West for the marvelous picture she has given us to show in our theaters . . . it's the first one in a long time that has made our friends stand in line at our box-offices!"

● Gary Cooper received a huge box from abroad the day before yesterday. He opened it, found a smaller box inside, tore inside that and found still a smaller one and so on until he at last came to a three-inch container in the very center. Inside was a small plaster bust with "Gary Cooper" inscribed on the base. A note was attached to the gift. It read:

"I found this at Harrods. I think it is revolting!"

(Signed) *Charles Laughton.*

RED LETTER DAY

OF course, the very fact that Bing Crosby is back in Hollywood is interesting, but this little side-light is more so, in our estimation:

Dixie Lee (Bing's charming wife) is going to have a baby. Sue Carol and Jobyna Arlen wanted her to have the same baby specialist that they were employing. The kick lies in the fact that *now* Dr. Harris is almost positive both Joby Arlen and Dixie are going to have babies on the same day! What would the poor M.D. do if they should happen to arrive at the same hour?

● Bebe Daniels is to sing two new songs: "Hunger" and "I've Lost Everything," in that new picture for Columbia called "Cocktail Hour." We knew you'd be glad to hear the news because Bebe has such a lovely voice.

We've heard both the numbers and think they are swell. The unusual part of the whole item is the fact that Bebe's director in this picture (Victor Schertzinger) wrote them both. He is the composer who wrote "Marcheta."

HOT AND BOTHERED

THE romance between Lilian Bond and Jamison Thomas is still much more than lukewarm.

Can this be the *trudt?* Yes, we actually saw it with our own eyes. Claire Windsor out with her old buddy Rogers!

Miriam Hopkins and Jean Negulesco (formerly *like this* with Sidney Fox) are seen every place together and it begins to look as if it were *serial!*

● A certain young and quite popular actor was hailed before the night court the other dawning on the charge of "driving while under the influence." The boys at the station drew the cussomary chalk line and told the gent to hold one arm "this way" and throw the other arm "this way" . . . to which the actor replied:

"Why, I couldn't perform this feat if I was sober!"

● The little inside story about the marriage of Kathleen (Panther Woman) Burke is quite cute. She and hubby-to-be Glen Rardin had hired the little church and had invited the wedding party for Tuesday. The day arrived and just as the bride was about to step into the car, the studio called with the command that she appear for a few added scenes.

The sweetheart and wedding party waited outside the studio in the car. The scenes dragged so it almost drove Kathleen crazy. Finally at *three o'clock* in the afternoon she mentioned to the director that she was supposed to have been married at *noon!* "Why didn't you tell me? You could have gone any time!" he said.

ALL OVER NOW

JOEL McCREA and Luana Walters have decided that romance is not for them. They are both free-lancing in the market of love.

Noah Beery, Jr., and Cecilia Parker *were* such a sweet couple, and *now—!*

Alice White and Cy Bartlett are still

The latest Hollywood romances . . . Why Wynne Gibson played golf in a skiing outfit



J. B. Scott

Lilian Harvey, the newest European Importation, and that French guy, Maurice Chevalier, are great friends. Lilian wept when she saw Maurice off on a vacation.



Look who's here! Be danged if it isn't that lovely creature who at one time was the sensation of what was then known as the silver sheet. Betty Blythe, to you.



International

Buster Keaton with the former May Scribbens. This was taken in the garden of Buster's home after he and May returned from Ensenada, where they were married.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW. . . .

this way and nothing seems to be happening to bring them together again. Your correspondent has a silly hunch they are just kidding each other though . . . they'll have those hours again, methinks!

● Can you imagine Wynne Gibson playing golf at the Santa Barbara course in a *skiing* outfit? Neither could any of the eastern visitors to the hotel. It happened this way:

Wynne had decided to go to the mountains and enjoy the snow over the week-end, but as she threw her bags into the car the rest of the gang changed their mind and named Santa Barbara as the point of destination. Wynne, as usual, offered no opposition and away they went. When she started out to play a round of golf a few hours later, she found that her bag was full of nothing but skiing clothes. It didn't stop her, though.

● Joan Blondell almost wishes she hadn't bought that swell big house on the hill with the estate that goes with it! Her pet dog fell in the fish pond yesterday and drowned! "We wouldn't have had a fish pond on a small place," cried Joan.

● If a loving kiss and tear-filled eyes mean anything, that romance between Lilian Harvey and Maurice Chevalier must be nearing an engagement. When Lilian went down to the station to see Maurice off, she not only gave him a great beeg kiss or two, but copious tears rolled down her cheeks as the train pulled out carrying Chevalier off to Paris on a short vacation.

GARBO WEARING TROUSERS?

ONCE again Hollywood seems to have missed its guess about the great Garbo. After reporting that her trunks were packed, her passport obtained and the star herself on the high-seas bound for Hollywood, the lady comes out with this statement: "I am sorry but I have to tell you I am thoroughly enjoying my stay in Sweden, I feel very happy and I don't know when I am returning to Hollywood." No sooner was that denial printed than a number of rumors came to the effect that Garbo had *sailed* from Sweden on a freighter *dressed as a man*. The idea, of course, was to get on board without anyone knowing who she was. As soon as she was aboard she changed to her regular clothes. The freighter had only a very few passengers and all of them except Garbo—if it was Garbo—were sedate married couples.

● Joan Crawford found a real friend in Ruth Chatterton during her recent marital trouble. She went to Ruth with all her troubles and received some sound advice in return. That Ruth was all for Joan was indicated by a note addressed to Louella O. Parsons, asking the latter to be kind to Joan in her column. That sounds like real friendship!

● When Charles Wesley Ruggles reaches manhood he is going to know exactly how he looked as a baby, how he acted and what he did every single day of his life. The infant son of Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles—and by the way, he was named after Wesley's noted actor-brother, Charlie Ruggles—will be photographed every day of his life in the same position, besides all sorts of other poses. The film is destined to show every stage of his development. His proud parents firmly believe he will compete with any baby in the world and those who have seen the young gentleman say he is indeed one of Hollywood's best-looking and best-acting babies.

HOW DO, MR. ER—

IF you don't remember names, well, don't feel so terribly bad about it—for neither does she of the golden voice, Kate Smith.

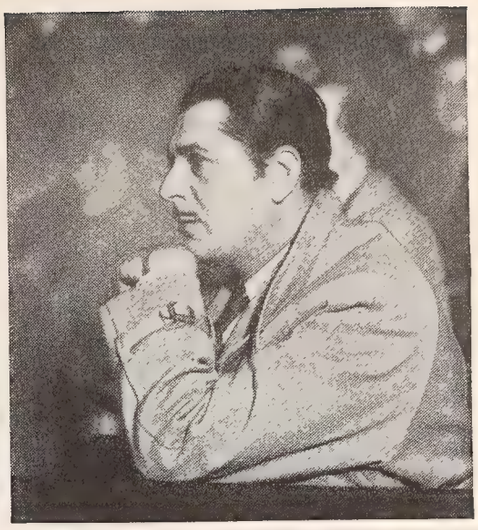
She couldn't, in fact, even remember the name of her director on "Hello Everybody," William Seiter, but usually called him "Mr Seidel." One of the assistant cameramen was named Rickenbacker. Miss Smith called him "Hollenberger"! One day he had some cards printed with his name in huge letters and handed Kate one of them. She laughingly thanked him—and a few minutes later she was calling him "Mr. Hamburger"!

● This is about a woman of high courage in the face of misfortune. Her name is Mrs. Harold Lockwood. Any of you who know your films will recall Harold Lockwood. When Mary Pickford was becoming "America's Sweetheart," when Norma Talmadge was rising to fame, when President Wilson was in his first term in the White House, when hobble skirts were in style and when war clouds were sweeping Europe, Harold Lockwood was a great star—

Garbo dressed as a man—supposed to have boarded an American bound freighter



J. B. Scott



J. B. Scott

The professional tennis matches in Hollywood usually manage to draw a number of the movie stars and starlets. Above, left, you see Buddy Rogers and Jeanette Loff. They're partners in a night club act, you know. Above, right, is that Arizona Kid, Warner Baxter. He really seems to be interested in the game.

same as, say, Gable today. That was yesterday. Today is today and Lockwood's widow is a make-up woman. Not even a regular one, either. Calls for her come only when casts are extremely large.

The other day on the Wheeler-Woolsey set at Radio was the first time in months she had worked. Yet, in spite of all the bitter breaks Hollywood has given her, she carries on. Her smile is just as big as when her husband was the toast of the young ladies everywhere. Their son, Harold, Jr., is still in secretarial school.

● That little runaway, Ann Dvorak, and her hubby Leslie Fenton are back in Hollywood again after almost a year's absence. You remember Ann walked out on Warner Bros. just as she was reaching the very peak of her career because that studio refused to give her the salary raise she wanted. Since then she and Les have wandered all over Europe, stopping in one place just long enough for Les to make a picture. Now that Ann's back, everything seems to be patched up between her and the studio . . . and that old salary probably looks pretty good.

● At the opening of "King Kong" at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, Buster Keaton and his new wife more than shocked the natives by pulling up in front of the theatre in the sidecar of a motorcycle. Buster and his spouse were all decked out in evening clothes, and the sight of them alighting from this broken down motorcycle was almost too much for some of the sightseers.

● What a rep we must have! Dorothea Wieck (did you see her in "Maedchen in Uniform"?) cabled that she was leaving all her jewels at home and that she would enter Hollywood well armed. All these wild reports of robberies among the stars had frightened the little foreign gal to death. She didn't *look* scared to us when she arrived.

GOOD FOR YOU, PEG

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE seems to have done Mrs. Oakie's boy, Jack a lot of good. He has actually discarded his pet sweatshirt and blossomed forth in silk hat, spats, bow tie, cane and gloves. And (yes, there's some more) he's bought himself a swanky new car with a dignified chauffeur at the wheel. My, what class when he takes Miss Joyce out stepping now! (See story on page 36.)

● Tallulah Bankhead's New York stage play "Forsaking All Others" is reported to be a wow! In fact so much so that extra coppers have been put on duty to keep the mob from actually pouncing on their Tallulie in their enthusiasm. And on top of all this success, comes an offer from Fox Studio to do the lead in "The Worst Woman in Paris," which is supposed to be a pip. Things are certainly looking up.

● If Harold Lloyd doesn't get some better locks for his beach home, he won't have anything left in the place. For the second time in a month robbers have broken into the place and gone off with some pretty choice stuff. The house has been vacant for several months, but if this continues it will soon be positively empty!

● Gloria Swanson and her mate, Michael Farmer, are back home again. It seems that Michael, who had a smell of the grease-paint in Gloria's last picture, "A Perfect Understanding," insisted upon the filmland visit, perhaps to continue his movie career. Gloria herself wasn't so keen on the trip. 'Tis reported the first thing that would greet her would be a lot of lawsuits.

● Poor Marlene. She started the pants craze in order to be comfy, and now we're told that she's so laced up in stays in her role in "Songs of Songs" that she can't even sit down between scenes. On top of that comes the report that she has had an offer to do a New York stage play, but with the understanding she is not to appear in trousers at any time!

● If you don't think bicycling is the current fad in Hollywood, you should take a ride out Toluca Lake way some Sunday morning. They'll soon need some policemen to handle the "wheel" traffic . . . it's that heavy. Almost every star has her own bicycle now. It's been found to be the ideal way of reducing. Mildred Davis has lost almost twenty-five pounds, and Joan Crawford admits her little red bike is responsible for her slick figure.

● It looks like a romance between Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice, daughter of Grantland Rice. Some say they're already wed. . . . Our snooper tells us that there will be wedding bells for Norma Talmadge and George Jessel as soon as Norma gets her divorce. . . . It's a sure-fire romance between Minna Gombell and Austin Parker (Miriam Hopkin's ex). . . . But the most talked-about romance in Hollywood at present is that of Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy. Ramon, who has stayed shy of women all these years, and who has at times admitted a desire to enter a monastery, seems to have fallen at last.

Ann Dvorak and her hubby back . . . Tallulah gets another movie offer



LEO: "I'm glad you made 'REUNION IN VIENNA', John. When I saw it on Broadway as a great Theatre Guild hit I knew you were the man for the part."

JOHN: "Thanks, Leo. It's an added pleasure to play opposite Diana Wynyard in such an exciting story."

LEO: "I'm sure it'll be a pleasure to the public to see it too, John!"

One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court . . . Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "REUNION IN VIENNA" becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen delight . . .

with John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan. Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Sidney Franklin.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

We honor Katharine Hepburn for her unique interpretation in "Christopher Strong."



We honor Sylvia Sidney and George Raft for their modern sincerity in "Pick-up."



We honor Helen Hayes and Clark Gable for their beautiful work in "The White Sister."



Wide World

THE HOLLYWOOD

By RUPERT HUGHES

When the recent earthquake devastated Long Beach and Compton, the world feared that Hollywood and Los Angeles might have suffered, too. People, perhaps for the first time, realized just what an important city Los Angeles—which includes Hollywood—really is. Rupert Hughes, master of word painting, gives you a marvelous idea of the city's worth

HOW those girls love one another!" might read with equal irony, "How those cities love one another."

San Francisco's resentment against Los Angeles, the little inglorious town that outstripped it in population and fame, is natural; but what grievance have the most distant cities against this remote metropolis of the southwestern corner of the country?

What makes Hollywood's unpopularity as a city most baffling is the fact that Hollywood's best known citizens are the most popular people in the world. They are recognized and discussed by every nation around the globe.

No city in the world has, or ever had, so many inhabitants whose names, faces and voices are so familiar in so many places and regarded with such affectionate interest. Little girls and mere lads in Hollywood are cherished in regions that have never so much as heard of our great-

With Los Angeles and Hollywood in actual danger of earthquake destruction





YOU DON'T KNOW

est statesmen, military heroes, scientists, scholars, painters, sculptors, architects.

Yet hardly anybody speaks a kind word for the city that made and makes these universal favorites what they are.

Los Angeles and the region thereabouts are undeniably among the paradises on this earth; yet novels whose scenes are laid there have to be satires on the people and the scenery or they are dismissed with contempt by the Eastern book reviewers. And almost all the book reviewers are Eastern.

The climate of Southern California is heavenly with rare hellish interludes; yet it has somehow been turned into a national joke. "Sunny Sou. Cal." is a byword. The brilliant and varied architecture which its tropical scenery justifies is never spoken of except with scorn and a superciliousness that is very trying.

WHEN James M. Cain, the author of the sensational and daring article called "Paradise," actually praised the swimming pools, I nearly swooned. A swimming pool is, of course, a peculiarly beautiful and delightful addition to any home, but the Easterners hitherto always laughed their heads off over them. Of course, the reason for their ridicule was sour grapesish, but they laughed all the louder.

Hollywood and Los Angeles boosters have said much too much about citrus products, oil wells, and real estate values. The city's popularity has not been enhanced by the wide fame of Aimée's fervent piety or the Mayor's passionate and exclusive affection for ice water. Stories of the high salaries and the high jinks of motion picture stars have made few friends.

It seems to me that the points to emphasize are the features of the city and its life that are either not known

People—perhaps for the first time—began to realize their real civic worth



at all or, when known, are not associated with Los Angeles. Imagine the amazement and unbelief that would greet the statement that Los Angeles is a center of magnificent intellectual and artistic activity.

The suggestion would be hailed as a bit of sarcasm or burlesque. Yet it is absolutely true. Some of the world's most earnest thinkers and artists are solemnly consecrating their lives to the supreme ideals in the region of which Los Angeles is the center. Some of the noblest institutions on earth are there.

It dazes people to be told that in the very heart of Los Angeles, and only a short distance from the motion picture studios of Hollywood, is a park containing the La Brea pits, one of the most astounding curiosities on the globe.

Emerging here on the surface are the traces of the vast pool from which have been drawn innumerable skeletons of prehistoric monsters, sabre-toothed tigers, dire wolves, mammoths, giant condors, horses, camels and other long extinct species.

Associated with this unlimited treasure is a museum carrying on researches of the most profound significance and so rich in specimens that it has enriched other museums about the world with its surplus treasure.

While this profound research is being made in the depths of the earth, the Mount Wilson Observatory is carrying on its researches in the depths of the sky. One feature of its equipment is the largest light-gathering telescope in the world; yet in Pasadena a two hundred-inch telescope is nearing completion which will have four times that power.

IN Pasadena, which is as close to the City Hall of Los Angeles as Hollywood, flourishes the California Institute of Technology, one of the world's most famous beehives of scientific zeal. Its president is Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the Nobel prize winner, and among the eminent members of its faculty is Einstein.

A little distance away is the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Museum, now a public institution, one of the finest libraries in the world with treasures valued at five million dollars. This is a center of historical and other research by famous scholars.



Rupert Hughes is, perhaps, best known for his biography of George Washington. It startled the world because it depicted Washington as a man and not as a glorified hero. Mr. Hughes has also given us "The Thirteenth Commandment," "Ladies' Man," "The Old Nest," "No One Man" among many other books.

One does not think of Los Angeles as a university town though the athletic prowess of the U. S. C. football team has forced a grudging recognition in the athletic pages. But there are only fifty men on the football team and there are nine thousand students at the University of Southern California.

And its prowess on the athletic field is being challenged by the rapidly growing University of California at Los Angeles with nearly 7,000 students. There is also the earnest Occidental College, and there is Loyola.

The new Los Angeles Public Library building is decorated with the just finished murals of Dean Cornwell, and they are among the greatest contributions America has made to mural art. The Doheny Memorial Library has only recently been dedicated. Branches of the public library are scattered everywhere and they keep an enormous number of books in circulation.

The Los Angeles people, including the motion picture colony, are well read and well-reading far beyond the population of the average American city.

The art galleries, public and private, are numerous and richly stored, and clusters of artists are zealously at work in all the fields of art, sculpture, portraiture, landscape and genre painting, etching. I am constantly surprised by the number of devoted artists one encounters. Los Angeles has its Montmartres, as well as Paris.

IN the field of architecture, the city is extraordinarily active. Buildings of great majesty and originality spring up everywhere. In fact, Los Angeles has created a Los Angelesian school of architecture that is new to the world and true to the locale.

Experience has shown that the brilliant sunshine of Southern California has little radiation, and there is unusually marked change of temperature in the shade. The first builders used the overhanging eaves of many Southern schools of architecture with the result that the rooms thus shadowed were always cold.

Gradually the Los Angeles school evolved a type of building that has no cornices at all. After a little experiment a form was developed that is as beautiful as it is unique. And it has the final justification of perfect adaptation to conditions.

Los Angeles has many publishing houses and prints an unsuspected number of periodicals and books, many of them of a very high quality.

In music the city has long upheld very high standards. Besides the Philharmonic Orchestra, which has its own auditorium, and the opera company which San Francisco and Los Angeles combine to maintain, there is the famous Hollywood Bowl.

I think it safe to say there is not, and never has been, in the world a more beautiful or a more poetic concert room than this canyon amphitheatre. The world's most famous conductors appear here and during the season the audiences outnumber those to be found in any other country. It is nothing unusual for twelve thousand people to flock to the Bowl and listen enraptured to the loftiest works of music.

In any other city this would be taken as proof of an extraordinarily high degree of musical culture, and it is a proof of it in Los Angeles. But the city's critics fail to allude to such things.

Here "where the mountains meet the sea," and the desert and the orange groves mingle, there is an almost unbelievable choice of climate. There are times when one may have a snowball battle on the mountain tops and motor in two hours to a dip in the semi-tropical sea.

The beaches, public and private, stretch for endless miles. All day long hundreds of thousands of nearly nudist sun-worshippers enjoy the almost year-long bathing season. At night hundreds of camp fires glow on the beaches and clusters of people still in bathing suits alternate between the surf and song. The people are tanned, healthy, vital.

To an extent unknown to any other large city in America the people lead an outdoor life. They approach more nearly than any other to the Grecian standards of eagerness and health in body and mind. They try to be beautiful and that is a glorious thing. Beauty is the merchandise of many of them who, in a sense, sell their own flesh, or pictures of it, and the fact gives the life a charm and a vivacity missing in other communities. Life is really an art here and nobody need be ashamed of its accomplishments. Los Angeles and Hollywood can afford to smile serenely at their critics. They are busy with a very beautiful life in the midst of a realm of beauty.

GARBO'S UNKNOWN ESCORT!



. . . Who is this man who can take Garbo around town? Like her, he won't talk. But here's the inside story of that mysterious and lucky gentleman

By ELIZABETH MATTHEWSON

AS elusive as Garbo, as averse to publicity as the unapproachable Swede herself, a certain man never listed in print among her friends and intimates—has yet been her constant escort whenever Garbo has come East. Those who know him hint that he even made an unobtrusive visit to Sweden last summer, soon after Garbo left America. Once, according to rumor, he turned down an offer of twenty thousand dollars for an interview on Garbo. How has this man evaded the news-hawks for four years? All her other friends have been interviewed and probed. For the first time in print, the story of this man's friendship for Garbo is presented. No one knows what the outcome of this friendship will be. See what you make of it:

He is from South Carolina. He is thirty-four years old. He has brown eyes, dark hair and a small dark moustache. He speaks with a faint Southern drawl. He is quick and witty, and is one of the most important members of the new Radio City personnel. On his desk in the Palace Theatre Building in New York is one photograph—Garbo's. Beside the photograph is a plain wooden cigarette box that Garbo gave him, containing one denicotinized cigarette—the kind that Garbo smokes. He is guarded from the curious by two women secretaries and a man who stands almost constantly at the door to his office. His name is Robert Reud. He is Garbo's unknown escort.

When Garbo makes one of her mysterious "Gussy Berger" trips to New York, the public reads a great deal about newspaper reporters, cameramen and city officials, waiting in ambush by freight elevators, to greet her, to snap her photograph, to make her talk. The public reads by what ruses she evades them, what clothes she wears as disguise, and what Walter Winchell thought of the whole silly business. But the public does not often read about the man who takes the elusive one in dark glasses and flat heels to and from the freight elevator, to the theatre when she dares go, and to the few parties that she is willing to attend. He is almost as hard to contact as Garbo. He hides from the eyes of the public with a success that is appalling when one considers the number of times he has been her companion at the theatre, on her strolls through the park, and even on her search for the Swedish food which she requires wherever she goes. If he were just a bodyguard, merely a friend who could be counted on to keep the crowds from mobbing her, why this mystery, this elusiveness? Is Reud courting the woman who walks alone?

HE makes no secret of the fact that he considers her the greatest woman of the age. He came from the South with the full determination to make the acquaintance of Garbo, as many wide-eyed youths have doubtless done before and since. But unlike most of his ambitious brothers, he succeeded. But how? How to know Garbo? The cry springs up from a million throats all over the country. *Everyone* would like to know Garbo! How should Robert Reud succeed where Lady Astor and the late Calvin Coolidge failed? The fact that Reud is partly Swedish may have had much to do with his meeting her. His parents, although they have always lived in South Carolina, are of Swedish descent, (*Continued on page 98*)



A NEW



Culver Service—from a lithograph after a sketch by Hullmandel

General Theobald Wolfe Tone. He took a decidedly active part in a rebellion in Ireland way back. Franchot has inherited that rebel spirit.

ABOUT the year 1790 there was a very dashing soldier named General Theobald Wolfe Tone. He had a voice born to hurtle orders, and there was fire in his eye. He led a roaring rebellion in the grand old land of Ireland. A rebel, he was, peace be on his soul!

Today in Hollywood there is a great-great-great-grandson of the daring rebel named Wolfe. He is of medium height, and rather slight in build, and his face is boyish rather than grim (he looks enough like Richard Cromwell to be his brother).

And the looks may be deceiving, but the blood is not! For Franchot Tone is a rebel, if rebel ever came to Hollywood!

With this big difference from the steely-eyed young fellow in Ireland: Franchot is a new kind of rebel—a *charming* rebel. Maybe he gets the charm from his mother's side, where he gets also his name. (Fran-sho, you pronounce it, by the by.)

Franchot Tone's mother is French by descent, and the French are always charming; always, always. No raging Charlie Bickford is Franchot, and no intellectually rebellious Charlie Chaplin either. He does not shout, he does not pose. He smiles—slowly, and delicately, and wickedly. That's all.

The fierceness just manages to peek out and show itself

Franchot Tone his name is . . .

KIND OF REBEL







(At top) With Joan Crawford in "Today We Live." (Immediately above) With Karen Morley in "Gabriel Over the White House."

Franchot (pronounced Fran-sho) is part Irish and part French. Which may account for both his devastating charm and his love of rebellion.

in the smile of his hazel eyes. It's hidden from all but those who have the Irish second sight to see it. And so Franchot is the first rebel Hollywood has ever really taken to its heart and loved. But, charm or no charm, a rebel he is, never fear! Rebel by blood and by conviction.

HE has always been so. His mother's favorite story about him has to do with one of his rebellions when he was no further along than two years old. That is pretty young to be a rebel, you must admit.

By JACK JAMISON

He was living at home then, being a bit too young to venture out on his own into the cold, cold world. The home was a very beautiful home, in the town of Niagara Falls, New York, and a very comfortable and luxurious one into the bargain. Franchot's father is an industrial executive, and the family has always had money.

But there was something else that the family had besides money, in those days, and that was goldfish. And it was the goldfish that were to blame for Franchot's first rebellion at the tender age of two.

They were in a big glass box by the window, you see, where the sunlight shone in and made them glitter and shine in the green water, and they were very pretty.

Franchot thought they were so pretty that he dipped his arm into their watery house, one day, and took one out to see what it looked like up close—something not so easy to do, as you may find for yourself by trying to catch one of the slippery creatures in your own fingers, any day of the week! He forgot to put it back, and the goldfish died and went soaring up and away to the Heaven of all good goldfish.

"Mother spanked me, off and on, for two hours and a half, I think, to make me say that I was sorry," he remembers. "And then she locked me up in a dark closet. But I was not sorry, and I would not say I was."

And eventually his mother realized that he had not known what he was doing, and had not understood that fish needed water to live, and had simply been curious in a childish way.

And so she understood then that there was no reason why he *should* feel sorry, and that it was wrong of her to try to make him say he was. People always come around to Franchot's way of thinking. Partly it's just because he's a rebel, maybe, but mostly it's because he's such a charming one.

With an ancestor who was a Rebel General, and a father who is a forceful, dynamic business executive, and a mother whose grandfather was a Congressman and whose father was a State Senator, (*Continued on page 104*)

Slight, unassuming, quiet, smiling—but, all the same, just try to "cross him"

(Above) General view of Clyde Beatty and his "cats." That's the author in the circle. (Below) Clyde doubling for Raymond Hatton. He had to double —the story tells why.

By CLYDE BEATTY



THE wild animals in my big "cat" act—forty lions and tigers—had faced movie cameras before I took them out to Universal City to make "The Big Cage." The newsreel men on two or three occasions visited circus winter quarters at Peru, Ind., to "catch" the act before we set out for New York to give the Big Town a touch of spring by helping the circus season get under way at Madison Square Garden.

But these newsreel showings provided not even a mild foretaste of what my lions and tigers were to experience before they could call themselves full-fledged movie stars, which they now are, with every right in the world to expect fan mail from lesser members of the cat family.

The circus season of 1932 was one of the toughest ones I've ever known. We were scheduled to close on Labor Day but to our complete surprise considerable new book-

There are a thousand unexpected hazards to face when big cats enter a studio



WHEN WILD ANIMALS BECOME MOVIE ACTORS— BEWARE!



When the unusual irritations caused by working in a studio got on the animals nerves they would attack each other constantly. Clyde tells in the story about the terrific fight pictured here.

ing developed and we did not actually close until early in November.

Shortly after we closed (somewhere in the south) we returned to winter quarters and there I got busy preparing my wild playmates for the trip to Universal City where they and I were scheduled to appear in the screen story prepared for us by Edward Anthony, co-author of "Bring 'Em Back Alive," and my collaborator in the book called "The Big Cage" on which Ed based the motion picture of the same title that we were getting ready to make.

To convince the skeptical that I really put forty lions and tigers through their paces in a thirty-two foot arena, Roy Johnston, in charge of publicity on the Universal lot, asked me on my arrival there to give a special performance for the press before we started shooting our picture.

I had never appeared with the circus in California and Roy thought it would be a good idea to show the newspaper boys my act. Roy is a grand scout who thoroughly knows his onions, so I always cheerfully comply with his requests.

THE performance—similar to my act in the circus—and performed under similar conditions, was enthusiastically received. Perhaps my animals thought they were in California for a special circus engagement. They soon found out that this was not the case. The next day they were introduced to Kleig lights for the first time. I'll never forget how those lions and tigers blinked! And how I blinked myself.

It soon became obvious that it would be much too dangerous to attempt to go ahead until we had improved the Kleig light situation. The lights would have to be so placed that we minimized the possibility of the animals suddenly being blinded by a piercing beam of light—or of the same thing happening to me.

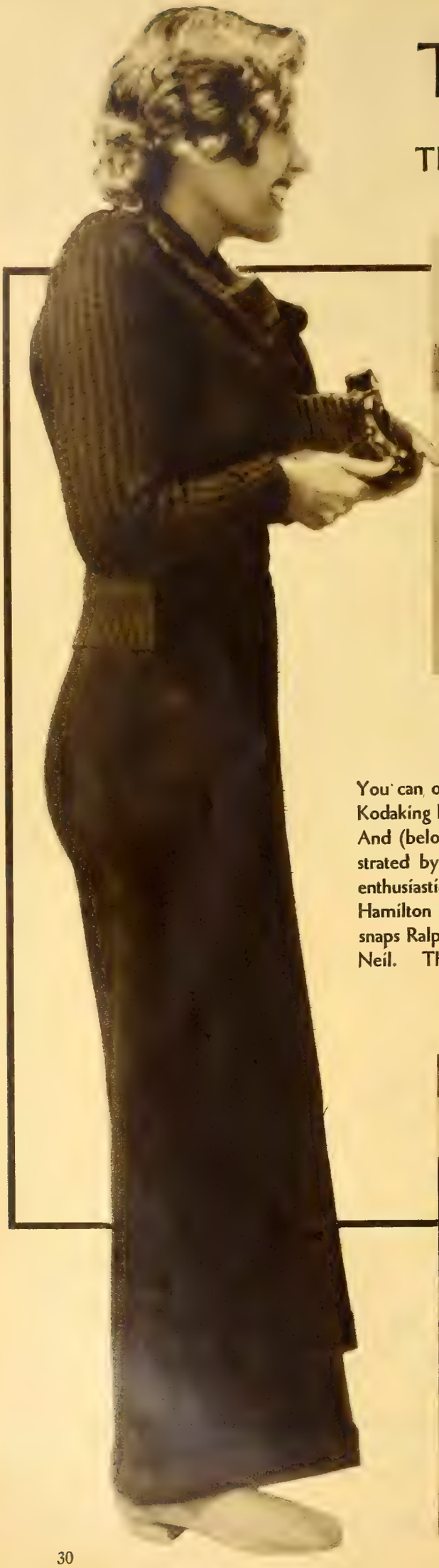
The normal hazards of my activities inside the big cage were bad enough without complicating them needlessly.

During the years I have been doing my act I have made twenty trips to the hospital. Each and every one caused by attacks made on me by my *(Continued on page 105)*

As Clyde Beatty found when he took his animals to Universal to film "The Big Cage"

THEIR OWN

THE STARS—LIKE YOU AND I—HAVE FUN







You can often find Joan Blondell (left) Kodaking her friends on the Warner lot. And (below) time-saving stunt, demonstrated by three of Hollywood's most enthusiastic amateur photographers. Neil Hamilton snaps Roland Young; Young snaps Ralph Morgan; and Morgan snaps Neil. The results should be unusual.

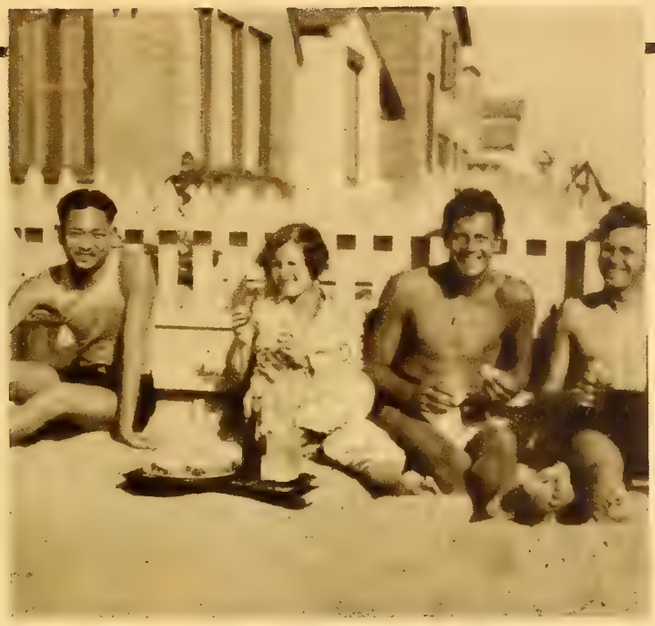
(Above, left) Dorothy Wilson as she looked when her picture was snapped by Joel McCrea and his trusty Kodak. (Immediately above) Bill Boyd and his dawg—as snapped by his wife, Dorothy Sebastian.



INTIMATE SNAPS

TAKING EACH OTHERS' PICTURES. LOOK AT THEIR EFFORTS





(Above) Margaret Lindsay gets Mervyn Le Roy, director, Dick Powell and Warren William with her Ciné-Kodak. (Above, right) Joel McCrea and some friends at Malibu. This was taken by Eric Linden. (Right) Leslie Howard goes cameraman. (Further right) And so does Ruby Keeler. (Below) Maurice Chevalier, Jerry Tucker and Blinky caught on the Paramount lot. (Below, right) Charles Farrell snapped this picture of Jobyna and Richard Arlen. The Arlens and Farrells are great friends, you know.







CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S NEW WARDROBE

By VIRGINIA T. LANE





On the left and on the right you see Claudette's semi-formal black crêpe with organdie guimpe and her white suede lace evening gown. Above and below are detailed views of these two stunning gowns.





ONE glance at Claudette Colbert's wardrobe and you have all the fine points of the latest fashions.

Talking clothes with Claudette is like asking Admiral Leigh about ships. She *knows*. Her aunt, you see, was a famous modiste in New York. One of those clever French women who take a couple of yards of material, a few pins and create a sensation in style. Her mother casts just one look at a costume, readjusts a collar, adds a buckle or boutonnière and presto! you have *chic*. So that delightful young Colbert person comes by it naturally. She was cutting out pretty patterns before she could spell d-r-e-s-s. And no sooner had she finished high school than she began sketching dress designs for a large store.

I'd heard that once she had modeled. But Claudette shook her head regretfully. "No, I never did. I wish I had, though. It's such fun, parading up and down a salon in slinky clothes. I was a little too short and too thin for it. And, of course, my 'career' in the field was cut short because in December of the year I graduated I was offered a place on the stage. I'm afraid I simply bolted away from that drawing board!"

Bolted to stardom. That's what she did. And in the cutest clothes you ever saw. I remember some of the

. . . It's so chic and yet so wearable. And it includes all the high points of style. You'll find much to admire—and copy—here



(Left) Ah—isn't that nice? To a simple, jacketed sports frock of white ribbed silk, Claudette adds a plaid bow and gloves.

(Left) A ribbed wool suit of Eleanor blue. Shell-shaped hat to match. White doeskin gauntlets. And a suède scarf.

actresses asking her where she bought them. Claudette shrugged and laughed—and named a little known shop off Fifth Avenue. She pays for smartness in a dress, not for the name. I daresay her wardrobe is one of the least expensive among the stars—and it's also one of the loveliest.

Now take that little two-piece white sport outfit, for instance, up above. (I wish I could!) It's a heavy ribbed silk and to give it character—that illusive something known as style—what does Claudette do? Why, she tucks a plaid bow beneath her charming young chin, and matches it with her gloves! An exciting note. *And very*

(Right) Above the zippiest kind of blue and white stripes, Claudette wears a very Puritan white piqué collar. The skirt is dark blue wool. (Immediately below) Checks are new—and big. The jacket to that street costume has pleated shoulders. It's made of black wool ranga cloth. (Further below) With a blouse of white matelassé crêpe wear a huge black satin bow. The article tells you a trick about that bow.







new. It's the thing now to have your gloves in some way match your dress. Occasionally they resemble the belt—or the shade of the trimming. In any event they've captured a prominent place among the accessories of a costume. More so than ever. So watch your hands, ladies!

The jacket, if you notice, is trimly tailored. Reminds me of a West Point cadet's dress uniform, if only it were buttoned clear up the front. But instead it has neat revers. And the frock subscribes to a small round collar, a version of the still popular puffed sleeves (they're a nice note on the new tailored frocks) and a plain skirt with four inverted pleats. (All skirts have shrunk into the background; it's the coats that are important.) Quite naturally the Scottish plaid touch could not be worn with anything but a neutral color. Try it to perk up a monotone dark blue dress or a black one—but don't forget the style landscape is *white* this summer.

Claudette tops her outfit with a slide-away hat that reveals her bangs, and she ends it with a pair of white kid perforated pumps. Incidentally, her hosiery is the dark sun-tan chiffon that she uses almost constantly. Never a lighter shade.

YOU wouldn't think a girl with as divine a figure as Claudette's would worry. Ah, but she does. Over *collars*. They're her pet dress (*Continued on page 107*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



SLIM SUMMERVILLE, IN AN EARLY JOB AS MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT IN A MEDICINE SHOW, WAS ONCE SO CARELESS WITH A TRICK CAGE THAT THE "IRON" BARS WERE SEEN TO STRETCH.

P.S. HE LOST THE JOB.

GEORGE RAFT, TOUGH GUY OF THE SCREEN, WEARS FANCY SILK PAJAMAS AND SPRAYS HIMSELF WITH PERFUME.

GRETA NISSEN HAS NEVER BEEN TO A BEAUTY SHOP.

SHE HAS DONE HER OWN BEAUTIFYING SINCE SHE WAS A GIRL IN OSLO.

BUSTER CRABBE, THE "LION MAN" OF "KING OF THE JUNGLE" SAVED 22 LIVES WHILE A BEACH GUARD ONE SUMMER.

WALTER BYRON SHAVES WITHOUT A MIRROR.

HE SAYS HE IS TIRED OF LOOKING AT HIS NOSE, WHICH WAS BROKEN A FEW YEARS AGO IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT.

WHAT A MOTHER THINKS OF PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

. . . Jack Oakie and the much-married Peggy Hopkins Joyce seem to be very much "that 'a way." Read what Jack's mother thinks about the famous lady

By WALTER RAMSEY

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE in her time (and what a time) has been regarded through many eyes. The eyes, for instance, of rich and ofttimes titled gentlemen, who have looked upon the fair Peggy and found her desirable; the eyes of show producers who have weighed her beauty and international reputation at the box office; the eyes of women who love to lift a speculative eyebrow in regard to a lady so blond and so sensational.

But to the best of our knowledge this is the first time Peggy has been regarded through the eyes of a mother!

Now if it weren't for the fact that Jack Oakie was "going with Peggy," was, in fact, her newest and most ardent Hollywood boy friend, what Mrs. Evelyn Offield thought about la Joyce wouldn't be much more important than what your mother, or mine, happened to think about her. But facts *is* facts, and Jack is "nuts" (his own expression) about Peggy. And that's enough to make any "Ma" sit up and take notice.

To make the picture a little more clear, consider the respective backgrounds of the two heroines of our story. Peggy's you know. But Mrs. Offield's—. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister. She is a former teacher of psychology at a famous school for girls in New York. She's about five feet nothing at all, with a nice bun of white hair knotted on top of her head. She is also about the "cutest" little lady in Hollywood.

Jack says she is the "cutest" because she is the only one left who remembers the gentle art of blushing. She looks like a mother, she acts like a mother and she is a mother, every bit of the time.



For the past twenty-seven years a young hooligan named Jack Offield (later Oakie) has been the apple of her eye and the pride and joy of her days.

FROM the moment he was born," said Mrs. Offield from her perch on a Beverly Hills living room chair which did not quite permit her plump little feet to reach the floor, "I adored him . . . doted on him and almost spoiled the stuffings out of him. I should have known better, too, having been a school teacher all my life. But I didn't."

She looked every bit as "cute" as Jack had said she was. And she did blush when I told her that he sassily referred to her as "ma."

"He's awfully fresh," she said, looking as pleased as punch about it.

From the moment Jack was old enough to make contacts of his own, Mrs. Offield had ideas about those contacts. Particularly about little girls and, as he grew older, about the older girls and women.

"I guess," she admitted with a maternal candor which almost took my breath away, "I was scared from the start of some girl taking him away from me! Why, when he was little I wouldn't even permit him to attend a school where there were girl students. When he grew up and decided he wanted to go on the stage I wasn't scared about anything except the girls and women he met.

"It wasn't exactly a maternal selfishness either, though I guess that was partly the reason. I just wanted him to know the right women. I didn't want any girl who wasn't worthwhile interfering with the grand times and the wonderful life my boy and I enjoyed.



J. B. Scott

Much amazement and some amusement was caused when Peggy first started going around with the clowning Jack Oakie. Everyone thought it was a gag. But it seems to be serious.

Jack has always lived with me you know, even when we lived on Broadway. He's never liked anybody's cooking as well as mine. Just the other night he called up and said:

"'Ma, what are you having for dinner?'

"'Oh,' I said, 'Just an old-fashioned dinner. Fried chicken and cream gravy and biscuits and candied sweet potatoes.'

"'Okay,' Jack said, 'put on an extra plate, I'm bringing Peggy Hopkins Joyce home for dinner!'

"That was the first time I met Peggy." Then, confidentially lowering her voice, "She's Jack's new girl, you know!" Just as casual as that!

I hadn't expected such casualness from Jack's mother. I gulped. I could feel the kind, understanding eyes of Jack Oakie's "Ma" fastened upon me in amusement.

"I know," she nodded kindly, "I know you are surprised. And why you are surprised. You can't reconcile this idea of a minister's daughter and a former school teacher and a mother who admits she has been absurdly careful of her son's attention to women—and all the things Peggy Hopkins Joyce is *supposed* to stand for.

"Well, if Peggy were really what she is supposed to be, maybe you would be right. But I know women! It is impossible to teach 15,000 young girls over a period of twenty-five years and not know something about what they are made of! It is impossible to have been in intimate contact with such fine *(Continued on page 94)*



FRIENDLY DIVORCE

SALLY EILERS GIVES EXCLUSIVELY TO MODERN SCREEN HER OWN STORY OF HER DIVORCE FROM HOOT GIBSON

(Above) Sally Eilers with Richard Barthelmess in "Central Airport." She tells how her attitude toward her career has changed since the time she first met Hoot.

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Photograph by Scotty, MODERN SCREEN'S exclusive cameraman

SALLY EILERS and Hoot Gibson are through. Matrimonially. They have talked over their affairs. They have arranged their property and financial matters. There is nothing left for the divorce court to do but grant them their freedom. And they will ask for this freedom on the grounds of mental cruelty or incompatibility or some other decent and intelligent basis.

However, as friends, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson are not through.

"We're going out together," Sally told me. "And when I meet 'Hooter' at premières and parties I most certainly am going to talk to him and dance with him.

"When we're seen together it is inevitable, I suppose, that the papers will print reconciliation rumors. But don't believe them. Don't believe them for one minute. Married we simply don't click. We've given ourselves every chance.

"When we separated the first time Hooter would not consider a divorce. Now he agrees that it is the only thing. And he's been generous enough to say I may have a hand in his daughter's education, to agree to Lois spending part of her holidays with me, that I may shop for her and retain the tremendous interest I have in her.

"We could remain together, Hooter and I. It sounds like the same old Hollywood story . . . I know. . . . But the fact remains that neither one of us have any interest whatever in anyone else. Not having such an interest doesn't necessarily keep you from realizing how utterly



Hoot, Minna Gombell, Sally and her brother Budd at the Beverly Wilshire. This was after the separation. "We're going out together." says Sally. "I am going . . . to talk and dance with him." And doesn't this picture prove it? They're definitely going to remain friends.

hopeless your present relationship can be. Our relationship is worse than hopeless, it's destructive really. If we stayed together we'd take the heart out of each other. Misunderstandings such as we seem doomed to manufacture for ourselves are no good for anyone.

"And the longer we waited to call quits the harder we knew it would be for both of us. The older we get the more afraid we are of loneliness. That's always true, I think. And neither Hooter nor I would want a marriage that survived because of this particular fear."

Thus Sally Eilers made the one exclusive statement she will make regarding her separation from Hoot Gibson and their contemplated divorce.

HOLLYWOOD, a malicious, gossiping, old crone if there ever was one, shakes a knowing head and whispers, "It all began when he lost his fortune and she found hers playing in 'Bad Girl.' He always was jealous, couldn't even stand her looking at another man." And, inconsistently enough, in the very same breath, "He never should have married her. She's close to sixteen years younger than he, a skittish young thing . . . all for her career. She never made any effort to do a good job as a wife."

Half-truths, those whispers, every one of them.

Here is the truth about Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson. Sally talked to me frankly. She felt it would be better to have one authentic story in which she was quoted rather than a dozen trumped up stories in which reporters would write their own opinions with little or no regard for facts.

Hoot and Sally got off to a bad start. Everybody knows that. But there are some little things which went on backstage in their lives which never have been told before. And, as usual, it has been these little seemingly unimportant events that have shaped the end.

When Hoot and Sally married, he was rich. Sally offered to give up the screen. But he wouldn't have it.

"Don't quit anything," he told her gently, "until you've made good at it."

Along came "Bad Girl." Sally made good.

"Now do you want to give it up?" Hoot asked her. She shook her head.

Hoot lost most of his money. They went to live in a comparatively humble bungalow. They both did a darn good job of adjusting. Sally was a little thoroughbred about Hoot's losses. Hoot was a sport about Sally's great success. And little Lois Gibson who might have been expected to offer the step-daughter problem was no problem at all. She and Sally became great friends. If anything she became a bond between Hoot and Sally.

NEVERTHELESS, Sally and Hoot didn't get on.

"We had all the quarrels other couples have only we seemed to take them harder," Sally explained. "It's always a matter of the temperaments involved, I suppose."

Their first separation, in spite of a dozen different rumors to the contrary, actually was caused by nothing more serious than a quarrel over a dress.

When Sally returned from her triumphant visit to New York she tried on all her new clothes for Hoot. He thought she looked grand in them, and told her so.

Then came the night of that memorable Mayfair dance. For the first time Sally wore one of her new gowns. It was white with brown flowers. Hoot was critical. He insisted this dress was cut too low.

"But you liked it before," protested Sally. She had counted on wearing this dress for weeks. She wore it anyway, in spite of the husbandly disapproval. They both arrived at the party in a bad temper.

It was when Sally returned to the Gibson table after a dance that the serious quarrel began. Hoot was more disapproving than ever. Sally was more defiant.

"Now I know Hoot was right about that dress," Sally told me the other day. "But at the time I honestly thought him unreasonable. I looked at myself in the mirror and the dress seemed perfectly modest. It was, you see, one of those gowns that are quite all right as long as you hold yourself carefully but which aren't all right at all when you don't . . ."

So, believing her husband unreasonable and determined to avoid any further criticism, Sally left that party with Edward Cline and his wife. How they crashed into a telegraph pole is an old story.

"They telephoned Hooter," Sally went on, "but he didn't believe there had been any accident. He thought I was sorry I'd run off and was trying to get him to come home. And he might have been right . . .

"But he wasn't . . .

"And not realizing the horrible night he experienced when he finally got home, found I wasn't there, and telephoned every hospital trying to locate me, my pride hurt, I was glad enough to have the (*Continued on page 111*)

IT'S A CRAZY TOWN . . .

By KATHERINE ALBERT



THE Hollywood speakeasy has opened again.

Notice I said *the* Hollywood speakeasy. There is really just one good one. It's not like any of the New York speakeasies, for you have to have a special dispensation from the czar or somebody important to get in.

It's a little place, but very, very noisy and somehow quite typical of the new Hollywood—for in the last five years, I've seen the town change from a sprawling village to quite a metropolitan place.

Of course, nobody dresses up in Hollywood—except on very, very formal occasions and the night I went to the speakeasy Peggy Hopkins Joyce was there in a black beret and Jack Oakie was with her—in a black beret, too. Jack bought drinks for everybody at the bar. And Nancy Carroll and her husband, Bolton Mallory, didn't speak to anybody but each other. They are entirely engrossed in themselves.

The smartest place to dance nowadays is the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The popularity of the Club New Yorker—when Jean Malin was there—lasted just six months. Now Ted Healy has it and it's taken a fresh start. But Hollywood night clubs seem able to last only six months. I've never known one to keep going longer.

The reason is that the stars like to cut capers privately—in their own homes.

But the Beverly Wilshire (Ricardo Cortez and lots of others live there the year around) is a great Sunday night place.

One Sunday night Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks (just before the separation), Franchot Tone, Tommy Thompson, Jerry Asher (a boy who works in a publicity department) and I went there for dinner.

It's as crowded as the five and dime store before Christmas—as all Hollywood places are—and the six of us sat at a table built for two.

Those Hollywood folk have to keep doing something all the time. The minute we sat down Douglas suggested playing "Who am I?"

Have you ever played that game? Here's how it's done.

BY rights one person should go out of the room but at that little table all we could do was to stop up our ears. So Franchot put his fingers in his ears and we all put our heads together and decided who he should be. We decided on Mussolini. Then we gave Franchot the high sign and he said—to Joan—"Who am I?"

. . . Modern Screen's girl-about-town gives you colorful and amusing sidelights on your favorite village and its gay and unusual goings-on

Illustrated by
RUSSELL PATTERSON



Joan answered, "I think you're one of the most marvelous men of this generation."

"Who am I?" said Franchot to Tommy Thompson.

"You believe in having large families," said Tommy.

Get the idea? The questions keep going around until the poor "it" has proudly announced—much to the bewilderment of the folks at the next table, who have just come in—"I'm Mussolini." It's a swell game—try it some time.

Across from the Beverly Wilshire is the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Now you mustn't confuse that with the Vine Street Brown Derby. The Vine Street one is where the stars go to luncheon because it is so centrally located. And that's where the autograph seekers hang out.

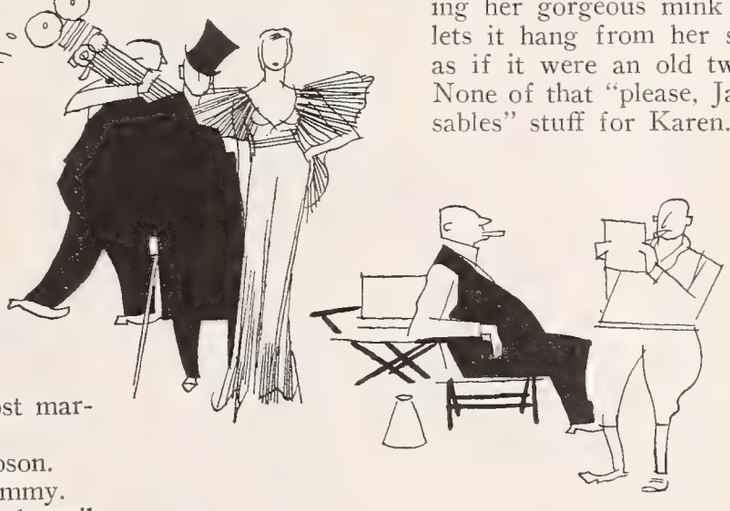
Oh, I must tell you about a joke I played on the autograph hounds and, incidentally, isn't it surprising that the Hollywood citizens are as movie struck as those in Keokuk and points east?

Well, this day a famous star had loaned me her beautiful limousine—and chauffeur—and very proudly I drove up before the Brown Derby. When they saw the marvelous car they all rushed forward to get an autograph and when they saw me—instead of the great star they had expected—their faces fell like boarding house cake.

But the Beverly Hills Brown Derby is quite nice and intimate and cosy and (wonder of wonders) not so crowded. It's a great place for the stars to go "cook's night out."

One night I saw Karen Morley and her husband there. Karen is one of the most amazing girls in town. You know how beautiful she always looks on the screen—and how smartly gowned. Well, she doesn't give a tinker's darn about her personal appearance when she's off screen. Any old clothes will do, thinks she.

Her hair—she usually wears a wig before the camera—looks as if it had been combed with an egg beater and even when she's wearing her gorgeous mink coat she lets it hang from her shoulders as if it were an old tweed rag. None of that "please, James, my sables" stuff for Karen.



While we were there having dinner, Catharine Dale Owen, Lydell Peck (Janet Gaynor's ex-husband, you know) and another man came in. But the most spectacular member of that party was Lydell's enormous bird-dog.

The dog wasn't left outside. He was invited right in and—what's more—he was asked to sit right smack at the table between Lydell and Catharine. Now where else but in unconventional Hollywood could that happen?

But I want to go on record as saying that he was a devil of a lot better behaved than many dinner companions I've had. He never moved during the meal and only ate what was set before him.

YOU know, actors do have a tough time sometimes in spite of the money they make. Listen to this working schedule of Clark Gable's:

Nine o'clock on the set to do re-takes of "Possessed." It seems the English censors wouldn't pass it so Clark and Joan have to be secretly married in the English version.

Re-making a picture a year after it was originally made is a hard job both physically and—well—spiritually. You know how you feel doing a job you love to do—when you're fresh and enthusiastic. But go back to that job and do it over again a year later and see how you feel. That's just how Clark and Joan felt.

Well, all day on the "Possessed" set and then just time for a quick bite of dinner—did I say dinner? I mean a sandwich and a cup of coffee—in the studio commissary and then into the officer's uniform for retakes on "White Sister," standing out there in the cold—and California nights are plenty chilly—half the night. Then the next morning at the studio at eight to work on "Possessed" at nine.

The most excitement that the Paramount Studios have had centers around a tiny mite of a baby. It's that cute kid being used in Chevalier's picture, "A Bedtime Story," and wherever the baby goes a crowd of stars follows.

One day they gave the baby a psychology test. They dangled balls and strings and blocks in front of the nine-months-old child and everybody stood around and said, "Marvelous!" I had more fun watching the people than watching the baby.



This shot of Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow and Modern Screen is from "Dinner at Eight." It seems that M-G-M is going to make another "Grand Hotel" of this—for the probable cast includes, besides Beery and Harlow, Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Karen Morley, Billie Burke, Warner Baxter and others.

What I like best about Paramount is that after her luncheon Marlene Dietrich goes tearing out of the commissary and appears again in a minute with a huge German cake, part of which she eats and part of which she gives to her luncheon companions. It's baked at her home every night and brought to the studio every day.

Hollywood is such a funny town. It is completely isolated—absolutely cut off from the rest of the world. That the President is having spectacular bills passed in Congress; that a famous senator is dead means very little. They don't read the papers, except the movie columns. They never listen to the news over the radio.

Bigger than the return of prosperity is the vital question, "Does the fact that Norma Shearer went out and hired a free lance press agent instead of relying on the studio publicity department mean that she is staying with M-G-M or not?" and it's my personal hunch that Norma's fans care very little about the state of her contract. The main thing is that she keeps on making pictures—and good ones—and whether it's M-G-M or Monogram for whom she is working doesn't really matter.

I've never seen anything like the way Joan Crawford can cry for a scene. She always does her own crying, incidentally, and just once in a great while does she use a drop of glycerine and then only for long shots when she's making an exit. She feels embarrassed when she has glycerine put on and as if she should apologize to the electricians, saying, "I really can cry—I'm only doing this for a long shot."

The director says to her, "You'll have to have tears for this scene." They put some emotional piece of music on the phonograph and Joan walks by herself to the edge of the set, just standing there quietly with her back to everybody. In about two minutes she steps before the camera with tears streaming down her face.

I asked her, "How in the world do you do it? How do you work yourself up so quickly? What do you think about?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, "I just think about all the lonely and unhappy people in the world—and about some of my friends who have been so good to me—and the tears come."

Incidentally, Joan loves to see movies. She has them run at her home about four nights a week and gets as excited as a school kid.

"Don't go up those stairs!" she'll yell at Nancy Carroll on the screen, say, in "Woman Accused."

Or, "Don't you treat that baby so rough," to Ric Cortez in "Flesh."

HOLLYWOOD has a new rave—Helen Hayes. She's a sort of cult. One night I went to a swell party at Una Merkel's. It was Una's first big party and she was as nervous as an extra girl doing her first "bit."

But the minute we came in the door she said, "My party is a success! Guess who's here?" And then in a tone of reverence and awe, "Helen Hayes!"

It was really a nice party—with Johnnie Arledge playing the piano for everybody—Jean Harlow parking at the miniature roulette wheel—Anna May Wong in Chinese trousers—and Ramon Novarro being more gay than anybody there. Wallace Ford was there and his wife looks so much like Ann Harding that you can't tell the difference. She used to be Ann's understudy.

Helen Hayes is an amazing little thing—that funny small face, that sweet small voice, that timid way—and married to the big, blustering Charlie MacArthur—who looks as if a comb had never seen his hair. He wears his hat sitting right on top of his untidy head. If you saw a thousand men lined up in a row and somebody said, "Which one *isn't* Helen Hayes husband?", I'll bet you'd pick Charlie MacArthur. But she adores him.

I really think the nicest couple in Hollywood are Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian.

They've bought a ranch a hundred miles from town and are knee deep in plans. Dorothy—and she used to be a hey-hey girl—talks about top-soil and she'll tell you with an ecstatic look in her eye that her onions are coming up.

Oh, it's a crazy town—with every sort of person living in it—and the swell part about the place is that it changes—in tone, in color, in outlook—every few months!



. . . Drama enters the life of Edward G. Robinson! Read this famous novelist's description of how Eddie took it

LITTLE CAESAR, JR.

By DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, with his wife, Gladys, arrived in a taxicab at the Doctors' Hospital, East End Avenue and Eighty-seventh Street, New York, on the dot of noon. Shortly afterwards, Dr. Richard N. Pierson said to Eddie:

"I can tell you in ten minutes what we have to do in this case. It looks to me as if a normal birth were out of the question."

Eddie, his Havana cigar forgotten for the moment, said:

"Remember, Doctor, Gladys is all that counts."

Eddie walked, and sat, and walked and sat until at 2:09 o'clock a nurse appeared from the operating room.

"It's a boy," she said.

"How is the mother?" Eddie asked.

"She's fine," the nurse replied.

"Then she showed me the kid," Eddie said to this writer in the very up-to-date hospital the day after the christening. "He weighed eight pounds, ten ounces. I began to realize what it is to be a father. And you might say that Little Caesar couldn't have a son without having him the Caesarian way.

"My friends all have told me what a great experience was in store for me. And now it has happened I find they didn't tell me the half of it. But all I had was anxiety and sleepless nights, worrying about my wife, until the birth. I felt her life and my happiness were at stake. I resented the kid, but I couldn't let my wife know how I felt. We were so happy, and had so much to live for.

"After nine years she had decided I should have a baby for a present. It was all her idea. The baby was going to be mine from her. She was happy all the time. She knew just what he was going to look like, and all of his characteristics. And gosh! It turned out she was right.

"She was going to call the baby Manuella, after my real first name, Emanuel, if the baby was a girl, and Edward G. Robinson, Jr., if he was a boy. I had no preference as to sex. All I wanted was my wife. She wanted a boy.

"Now that he's a boy, and has my name, it puts me on my good behavior. He must have that name unblemished, if possible. I couldn't afford to go into the banking business, for instance, could I?

"The minute I saw the baby everything was different," Eddie continued. "His birth changed all my sense of values. I felt not only the natural vanity and joy that a man feels at seeing, and feeling himself reproduced, but also I sensed that I was a factor in the chain that tells the story of man. It has made things that formerly appeared important seem insignificant and negligible."

Eddie grinned.

"Look here," he exclaimed. "We don't want this to sound too sentimental. You might mention that the kid was born without a cigar in his mouth, or a gun in his hand."

Eddie frowned.

"We don't know yet what we want him to be," he asserted solemnly, "except we don't want him to be a business man or a soldier. I wouldn't prescribe anything for him. He's the boss at this stage. After all he didn't ask to be born."

Eddie grinned.

"You might mention that if we get too serious about his career he might decide to be a policeman," he said.

Eddie looked serious.

"We'll teach him languages," he exclaimed, "and give him a broader idea of the brotherhood of man, a true conception of patriotism, in contrast to mere chauvinism."

Eddie led the way to a door, on the glass panel of which was printed "Nursery. No admittance."

A nurse rolled up a white crib on casters to the nursery side. A pink face reposed (*Continued on page 77*)

"YOUR FACE WILL BE

SO THE DOCTOR TOLD BETTE DAVIS WHEN SHE WAS THIRTEEN



"I'm sorry, but this child must go through life with her face scarred," the doctor said. "There is nothing I can do for her." But Bette's mother had an idea—



By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

BETTE DAVIS has just told me an amazing thing that happened when she was a young girl and that might, had it not been for the fortitude and courage of her mother, have entirely ruined her life and made it impossible for her ever to have been an actress.

Curiously enough, Bette has not spoken of this dramatic event for years and she has never before revealed it to a magazine or newspaper writer. So you're hearing for the very first time—and from Bette's own lips—this astonishing story.

"When I was thirteen," Bette told me, "I was almost burned to death. Being only thankful that my life had been saved it did not even worry me when the doctor said to my mother, 'I'm sorry but this child must go through life with her face badly scarred. It is a great handicap for a girl I know—but there is nothing I can do for her, she will just have to make the best of it and you must help her to forget that her face is drawn and ugly.'

"But my mother wouldn't believe those words. She was determined that I should not have this ghastly handicap and it was she who saved me from it.

"At the boarding school, which I was attending at the time, we had planned a school play to be given the day before the Christmas holidays. I had the uninspired role of Santa Claus and my costume consisted of a heavy wool robe and lots of cotton bunting. Just before the curtain went up I was standing near the Christmas tree and one of the lighted candles fell and landed in the cotton on my costume. I screamed, but because I was such a crazy kid and was always screaming and yelling nobody paid any attention to me. And then, suddenly, I burst

SCARRED FOR LIFE"

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN SUCH A CASE? THE SAME AS BETTE, OR—



(Above) She isn't a bit scarred today. The story tells why. The two small pictures show Bette about the time she was burned. That's her sister with her.

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

into flame. Little hands of fire clutched at me and worked quickly toward my face. I did have sense enough to shut my eyes and this time my screams were so full of horror that my schoolmates and teachers ran to me—to see me standing there burning.

THE stage was a wild confusion of jittery girls but somebody had presence of mind enough to snatch up a rug and throw it around me and other people rushed to me and began beating out the fire. I shall never forget the terror of that moment. I apparently thought none of the things that people in situations like that are supposed to think. My past did not flash before me. I was simply possessed by horror.

"The only thing that saved my life was the fact that I had on the heavy woolen costume. Otherwise the fire would have gotten to my body and surely I would have died, but as it was, only my face suffered.

"The teachers of the school made a grave mistake. They were determined that the Christmas holidays should not be spoiled so they bundled me up and took me to a village doctor who rubbed a little salve on my face and sent me back. That night I suffered agony but the next day they put me on the train and sent me home without ever letting my mother know what had happened.



"She was to meet me in New York and I shall never forget her eyes as she caught sight of me. My face and hands were swollen beyond all recognition. And, of course, I was beet red. My eyes were narrow slits in that awful face. And this is the truth—the only way my mother recognized me was by the clothes I wore. Can you imagine how terrible it was for her to see that child walking up the ramp? (*Continued on page 81*)





. . . THE ROVING



(Above) George O'Brien, Sally Clark and Billy Bakewell at the polo matches held at the Riviera Polo Club. (Above, left) Bob Montgomery suffered an injury to his wrist. No, that isn't Clark Gable helping Bob fix it up. (Left) Vivienne Gaye, Randolph Scott, Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant. (Below, left) Leslie Howard in polo costume. (Immediately below) The winners: Johnny Mack Brown, Big Boy Williams, Charles Farrell and Will Rogers.

Unless otherwise noted, pictures in this section by J. B. Scott, MODERN SCREEN's exclusive cameraman





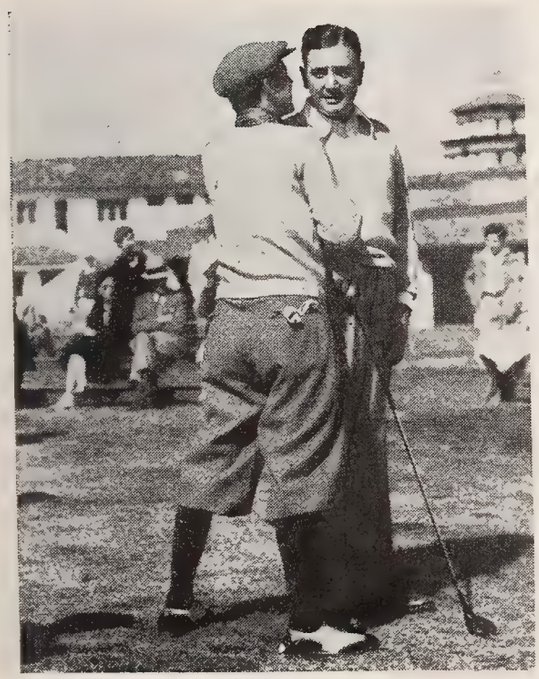


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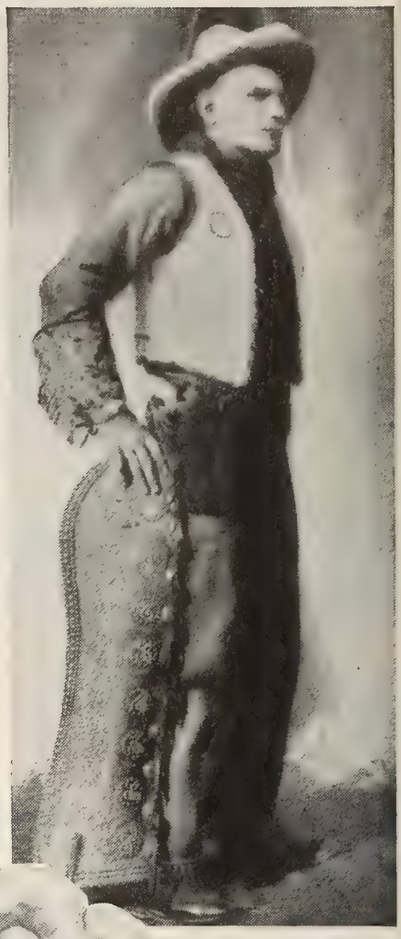


Florence Rice, the daughter of Grantland Rice, and Phillips Holmes. We're disclosing a new romance! (Above) Boris Karloff and Mrs. Karloff enjoying a stroll through Hyde Park, in London. Boris is visiting his native land. (Below) Is it the one about the farmer's daughter? Buster Collier and Richard Dix at Agua Caliente. (Below, right) Aline MacMahon and Dick Powell between scenes of "Golddiggers of 1933."





BUCK JONES' RIDE THROUGH LIFE...



The small picture on this page shows Buck as he appeared when he was with the 101 Ranch and the Ranch decided to send a rodeo touring the country.

By WALTER RAMSEY

... Had never seen a dollar bill until he was fifteen ... His first cowboy days... His flyer in the army ... And his first taste of rodeo



In a test car during his sojourn at Indianapolis where he got a job as a test driver.



When Buck first joined a circus he looked like this. That would be when the 101 Ranch sent its cowboys on the road.

SOME thirty odd years ago Buck Jones was born Charles Gebhart in a modest little farm house just outside Vincennes, Indiana. It was the beginning of a life of typically American adventure that reads like a page from Mark Twain.

It stamped him for the rest of his life with a brand of Americanism that even Hollywood's sophisticated success has never been able to dull.

Buck, himself, puts it: "You can take the boy out of the country, but if the country has taken roots in his soul as it has in mine, you can never take the country out of the boy. Even Hollywood can't do it!"

The Gebhart family was small, consisting of Buck's father, who worked hard to barely manage a living out of his little farm; his mother, who worked hard at the task of keeping her small brood fed and protected, and an older sister, Ada.

Before Buck was old enough to remember anything at all about Vincennes, his family moved to another farm near the town of Ben Davis about sixteen miles out of Indianapolis. There was just one railroad line running through the town and one general merchandise store that carried everything from groceries to wearing apparel. Even the post office and the village doctor's headquarters were located in this store.

There was very little social life in Ben Davis. But then social life meant nothing to young "Chuck" Jones.

He knew, instead, secret trails that led to the hollows of ageless trees. He knew the joys of a real honest to goodness old swimming hole. Before he was six years old he could whistle like a bird.

In company with neighboring farm boys he learned to build rafts to float down the river, and to dig caves to bury treasures and to build campfires without the aid of anything so modern as a match.

Every morning, no matter how cold in winter, or how hot in summer, he arose an hour before daybreak and carried a lantern to the barn for his father.

WHEN he was seven, he was entered (very compulsory entrance) in the one-room school two miles distant from his father's farm. He would have balked—played hookey—or anything else to have avoided this compulsory education if two of his closest cronies, the Marshall boys, hadn't advised him that it was pretty good for a fellow to know how to read and write.

Chuck had enormous respect for the Marshalls' judgment. If the Marshalls considered "education" as beneficial as swimming or exploring secret trails, all right, he would give it a fling.

It was an odd school! Every grade from kindergarten through high school was conducted in this one room by one harassed teacher.

That worthy lady would turn from instructing one row of rebellious youngsters through the mazes of the A B C's to the problems of trigonometry over in the "last" row.



Photograph by Carl de Voy



(Above) An unusal portrait of Buck. (Right) In the uniform of the 6th Cavalry. Read about his exciting experiences while with this outfit.

Chuck's actual "grade" education went only as far as the fourth.

But the opportunity offered him to listen to the higher grades recite their lessons gave him an education that would equal Junior High today. He managed a fair education in economics along about the same time he was still struggling with addition and subtraction.

When Buck was eleven, the end of his fourth year in school, he refused to go on with his education. He was also growing restless with the life on his father's small uneventful farm and begged his family for the privilege of "hiring out" for a year at the farm of Doctor Tucker who lived near Maywood, about ten miles from Ben Davis.

Chuck's chief reason for choosing Doc's farm was because the old physician was the proud owner of two horses, Gypsy and Topsy, and Chuck was mad about horses. So he went to live with Doc . . . but the horse riding didn't come until later.

In the meantime he had a disastrous experience on the back of a mule which earned him forever the nickname of "Buck."

DOC thought that Chuck should learn to ride a mule before he trusted him on the back of one or the other of his famous steeds. The mule was named Jennie, and she had a disposition—all of it bad.

At this particular time Doc was using the mule to plow up his field. Chuck "helped" the plowing along by sitting on the mule's back and "guiding" her. This was an ideal arrangement for everybody except Jennie.

As days went by she grew more and more rebellious. One day when she could stand it no longer she gave a right smart jump in the air, for all the world like a bronco, and when they picked up Chuck ten feet away, he was just about as unconscious as they come.

Nothing serious resulted, but when Chuck's farm gang heard about the incident they kiddingly nicknamed him "Buck" and from then on it was "Buck" instead of "Chuck."

(At the height of Buck's fame as a Fox star the company attempted to change his name to the more dignified billing of "Charles Jones." But even his fans insisted on "Buck" . . . and so it has been.)

When Buck was not actually busy at his chores on the farm he and his gang used to get a great kick out of wandering into town and "haunting" vacant houses. One day they went into a house they had believed to be vacant, but it wasn't.

Just as they were going pretty good on their ghost game, the owner came home. He was a mean old crank, furious at the juvenile "housebreaking," and reported to the children's parents that several articles were missing and that he was going to put the police on them.

"Now farm boys have only one idea about the law," laughed Buck, "and that idea is that the law is for one purpose . . . hanging! We all had visions of ourselves being strung up on a tree with an entire posse standing around chewing tobacco and laughing at us. So we decided to run away.

THERE were five of us forlorn, lonely and scared figures that set out down the railroad tracks. We didn't know where we were going, but we did know we were *moving!* We walked all day . . . I guess about five or six miles in actual distance.

"Exhausted and tired we decided to spend the night on the outskirts of a farm we had neared. But our rest was sadly disturbed by a suspicious farmer who mistook us for burglars or chicken thieves . . . and fired his shotgun in our direction. In less than an hour we had covered the five miles it had taken us all day to walk and were safe back home in our own beds!

"Funny thing," reminisced Buck, "I had a visit from one of the old gang just recently. It was one of the Marshall kids . . . Grover, whom I hadn't seen since those days back in Ben Davis. He had seen my picture in a movie magazine and had wondered if I was the same Buck he had known.

"I remember how we all used to envy Grover because he was the only kid that owned a small rifle. One day he was sitting on the fence showing off by shooting at some sparrows. Right in the midst of his exhibition the rifle broke open and his finger got stuck inside. It cut right through the joint and the only thing that held the finger to his hand at all was a little thin skin. We rushed Grover home and the doctor bandaged his finger with old-fashioned remedies. Believe it or not, Ripley, or anybody else, but the finger actually grew back on!"

WHEN Buck was twelve, at the completion of his year on Doc's farm, his family once more took him under their wing and the entire clan moved to Red Rock, Oklahoma, about ten miles from Ponca City.

This was all Indian territory, but white men were permitted to "homestead." The first step in homesteading is to fence in so many acres . . . then cultivate them and build a shack to live in before you can prove and get title to a homestead.

The Gebharts took 350 acres and 1,000 acres for grazing and built their own house out of logs.

But the little family had more than a hard time getting along. Fencing cost a lot of money . . . at least, a lot for the Gebharts. On top of this, their first year's planting was ruined by the frost.

By great self-sacrifice, they managed to raise a few hogs and cows for trading, and (*Continued on page 83*)

Portraits



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Joan Crawford wants to do a musical comedy picture. To that goal, she's taking singing and dancing lessons daily. The picture is tentatively titled "Dancing Lady." In "Today We Live," as you doubtless know, Joan had three excellent leading men—Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone. The bicycle fad which still keeps Hollywood pedalling was Joan's idea. She rode her own bicycle in "Today We Live." Rides well, too.



Photograph by Freulich

Gloria Stuart looks very fragile and Dresden-Shepherdess here, but in real life the lady is the very spirit of independence. She was born on July 4—maybe that's why. Gloria has just finished three pictures: "Dead on Arrival" for Paramount, with Ric Cortez, "Sweepings" for Radio with Lionel Barrymore and "The Kiss Before the Mirror" for Universal. The last named studio has dubbed Gloria "The All-American Girl." She is married to a nice young sculptor named Gordon Newell. She can't find anything wrong with the marriage-plus-career idea.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Warren William has completed "The Mind Reader" and is working in "Golddiggers of 1933." He has been married to the same woman for ten years. William may play hard-headed, nickel-snatching business men on the screen, but in private life he's a quiet, reticent chap. He has a delightful sense of humor. He never talks about himself and when interviewed he refuses to be personal. Which is discouraging to reporters, but makes us like him better. He lives in a large Beverly Hills house and has two dogs named Jack and Jill.



Here is a picture of Cary Grant whom all the girls adore. They can see him (and undoubtedly will) in "The Woman Accused" with Nancy Carroll and in "The Eagle and the Hawk"—which is his biggest picture to date. Cary's romance with blond Virginia Cherrill is still sizzling, although both deny an engagement. Cary continues to live in bachelor quarters with Randolph Scott. He (Cary) was badly hurt recently when the ceiling of a studio set fell on his head. Production on "The Eagle" was held up for a week on account of it. He's all right now.



Photograph by Mac Julian

Doesn't Loretta Young look lovely in bangs? It doesn't seem possible that Loretta has just turned twenty—she has so many pictures to her credit. You've just seen her in "Zoo in Budapest." Next, "Breadline." Loretta continues to live with her mother and three sisters—Sally Blane, Polly Ann and young Georgina, aged six, about whom Loretta is quite daffy. Loretta is still looking forward to her first European trip. It won't be for some time, however—not until "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," with young Fairbanks, and "She Had to Say Yes" are completed.



Photograph by Bachrach

Bruce Cabot is Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. (He was married when he was little more than a boy. It didn't work and there was a divorce.) He likes all the girls—but especially Loretta Young. When the bank holiday left the country unable to cash a check, Cabot was in Mexico and he had to bum his way back, not having a sou in his jeans. The Mexican trip was a little vacation, following completion of "King Kong" and "The Great Jasper." Cabot likes all sports—a very outdoor young man—and is quite an expert in most of them.

WHATEVER BECAME OF VIOLA DANA?

By KATHERINE ALBERT





Remember how cute Viola was in her stardom days! At the left you see her in a recent Columbia short called "The Case of Poison Ivy." She used to be one of the biggest stars!

I HAVE a picture of Viola Dana in my mind's eye that I can never forget. I can see her on the old Metro lot standing like some mischievous gamine on a little rustic bridge in the studio garden, waving a bright handkerchief to an airplane whirring all too close to her.

Those were the days when Viola was at the height of success and happiness. She was madly in love with Lieut. Locklear—the Lindbergh of his day—and she was a great star.

Locklear used to fly over the studio, dipping his plane so low that the wheels would touch the top of the stages—much to the terror of the actors and to the delight of Viola.

She was always a madcap in those days—but a true artiste in her intense, vital way. Locklear, as you know, was killed while stunt flying at night. He apparently mistook the fireworks sent up around his plane for ground lights and flew downwards instead of upwards, crashing into the earth.

It was a heart breaking time for Viola, but she went on with her career.

When her grief was at last over, she fell in love with Lefty Flynn. Her marriage to him was a real Hollywood romance, but one—like everything in Viola's life, it seems—to be touched by tragedy.

YOU know, of course, the one time great football player's weakness. To put it tactfully, he looked too long upon the wine when it was red—except that he didn't content himself with just looking and he liked harder stuff than wine.

Viola loved Lefty—there's no doubt about that and he loved her—but only a woman who has been married to a man like him can know what Viola suffered. The sound of his voice on the telephone (would it be husky or clear?). His step on the front porch (would it be firm or faltering?). Her plans for the evening (would he be "himself" enough to take her to the theater party or dinner party, or would she be sitting at the telephone calling all his friends with whom he might be?).

What those months cost Viola only she, herself, knows. There was no way for it to end, of course, but in the divorce courts.

Her career, although not so poignantly personal, of course, was no less tragic. (*Continued on page 91*)

Another grand addition to our series on the fate of old favorites



DO YOU WANT INSPIRATION?

...Then read about Dorothy Jordan, as this discerning novelist sees her. For her story is more inspiring than a thousand more glamorous Hollywood histories

By FAITH BALDWIN

WHILE I write this, hundreds and thousands of girls all over the country are looking at themselves in mirrors, each of them dreaming of becoming a movie star.

Each of these girls is convinced that she has something special—grace, figure, appearance, acting talent, hair or eyes. Something unique, something which never before has been, never again will be.

Others of us, reading of the temperamental escapades and curious vagaries, fads and fancies of Hollywood stars and near-stars, believe that, allowing for what is pure publicity, these fortunate people must have been set apart by nature for the positions they have attained.

Dorothy Jordan is a direct contradiction of this. Dorothy Jordan is not a motion picture actress who happens, by chance, to be an extremely nice girl; she is an extremely nice girl who happens to be a motion picture actress.

Her history is so commonplace that it is startling. She said to me, laughing a little, that she wondered whether she had better think up a new one, one evolved from pure fiction. "Because," she explained in her pretty Southern accent, "people must get tired of reading the truth."

Nevertheless, in her history there is more inspiration for the average girl than in the dramatic histories of a thousand other Hollywood stars.

Dorothy Jordan is a small town girl. Her early experiences are being duplicated every day by hundreds of girls in other towns. She was the most popular girl in her senior high school year. I can understand that perfectly. She is pretty without being so spectacularly beautiful that she would arouse the animosity of other girls; she has a sense of fun and a sense of humor and is one of the most sincerely interested listeners it has ever been my good fortune to encounter.

During that senior year she was selected to represent her school in Clarkeville, Tennessee, in an inter-scholastic debate. Dorothy had worked hard, with the enthusiasm native to her. In addition, she had been to the usual exciting round of graduation parties. The last big event was the debate. So Dorothy walked out on the stage of a strange auditorium, heard the applause and listened, smelled the piercingly sweet fragrance of many flowers. Took her place. And then she fainted dead away.

This still remains to her a most devastating experience.

Dorothy Jordan is still very young. She has some very excellent work in pictures to her credit. She has not been spoiled; neither has she become disgruntled or bitter because all her roles have not been what her ambition might prefer. Less than any young motion picture person I have met has she "gone Hollywood." She hasn't "gone" anything at all. She is simply herself. She does not accept praise as if it were her due. When I told her how well I recalled her charming performance with Novarro in "Devil May Care," her eyes, which are neither gray nor green, widened a little. She was sincerely amazed that I remembered her.

SHE has an enchanting little face, unmarked by any lines of greed or by the desire to be the center of the limelight. Her hair is a pleasant brown—"plain brown," she told me, only it isn't plain—and her skin is smooth and pretty. She has the smallest hands I have ever seen and they are beautifully formed and have a surprising amount of strength in a hand-clasp. Her features are not remarkable for anything in particular; they are just very nice features, easy to look at, and if I repeat that she is not a world-shaking beauty she will not mind, for I doubt if she has any aspirations in that doubtfully happy direction.

She has a certain fragility of appearance, however, and so quiet a manner that I puzzled over her a little. The manner is not weak nor undetermined, but it is passive rather than pushing. It amazed me to think that once she had come to New York from the life of her small town and become a chorus girl. I wondered what had urged her to it, what chance had brought her this way. It was impossible to believe that she had deliberately made up her mind to "go places and do things." And then I realized that, during her chorus girl experience, her attitude and her life had changed very little from her attitude and life at home. And I became aware that whatever she did, or for whatever reason she did it, nothing would alter her very much. Just as in Hollywood she has never been identified with the sensation-seeking crowd, so in New York she did not ally herself with the tabloid headlines of the Main Stem. It isn't in her to do so. It wouldn't suit her. She is a fastidious little person and it doesn't (*Continued on page 97*)

ALWAYS IN HOT WATER



(Left) As he is today. (Left, below) With Miriam Hopkins in "The Story of Temple Drake" (temporary title). (Left, bottom of page) With Maurice Black and Helen Mack in "While Paris Sleeps," an old Fox Film. (Below) With Verree Teasdale in "Terror Abroad." (Below, bottom of page) With Warren William in "The Mouthpiece." Opposite page, (Upper small picture) The whipping scene with Cary Grant in "The Woman Accused." (Lower, small picture) With Gary Cooper in "Farewell to Arms." And (big picture) with Mae West in the stage play, "Diamond Lil."









As a kid, Jack LaRue was always getting in pretty hot water

By MARTHA KERR

YOU have seen Jack LaRue as the ascetic, dreamy-eyed priest in "Farewell to Arms."

You have seen him as the whimpering, cowardly gangster in "The Woman Accused" and other roles of that type.

And perhaps you have wondered—as I did—just what a man with a face like that is really like.

For that wide, sensual mouth—those darkly brooding eyes—the broad, flat nose have a sinister quality.

What sort of a man could have a face like that?

All his life Jack LaRue has been in trouble—that's the first thing you'll learn about him.

His trouble began when he was a small, lithe mischievous kid with bright Italian eyes. His father was a piano maker, and when Jack should have been helping him he was sneaking away from home to sit all day in a movie palace, watching the glittering paradise peopled by svelte silken women and smooth, sophisticated men who marched across the screen.

If you had seen him then as he watched the film run over and over again and imagined himself as suave as the men he saw before him you would have had a hint of the Jack LaRue who was destined to play in "The Story of Temple Drake," from Faulkner's allegedly salacious novel, "Sanctuary." (Ask George Raft about that!)

For instead of a little Italian boy in a movie theatre Jack became the man he is on the screen—thirsty for all life's stolen pleasures and willing to pay the penalty for them.

For there was a penalty for those hours spent in the movie theatres. Jack knew the scene at home, his father saying to him, "Where have you been, son?"

And Jack answering, "I haven't done anything really bad, father, I . . . just . . ."

And then his father—to teach a lesson which Jack couldn't learn—giving him a good sound whipping.

And Jack whimpering before his father (do you remember in "The Woman Accused" when Cary Grant applied the whip to his face and body?) and promising never, never to do it again.

BUT he did it again and again. Jack could no more help running away to the movies and staying all day than he could help flirting with the dark-eyed Italian girls in his neighborhood. Jack was born for trouble as surely as sparks fly upwards and women were to play an important part in his life.

I want to give you a picture of him when he was fourteen to show you what manner of boy he was. Unbeknown to his father—who knew that Jack was different from the other children in the family—Jack asked a girl to go to Coney Island with him for an evening.

In spite of the fact that he was only a kid, he was amazingly spruce and dapper and eager to make an impression on the girl who clung to his arm as they walked along the tawdry Coney Island streets.

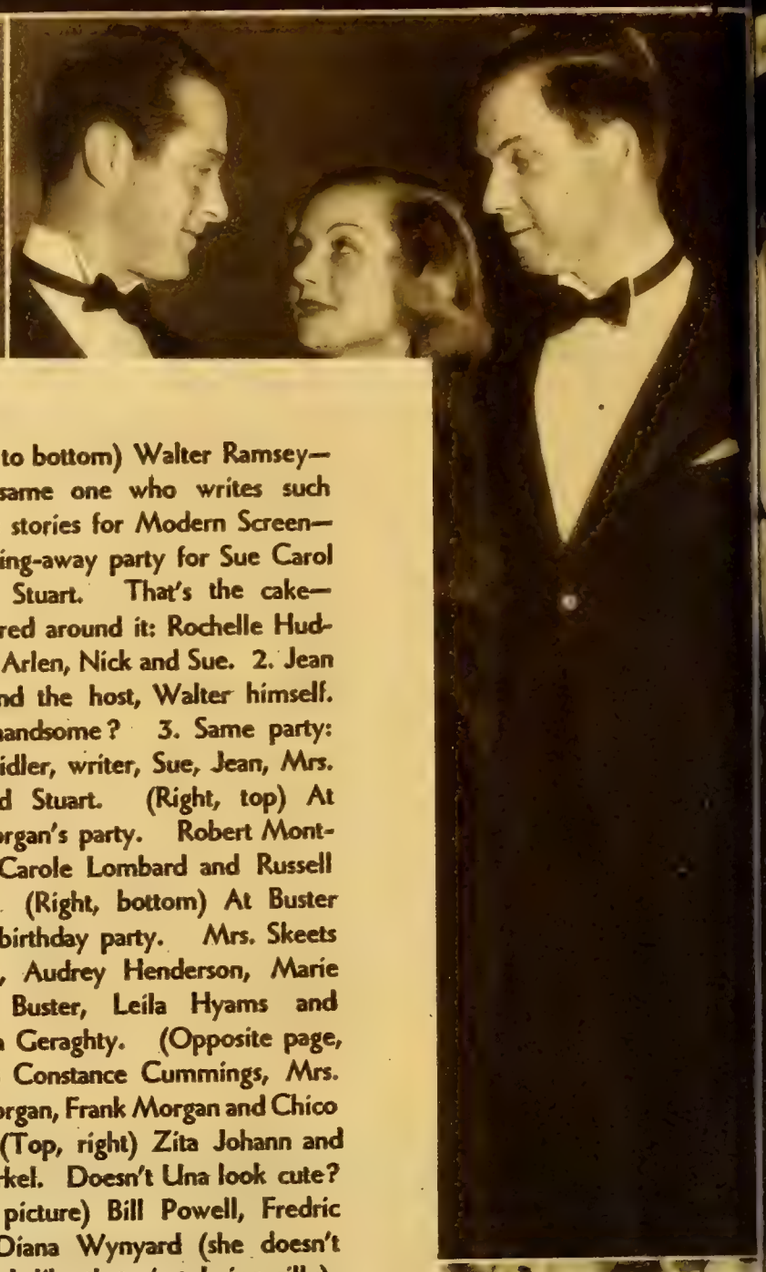
The blare of the merry-go-round calliope; the dancing girls in grass skirts and nothing much else, writhing to the wail of steel guitars and ukuleles; the snake charmers in red sequins; the hoarse (*Continued on page 99*)





But he's made up for it by making a sensational success of his career







(Left, top to bottom) Walter Ramsey—yes, the same one who writes such marvelous stories for Modern Screen—gave a going-away party for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. That's the cake—and gathered around it: Rochelle Hudson, Dick Arlen, Nick and Sue. 2. Jean Harlow and the host, Walter himself. Isn't he handsome? 3. Same party: Jimmie Fidler, writer, Sue, Jean, Mrs. Arlen and Stuart. (Right, top) At Frank Morgan's party. Robert Montgomery, Carole Lombard and Russell Gleason. (Right, bottom) At Buster Collier's birthday party. Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Audrey Henderson, Marie Prevost, Buster, Leila Hyams and Carmelita Geraghty. (Opposite page, Top left) Constance Cummings, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Frank Morgan and Chico Marx. (Top, right) Zita Johann and Una Merkel. Doesn't Una look cute? (Bottom picture) Bill Powell, Fredric March, Diana Wynyard (she doesn't always look like that—just being silly), Mrs. Fredric March and Bob Montgomery at Frank Morgan's.





HOME PARTY ALBUM







MODERN SCREEN'S





(Left, top to bottom) 1. At Robert Armstrong's informal stag party. Find Bob? 2. Frank Morgan and others at the same party. 3. At Gary Cooper's party. Mary Pickford, mustached Jack Oakie, Joan Crawford, Moss Hart, composer, and Polly Moran. (Right, top to bottom.) Top, Jimmie Gleason, Bob Armstrong and Harry Joe Brown at Bob's party. 2. Also at Gary's party. Mrs. Frank Joyce, Oakie again, Jobyna Ralston, Tommy Tompkins, Franchot Tone and Roscoe Kearns. 3. Joan Crawford and Gary at Gary's shindig. (Opposite page, top) At Mike Levee's party for Elsa Maxwell. It was supposed to be a stag affair—except for the guest of honor. But Elsa fooled them by coming dressed as Professor Einstein. Edgar Allen Woolf, Elsa Maxwell as the Professor, Jesse L. Lasky, Jimmie Durante, Mike Levee, Maurice Chevalier, Frank Borzage, Leslie Howard, Jean Malin and Fredric March. (Opposite page, bottom) Another group at Gary's party.

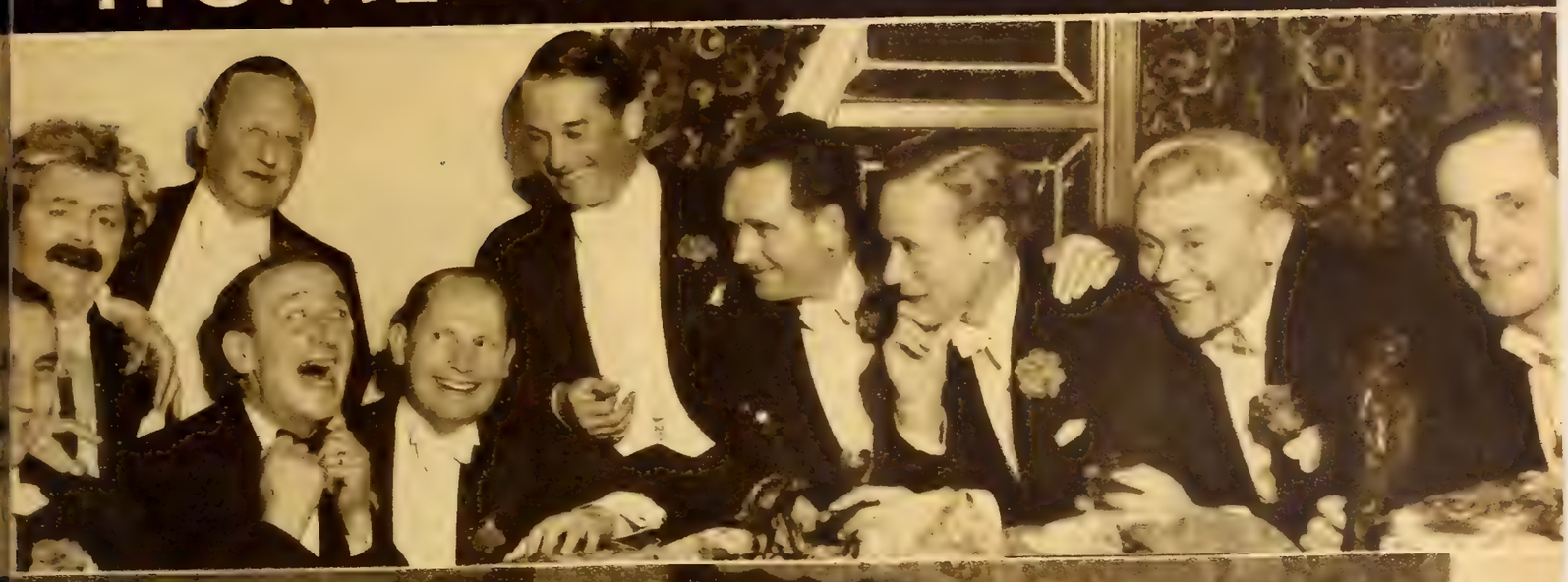








HOME PARTY ALBUM









Photograph by Ray Jones

Genevieve Tobin has seven real dogs and a large assortment of wooden and porcelain bow-wows besides. You'd never believe it, but she is quite a home girl. Lives with her mother, brother and sisters. She has never been married and there are no romance rumors about her. She plays the piano and the harp very well. Since her return from England—where she played a feature role, you know, in Gloria Swanson's "Perfect Understanding," Genevieve has completed "Pleasure Cruise" with Minna Gombell and Roland Young for Fox.

GLAMOR HOLLYWOOD'S AND YOURS



DIRECTED BY MISS MARGERY WELLS, THESE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH CONSTITUTE A MAGAZINE WITHIN A MAGAZINE, BRING YOU THE LATEST, MOST AUTHENTIC INFORMATION CONCERNED WITH FASHION, BEAUTY AND THE HOME

June, the month of brides—Constance Bennett, a beautiful bride. Miss Bennett's veil is of real lace, but its draping is classic and a perfect arrangement for tulle, net or mousseline, if the old family lace inheritance doesn't seem to be handy.

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

HAVE you seen the new accordion pleated scarves that match the accordion pleated trimming on frocks? Jean Harlow appeared at lunch at the Assistance League, where she's been doing so much good work, in a pale yellow dress with a brown scarf swinging low over the left shoulder and up across the right one. Both the scarf and the brown puff on the sleeve at the elbow were accordion pleated.

● And speaking of scarves . . . the ladies have adopted these, too, but we'll have to give Gary Cooper credit for introducing them. We mean the long white silk aviator scarves. They are three yards long, cross over the chest, swoop down under the arms, and tuck in or tie at the back.

● Bandeaux add a fascinating note to bright locks—to say nothing of the way they keep stray hairs in order. If you're going in for a smooth hairdress on top and a cluster of curls behind, you'll want one, of course. They are shown in every conceivable hue and material.

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The Modern Hostess 76

At a dance given by Hollywood's Little Club, Mary Brian wore one of turquoise. Her gown was turquoise blue taffeta and she carried a flower muff of forget-me-nots! At the same affair, Mary Carlisle had her blond hair caught back by a golden hoop that matched the spray of flowers on her shoulder. Mary's dress was lilac blue chiffon.

Nothing is more flattering than flower hats, as the stars have discovered. Quite frequently for formal occasions they complement them with a muff of similar flowers. Dolores Del Rio is most disturbing to man's peace of mind in a flat little hat of flaming poppies which are matched by the tiny muff she slips over one hand. An all-white costume of dull crêpe is a delightful offset.

● Claudette Colbert is wearing her bangs longer so that she can brush them back, when the mood takes her, with the comfortable assurance that they'll *stay* back. She uses very clever small clips on her hair for evening that are identical with those on her gown. (*Continued on page 79*)

WHEN YOU GO TO THE BEACH







Frances' bathing suit (right) is yellow with dark green stripes and green trunks. The skirt is navy blue ribbed woolen material and so are the slacks The skirt is a wrap-around. The slacks are casual, but nicely fitted.

Frances Dee has a three-piece outfit for surf and sand. She can wear her navy slacks over her bathing suit as she is doing in the picture above. Or she can wear the skirt, as in the middle picture. She is, in other words, equipped for any beach occasion. A good scheme to follow.

FRANCES DEE'S THREE-WAY BEACH OUTFIT

What about the hair when you go in for honest-to-goodness swimming and diving? Protect it with a tight rubber cap, as Phyllis Barry does in the picture immediately below. One with a chin strap. Then (center picture) when you choose a swim suit, wear a hand-knitted one in white, backless and cut out under the arms.

If yachting is in order, a white suit is best. Genevieve Tobin shows you how to do it in the latest 1933 summer manner. A dress of white piqué with cape sleeves and a gaily colored scarf about the throat, along with a white straw sailor hat. White buckskin pumps, with straight heels, finish the costume.









Norma Shearer shows how the backless bathing suit is done in its more modern manner. Hers is white with a royal blue border around the bib top and straps of the same blue shade crossing over the back.

TWO TRIM SWIM SUITS AND A SPECTATOR OUTFIT THAT YOU'LL ADORE



Knitted suits—well, you're just nothing this summer unless you have at least one of them! And how they do stand up under hard wear! Mary Carlisle (above) is wearing one which combines green, yellow, red and powder blue in a knitted pattern that resembles tuckings. There is a bolero jacket, worn over a yellow knitted sweater and the close fitting knit cap is also of yellow.

A white hat is chosen above every other for summer. And when it is high and Russian looking as Sari Maritza's is (right) and worn at just the right angle and with just enough hair showing, it's practically perfect.





(Above) Summer pumps for evening in silver and white brocade have their matching handbag. There is suggested a string of clear crystals and silver to be worn along with them, when a very simple white evening dress is the background. (Right) Katharine Hepburn knows how to wear a plaid blouse, with high neck and high-waisted skirt—one of the best models for this season.



GOING AWAY? LOOK AT THESE FOUR IDEAS

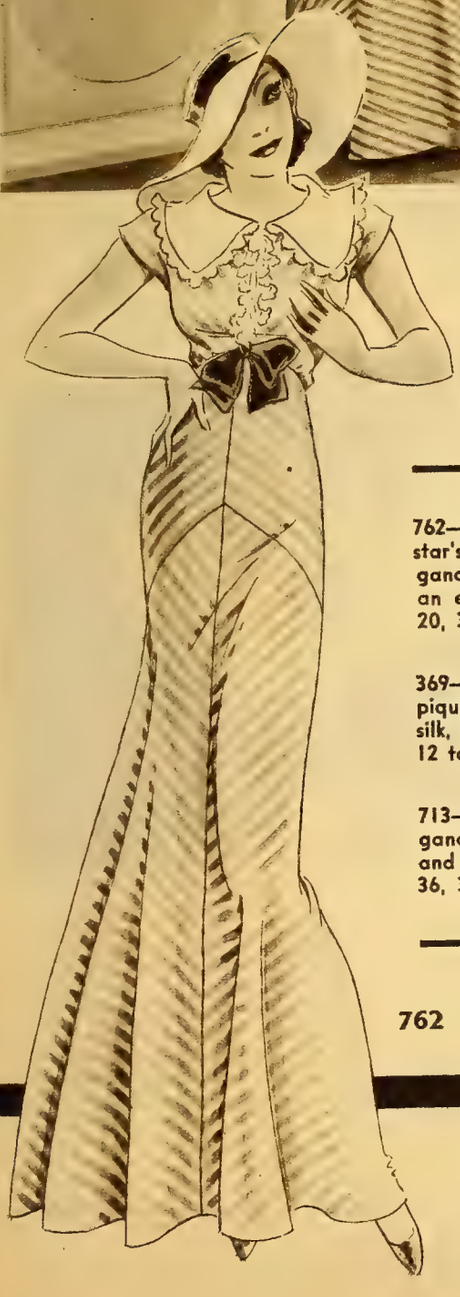
PATTERNS





For back views and instructions for ordering these patterns, see page 109.

369



762—Sari Maritza's organdie frock is our star's model. This dress, in fine white organdie (for it must be stiff) would make an excellent graduation dress. Sizes 12 to 20, 36 and 38 bust.

369—This swagger sports frock, in cotton piqué, cotton and woolen mixtures, or wash silk, is smart and will tub beautifully. Sizes 12 to 20, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

713—Polka-dotted silk with crisp white organdie sleeves. The shoulder line is new and the skirt is slimming. Sizes 14 to 20, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

762



713

PATTERNS WITH SUNNY DAYS IN MIND



Lovely Hands

At the top, Greta Nissen shows you how quiet, poised hands make a daily gesture beautiful. At the left, you see two of the loveliest hands in Hollywood—Jean Harlow's. And Carole Lombard shows you the latest fad—crimson polish covering the whole nail, tip and all.

SOFT SKIN, PERFECT GROOMING AND GRACEFUL USAGE DOES IT!

BEAUTY ADVICE

By Mary Biddle

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. You may write more than once if you like. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, please

THIS is a "by request" program. Its object is to answer as many as I can of the questions which crop up in letters—which are general enough to interest most people but which are, at the same time, just a little out of the usual beauty routine.

We'll start with hand problems. I put those lovely pictures on the opposite page just to inspire you toward bigger and better hand beauty. See how Jean Harlow's flower-like hands (with natural nail polish, observe) are so beautifully in character with her silvery beauty. See how Carole Lombard makes a new fad (the crimson polish covering the whole nail) smart and interesting without being garish. Note, too, in the picture of Carole's hands by themselves, how important it is to have long slim fingers if you are going to wear great big rings. I said *slim*, not thin, for a thin hand would look over-weighted with a ring of that size. And see how Greta Nissen uses her hands so gracefully.

All right—all right. I know many of you probably haven't pretty hands. The oftenest-asked question is, "How can I make my hands white? They're *always* red—and especially red when I particularly want them to look nice." Naturally. When you "particularly want them to look nice," you get a bit nervous. All the blood rushes to your hands. Make a point, at such times, of keeping your hands *up* as much as possible. Be sure your sleeve isn't tight in any place. Avoid the puffed-sleeve-with-elastic. As a matter of fact, be sure none of your clothing is tight—and that goes for girdles, too.

Softening, slightly bleaching hand lotions are essential to everyone. In addition, the lady who's troubled with red paws should use a hand cream on special occasions. The best one I know is about the consistency of grease-paint—maybe a little thinner. It leaves the hands soft and with an almost powdered look. Then, too (and how many times have I said this!) wear old, loose gloves to bed, first anointing the hands with cold cream or tissue cream.

IN the matter of manicures, here's my rule: look after the cuticle first. The shape and length of the nail comes next in importance. And polish and nail-white last. So, if you haven't time for a complete manicure, for goodness sakes do the cuticle. Remember, half-moons can be made to grow where you thought none existed—but you can't do it in a single treatment. It takes patient, gentle coaxing. Don't push the cuticle back as if your life depended on it—you'll break the skin and encourage hangnails. Be satisfied with a little progress at a time.

If your hands are big, capable and rather bony, don't affect bright polish on any occasion. If your hands are slim, white and elegant, play them up! Change your shade of polish often—to match your frocks, your lipstick or the occasion. Call attention to your pretty hands with one lovely ring—it doesn't have to be expensive, you know. But in buying costume jewelry, do stick to the semi-precious stones—carnelian, topaz, turquoise and so on—and avoid imitations of the more precious jewels. Wear bracelets only if they add to your costume and if your arms and wrists are slender. Don't buy cheap gloves! They may seem great bargains, but you'll find that another dollar or dollar-fifty would have given you a glove that would fit and whose seams wouldn't have given way from malnutrition. Never wear tight gloves—they make the hand look bigger. And if your hands are big, avoid white and choose grey, beige and black.

Question two: "Please, Miss Biddle, have an article on different ways to fix the hair—both long and short hair." Whew! Do you realize, my innocents, that it's very difficult to tell folks in print (and at long distance, too) how to fix their hair? I can only give you a few general principles—here they are:

Take a hand-mirror and sit down in front of a big mirror. Study the shape of your head. Is it flat on top? Then, in dressing or cutting, it must be built up there. Waves will build it up. So will expert barbering—"feathering" the hair underneath and combing the long hair over the feathered part. Is there a bulge in your head at the back? Then avoid clumps of curls and wads of hair at that point. Have you a rather large nose? Then balance that nose with hair at the back of your head—either curls or a small knot. And don't wear hats with no brims. How about your forehead? Measure it—if its height is the width of three fingers, you have a very nice forehead. Show it. If it's higher than (*Continued on page 103*)

"BY REQUEST" MARY BIDDLE ANSWERS QUESTIONS YOU'VE BEEN ASKING



OBJECT LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS

This distinguished woman, the great-great-niece of Napoleon, (below, in the small picture, is her family crest) begins a series of fascinating articles on good manners and charm. She bases her observations on the lives and living of the stars. And she begins with the Harold Lloyds, whom you see at the left. Why the Lloyds? Because there is no pretense about them! For other reasons, too—which you'll find in the article.

By Her Highness Princess Laure Murat



DELIVER me from pretense. Give me more people like the Harold Lloyds.

Let me tell you about a visit I had with the Lloyds just after they came back from Europe. It is such a perfect illustration of all I applaud in them.

The Lloyds, after all, had had something of a triumphal tour. Remember that! Tremendous crowds had welcomed them upon their arrival in the different cities and been at the train again to bid them Godspeed. In England and on the Continent they met the most important people.

Neither Mildred nor Harold were born to this sort of thing. When I think of the way they *might* have reacted to it, I am doubly amazed that they came back the same delightful, genuine people they have always been.

In the drawing room of the family's tower suite in the Waldorf-Astoria, little Gloria paraded about in a pair of her mother's high-heeled mules. Peggy (the Lloyds adopted little one, you remember) watched her admiringly for a little while. Then, unable to endure Gloria's superiority another minute, she asked permission to wear the brocaded sandals she found under her mother's bed. Both little girls were so enthusiastic about the skating and skiing they had seen at St. Moritz that they interrupted each other telling me about it.

Harold, Junior, was very important in a blue sailor suit. He sat beside his nurse on the sofa and covered yellow paper with wobbly lines. In turn he insisted they represented a cat, a dog, a horse and a boat. He reminded me of other young, radical artists I've known.

It was all very informal and refreshing. *And very American.* If only Americans, as well as every other nationality, would remember that we are always most charming when we are *what* we are, that we lose all our charm by forsaking our natural color in an attempt to imitate something that is native to someone else.

As Mildred and I stepped into the dining room for a minute, several other guests arrived. It had been planned that the nurse and children would go to the nursery quarters. But somehow it ended by all of us congregating around the long Sheraton table *(Continued on page 96)*

WE CAN ALL LEARN MUCH ABOUT GOOD MANNERS FROM THE GENUINE, UNASSUMING LLOYDS

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Worries over a Gray Hair But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

She gets panic-stricken about a gray hair—and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need *Ipana and massage.*

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

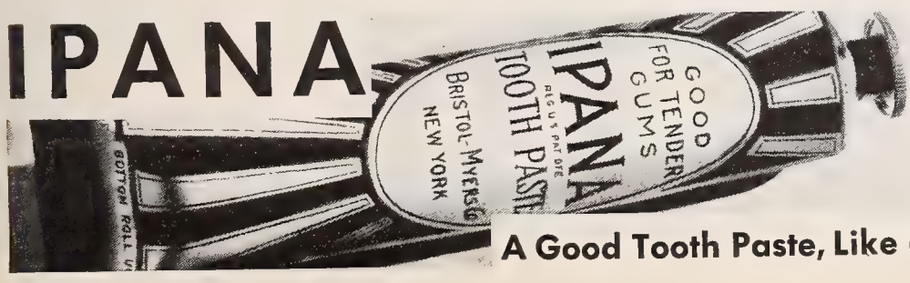
For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-63
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury



(Above) Dick is helping Joby to Savory Lamb Pie—one of his favorite dishes. Inexpensive and delicious. And so is the meat pie (right) with the baking powder crust.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, our husband ran into an old college friend on his way home from work. So overwhelmed was he with delight at seeing "good old Jim" again that he carted him right home to dinner without even stopping at the corner drugstore to find out whether or not the meal he was so eager to share was one which would stretch. Being just a young bride we were completely covered with housewifely confusion when they walked in! For we were having stew—and somehow we just couldn't imagine offering stew to a guest. However, there we were, with nothing else in the house; we set the steaming platter on the table, stuttering incoherent phrases of apology the while. Our guest sniffed the savory aroma emanating from that humble platter. He looked actually expectant and we wanted to believe him when he assured us that *he* thought stew was "an elegant dish." Perhaps, we speculated, he was being just polite. But by the time he and our husband had completely demolished that great platterful of meat and vegetables and dumplings, we decided that he was just being truthful.

Later we discussed the matter with our husband and he laughed heartily. "Of course he really likes stew," he assured us. "Likes it as much as I do, and that's saying a lot. All men like a *good* stew. Why, down at the club, when there is stew or meat pie or some other such concoction on the menu, the fellows always order it in preference to steaks or chops or any of those supposedly preferred meats. Didn't you know?"

We thought we detected a note of masculine patronage in the tone of voice in which the question was put—but we had to confess we didn't know! We had always thought that "made" meat dishes were things which were eaten at home because they were put on the table to be eaten, but we never dreamed that men actually ordered them in restaurants in preference to the snootier undisguised meats. But once we had learned our lesson we never forgot and from that day to this, whenever we plan a (*Continued on page 92*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for June, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

ECONOMICAL MEAT DISHES FROM THE RICHARD ARLENS' RECIPE BOOK

Little Caesar, Jr.

(*Continued from page 43*)

on a white pillow, over which was tacked a card inscribed, "Baby Boy Robinson."

"Isn't he grand?" Eddie exclaimed.

"Look at that head. Look at those hands—and the feet. See him try to stand up. That's more than an ordinary baby three months old can do. Isn't he handsome?"

BABY BOY ROBINSON'S eyes goggled towards his nose.

"Naturally," Eddie said hastily, "all babies look a little cross-eyed at this age. But see the strength of him. You can see the character in his face. Isn't the mouth like mine? Look at it.

"Of course," Eddie continued, as the nurse held up Eddie, Jr., in her arms, "all fathers boast, but this baby really has beaten all records in this hospital. Most babies lose weight for the first three days. This one lost five ounces the first day, and has gained every day since—even yesterday when he was christened. Yes, sir. The boy can take it.

"Look at him hold up his head," Eddie exclaimed. "No other babies his age can hold up their heads like that. Their necks aren't strong enough."

Eddie, Jr., yawned right in his father's face.

Eddie, Sr., led the way down a long corridor to his wife's room. Gladys Robinson in a lace negligée was lying in a tall hospital bed, flowers in vases around the room, her own bright brunette face, sparkling brown eyes, fluffed brown hair, rosy cheeks, like a flower on the white pillow.

"Isn't he grand?" she asked, smiling.

"The nurse has had to take him in to see every patient on the floor," Eddie said.

"He's boss of this family," Eddie said.

"He's the sovereign," Gladys agreed. "By the way," she added, "you know I take care of Eddie's business, and look after his roles and his contracts."

"That's right," Eddie agreed. "She okays everything I do."

"And I'll be back on the job in about a week," Gladys said.

Miss Jones, the nurse, entered with Eddie, Jr.

"Here comes the boss," Gladys said, smiling.

"He never misses a meal," Eddie said.

"Isn't he beautiful?" Gladys demanded.

Visitors are not allowed at babies' eatings.

"But fathers are," Eddie explained outside the room. "And it's marvelous to watch, besides being the only time I can really get near my son. They don't allow anyone—even fathers—in the nursery.

"You might mention," he said, before this visitor took the elevator, "that just to keep in line with the pleasant custom of nepotism in the movies, that Harry Warner is the boy's godfather."

"Isn't he *thrilling?*"



A new batch of snapshots is a package full of excitement . . . "Let *me* see" . . . "I *must* have this one" . . . Plenty of fun when the pictures were made. But what sport when the prints are passed around!

Millions are finding new possibilities in snapshots—they use Kodak VERICHROME Film. It has really made picture-taking quite a different thing. Easy positions—natural expressions—you get them with Verichrome. Because nobody need pose or face the sun. Dull days or bright, just snap what you want. The pictures will turn out right. Try a roll of Verichrome today! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

• Verichrome is *the double-coated film.* Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshots.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

PERFUME MAGIC

By Ann R. Silver



(Left) A gold perfume bottle—fabulously valuable—which belonged to a Chinese empress and, recently, to Lya de Putti. (Below) Miss Lya de Putti's vanitie—a lovely thing of creamy enamel, set with diamond chips, turquoise and sapphires.

Both articles loaned by courtesy of Blue Waltz Beauty Aids



PERFUME can be a powerful weapon in the hands of the woman who knows her scented A, B, C's. And a complete failure when she doesn't—as too few of us do.

We buy something because it bears an intriguing name or comes in a tricky bottle. Maybe it suits our personality, more often it doesn't. And we keep on making the same mistakes and the problem remains unsolved.

An expert perfumer, of course, knows the secret. That's why I went up to the smart Fifth Avenue salon of a man who has long catered to the perfume needs of the discriminating women who can afford such advice. He is an Egyptian. The secrets of Cleopatra and other beauties who reigned in the land of the Nile were handed down from generation to generation and are now in the possession of this modern son of Egypt who combines the alchemy of the East with the advanced science of today in creating his perfumes.

He was mixing a scent for Joan Crawford when I came into his salon. Into a test tube he put the sweet, haunting essence of heliotrope, a bit of pungent amber, drops of some strange, tantalizing green liquid, then a mysterious, fatty substance for a base and fixative. The tube was sealed and plunged into a steam bath. I tried to imagine the spicy, exhilarating fragrance on the fiery Joan and the very thought of it fascinated me.

"Exactly—that's the purpose of perfume," he said, watching my reaction. "To create an illusion and arouse the emotions. And it's influence is unlimited on both the physical and mental states. It can depress or elate, make you feel frivolous or moody, gay or pensive. How it affects others is even less predictable. A scent may stimulate, intrigue, annoy, charm or make people absolutely sick. It can attract so irresistibly or irritate so indefinably that others may never realize it is your perfume and not your personality that is driving them from you. That's why it is so important to select the right perfume."

But the right perfume, according to this expert, is not necessarily the one you like. Perfume in a bottle isn't the same as perfume on your body. It doesn't even smell the same on two people. What may seem like a divine scent on your best friend might develop into a repulsive odor on you. Once it touches your flesh, a chemical reaction occurs. It is best then, this beauty specialist advises, to try perfume on the skin first, rubbing it in well until the alcohol evaporates and the body heat brings out the real fragrance.

BUT if you can't use your personal preferences as a yardstick, how, I asked, are you to know which is the right perfume? Few of us can go to experts for a perfume test and analysis.

The secret, it seems, is all in knowing your type and being true to it. That's the safest rule, according to this Egyptian beauty specialist, and a good half the battle. The rest depends on your observing a few necessary do's and don'ts about the use of perfume.

Blondes—this Egyptian beauty specialist calls them the flower type—should, as a rule, use floral scents or bouquets. Elusive, delicate fragrances that are like the breath of spring—violet, sweet pea, mimosa, muguet, mignonette and daffodil. Not all blondes, of course, are frail, fair-skinned and delectably feminine. There is the classic ash blonde, like Ann Harding. The haunting purity of lily-of-the-valley is best suited to her. Or the aristocratic blonde, such as Karen (*Continued on page 109*)

CORRECTLY, SUBTLY USED PERFUME CAN DO MORE THAN BEAUTY!

Charm Gossip

(*Continued from page 67*)

● The day of pants in the feminine fashion parade is past. This is the decree of no less a personage than Adrian. Marlene Dietrich and Sari Maritza, who have worn tailored trousers these long years, will probably continue to do so. But as a general fad trousers are out. Done for. In their stead bloom the most romantically lovely costumes ever seen under the moon. Swirling chiffons and gay flowered taffetas. Irene Dunne has a taffeta we dream about—the background is cream and the design is an old-fashioned bouquet. It sports a square neck and ruffled shoulder sleeves. Irene completes it with a bright, dark blue picture hat.

● To be smart, use your signature! That's what the stars do. Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins and I don't know how many others have had a plate made of their autograph. Their name in their own handwriting appears on their cigarette cases, handkerchiefs, underwear, note paper and car door.

● Trust the Fredric Marches to think of the cleverest things for that adopted baby of theirs. Now it's a lamp in the nursery that even when it's turned off, maintains a luminous glow throughout the night so that you can readily find it. Quite an idea . . . and won't somebody please perfect electric light buttons that are phosphorescent?

● Many a head has ached from using the pillow on a summer resort bed. So why not take along your own nice pillow to which you're accustomed when you go vacationing? Constance Bennett always takes her own bedding when travelling. Says, for one thing, it protects her from catching cold and for another she never feels lonesome with something from home along.

● Upright pianos have been pushed right out of the fashion picture this last decade or so by interior decorators. Now it's time to pull them back. No more shoving into corners; no more hiding them behind fancy shawls. They're very much in vogue again. Who says so? Joan Crawford, my dears. She's had hers painted a pale icy green to blend with the walls.

● Hollywood bachelors like their comfort! And what is more comfortable than to be resting on a downy divan and still be able to switch on your favorite broadcast program or pet record without getting up? Joel McCrea has a unique arrangement. On either end of his plaid upholstered couch is a small table. Twin parchment lamps stand on them so you'd never suspect them of concealing anything. Ah but they do! One hides a radio—the other a victrola. Just the thing for an apartment or bungalow where room is at a premium.

"She's pretty"—
"She's lively"—
"She's a good dancer"—



why on earth doesn't she..?

CAN you blame him for blaming her? For wondering why she doesn't do something about it?

A girl who has everything to make her popular, yet fails to "click"!

And the pity of it is, it's *her own fault, her own carelessness.*

It's hard to forgive a girl who has the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it is so easy to be always sweet and dainty—with Mum!

A quick fingertipful of Mum applied to each underarm when you dress—that's all there is to it. Just a little half minute and you're protected for all day or evening!

The beauty of Mum is that you can use it *any time.* For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing, you know.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can use it immediately after shaving under the arms.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It just prevents its ugly odor. Don't let this disagreeable thing stand between you and popularity. Play safe with Mum. 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

STILL ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS WOMEN—As a deodorant for sanitary napkins Mum has the gratitude of countless women. It *insures* protection.

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

More news and chit-chat about the film city and its folks

THAT European trip via tramp steamer certainly did a world of good for Connie Bennett. She's back looking radiant and with ten extra pounds. As soon as her contract is up (about one year) she plans to get herself a cozy little villa in Southern France and give herself a chance at a real rest. It will probably mean permanent retirement from pictures (or so *she* says!)

GEORGE RAFT receives thousands of fan letters from young gals all over the country . . . but the one he received from a little miss back in Wyoming takes the prize. Says the young lady: I want to thank you for saving me from a life of misery. The night before my wedding day I had a fight with my sweetie because I refused to throw away your picture. That incident proved to me what a jealous brute I was about to marry, and I realized I would never be happy with him. I will always be grateful to you for this awakening. . . ."

Fredric March has become quite the authority on beauty. He has acted as a one-man jury in no less than twenty-five beauty contests conducted in universities all over the country. He does the judging by photographs, and takes his work mighty seriously.

IF you don't think it's hard on a certain part of your anatomy to ride horseback for four days in a row, ask Dorothy Burgess. After finishing a Western picture in which she had to spend that much time on a mare's back . . . Dorothy took herself off to Palm Springs to recuperate.

ALISON SKIPWORTH was so thrilled over the prospect of a visit from her brother in England that she went right out and planted a beautiful orange tree in her front yard (it was his first visit to Sunny Cal.) But lo, the day before his arrival the oranges ripened and dropped to the ground. Alison was desperate but finally conceived the idea of sticking hairpins through the oranges and hooking them back on the tree. The effect was grand and the brother never knew the difference.

EVER since George Bernard Shaw blew into town all the beautiful little gals have gathered at his feet and listened with rapt expressions to his dissertations on life, love and what-have-you. And during all this time the respective boy-friends have been sitting around pouting. . . .

But when Mr. Shaw spotted Constance Talmadge on the Boulevard one afternoon, he asked his companion if that was "Norma" Talmadge. When his friend said "No," Shaw said, "Well, it must be Gloria Swanson then." And that is what Shaw knows about the movies.

THE report that over 600 of Hollywood's highest paid men and women had refused to contribute one-half of one percent of their salaries to the Motion Picture Relief Fund certainly couldn't have included Maurice Chevalier. Immediately after the recent earthquake Maurice suggested a plan to help the victims in Long Beach. It was to take over Hollywood Bowl and put on a show . . . with himself and several other stars putting on the entertainment. The price of admission was to be food supplies. That his offer was



International

When George Bernard Shaw, famous playwright, visited Hollywood he was entertained by M-G-M with Marion Davies acting as hostess. From his remarks he didn't think so much of the town.

turned down by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce was a deep disappointment to Chevalier.

SPEAKING of charity, Wally Beery is usually one of the first to offer aid in time of need. The day after the earthquake found him in a hospital in Long Beach working side by side with the nurses. Another example of his generosity was revealed after the death of Allen Roscoe, actor—whom he had been looking after for months. He promised Roscoe that he would continue to care for his little daughter and he's more than carrying out his promise.

Ginger Rogers hasn't exactly been lacking in escorts since she and Mervyn Leroy had their little rift. Everybody thought the romance of Ginger and Mervyn was one of those cinch affairs, but now Howard Hughes seems to be the leading man in her life. Lew Ayres even came out of his hideout and took the vivacious Ginger to lunch one day.

HOW would you like to see Mary Pickford do "Alice in Wonderland"? Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse, is making elaborate plans to do the picture, using all cartoon characters except Mary who, of course, will be Alice. The entire picture will be done in color and will take about a year to produce. It will be a big undertaking but should be something in the "unusual" category.

Every so often Ruth Chatterton and hubby George Brent have to sneak off for a little honeymooning. With no fuss and nary a word to anyone, they packed their bags and beat it for Europe. George was scheduled to emote opposite Kay Francis in "Mary Stevens M. D." but after a little pleading on the part of the newlyweds, the studio released him and gave the part to Lyle Talbot. Maybe this will be the break Talbot has been waiting for?

THE H. B. WARNERS have decided to call it "quits" after eighteen years of married life. H. B. filed the suit for divorce stating in his complaint that Mrs. Warner had often told him that she no longer cared for him. However, when she sailed for the Orient the other day, two pictures of her estranged hubby were seen displayed in her cabin.

THE Four Marx Brothers have pulled up stakes over at Paramount and together with Sam Harris, New York theatrical producer, have organized their own firm and will produce their own pictures. The refusal of the studio to pay them money due on their released pictures was the cause for the move.

Overheard at a local theatre:
"Say, what does that word 'asbestos' mean across the curtain?"
"Oh, that's Latin for 'welcome'!"

THIS month finds several contracts expiring and it looks as though many of them won't be renewed. Over at Fox, Marian Nixon, Joan Bennett and Minna Gombel have been released with the termination of their tickets. Paramount is not renewing Stuart Erwin's contract, nor is Warner Brothers taking up their option on Bill Powell.

Scarred for Life

(*Continued from page 44*)

"'My God! Bette, darling, what has happened?' she cried.

"I told her as best I could for it was pain for me to speak with my swollen lips. My mother is an amazing woman. She almost threw me into a cab and we drove immediately to a doctor. It was then he told her that if he had attended me immediately after the accident he might have done something but that now it was too late and that both of us would have to reconcile ourselves to my going through life with a horribly scarred face.

"'I DON'T care, I really don't,' I told her.

"'But I do care,' my mother said, 'And we will get rid of the scars.'

"It is to her that I owe my career and my happiness. Do you know what she did? *Every fifteen minutes for two solid weeks she rubbed my face with oil.* Every fifteen minutes—night and day. You can imagine how much sleep we both had. She learned how to take little ten minute cat naps between oilings. Every other duty she had was put aside for that. Think of the courage that took.

"I used to beg her to stop. 'It isn't worth it,' I said, 'Let's not bother.' I used to say that during those long nights.

"'It is worth it,' she always insisted. 'You're going to have a face.'

"When the two weeks were ended and she saw that my face had peeled and underneath was fine soft skin, not drawn and wrinkled, I think we both cried a little. I know that we slept the clock around—for the nerve strain and anxiety were gone.

"Now all I have is a tiny scar here by my ear on my right jaw bone. You can hardly see it. My eyes are still weak and hurt when I stay under the studio lights too long. And, of course, I still tremble and break out in a cold sweat when I think of what my life might have been if mother hadn't had the courage to do what she did. I could never, of course, have been an actress."

I was weak when Bette finished the story for there flashed before my mind all of the wonderful performances she has given on the screen, outstanding amongst them that vital, real, living girl in "Cabin in the Cotton," with that perfect Southern accent.

BETTE'S mother, as a matter of fact, is responsible for a lot more than saving Bette's beauty. She is partly responsible for making Bette the swell person she is. Of course, the girl had the stuff but her mother helped to bring it out.

Once, in school, they suggested that Bette could pay part of her tuition by waiting on tables in the school dining room. Since many children are potential snobs, the idea was repellent to Bette. And she told them in a grand manner, "I'll write my mother and ask her if I may, but I'm sure she would

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SKINNY. HERE'S HOW TO GAIN QUICKLY

I WISH I KNEW HOW TO PUT ON SOME WEIGHT. YOU HAVE THE FIGURE EVERYBODY ADMIRES



Posed by professional models

New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

Sensational discovery—richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated seven times. Gives thousands of skinny folks 5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

2 greatest body builders in one

Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

A new person—*quick!*

The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results *guaranteed*

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine,* with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 36, Atlanta, Ga.

never let her daughter be a waitress."

The mother's letter came back by return mail. "By all means help with your tuition in this way. I think it would be fine for you."

And right then any snobbishness Bette might have developed later was wiped out of her. The reason is that the Davises are "quality." You only need to talk to Bette fifteen minutes to find that out.

When she was graduated from prep school in Boston (and, by the way, the boy who recently became her husband was in the same class) she said she wanted to go on the stage. She had always known it, somehow, and now she realized that she must strike out and be what she was meant to be. She wrote for an audition with Eva Le Gallienne hoping to be able to join her school.

The actress heard her and refused to take her in the school on the grounds that Bette "wasn't serious enough."

Back in her home in Boston Bette wept with chagrin. That summer she grew pale and thin with "stage sickness" and her mother, made miserable by the girl's misery, said, "We're going to New York at once. You will get on the stage."

The two of them appeared at John Murray Anderson's school. "Will you take my daughter?" the mother asked. And perhaps because of the force of this woman's personality, and Bette's appealing eyes, he said "Yes."

She worked like the little trouper she is, determined that she would show Eva Le Gallienne that she was quite serious enough. Her hard work brought her a scholarship and, eventually, actual theatre engagements. For three years she was on the stage. Then Universal gave her a contract.

You remember how Universal cast her in the sort of roles which completely buried her personality. It wasn't until Warners took her that Bette Davis really made a dent in the movie fan's consciousness. That was in "Cabin in the Cotton."

Her husband? That's rather a sweet story. As I've already told you he was in her class at school. She was in love with him then and she has kept right on being in love with him for several years. When she was in Hollywood she had lots of beaux but somehow she always kept thinking about Harmon Nelson, Jr. And then when he found that she was going to stay in Hollywood for a long time he went out to see her. They are married now and utterly happy and expect to stay that way.

I hope that, when he looks at her lovely face with those enormous blue eyes, he remembers to be grateful that it was not ruined forever.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 10*)

PICK-UP (Paramount)

The combination of Sylvia Sidney and George Raft is a big enough draw in itself, but coupled with a story that's a humdinger, "Pick-Up" is extra special entertainment. There is loads of human interest in this story of a young taxicab driver (Raft) and a gal (Sylvia) who has just finished serving a term in jail. Raft picks her up off the street just as her funds run out, and they fall in love. Enter the society dame who goes on the make for Raft, and Sylvia's husband who has broken jail and is out to get the other man. Sylvia goes off with her husband (from whom she had just received an annulment) in order to protect Raft, but in the end there's a grand reunion between the lovers.

Sylvia gives a beautiful performance. Raft is swell. William Harrigan as the jailbird husband and Lillian Bond as the society gal are okay. One of the best this month. Excitement, emotion and very good acting.

CENTRAL AIRPORT (Warner)

This isn't up to Dick Barthelmess' former vehicles. But that isn't his fault. He does a swell job of acting as usual. Yep, it's an air picture, but a little too exaggerated to be thrilling. There are plenty of crashes, people killed and all that stuff. In fact, too many for credulity's sake.

Dick is a pilot of a large passenger plane, and the opening scene finds the pilot and his passengers being rescued after a crash. After that there are a few more smash-ups and a few more bones broken. Sally Eilers, as the heroine, does some good acting, as do Tom Brown and Glenda Farrell. As a whole, though, not so good.

Too bad—we'd looked forward to it.

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal)

George Sidney and Charlie Murray are at it again . . . and they're funnier than ever. This rip-roaring comedy will drive away the blues and send you home feeling like you'd just found a million bucks. The laughs start when Murray's ex-spouse shows up and demands back alimony. From then on it's a round of dodgings for Charlie and his pal. Some of their pranks will tickle you pink. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson are good as the love interest. It's worth the price of admission to see this 'un.

HUMANITY (Fox)

A rather feeble tale of a country doctor (Ralph Morgan) who has devoted his life to service and is heartbroken when his son goes in for the "profiteering" end of the business. When the boy (Alexander Kirkland) gets mixed up in a crime, Morgan takes the rap . . . dies . . . and the boy takes up his father's work where he left off. Outside of Morgan, who gives a convincing performance, the rest of the cast including Boots Mallory, Irene Ware and Christian Rub, is just fair. Not bad . . . and not good.

THE KEYHOLE (Warner)

In this story Kay Francis is married to a wealthy old bird (Henry Kolker) who is so jealous that he listens at doors, peeks through keyholes and even employs a detective to watch her when she goes on a little trip.

The trip is for the purpose of getting a divorce from a former husband (Monroe Owsley) whom she thought had attended to that little detail long before. Now he's after her dough. But everything turns out swell. The first husband gets killed and old snooper-face arrives just in time to see his wife in the arms of the handsome detective.

George Brent, as the detective, is still a bit too stiff to look human. Kay Francis grabs most of the honors. Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins furnish hilarious comedy. Photography is only fair. It's just so-so.

CLEAR ALL WIRES (M-G-M)

Here's our friend Lee Tracy in a role that's a honey and that suits him to a T-racy. He's a newspaper reporter —this time in the foreign department. And the messes he gets into! He steals his boss' sweetie and beats it for Russia. The boss finds out, and Lee is out of a job. Then he plans a good old-fashioned assassination only to find that he'll have to be the target.

A few more such goings-on, and he settles down with the gal that's been home waiting. Tracy is the whole show, almost. Una Merkel proves she's capable of stealing scenes even from that boy Tracy. Benita Hume is oke in a small part. A-1 entertainment.

PLEASURE CRUISE (Fox)

Graced with a beautiful production and a clever story, this should have been better. As it stands, it is just fair entertainment. Finding life with a jealous husband a terrific strain, Genevieve Tobin goes on a little boat trip for escape.

But the green-eyed monster (Roland Young) follows her . . . unbeknown to her . . . and watches her every move—breaking up all her chances at romance. The picture reaches its peak when Genevieve finds herself in bed with her husband and is successful in convincing him that she knew it was he all along.

Buck's Life

(*Continued from page 50*)

they would "swap" a cow or hog for a supply of groceries. Very little money was seen at all in those days. Trading was used almost exclusively by the farmers and homesteaders. Seed, farm implements, food, clothing . . . in fact everything was purchased through trading. Buck never saw a dollar until he earned one at fifteen years old!

AS usual, when Buck moved to a new location, his first job was to visit around and make friends with a neighboring gang of kids. His particular chums were the Schultz brothers . . . Guy, Clarence, Floyd and Grover. As a "gang" they got together and decided they were "darn sick and tired" of working at home for nothing, so they put on a bold front and applied for a job at the 101 Ranch.

This beautiful piece of property was owned by a Mr. Miller who had leased the land from the Indians for very little. It was located about three miles from the Arkansas River near a small town called Bliss. Mr. Miller had branched out until he was the lord and master of 101,000 acres of grazing land plus a smaller Bar L Ranch about fifteen miles from the 101.

To be a cowhand on the 101 Ranch you had to know your stuff about riding, roping and branding. When Buck and his gang applied for a job they were afraid they might not make the grade. But it so happened that at that particular time they were in need of some extra help to transfer beef from the Bar L to the 101 Ranch . . . so the boys got a break.

Buck's pay was $15.00 a month—the first money he had ever earned—plus "chuck and bunk." The top pay for a cowboy was $30.00 a month. Only a boss foreman earned as high as $35.00.

So Buck became a real cowboy, but not the kind he was later to become in pictures. Instead of wearing beautiful boots, large cowboy Stetsons, chaps, etc., these cowhands wore shoes made out of cowhide and ordinary caps. The reason for this was that they could not afford the luxuries of the other outfitting.

In case you do not know it, a good pair of boots costs about $20.00 and a Stetson hat about $30.00. The main thing was to have a good saddle, bridle and blanket.

Buck first met D. V. Tantlinger on the 101 Ranch. Tantlinger was the foreman at that time and Buck took orders from him. (At the present time Tantlinger is Buck's foreman on the latter's own ranch just outside of Hollywood.)

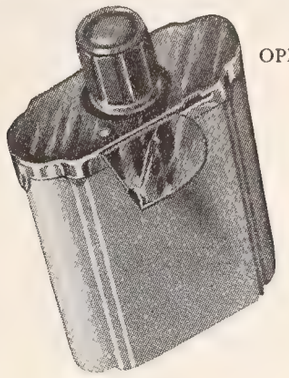
TANTLINGER, from the very beginning, was young Buck's idea of a real cowboy. The most noticeable thing about him, outside of his superlative riding ability, was his habitual silence.

One day Buck was riding with the silent Tantlinger on the 101. The boy noticed some fine stock on a nearby hill. Pointing to them, he said: "There are some good looking horses." Tantlinger

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Maybelline
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• •

These famous, high quality Maybelline eye beauty aids may now be had in 10c sizes in all leading 10c stores.

said nothing. Just rode along.

Thinking that perhaps he was slightly deaf, Buck raised his voice. "There," he yelled, "are some good looking horses."

Tantlinger looked at Buck hard for about a full minute. Finally he opened his mouth just sufficiently to drawl: "You'll never amount to a damn . . . you talk too much!"

Though Tantlinger has had to eat those words—literally—he has never learned the gentle art of conversation. His idea of letting Buck know what is going on at his Hollywood ranch is to ring him by telephone, with something like the following conversation:

"Horse is sick." Bang goes the receiver back on the hook.

And then a few days later:

"Horse is better." Bang!

To say that Buck is extremely fond of the silent old fellow is putting it mildly.

Life on the 101, in spite of the fact that it was typical ranch life, was a little broader than Buck had ever encountered before. Men talked here of things that were going on in the outside world . . . of championship prize fights . . . of big city doings . . . of politics.

For three years Buck listened to this talk and as he listened his curiosity grew. About this time automobile racing was quite a topic of conversation on the ranch, and while Buck's knowledge of automobiles was very meagre indeed, he suddenly took a notion to go to Indianapolis where races were held.

IT was a big decision in my life," Buck relates. "I was a greenhorn through and through. I knew absolutely nothing about towns . . . much less cities. But the roving fever and my curiosity got the best of me. I decided at the age of seventeen that it was time I got out and saw a little of the world.

"I'll never forget how big and bustling and exciting Indianapolis looked to me. I couldn't get over the noise! After an entire lifetime spent in the silence of the outdoors, I couldn't believe that people could actually live in this clanking confounded racket. I spent the first night at a hotel, but I couldn't sleep at all.

"The next day I made my way out to the race track. It was practically completed and already the famous race drivers from all over the country were gathered . . . testing out the track and looking after their precious motors. No one paid much attention to me . . . except to stare at my cowboy's outfit as though I were a creature from another world.

"But one fellow, who appeared to be working as a mechanic, was very nice to me. His name was Harry Stillman, and he later became one of the most famous race drivers in the country.

"I told him I wanted to get into the racing racket in some way or another, and his first crack was: 'These are automobiles, son, not horses.' Even though I knew he was kidding me, we became fast friends."

Harry Stillman took the more-or-less "lost" Buck under his wing. He taught

him the intricate parts of motors, which in time became as alive to him as the most sensitive horse. For a year Buck worked at the Indianapolis track as a test driver.

BUT adventure was once more calling, and when Buck and his pal, one of the Schultz boys, heard that the Government was having trouble with the Indians up in North Dakota, they joined the Army and went out after them.

He considered it his private tough luck that before he could get into the fighting, the Indians had been sent back to their reservations . . . and the trouble was over.

In spite of that, Buck was signed up in the Army for a certain length of time, Indians or no Indians. When trouble broke out in the Philippines he was shipped over to the Islands. Well, he had wanted a taste of adventure when he left the 101. He was surely getting it.

Buck was in the 6th Cavalry, and their first camp was in Overton, about a week's sail from Manila. Never will Buck forget that first skirmish with the Moros.

Coupled with the fact that the Moros are ferocious fighters, their religion taught them that if they killed any Christians (the more the better) they would assuredly go to heaven on a glorious white steed. For that reason they would stop at nothing to kill a few choice Christians.

Orders from headquarters were that if a Moro was seen approaching with his hands in back of him . . . they usually walked that way, holding a "kriss" under their roller towel . . . the cavalry men were to holler "Halt!" If the Moro didn't immediately raise or extend his arms, the order was to shoot . . . and shoot to kill! "It was merely a case of you . . . or him," explained Buck.

The first skirmish with the Moros was a nightmare to Buck. He was scared, quite frankly, *pink!* "Any man who says he is not afraid when he faces open fire for the first time," Buck insisted, "is a good old-fashioned *liar!*" The skirmish had started quite unexpectedly. The men had been asleep in their pup tents . . . the cook was starting to prepare breakfast . . . when all hell broke loose.

WE formed in a line about four feet feet apart," Buck continued, "and our first command was to cross a creek that was ice cold. After that we crawled on our bellies through thick brush . . . all the fighting in this country had to be on foot. At first we couldn't tell where the enemy was, but later they heard firing from a decoy group we had planted and as they thought they were closing in on us, we were permitted to close in on them. Those babies were murderous and unafraid. I've always said that almost any war could be won with a good general in command and about a half dozen Moros!"

But even the dauntless Moros could not cope with the more modern means of warfare of the American Cavalry, and after a few more unimportant skir-

(*Continued on page 87*)

NO JOB — WAS THIS THE REASON? — by Timmins



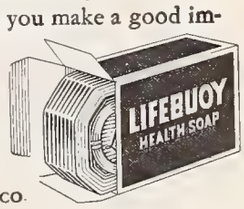


Don't let "B.O." stand (body odor) between you and your job

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MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Unmarried. Born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Today We Live," M-G-M; "The Adopted Father," Warner Bros.; working in "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AMES, ADRIENNE: married to Stephen Ames. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Broadway Bad," Fox; "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount. Working in "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

ANDRE, GWILI: unmarried. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon"; "Secrets of the French Police," and "No Other Woman," Radio.

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The All American," Universal; "The Island of Lost Souls," Paramount. Working in "The Beer Baron."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity"; "The King's Vacation"; "The Working Man." Working in "Voltaire."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "King Kong," Radio; "Fast Workers," M-G-M. Working in "I Love That Man," Paramount.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Next is "Rhapsody," M-G-M.

ASTOR, MARY: married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. Born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "Little Giant," Warner Bros. Next is "The Power and the Glory."

ATES, ROSCOE: Married to Ethel Rogers. Born in Hattiesburg, Mass., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Little Orphan Annie"; "Lucky Devils," Radio; "What! No Beer!" M-G-M.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Wax Museum," First National; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M; "Murders in the Zoo," Paramount. Working in "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay America." Co-starred in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Out on Parole."

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM: Unmarried. Born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Lucky Devils," Radio.

BANCROFT, GEORGE: married to Octavia Boroshe. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "Lady and Gent," Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rasputin and the Empress." M-G-M; "Topaze," Radio. Working in "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Next is "The Christian."

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rasputin and the Empress." M-G-M; "Sweepings," Radio. Working in "Service," M-G-M. Next is "The Late Christopher Bean," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Central Airport." Working in "Bread Line."

BAXTER, WARNER: married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; co-starred in "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Dangerously Yours," Fox. Next is "Only Yesterday," Universal.

BEERY, WALLACE: married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Flesh." Next is "A Dancing Lady."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Picture Snatcher," Warners; "Parole Girl," Columbia. Working in "The Narrow Corner," Warner Bros.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Radio star. Starred in "Rockabye" and "Our Betters," Radio. Next is "Bed of Roses."

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox star. Starred in "Me and My Gal." Next is "Department Store."

BENNETT, RICHARD: Married. Born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Washington Merry Go Round," Universal; "If I Had a Million," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Last Mile," Columbia; "No Other Woman," Radio. Working in "The Beer Baron," Paramount.

BIRELL, TALA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion" and "Nagana."

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Central Park"; "Broadway Bad"; "Blondie Johnson." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933." Next is "Goodbye."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Greenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; "Child of Manhattan," Columbia.

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage."

(*Continued on page 89*)

Buck's Life

(*Continued from page 85*)

mishes the company was transferred to Malaband, and later to Angel Island, just out of San Francisco.

When Buck's Army service was over he once more returned to the life of the 101 Ranch. But after all the hectic experiences of the past few years, riding horses for a livelihood seemed a tame existence. His old pal Schultz had returned to the ranch with him . . . and was equally as restless.

It was a source of great delight to both of them when the 101 decided to send out a traveling show . . . and Buck and Schultz signed up for exhibitions of buck riding, roping, etc. Their first stop was Ponca City where they stayed just long enough for a "preview." From there the Wild West Show went directly to Madison Square Garden in New York City.

IT is one of the biggest laughs of Buck's life that he, an honest to goodness cowboy, had to get all the way to New York City to purchase boots, hats, loud shirts, chaps and all the other "regular" cowboy outfittings.

Both Buck and Schultz blew in every dime they had on gorgeous Stetson hats, boots, etc. . . . the first they had ever had. They thought they looked pretty hot . . . and no doubt they did. But their new cowboy finery had completely ruined their first week's pay . . . so they had to bunk in the Garden along with the horses, for a week.

Much to Buck's surprise, he came to learn that the Garden was such a huge place that two other shows were going on at the same time. Naturally the 101 riders had an idea that these other shows featured merely "sissy" riding.

They were so far beneath Buck's notice that he didn't even bother to drop over and see them, until one afternoon when, for lack of something better to do, he drifted over to a rival "ring" to watch the riding.

There was a girl in the ring—a blond girl. She was taking a bow before the stands that were wildly applauding her. She smiled. It was Buck's private conclusion that she might be a "sissy" rider, but she could sure smile! In fact, she was so darn pretty he decided to stay and see her "stunt."

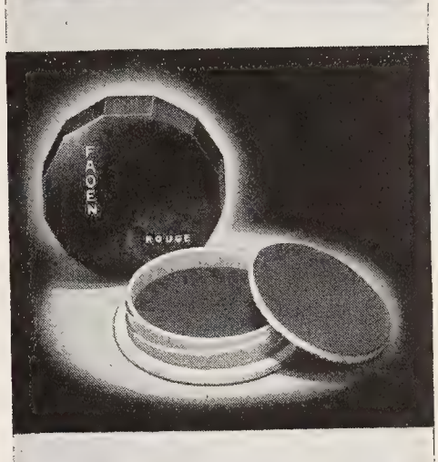
And so the sceptical "expert" remained to watch the "tenderfoot" and as he watched, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. Never had he seen such riding—for a girl, or anybody else. It was as though her small slender body was almost a part of the sensitive animal she controlled.

Buck's jaw dropped. He was so flabbergasted that he hailed a program boy and looked up the name of this slim, blond rider. The name was Odille Osborne, he noticed, and her home was in Philadelphia. And although she did not know it until several days later, a young cowhand from the 101 Ranch had fallen head over heels and irrevocably in love with her!

(*To be Continued*)

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The dress above belongs to Frances C. Dickinson, Kane, Pa.; made in 1853 for a little lady who wore it at a party where she met the man she married.

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Dear Friends:

New names! New faces!

Franchot Tone, Clyde Beatty, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Jack LaRue—all offering something new. What kind of people are they? Turn to pages 26, 28, 36 and 60 and find out.

In a way, I'm a prophet. When I gave you those stories, I was betting that you'd want to know about most or all four of these people this month.

Last month I chose Katharine Hepburn, Alexander Kirkland, Mae West.

And next month? And the month after—?

Why don't you write and tell me your favorite *new* personality—and why?

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

This reader finds no fault with tragic dramas—if they are logical. Do you agree?

DORIS SAIZOW of Kansas City, Mo., says:

A letter recently published on this page states the belief that a happy ending is necessary. I disagree most fervently with that statement. Any picture that succeeds in bringing tears to my eyes I remember long after other pictures are forgotten and enjoy far more than a light comedy which leaves you with nothing. A drama that is twisted to bring about a happy ending when the logical conclusion should be sad I have no use for at all. We are able to forget our own troubles by watching and feeling in sympathy with the more overwhelming ones of the hero and heroine.

This lady wants greater recognition for lesser known players

SYLVIA SCHWARTZ of Atlantic City, N. J., writes:

I wonder if others, too, are tired of reading about Crawford's ever-changing personality, Lupe's "lofe" for somebody or other, La Bennett's questioned ritziness, and so on. Please, don't concentrate too much on the big shots—they have reached the top and don't need so much publicity now. Give the Little Stars a break. People like Helen Vinson, Monroe Owsley, Gregory Ratoff, Lillian Bond, Adrienne Ames, Veree Teasdale (*and Miss Schwartz goes on with a list of similarly excellent players and comedians. We agree with her point. And we do try, constanily, to bring them before you in picture and story.*)

How about it, Britishers? Do we misrepresent you?

JAMES COX sends us this from Hastings, England:

One thing that irritates us with regard to American films is the way they portray English characters. An Englishman is seen as a soft-looking fathead with a monocle stuck in his eye, a little whippersnapper with a terrific Cockney accent, or a numbskull policeman. We may have a few of that type, but please, don't make us all look like that.

(*Has "Cavalcade" come to England in talkie form yet, Mr. Cox? Don't miss it!*)

Another letter from England—and high praise for Miss Chatterton

MISS D. J. G. of London writes:

I have just read your March issue and am very interested to read the letter of Mabel Harrison of Berkeley, Calif., who thinks that Ruth Chatterton deserved the Actresses' Award. For my part, I think Ruth Chatterton deserves any awards that are being offered for any and every part she has ever played. As for "Frisco Jenny," I think she was perfectly marvelous in that. She was so absolutely natural throughout and the poignancy of her acting in the courtroom and prison scenes was surely unforgettable. To me, it is always a joy to see any picture in which Miss Chatterton appears—the trouble is that there are not nearly enough of them. I always see her pictures three or four times. (*Miss Chatterton's next picture is "Lilly Turner"—and her husband, George Brent, plays in it, too.*)

(*Continued on page 112*)

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 86)

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio. Featured in "Yukon," "Men of America" and "Lucky Devils." Next, "Power Man" and "Emergency Call."

BOYD, WILLIAM: Divorced. Born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Oliver Twist," Monogram. Next is "Power Man," Radio.

BRENDEL, EL: Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct"; "Too Busy to Work."

BRENT, EVELYN: Married to Harry Edwards. Born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia.

BRENT, GEORGE: Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street"; "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Keyhole"; "Baby Face"; "Lilly Turner." Next is "Mary Stevens, M.D."

BRIAN, MARY: Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hard to Handle"; "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros. Working in "The Beer Baron," Paramount.

BROOK, CLIVE: Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Christopher Strong," RKO.

BROWN, JOE E.: Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "You Said a Mouthful"; "Elmer the Great." Working in "How to Break Ninety."

BROWN, TOM: Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Laughter in Hell"; "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Central Airport," Warner Bros.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

BYRON, WALTER: Unmarried. Born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Decency," Hoffman; "This Sporting Age," Columbia.

CABOT, BRUCE: Unmarried. Born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "Lucky Devils"; "The Past of Mary Holmes"; "King Kong"; "The Great Jasper."

CAGNEY, JAMES: married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Hard to Handle"; "Picture Snatcher" and "The Mayor of Hell."

CANTOR, EDDIE: Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "The Kid From Spain."

CARRILLO, LEO: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Parachute Jumper," Warner Bros.; "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia; "Exile Express," Universal.

CARROLL, NANCY: Married to Francis Bolton Mallory. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "Child of Manhattan," Columbia; "The Woman Accused," Paramount; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "I Love That Man."

CAVANAGH, PAUL: Unmarried. Born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: Divorced from Lita Grey. Born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLES: Married to Bebe Eltinge. Born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Mr. Bride"; "Fallen Arches"; "Tarzan in the Wrong."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny"; "Lilly Turner."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. Paramount star. Starred in "Love Me Tonight." Working in "A Bedtime Story." Next is "She Laughs Last."

CLARKE, MAE: Divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Fast Workers," M-G-M. Next is "Soviet," M-G-M.

CLYDE, JUNE: Married to Thornton Freeland. Born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "The All American."

CODY, LEW: Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February '22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Undercover Man," Paramount. Working in "I Love That Man," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Co-starred in "Sign of the Cross"; "Tonight is Ours." Working in "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Next is "Apartment 9."

COLLINS, CORA SUE: Child actress. Born in Beckley, West Virginia, April 19. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Silver Dollar" and "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros. Working in "Jennie Gerhart," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: Divorced from Thelma Ray. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara"; "The Masquerader."

(Continued on page 102)



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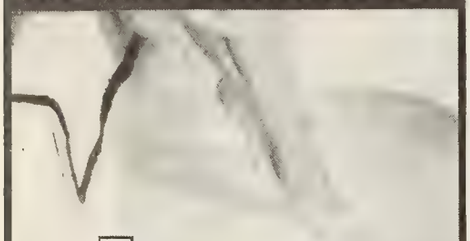
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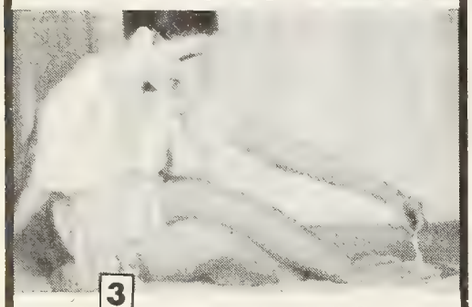


1 SOAK THE FOOT for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.



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The MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PICTURES

. . These brief reviews are to serve as a guide when you do your movie shopping. From them you can get an idea whether the picture is good or bad and whether it is the sort of story you go for

ANIMAL KINGDOM (Radio)—Talkie adaptation of the sophisticated stage play, with Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, William Gargan and Myrna Loy. **Excellent—but children won't be interested.**

BABY FACE (Warners)—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE BARBARIAN (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

BE MINE TONIGHT (Universal)—Imported musical comedy with lots of good singing and some excellent acting. The story is based on mistaken identity. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO-Radio)—Stirring drama with incipient insanity as its underlying theme. John Barrymore, Katharine Hepburn and Billie Burke in the leading roles. Although the story is slightly unpleasant you should find it fascinating. **Excellent—nothing in it for children, however.**

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—Story of the missionary girl who goes to China and the handsome Chinese general who falls in love with her—much to her indignation. Barbara Stanwyck is the girl missionary and Nils Asther the Chinese general. **Good—but the children won't be interested.**

BROADWAY BAD (Fox)—All about a girl who becomes a chorus girl in order to earn money to bring up her child. Joan Blondell is the chorine. **Very good—but children won't be interested.**

CALL HER SAVAGE (Fox)—As a half-wild girl who knows nothing of modern life or pent-house romances, Clara Bow makes her come-back to the screen—and very effectively, too. Gilbert Roland plays opposite her. **Very good—children will enjoy some of it.**

CAVALCADE (Fox)—If you haven't heard about this picture you must be a hermit for it is one of the hits of the year. It's the story of thirty years in a family's life and what those years do to the various members of the family and friends. **Excellent—okay for children.**

CENTRAL AIRPORT (First National) — Richard Barthelmess and Sally Eilers. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—A movie the entire action of which takes place in a city park. Joan Blondell is in it. **Very good—parts of it the children will like.**

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)—Sophisticated pent-house story of love and a modern sort of sacrifice. Nancy Carroll and John Boles. **Very good—but don't take the children.**

CHRISTOPHER STRONG (RKO-Radio)—Katharine Hepburn's first starring picture. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

CLEAR ALL WIRES (M-G-M)—Lee Tracy in another fast one. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal)—Charlie Murray and George Sidney. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

CRIME OF THE CENTURY (Paramount)—Stuart Erwin and Wynne Gibson in an exciting melodrama with a bank robbery and murder. **Very good—okay for kids.**

CYNARA (United Artists)—Triangle story with new angle. Ronald Colman, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry have the leading roles. **Very good—but it will bore the kids.**

DANGEROUSLY YOURS (Fox)—Warner Baxter as a crook and Miriam Jordan as a gal who works for an insurance company. The company is out to get Warner—and he falls for the girl without knowing who she is. **Good—not much in it for children, however.**

DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Universal)—A mysterious stranger appears on board a boat which is lost at sea with twelve rum-runners and a woman aboard. Through his efforts, the boat is brought to harbor and then the stranger disappears as quietly as he appeared. The interest of the story is in the reaction to the stranger of the various characters. **Very good—but children will be bored.**

ELMER THE GREAT (Warners)—Joe E. Brown in a baseball yarn with Joe funnier than he has been in ages. **Very good—swell for the kids.**

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE (Warners)—Warren William once more as the cold-blooded, hard-hearted, lynx-eyed business man to whom the running of a big department store is the only thing in life. Loretta Young, Alice White and Wallace Ford are also in it. **Good—the older children may enjoy it.**

EX-LADY (Warners)—Bette Davis and Gene Raymond having a good time trying to find out all about love and the best way to achieve happiness. **Good—but children won't find much in it of interest.**

FACE IN THE SKY (Fox)—Weak story about a sign painter with a dash of romance. **Fair—not for children.**

FAST WORKERS (M-G-M)—John Gilbert and Mae Clarke. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—Gary Cooper as a soldier and Helen Hayes as the nurse with whom he falls in love and for whom he deserts the Italian army. **Excellent—but the children should be left at home.**

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)—Corking musical picture with Warner Baxter, George Brent, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers and others. Swell songs, dances and back-stage scenes. **Excellent—okay for children.**

'FRISCO JENNY (Warners) –Ruth Chatterton in a "Madame X" sort of thing. Only in this she is a San Francisco bad woman. James Murray and Donald Cook are also in it. **Very good—but send the children to a Western.**

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount)—A perfect spoofing and kidding of "Grand Hotel." If you saw that famous movie you must see this and enjoy the fun. In it are Jack Oakie, Carole Lombard, David Manners, Adrienne Ames and Sidney Blackmer. **Very good—okay for the kids.**

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE (M-G-M)—Very fine. Walter Huston, Franchot Tone and Karen Morley. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

GRAND SLAM (Warners)—Spoofing the national game of bridge. Paul Lukas and Loretta Young have the leads. **Very funny—but children will be bored unless they know all about the Culbertson pastime.**

THE GREAT JASPER ((Radio)—Richard Dix as a chap who meets a fortune teller, played by Edna May Oliver, and gets sold on the idea of entering the racket. His adventures makes the story. **Very good—okay for kids.**

THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH (RKO-Radio)—Lee Tracy as a high pressure agent and Lupe Velez as the gal whom he decides to make a beeg success by the magic carpet of publicity. **Excellent—kids will like it.**

HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM (United Artists)—Whimsical musical film with Al Jolson making his come-back to the screen. **Good—children will enjoy it.**

HANDLE WITH CARE (Warners)—Another press agent story—this time with James Cagney being the press agent. Mary Brian in a blond wig plays opposite him. **Very good—okay for children.**

HELL BELOW (M-G-M) — Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston, Madge Evans and Robert Young. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HELLO EVERYBODY (Paramount)—Kate Smith's first starring picture. It's all about the old farm and the wicked water power company who wants to dam up the valley and turn out the farmers. **Excellent if you're a Kate Smith fan—okay for the kiddies.**

HIGH GEAR (Columbia)—Racing story. **Good—children will love it.**

HOT PEPPER (Fox)—Remember the old days of Quirt and Flagg? Well, they're back again—this time in civilian life. Lowe and McLaglen have their original roles. **Okay if you like this type of entertainment—t'would be better not to take those kiddies.**

HUMANITY (Fox)—Ralph Morgan, Boots Mallory and Alexander Kirkland. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

I'M A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (Warners)—Paul Muni as the man who escapes from a Southern chain gang. There are some very thrilling moments. **Excellent but gruesome—not for children.**

IF I HAD A MILLION (Paramount)—Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Alison Skipworth, George Raft, Charles Laughton and others in an unusual story. **Excellent—children will like some of it.**

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)—The story of a chap who is utterly without fear—and wins the girl he loves by his display of amazing courage. **Very good—okay for the kiddies.**

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (Paramount)—A mad scientist—on a lonely island—has fun turning beasts into men. **Good—but it's almost too scarey for the kids.**

THE KEYHOLE (Warners)—Kay Francis and George Brent. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE KID FROM SPAIN (United Artists)—Bull fighting à la Eddie Cantor. You'll love Eddie in this consistently funny picture. **Excellent—and great for children.**

KING OF THE JUNGLE (Paramount)—Buster Crabbe and Frances Dee in an exciting film. **Very good—fine for children.**

KING KONG (Radio)—A motion picture company goes to an island where prehistoric animals survive. The final scenes with the gigantic ape atop the Empire State building are superbly thrilling.

(Continued on page 113)

What of Viola?

(*Continued from page 57*)

She was, remember, a great star. Once, on a personal appearance tour, her triumphs were sung all the way across the country. All the fanfare and ballyhoo that would accompany a Constance Bennett or a Joan Crawford on a like occasion today were hers.

The theater entrances were mobbed. Crowds stood around her hotel doors.

The money from her pictures filled the coffers of the producers for whom she worked and then a circumstance occurred that was to be the downfall of so many well known stars.

Three great studios merged—Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer. Today it is one of the biggest studios—M-G-M—but at the time of the merger when the contract stars and players were taken over by the new formed company, only a few of the old Metro stars survived.

Ramon Novarro was one of these, but Viola had had her big day as a star, new faces were appearing on the screen and somewhere in the shuffle of that merger, she was forgotten.

She did the usual things—things that all waning stars do. Played vaudeville, took lesser parts with smaller companies, told her friends she was "just between pictures" but was expecting a marvelous new contract.

Like all the players of that day she had been improvident. Those were lean years after she was dropped from the regular payroll of a big studio. The years were unhappy ones, too, for Viola wanted to work.

IT was not entirely pride that kept her trying to get jobs, nor was it entirely the need of money. It was more than that—it was her eagerness to give to the screen the vitality and charm that she had to give.

But as she saw herself becoming more and more a "hanger-on" and when she walked up Hollywood Boulevard to find herself unrecognized—while newer people were being asked for autographs—she knew that she could not stand it any longer, so she left the town that had witnessed her glories, her happiest and also her saddest years. And now she was entirely forgotten, except by a few old friends.

And then an obscure item in the papers announced that Viola Dana, "former famous motion picture star," had married Jimmy Thompson, a Colorado Springs golf professional.

Word came to Hollywood that little Viola was happy at last and those who remembered and loved her read bits of her letters to each other.

She wrote that she was perfectly happy—that she was as domestic as a fireside cat, loved cooking and housekeeping and that her husband was a darling.

Remembering Viola's gay days of dancing until the band went home at the old Sunset Inn, her friends wondered at her change but were glad she had found peace.

She liked Colorado Springs, she

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wrote, and had no longer any desire to be in pictures.

But suddenly she and Thompson arrived in Hollywood. The call of the cinema had been too strong for Viola. She, like so many, many others, having tasted the fruits of success and stardom, having once smelled greasepaint and felt the hot white glow of the spotlight, could resist it no longer.

For a while they had a bad time in Hollywood. Thompson found that the professional positions at the golf clubs were pretty well filled. Viola tried to get back in pictures and discovered that it was the same old heart-breaking task. But she was happier in Hollywood than in Colorado Springs—despite her cheerful letters.

Thompson at last found work at a Long Beach golf club. Viola has done a little work in Columbia shorts and she is just as ambitious as she ever was.

She goes to previews with her old friends and as she watches the new pictures unfold before her she says, "I can't understand why I don't get a good part. I know I could do as well as that girl!" The funny part about it is that she could!

They are never completely happy—these women who have had stardom and lost it. But Viola is as happy as can be expected. She and Thompson lead a quiet enough life. She has not forgotten the domesticity she learned to like in Colorado Springs. She works occasionally. In small pictures, to be sure, but still, in pictures.

She is at least breathing the same air she breathed when she was a great star!

Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 76*)

dinner for men guests only, we always see that they are served some unusual, flavorful and substantial "made" meat dish.

WE tell you all this in order that you may appreciate how interested we were to hear Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston) say that her husband would rather have a good rich stew for dinner than the tenderest *filet mignon* in the world. "In fact," she went on to say, "Dick claims that a good stew is a symphony in foods."

"He's right," we agreed. "A clever cook puts together a stew in something the same way that a composer puts together the notes for the various instruments of an orchestra. And just at this moment, what this country needs is more symphonies in food and fewer sob ballads! I'd mortgage my future for a few good new recipes for so-called 'made' meat dishes right this minute!"

"Goodness, you really don't have to do that," smiled Jobyna Arlen. "I'd be delighted to give you some of my recipes for concoctions which Dick thinks are particularly appetizing."

Things can happen to one, just like that! Here one goes along for weeks wondering where to go in all Hollywood with any hope of getting some really sound information about turning everyday, ordinary, inexpensive meats into something delicious and exciting—and then, just by chance, you meet Mrs. Arlen. And there she sits, looking so pretty that you'd think she couldn't possibly know anything more helpful in a culinary line than how to serve humming bird's tongues, and before you know it you are having a whole series of super-elegant recipes dropped right in your lap. Right then and there, I can assure you, Mrs. Arlen and your humble food newshound sat down in a corner—and out came our ubiquitous note book.

"If you want the recipe for Dick's most particular favorite first, I'll start off with Beef Stew," Jobyna began. "In our house it's sort of a cross between a beef stew and *chili con carne,* retaining, in our estimation, the best features of each. First you cut a couple of pounds of chuck steak into cubes. . . ."

But there. You might have some trouble unravelling the recipe if we gave it to you just as Mrs. Arlen told it to us, so instead we are going to give it to you in the nice, tidy form in which it emerged from our testing kitchen. We suggest that you cut out this recipe, paste it on a filing card and keep it forever and ever. We are sure you will want to, once you've used it.

BEEF STEW WITH NOODLES

2 pounds chuck steak, cut in cubes
Suet
3 stalks celery
2 medium sized onions
2 sprigs parsley
1½ cups diced carrots
1 cup diced yellow turnip
1 green pepper, diced
4 tablespoons chili sauce
1 teaspoon kitchen bouquet
2 teaspoons salt
1 bay leaf
¼ teaspoon pepper
Cooked noodles
1 can red kidney beans

Roll the meat in flour. Try out the suet (beef fat) until you have 3 to 4 tablespoons in the pan. (To try out suet, cut into small pieces, put it in the pan, turn the flame low under it, cover and let simmer slowly, stirring occasionally.) Remove all solid pieces of fat. Add the meat to the liquid fat in the pan and brown well on all sides. Cover with boiling water. Add celery cut in small pieces, onions sliced, and minced parsley. Cover and simmer for one hour. Then add all remaining ingredients except the kidney beans and

noodles and cook until meat and vegetables are tender. When done, remove vegetables and meat from liquid. Measure liquid. There should be about three cups. If you have less, add water to make that amount; if you have more reduce quantity by boiling until sufficient evaporates. Dissolve 4½ tablespoons of flour in a quarter cup of cold water and mix with a little of the stew liquid. Add to remaining liquid and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Add kidney beans to this gravy and pour over the stew. Serve with cooked noodles.

DUMPLINGS are as good as noodles to serve with the stew," Mrs. Arlen told us, "but Dick happens to like noodles better. And, incidentally, if there is any of this stew left over, it is delicious made into a sort of pie. Just pour it into a greased casserole and put baking powder biscuits, cut about a half inch thick, over the top and bake in a moderate oven. You'll find it will then be as popular on the second day as it was on the first."

We tried it, and it was. Even more so, if such be possible. In fact it proved to be so supremely delicious that we have included, on page 76, a picture of the way it actually *looks* so that you will be tempted to find out for yourself how grand it *tastes*.

"Now I'll tell you about another favorite of ours," Jobyna continued. "Veal Birds—and for four people you will need about one and a half pounds of veal steaks . . ."

Again we come to the rescue and unscramble the recipe from the notes we took and give it to you as we worked it out in our kitchen.

VEAL BIRDS A L' ARLEN

1½ pounds veal steak
2 tablespoons butter
1 onion, minced fine
½ pound chopped mushrooms
3 stalks celery, diced
1½ slices soft bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water
1 pound fresh peas
1 tablespoon heavy cream
1 tablespoon flour

Have the butcher cut the veal thin and pound it out almost flat, then cut it in four equal squares. Melt the butter in a frying pan, add to it the minced onion, chopped mushrooms and diced celery. Cover the pan and let simmer over a low flame for ten minutes. Then add the bread crumbs and salt and mash all together to a paste. Spread this paste on the meat squares. Roll each square up separately and tie with string. Roll the meat rolls in flour and brown in butter in a frying pan. Transfer the meat to a baking dish, add 1 cup boiling water to the pan in which the meat was fried and boil up. Pour this over the meat, cover closely and bake one and one quarter hours in a moderate oven (375°). Meanwhile shell the peas and cook them. Dissolve the flour in the cream. When the meat is done, remove it from the casserole and add the

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juice in the casserole to the cream and flour. Cook this over a low flame, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add the peas to this gravy and pour over the veal birds.

"I'm having the best time!" said Mrs. Arlen. "I feel just like an old-fashioned housewife swapping recipes over the back fence. Now I must tell you about the Tamale Loaf which Dick enjoys so much."

SHE did tell us about that Tamale Loaf, and about a Savory Lamb Pie and a casserole of Ham and Cabbage. And then for good measure Jobyna kindly included a recipe for Spaghetti with Meat and Cheese—which we think is the grandest dish for a Sunday Night Supper we ever knew.

We wish we had room to give you all these recipes here, but we haven't. So we have had them printed up in a special Richard Arlen folder and all you have to do to get them is to fill out and mail the coupon on page 76 and mail it in. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. And do write your name and address plainly on that envelope. There is no charge for these recipes—except the stamped envelope. These recipes are all of them inexpensive to make and that's one of the things which we like best about them—the fact that they make it possible to serve really luxurious meals on a very modest food budget. So do send for your set of Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston recipes at once, and start economizing like an expert!

Jack's Mother and Peggy

(*Continued from page 37*)

women as I have known: Madame Schumann-Heink, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, famed singers of the Metropolitan Opera House, women in all walks of the artistic and literary world and not know the creatures inside and out.

"And now, I think this is the time to say right here that Peggy Hopkins Joyce is one of the finest and most likeable women I have ever met! I am proud that she is my friend.

"Let me tell you something. Never judge any advertised product by its reputation! Know it for yourself before you form any conclusions. That goes for men and women as well as coffee and baking powder and toothpaste.

OF course I knew Peggy's reputation for many marriages and for the exciting night life she has lived on two continents. The first time I ever saw her was at a theatre in Kansas City. Like everyone else in the audience, I had been attracted there to see this far-flung sensation who had so many diamonds and such beauty and such a wardrobe. Between acts of her show a gentleman sitting next to me turned and said: 'What do you think of her?' I answered: 'I don't know . . . what do you think of her?' He laughed: 'Well, I guess she's an advertised product!'

"There are many women in America today, and I mean women of the social register, who have been married as many times as Peggy Joyce and who have as many jewels and who have been as avidly admired by men and envied by women . . . but the point is that when Peggy was being married and divorced as a young girl, those things were more sensational than they are in our present day. Divorce was more *advertised!*

"Well, that was the last I saw, or thought, of Peggy until the other night when Jack brought her home for dinner. It wouldn't be natural to say I wasn't—what is the word I want?—rather *nervous* about the idea of meeting Miss Joyce. You can't just have Peggy Hopkins Joyce drop into your house for a plain family dinner without being impressed before her arrival. That wouldn't be human. My heart was pounding quite a bit when I heard Jack's key in the door and his lusty yell of 'Ma.'

"They arrived a little sooner than I had expected and I was caught in the kitchen with my hands in the biscuit dough and my face sort of flushed from the oven, you know how it is, and I felt I looked a sight. But Jack hasn't any idea of how such things are and if he didn't bring her right into the kitchen! I started to apologize about the way I looked, when Peggy came up to me and put her arms about me and kissed me. 'You are sweet to have me to a dinner you have cooked with your own hands,' she said in that lovely rich voice of hers.

"Right then and there, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and I were friends! I'm not very often wrong about first impressions and I liked her from the moment I saw her. She was wearing an awfully sweet, but perfectly plain little dress and she wore far less make-up than most of the school girls you see on the street. Except for a diamond pin at her collar, she wore not a single jewel.

"We had a perfectly wonderful time during dinner. We laughed and joked with Jack just like old friends. Once she reached over and touched my hair and said she loved it because it was soft and white! She is the most natural human being I have ever met. She says things just like that—just as they pop into her head.

"I thought, of course, that after dinner Peggy and Jack would go out somewhere, dancing or to a theatre or something. But no, they stayed home all evening, Peggy curled up in a comfortable chair, Jack twisting up and down the radio dial and I did most of the talking. I had a lovely time.

"We talked of everything under the sun . . . of girls and books and plays and men and women and marriage and divorce. Every once in awhile it would come to me, 'This is the famous Peggy Hopkins Joyce who is sitting here chatting with you in this neighborly fashion.' But it didn't seem to register anything. It might as well have been Anna May Doakes, excepting that Peggy's ideas were more interesting and down to earth and witty!

"When it came to be about eleven-thirty and Peggy admitted that she was sleepy, I got up to get her hat and coat. She followed me into the hall. 'I can't tell you,' she said, 'what a perfectly grand evening I have had. The very nicest I have spent in Hollywood.'

"And the odd part of it is this: Other guests of mine and Jack's have said the same *words* but Peggy Joyce has that rare trait of making them sound as though they came from her heart.

"Maybe that is because she is sincerely and honestly appreciative of any little thing that is done for her. When Peggy thanks you for something you can't help feeling it has come from her heart.

IT wasn't any more than a couple of days after that when the doorbell rang. Yes, it was Peggy. She had a friend of hers along, a director from the Paramount studio. The first thing she said was: 'I wanted you two to meet. You shouldn't have gone this long without knowing each other.'

"I didn't know what she meant at first, until I found out that this man was terribly interested in a book I had recommended for Peggy to read. He, too, was crazy about it—wanted to bring it to the screen. Peggy said we were two nuts on the subject and she just had to see that we got together and thrashed it out.

"I fixed tea and muffins for them and I guess they were here about two hours. Peggy ate two or three muffins with jam and then accused me of trying to ruin her figure. She said if I didn't quit feeding her every time she came over she wasn't going to come to see me any more. You know, there's something about the way Peggy treats me that reminds me of Jack. I don't know that I can quite explain it . . . but she treats me like a friend . . . like someone she can laugh and joke with." Mrs. Offield laughed suddenly, her foot that didn't quite reach the floor wiggling in embarrassment.

"Just to kid me she calls me 'Ma' like Jack. And I love it! And what's more, Peggy can not only see a good laugh on *you* but she can see one on herself as well.

"The only time Peggy ever referred to her marriages and her diamonds and all that she said: 'Ma, that reputation is just so much money at the box-office for a poor working gal!'

LET me tell you a little story: I was once talking to a class full of little girls on the subject of what they really wanted out of life. One little tot kept waving her hand in the air and I knew she wanted to tell me her heart's desire.

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"When I finally permitted her to speak, she said: 'What I really want out of life, Mrs. Offield, is to marry a rich, handsome man!' And I nearly fell over when about twenty other little mouths echoed: 'Me, too.'

"That was before those little girls were old enough to be hypocritical! They were speaking with frank honesty.

"Well, Peggy Hopkins Joyce married a millionaire! That she married several of them makes her not one whit different in my estimation from that class room of little girls who so frankly admitted their desire before the subtle hypocrisy of worldly knowledge had silenced their lips! They were naïve, certainly, but very honest.

"And now," said my charming hostess with an eye on the clock that was heading around toward time to start dinner, "I think I've made it pretty clear what *this* mother thinks of Peggy Hopkins Joyce. As for Jack, well, he will never be the loser for the privilege of a friendship with such a *fine* woman!"

Object Lesson in Manners

(*Continued from page 74*)

in the dining room, talking, smoking, and drinking excellent beer. So the children stayed where they were. And now and then treble voices and laughter sounded through the big door.

MILDRED wore a blue dress with white collar and cuffs. She looked like a schoolgirl. Laughing, she told us how, in Europe, she had insisted upon seeing all the things she always had heard about.

"I know," she explained, "that most of the places I went weren't typical of the cities in which they were located—that they were almost entirely supported by sight-seers. But I'd heard about them for so long I had to see them for myself."

It was the Lloyds' first trip to Europe. Not for a minute did Mildred try to give the impression it was anything else. And not once—which makes her unique—did she explain how she and Harold had discovered the Paris not generally known to tourists, the Paris of the true Parisienne.

"Where did you stop?" I asked.

"At George the Fifth," she said. Not "George Sank," praise her. Nine out of ten would have said that, you know—pronouncing George in English and then, without reason, lapsing into French. A school child knows *cinq* is French for five. Yet a notion persists that to say George Sank instead of George the Fifth marks you a cosmopolite.

Do I carp? Perhaps. But always, in order to put your finger on a tangible pretension, you must place it on a petty affectation.

Someone asked Mildred if she'd like to live in Europe.

"Not among the expatriates or as an expatriate," she answered quickly. "I found them disgruntled and unhappy. Generally, I imagine, if you can't adjust to your own country you can't adjust anywhere.

"But in a way Harold and I would like a house over there. Say in Switzerland. The children loved their freedom so!"

And well the children might! In California they have none. Gloria and Peggy and Harold are guarded even while playing on their own lawn, swimming in their own swimming-pool.

There wasn't the usual grand display of French clothes. Mildred showed us a few lovely things she had brought back, but only when we asked to see them.

"I've always wanted some Paris things," she told us simply. "I bought these before the 'Buy American' feeling was so great. But I don't expect I'll enjoy them as much now."

Unlike many wives of successful men, Mildred Lloyd has never spent her time acquiring pretensions to match Harold's dollars.

Harold came in. He seemed well pleased that there were guests. Morton Downey was there. An editor. A writer. Several New York friends. A British financier the Lloyds had met coming home on the boat.

"Hello," Harold greeted us, shaking hands all around. "Gee, it's mighty good to see all of you."

You would have liked him immediately for that "Gee." He obviously hadn't come home with any English "By Joves," or French *"Mon Dieus."*

He went over to a commode and broke a sugar rose off the big pink birthday cake standing there. It had been part of Mildred's birthday celebration.

He is suddenly shy every now and then.

Then he pulled up another oyster-white Heppelwhite chair to the table—to sit on it backwards.

"Have a good rest, Harold?" the editor wanted to know.

"Well," he laughed, "I don't suppose you'd call it a rest exactly. You know, they got me to make personal appearances and to talk over the air. And, well, I was kept pretty busy.

"But everybody was so darn nice to us that it never seemed hard work. The change was stimulating, of course. In fact, I've come back with so many ideas I don't know just where to start. But I imagine when we get home and settled and I talk things over with the gang at the studios I'll know which picture idea will work out best."

Again that engaging smile. You know it from the screen.

"The gang," I understand, is com-

(*Continued on page 101*)



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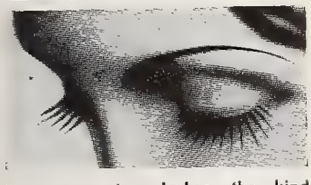
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Inspiration?

(*Continued from page 59*)

happen to amuse her. She likes a good time—she likes a good time very much. But that is all.

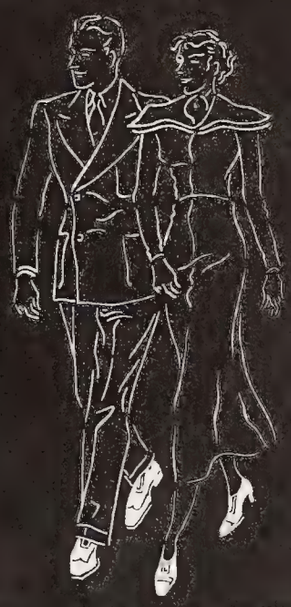
IN Hollywood she has a small, unremarkable house which she shares with her mother and her sister. No legends have grown up about her, either. No legends that she is chaperoned within an inch of her life or that she demands her right to be modernly independent. She isn't modernly independent because she doesn't seem to want to be and she isn't chaperoned to the point of publicity because her mother's mind seems to run along sensible lines. And doubtless because her mother knows Dorothy very well.

While I was talking to her I realized that she has real kindness of heart, a kindness which is as genuine as her smile. I spoke, with some disparagement, of a motion picture colleague of hers and I listened to her quiet defense of the person in question. She didn't deny that my accusations might be right, she merely said that our mutual acquaintance had been all that was friendly and helpful and charming as far as she, Dorothy, knew. She made me feel like an elderly cat. There was no especial sweetness and light about her statement. I think she is the sort of girl who is likely to judge people by what they have been toward her rather than what they may be toward others or the world. Later, after leaving her, I learned of her extraordinary gentleness toward Rénée Adorée when they were working on the last picture Miss Adorée made before her illness. Miss Adorée was very ill at the time, and Dorothy Jordan, in a thousand little ways, spared her strength and helped her. Yet in the natural course of events these two would have remained strangers, temperamentally differing as they do.

Dorothy is a conscientious worker. She is uncomplaining and even-tempered. She has been well brought up, one imagines, and has her own especial code. I am certain that no matter what branch of work, what profession she might have undertaken by chance or destiny, she would have been same in it. Even-tempered, hard working, successful.

She has great courage. Not the courage of the person who does not know fear, but the courage of the person who is by nature gentle and rather retiring, in a sense, and who is a prey, just as most of us are, to the usual trivial anxieties and worries which beset us. She is not the sort of a girl who can trample rough-shod on life. She dislikes facing emergencies. But she *can* face them. We compared, laughing, our mutual dislike of street accidents and dentists' chairs and other unpleasant things and decided that half our trouble was in worrying about things before they happened. But Dorothy has learned this lesson in a much shorter time than it took me to do so. I admit it.

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This is an intelligent girl. I had wondered whether, despite the sweet, vivacious, but hardly deeply emotional roles I had seen her portray on the screen, she might not be, "in person," temperamental and a little of an oddity. But I found her most untemperamental and exceedingly regular rather than odd. She has above average intelligence and she actually does a good deal of thinking. She thinks out her own problems and she believes in directed thinking with all the strength of her nature.

SHE is a favorite of everyone on the lot; from the male stars with whom she works in pictures to the hairdressers and ladies' maids. There is every reason why she should be. Surely Hollywood by now has come to distinguish between impulsive generosity, or mere gestures, and absolutely authentic kindness and decency of motive.

She has plenty of beaux. That's what her mother calls them. They come to her house and spend "wild" evenings there: playing the piano, singing, raiding the kitchen. Just as the beaux of hundreds of girls all over the country do. That isn't perhaps an exciting picture to the people who still want to read about impossibly idiotic parties and orgies. But it is very exciting to me because I never expected to see it and to believe in its reality.

I think one of the secrets of Dorothy Jordan's charm is the fact that her life has never deviated from a normal, well-ordered course. During her first break in pictures, in the "Taming of the Shrew," and before her mother joined her, she lived at the Studio Club, quietly and sedately. I think her life will always be like that.

I understand that she is to be co-starred with Joel McCrea in a series of romantic pictures for RKO, the first of which will be called "Little Clown Lost." I hope she finds satisfaction in this series—and meatier roles than she has had during the past few months.

It is an axiom among novelists that if you have a normal, sweet and attractive heroine and a wildly beautiful, gaily wicked rival, your heroine must always win out. It doesn't always happen in real life. But Dorothy Jordan does prove the rule because she has a hundred more admirers than the most exotic beauties; lasting admirers. That's because she is what she is; and, of course, because she's from the South. And did you ever know a Southern girl to lack in the technique of beau-catching? Well, Dorothy's technique is unconscious, but it's there just the same.

Here's a girl who fainted when she made her first public appearance in a high school debate, but who has broken into pictures and who is going to stay in them despite a number of indifferent roles. Here's a girl who is not a yes-girl, but who has gumption enough to question the careless statement of a stranger made about someone three thousand miles away. And here's a girl who can listen to a story told her by that stranger and whose eyes fill with genuine tears because of the suffering of still a third person whom she has never seen.

Here's a girl who must have found much which discouraged and disgusted her and was alien to her nature, in the profession into which by chance she has come. But who fights it out without any bravado. A very healthy-minded, normal girl if you ask me. The sort of girl you'd like to have for your daughter or your friend or your sweetheart, depending on your age and sex.

I hope I haven't made you see her as some impossibly and sickeningly sweet creature. It's always a little hard to write about thoroughly nice people convincingly. I have more trouble with my heroines and heroes than with my villains! I want you to see her as I see her, a very normal girl, a girl such as any fine girl you yourself may know, who happens to be, instead of next door, "in the pictures."

Long may she stay there.

Garbo's Unknown Escort

(*Continued from page 25*)

and when Reud came to New York to enter the theatrical profession, he was thrown with many Swedes and Swedish-Americans. In this crowd was a man named Joseph Buhler, Garbo's lawyer. When he discovered Buhler's connection with Garbo, Reud attached himself to the lawyer, took him and his wife to the theatre, plied Mrs. Buhler with books and flowers, and made himself so thoroughly charming with his suave southern gallantries that the Buhlers took this designing youth to their hearts and included him frequently on their week-end house-parties in Greenwich, where they have a country place on beautiful old Station Road. It was here that Reud met Garbo on one of her trips to the East, in the days before she was obliged to sneak into town in turtle-necked sweaters and smoked glasses. At that time he probably could not have foreseen that some day he would be accompanying her to the best plays of the season. Or that, when he did, the audiences at those plays would be so overcome with the idea of Garbo's being in the theatre, that Reud would have to take her home before the plays were half over, in order that the performers could be heard.

IT did not take him long to make friends with her once they had met, for he is not only a gay companion and brilliant conversationalist, but he is wise

in the ways of the theatre, and Garbo quickly recognized in him a man who could advise her concerning phases of her career. There is a story that Garbo was offered an opportunity to act on Broadway in a play that an eminent producer had chosen for her and which she had always wanted to do. It was Reud who advised her against it for the time being and she acceded to his judgment. Now, Reud, according to announcements in the papers some time ago, has written a play for her himself, entitled "Wait For Me," which she is said to consider the best vehicle for her own talents that has fallen into her hands. She cabled her studio from abroad that she wants it adapted at once for her screen use. However, if Reud has written it as a play and not a movie, may it not augur that Garbo is considering appearing upon the stage—and in Reud's play?

Bob Reud refuses to talk of his friendship with Garbo, other than to parry questions put to him with veiled answers which may mean much or nothing. Last spring a rumor was spread that Garbo was not going to Sweden alone. From the Gilbert Miller offices, where Reud worked at the time, trickled the noncommittal news that Reud was contemplating a trip to Sweden in the summer. Was he visiting Garbo? Had Garbo invited him? Was he going to see Garbo at all? To all of these questions came the same evasive answer, "Robert Reud does not care to discuss any matters pertaining to Miss Garbo and himself."

IS this man outsmarting his friends? Has he contacts with Garbo other than those of a casual friend? Facts prove that he takes her to the theatre, advises her on matters of business and, more specifically, on matters pertaining to her career. And no casual admirer is he, his offices and home are filled with so many pictures of Garbo that the most ardent of her devotees would fall back electrified.

Has his hero-worship of Garbo swept this impetuous southerner into the belief that Reud means as much to Garbo as Garbo means to Reud? Contrary to popular opinion, Garbo is kind and forbearing. She likes Reud and trusts him or she would not go about with him. She respects his brilliance and accepts his advice. Would she be angry—or tolerant—should this man be guilty of a self-created legend that he is "The Man Who Knows Garbo?" Is it a self-created legend? I do not think so, but there is nothing to prove it, one way or the other. Garbo does not talk. Reud does not talk. However, by his very silence he has managed to create the impression that there is more in this than meets the eye. And who knows? Maybe there is—and maybe there isn't.

Always in Hot Water

(*Continued from page 61*)

monologue of the barkers—all these things stabbed Jack with a strange excitement.

In his own imagination he was a man of the world who could buy ambrosia—actually soda pop—for his goddess—actually a girl in a cheap dress. He could show her the wonders of Olympus—actually the Coney Island side shows.

And then, as they turned into another street, he saw his father!

Jack was suddenly no longer a swaggering man, but a little boy who might get a whipping if he were caught.

"Quick!" he said to the girl. "Down this way!"

And the two, instead of strolling in a nonchalant manner as they had done before, ran like the guilty kids they were.

But quick as he was, Jack had not been quick enough.

His father had seen him, running away (and how many times, years later he was to run from justice on the screen) and that night he paid the penalty for his deceit.

When the whipping was over the father shook his head and said to his wife, "That boy, that boy—he is always in hot water."

And as he grew older women began to play an even more important part in his life until real tragedy came to him.

Jack, himself, will not mention it, but his friends who knew him when he became an actor on Broadway will tell you of the girl he really loved—a beautiful girl, like the ones he had seen in the movies, a girl who was a crystalization of the dreams he had dreamed in the little movie theatres of his boyhood.

Broadway will tell you of his love for this girl and the end of the romance, which devastated Jack. She fell in love with another man!

AND maybe that bitter experience is the reason that now—when asked about marriage—he says, "No, no, no. Marriage is not for me—I don't want it. I'll have a good time now, while I can. I'll go dancing and to the theatre and have many friends. I'll try to repay my parents for what they did for me. They're coming to Hollywood. I've rented a house for them and I want them to have every comfort I can give them. If it weren't for my father's watching eye I might have gotten into a lot more trouble than I did. Now is my chance to show him and my mother my appreciation. I don't want to get married!"

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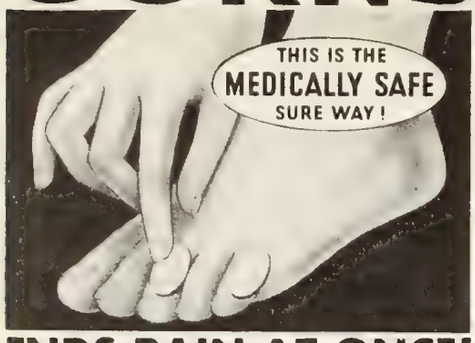
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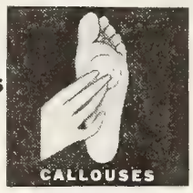
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side of Jack LaRue. I want you to know the boy who "just happened to get into show business." Remember that he had always had a love of the dramatic. Remember how much a part of him glamor and excitement and thrills—even at the cost of a sound whipping—were.

When he went to vaudeville shows he was always that little boy who came upon the stage when the magician stopped pulling rabbits out of a hat long enough to ask for a few volunteers to make sure that the knots tied around the disappearing lady's wrist were tight.

"Will three young men kindly come up on the stage and give me a little help?" the magician would say.

And Jack was always the first to leap from his seat and bound upon the stage. For this was exciting, this was a taste of life.

So one day—the mischief of the neighborhood in which he lived exhausted—he was idly strolling along a side street "looking for trouble" when he saw the old New York studios where Norma Talmadge used to work.

The impulse to go inside came to him suddenly and with a swift glance up the street to make sure his father wasn't in spying distance he went into the casting office.

Hundreds of people were already there and Jack—hands in pocket, swaggering slightly—joined the mob.

The casting director stuck his head out the door.

"No work today," he said.

He swept all those people away with a hand. Then he saw Jack and something in that bold Italian face held him.

"I can use you, kid," he said. "Come back tomorrow."

So Jack was a movie actor now and that night the boys in the neighborhood and the girls, too—the ones he wanted to impress—heard about it.

The next day he appeared at the studio. There were the usual hundreds. Presently the casting director came out.

"Go away—all of you," he said. "No work today."

Jack stepped forward, with pride. "But me—I'm an actor. You said——"

The casting director looked at him. "I said no work today. Now clear out of here."

It was the first time in his young life that Jack had ever been nonplussed. Boss of his own little community, head man among the neighborhood boys and girls—he now found himself faced with real authority for the first time.

He was incredulous. He stepped forward and then fell back. The man had said—— And now he wasn't a movie actor!

He didn't see "the crowd" that night. He couldn't face them. Instead he mooned at home, alternately cursing man's curses and weeping boy's tears.

But the next day he went to the studio again.

The casting director came out of his office and Jack grabbed him by the coat lapels. "See here," he said, "you promised me I'd be an actor. You said for me to come back and yesterday . . ."

"Of course," said the casting director. "Where were you yesterday? I told you to come back here then. Come in. I want you to go to work."

And slightly baffled at the ways of casting directors, Jack was admitted into the sacred studio lot and played the rôle of a bell hop in an old Norma Talmadge film.

And now that he had had his first sweet taste of the heady wine of show business, he knew that this must be his life.

Now, instead of at the movies, he was to be found hanging around theatrical offices. He knew how to beguile the girl secretaries with a full-lipped smile and get in to see the managers. The managers were more difficult to convince, but Jack had learned how to be ingratiating. Paradoxical as it sounds, Jack's strength lay in his weakness.

FOR instead of battering the mangers down with tall tales of his talent he put himself at their mercy and plead with them, humbly, for roles.

Small parts came first, of course, then larger ones. He became more and more sure of himself and the profession he had chosen. A season as the South American lover in Mae West's "Diamond Lil" brought him notice and other shows followed.

The rest is simple enough. One summer found him driving to California with a couple of friends and, since he was well enough known on Broadway, it was not difficult to get roles in pictures. You undoubtedly remember him in "While Paris Sleeps," "The Mouthpiece," "Radio Patrol," "Night World," "Blessed Event" and "Three on a Match."

Now he is on the threshold of his great opportunity.

Paramount had bought the book "Sanctuary" as a vehicle for George Raft, but George refused to play it.

"I've built myself up to sympathetic characters," George said. "I was a pretty nice sort of guy in 'Night After Night' and I'm not going to tear myself down in a part like this."

And then the studio remembered Jack LaRue with that sensual face. Why, he looks like a character who has stepped right out of one of Faulkner's books.

As you watch him work you'll discover that he is an odd mixture of strength and weakness. He is trying desperately hard to stay out of trouble, for he knows how trouble dogs his steps.

When a woman walks on the set he is quick to jump up and offer a chair. With almost child-like eagerness he shows you over the set, pointing out the accuracy of the detail.

Whenever he does a scene he shoots a quick look at the director to see if he has done well. His manner is almost obsequious, he is so eager to be successful.

PUBLIC opinion means a great deal to him, and when he first took the role in "The Story of Temple Drake," as "Sanctuary" is being called in pic-

tures, he was afraid that George Raft might be angry with him for going into a picture he had refused to do. For political reasons he suggested that some night the two of them might go out together on the same party, to show the world that they were friends.

But Raft is a different sort of man from Jack LaRue. Public opinion and studio politics mean nothing to George. When LaRue made this suggestion Raft said, "No, we're friends and that's okay, but I don't have to show people. You got your pals. I got mine. Let it go at that."

Away from the studio Jack is not so earnest.

He likes to have a good time. You'll see him often dining and dancing at the Club New Yorker, at the Cocoanut Grove and the other places where film folk dine and dance. He is always immaculately groomed.

There is very little humor about him in spite of all the colorful and exciting roles he has played in pictures. The priest in "Farewell to Arms"—an entirely different type of part for him—is his favorite talkie role so far.

He has, like all Italian boys, a love for church and family, for no matter where his life might lead him the family ties are strong.

You would expect a man with a face like LaRue's to be over-bold with women. But he doesn't play all his cards at once. In spite of his impulsiveness, there is a caution that makes him wait until he knows where he stands, and right now he is at that very delicate point in his career when neither he—nor the studio—knows whether he will be a big star or not. They're waiting.

It's my guess that he will be. Eric von Stroheim once told me that there is a touch of sadistic love in every woman—and LaRue's is a strangely sadistic face. Mind you, he doesn't over-play this strange sex appeal which is his. He doesn't have to.

Alert, eager, intuitive and sensitive is Jack LaRue.

But I'll make a little wager with you that he will always, as his father said when Jack was a boy, be in hot water.

Object Lesson in Good Manners

(*Continued from page 96*)

prised of men who have worked with Harold for many years, ever since he began to make his bespectacled character world-famous.

THERE was not one boast of the triumphs he had experienced—in spite of the fact that the very conservative New York *Times* gave him editorial space, insisting that on this trip he had proved as great an ambassador of good will as America ever has known, with the possible exception of Charles A. Lindbergh.

Mildred and Harold Lloyd would be memorable visitors in any country. Always they would be too busy being human beings to pose as celebrities. Always they would be too occupied trying to acquire the viewpoint of whatever city or country they were in to act superior. They are observing, intelligent people. Undoubtedly they saw many things in which it would profit the European nations to emulate America. But they would be too gracious, too polite, ever to voice any unfavorable comparison. Any more than they would do such a thing if they were visiting in a strange house.

I hope they've corrected the impression given by several other stars who went traveling during the last year. These particular celebrities saw Europe "down their noses," so to speak. They could learn from the Lloyds. So could other Americans visiting in Europe—and Europeans, with similar tendencies, who visit in America.

I've met many people of many nationalities and many social classes. But never more natural and, therefore, more charming people than the Lloyds.

I can hear some readers protest, "But the Lloyds have no need to pretenses. They have importance. They have wealth."

Both importance and wealth are comparatively new to Mildred and Harold. They might go about so impressed with their sudden possession of these things that they would talk about them loud and long. But they do nothing of the kind.

As I understand it, both Mildred and Harold come from good, honest respectable families. They might easily want people to think their backgrounds were more distinguished. And to this end they might monopolize the conversation with anecdotes colored with "blue-blooded ancestors" and "lost family fortunes," all calculated to give the impression that what they had done was merely climb back where they belonged originally.

They might act "elegant and travelled." They might be patronizing. Or they might be superior and formal because they weren't sure enough of themselves to dare to act quite naturally.

In other words, Mildred and Harold Lloyd might be the direct opposite of the warm, unassuming couple they are. And lose the charm which all of us want to possess in the bargain.

I repeat, deliver me from pretense. Give me more people like the Lloyds.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 89)

COMPTON, JULIETTE: Married. Born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "The Match King," First National; "The Masquerader," United Artists.

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Baby Face," Warner Bros.; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Paramount. Working in "Tampico," Columbia.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in "If I Had a Million"; Co-starred in "Farewell to Arms"; "Today We Live," M-G-M.

COOPER, JACKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, California, September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Limpy" and "Divorce in the Family."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Phantom of Crestwood"; Co-starred in "Flesh," M-G-M; "Broadway Bad," Warner Bros. Working in "Dead on Arrival."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Letty Lynton"; M-G-M; "Rain," United Artists; "Today We Live," M-G-M. Next is "A Dancing Lady."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "That's My Boy," Columbia.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett. Next is "College Humor."

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Unmarried. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Night After Night"; "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Working in "Let's Live It," in England.

DAMITA, LILI: Unmarried. Born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Goldie Gets Along," Radio; "The Match King," First National.

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Co-starred in "Silver Dollar"; "Forty-Second Street." Working in "Hard Times Square."

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Blondie of the Follies." Working in "Peg O' My Heart."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Cabin in the Cotton"; "Parachute Jumper"; Starred in "Ex-Lady"; Featured in "The Adopted Father." Next is "Easy to Love."

DEE, FRANCES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Crime of the Century"; "King of the Jungle." Next is "The Silver Cord," Radio and "College Humor," Paramount.

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.

DEVINE, ANDY: Married. Born in Flagstaff, Arizona, October 7. Universal player. Featured in "Cohens and Kellys in Trouble," Universal; "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "The Beer Baron," Paramount.

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Blonde Venus." Working in "Song of Songs."

DILLOWAY, DONALD: Unmarried. Born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach—M-G-M; "Night Mayor," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD: Married to Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors"; "The Great Jasper." Next is "The Ad Man."

DORSAY, FIFI: Unmarried. Born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," Warner Bros.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Married to Helen Gahagan. Born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House" and "Nagana," Universal.

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity." Next is "The Late Christopher Bean."

DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway" "Handle with Care"; "Sailor's Luck."

DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "No Other Woman." Radio; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M. Working in "The Silver Cord."

DURANTE, JAMES: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Phantom President," Paramount; "What! No Beer!" M-G-M; "Hell Below," M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY: Separated from Hoot Gibson. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "State Fair," Fox; "Central Airport," Warner Bros.; "Sailor's Luck," Fox. Working in "Made on Broadway," M-G-M.

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Fortune Smiles"; "The Crime of the Century"; "Under the Tonto Rim." Working in "International House." Next is "Gambling Ship."

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Life"; "Hell Below," M-G-M; "The Mayor of Hell," Warner Bros. Working in "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Next is "The Chaser," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: Separated from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "Parachute Jumper"; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "The Narrow Corner." Working in "Fellow Prisoners."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: Married to Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Valli. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Co-starred in "The First Year"; "Wild Girl"; "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

FARRELL, GLENDA: Married. Born in Enid, Oklahoma. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Wax Museum"; "Grand Slam"; "The Keyhole." Next is "Highlife."

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. Birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Employees Entrance," "Central Park," Warner Bros. "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "He Lived to Kill," Columbia.

FOSTER, NORMAN: Married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio; "State Fair," Fox. Working in "Pilgrimage." Next is "Department Store."

FOSTER, PRESTON: Married. Born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"; "Ladies They Talk About"; "Elmer the Great."

FOX, SIDNEY: Married to Charles Beahan. Born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Don Quixote"; "Roi Pausole"; "Afraid to Talk."

FRANCIS, KAY: Married to Kenneth McKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount; "The Keyhole," Warner Bros. Next is "Mary Stevens M. D."

GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "No Man of Her Own," Paramount; "White Sister," M-G-M. Next is "A Dancing Lady" and "Nora."

GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me." Next is "Christina."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Animal Kingdom"; "Lucky Devils"; "Sweepings," Radio. Working in "The Story of Temple Drake." Next is "Emergency Call."

GAYNOR, JANET: Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair." Working in "Adorable."

GIBSON, HOOT: Separated from Sally Eilers. Born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec Art Studio. Starred in "The Boiling Point"; "Cowboy Counsellor." Next is "Dude Bandit." Allied.

GIBSON, WYNNE: Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had a Million"; "Crime of the Century." Working in "The Trumpet Blows." Next is "Dead Reckoning."

GILBERT, JOHN: Married to Virginia Bruce. Born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Workers."

GLEASON, JAMES: Married to Lucille Webster. Born in New York City, May 23. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio; "The Billion Dollar Scandal." Paramount; "Clear all Wires," M-G-M.

GOMBELL, MINNA: Unmarried.. Born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Wild Girl"; "Walking Down Broadway"; "Pleasure Cruise."

GRANT, CARY: Unmarried. Born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Butterfly"; "She Done Him Wrong"; "The Woman Accused." Working in "The Eagle and the Hawk." Next is "Apartment 9."

GRAVES, RALPH: Divorced from Virginia Goodwin. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "War Correspondent."

GREEN, MITZI: Child actress. Born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Starred in "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM: Unmarried. Born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Life."

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER: Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "White Sister"; "The Man on the Nile."

HAMILTON, NEIL: Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Animal Kingdom," Radio; "As the Devil Commands," Columbia; "The Silk Express," Warner Bros. Working in "Terror Abroad," Paramount.

HARDING, ANN: Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors" and "The Animal Kingdom." Next is "When Ladies Meet," M-G-M.

HARDY, OLIVER: Divorced. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Bowed in a Hole"; "Twice Two" and "Fra Diavolo."

(Continued on page 110)

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 73*)

that, I would suggest a bang or at least some hair over the forehead. If your forehead is low and broad and your face is rather short and round, wear your hair off your forehead. But if your forehead is low and your face is long, then bring the hair over your forehead. Why? Well, if you cover up some of your low forehead, no one can tell how high it *might* be, see?

IF your face is full, see that a bit of hair covers the cheeks. If your face is moderately thin and you'd like it to look wider, try a center part. But if your face is *very* thin, a center part would defeat itself by calling attention to the decided thinness. Instead, part the hair way over on one side. Draw the hair more or less straight across.

Here are some rules about waving: dark hair usually looks best with a sleek, flat wave. Light hair looks best with a fluffy wave. Light shades of hair seldom look well straight—unless you have a lot of it and can go in for the Ann Harding type of coiffure. Even so, notice that Ann has slight softness around the face. Red hair looks best with a wave, either fluffy or flat, depending on the type of person. Dark hair can be worn straight to advantage.

Now, as for actual coiffures—I've been looking around at heaps of smart-looking people in town lately, and hanged if I can say that there's any definite, set rule about fashions in coiffures. Hair does seem to be shorter—the long bob looks rather silly with the new perky little hats. Most heads seem to be more or less elaborately waved and curled. At least, the hair is curled over the lower crown of the head, with fluffy, combed-out curls to finish off. I see quite a bit of the Bette Davis type of hairdress: the hair straight, or only slightly softened around the face, straight over the head, and fluffed out at the ends. I see quite a bit of long hair around, so don't feel old-fashioned and out-of-date if for some reason you have never cut your hair. However, don't let it be too abundant, for knots must be gracefully proportioned to the head and to the small hats. If you still cling to the "bun" get that hand mirror again and study the shape of your head once more. Don't let your hair make your head seem bigger from the tip of your nose to the knot of hair than it is from crown to chin. If you have a short neck, you can't wear low-placed knots—or clumps of curls, either. If you have a long neck, however, a low-placed knot of hair will give your head a graceful, queenly outline.

HERE'S a tip for gray-haired ladies who are youthful looking and who lead active lives. Have your hair cut—quite short. Gray hair is stiffer than other hair and, especially if the texture of the hair is medium coarse, it will swirl and curl beautifully. Simply run a wet comb through the hair and kind of scrunch it into place with your fingers.

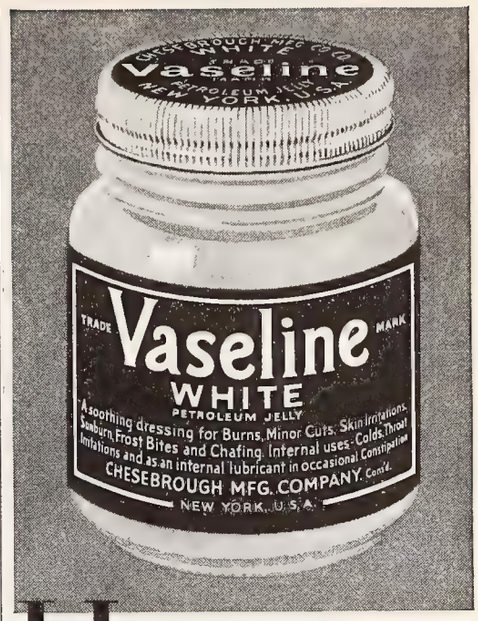
Round-the-head coiffures are very nice for evening, I think, especially on tall young girls or stately looking older ones. Coronets, twists, or bands of hair swathed smoothly round the head. But if you feel an urge to try such a coiffure, allow plenty of time to arrange your hair. You can't do these things in a hurry. They must be neat. They must be perfect, with just enough hairpins to hold the hair in place—and not too many to show or to make you uncomfortable. Then, when you go out into the open air, take the trouble to put a hairnet over the whole head, pinning it once at the back. When you are indoors again, slip the net off.

To obtain the best results with your hair, try to remember to shampoo it at least two days before a special date.

Another question: a girl wrote and wanted to know what she could do while her eyebrows were growing back in! That was a poser, but I think I understand. The young miss had plucked her brows too extensively—changed their whole natural shape. Then she didn't like the results. And you know how brows look when the plucked hairs start to grow back—just awful! Well, the thing to do is to brush the long hairs *down* to cover up the untidy bristles as much as possible. A little judicious plucking might help at the start—pull out the most unsightly hairs until the regrowth has started. And rub cream into the brows every day—rub the right way and then the wrong way and then the right way again, to make them silky and healthy. And brush them with a little brush to groom them.

Last question—this came from women who described themselves as being "middle-aged—but not fat nor middle-aged *looking*." They were worried about a lump that had come on the backs of their necks, in spite of faithful exercise. Yes, that's one of the first signs of age—but you can get rid of it. Stretch! Stand, face against the wall, close to the wall. Now stretch up with both arms—as high as you possibly can. Don't lift up on your toes. Every day try to stretch a little higher.

Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads (both dry and oily skin), for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know about some delightful manicure - accessories — including a platinum finish for nail-tips —which have just come to her attention, drop a note to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll willingly help you.



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REMOVES ALL BODY ODORS

A New Kind of Rebel

(*Continued from page 27*)

is it any wonder that young Franchot should be strong-minded, too?

Franchot's father's work took him all over the world, with the result that Franchot celebrated his fifth birthday in France, his sixth birthday in Tucson, Arizona, and his seventh at Saranac Lake.

And with the result, too, that most of his early schooling was had from private tutors. And so the travel, which gave him lots of new things to see and do, and the tutors, who were friendly and did whatever he told them to do, kept him from being a rebel as a little boy.

But when he was fourteen, and they sent him away to the fashionable Hill School at Pottstown, in Pennsylvania, he turned back to that great-great-great-grandfather with a bang!

IT was an exclusive school for the sons of rich men, set on sprawling soft green lawns, with fine old trees and buildings. There was only one thing wrong with it, and that was that the faculty put up a lot of rules for the boys to obey.

There were four rules which were especially rigorous. These were (1) that the boys should not smoke (2) that the boys should not drink (3) that the boys should not swear, and (4) that the boys should not talk to the town girls when they went walking on Sunday. Those were four very strict rules, and Franchot proceeded to do exactly four things about them:

1. He smoked.
2. He drank.
3. He swore with awful violence.
4. And he talked to the town girls when he went walking on Sunday.

And he a mere stripling-lad of fifteen!

Then the faculty decided that the enforcement of the rules was not severe enough, and they stepped in and began to take the power of punishment away from the boys themselves, who until then had had a kind of committee of judges.

What happened was that the sixth form, the older boys in the school, banded together and threatened to walk out and never come back. It was rebellion—stark, wild rebellion!

"Well," said the faculty, "you cannot have a rebellion without someone to start it. Now, we wonder who started this one? We'll look around and see."

And, of course, the investigation brought out that a quiet boy with hazel eyes, an innocent-appearing boy with a perfect record, who had never been caught doing a single bad thing, the sly young divvil that he was—the investigation of course brought out that it was this boy who had been going around and stirring up all the rebellion.

And so what could the faculty do but kick out young Master Tone? They kicked him out very politely, but they sent home a note to his papa and mama saying that he had been "a subtle influence for disorder all throughout the Fall term." And off he marched.

Subtle, they had to say, for they hadn't really ever been able to catch him at it. Oh, they're the clever ones, the great-great-great-grandsons of handsome, dashing Irish General Wolfe Tone!

WHY, then, the story goes on, Franchot was a good lad until he went away to college. At Cornell things were all right until other folks began to tell him how to mind his business. Rebels, you know, can never stand to have others tell them what they ought to do.

Franchot was taken into a good fraternity at Cornell. That was fine, too, until his fraternity brothers began to hint, "Don't go out for the Dramatic Club. It'll be better for the house if you'll try out for manager of the crew, or something manly like that."

Drama was what Franchot was interested in. That was what they foolishly forgot. Crews meant no more to him than eight men absurdly lathering themselves into a state of exhaustion in a flimsy boat.

Then there was a fraternity dance, and there was a house rule that co-eds should not be brought to dances, so Franchot brought a co-ed to the dance.

And, next, his fraternity brothers balked because he wasn't snobbish enough. He insisted on making friends of fellows who didn't have enough money, or enough social prominence, to get into fraternities, you see, and that would never do.

Finally, Franchot remembers, they annoyed him with "too much hand-shaking and brotherly love and advice." And he told them to go You-Know-Where, and moved out of the handsome fraternity house with the Greek letters beside the door, just exactly one school term after he had moved into it.

"Your career on the campus is finished, for this!" His ex-fraternity brothers, not so loving any more, made the dire prophecy.

And Franchot laughed, and did something funny with his fingers and his nose—a sort of trick, it must have been—and countered by getting himself elected to the Senior Society.

It was the highest honor in the college, and he was the first president of the Dramatic Club ever to be elected to it. . . . How the scrapping, joyous, laughing rebels always seem to come through!

HE graduated from Cornell in 1927 and his cousin, who owned the Gary McGary stock company playing in Buffalo, gave him a try-out job as assistant stage manager. That meant overalls and hard work and little pay, but the sons of the sons of General Wolfe Tone of Ireland are the favored of the Lord!

For an actor in the cast withdrew on account of illness, and Franchot sat up all night and learned the part, and the next night he was a full-fledged actor in a professional stock company.

Seven weeks of that, and then he hurried on to New York and, with no trying, fell plump into the New Playwrights Theater, a semi-Communistic organization of bright young hellions like himself, putting on the rebellious social plays of John Dos Passos, the champion in literature of the American workingman, and John Howard Lawson, and Mike Gold, editor of The New Masses, which is the workingman's own magazine.

And he rebelled against them, and in the next year was playing in "The Age of Innocence," with Katherine Cornell, on Broadway.

Then he rebelled against Broadway, and joined up with the Theater Guild.

And then he rebelled against the Theater Guild. "I got sick of the hypocrisy of their talking about themselves as an art theater," he says, "when really they were just a commercially-minded theater with a little more taste than most. I wanted to quit them and get in with a theater whose intentions I could respect." He wanted to quit, and they wouldn't let him quit. He had a contract, they said.

You know what that meant!

But even so, it wasn't long before Franchot Tone did not belong to the Theater Guild and he was where he was happy to be, in a smaller organization which he could respect, called the Group Theater.

It does happen that way, it seems. They get what they want, and they end where they want, these rebels!

But, will you believe it, just a little while passed before Franchot was a rebel again! Not against the theater for which he was working, this time. No. It was all right. The people in it were doing great and fine and splendid things for the American theater, which Franchot loves above his life. (And that is no exaggeration at all, but the simple and honest truth.)

But he rebelled against the public and the critics, there in New York. Here were these people in the theater, breaking their hearts and going without their dinners to put on fine plays.

And the critics paid little attention to them, and the public paid less. That was cruel and unfair. So, decided Franchot, he would go to Hell!

And he got on a train and went to Hollywood!

AND only then did his friends learn that Hollywood had been offering him screen tests for a year and a half. and that he had turned down every one of them very firmly.

And so now the lad is in Hollywood. And he lives in solitude, 'way up the beach at Santa Monica, with a New York pal who rebels against everything, and a Korean house-boy who rebels against the English language. And—at latest reports—all is quiet on the Western front. No rebellion, just now.

Well, that is to say—*ahem!*—there was a *little* rebellion, the other day. Just a little one. The, ah, the studio asked him, very politely, in a nice quiet voice, if he would mind changing his name, you see.

Well, the—well, to tell you the truth, they say pieces of arms and legs *did* fly out of every window in the studio for a few minutes. Franchot was his name, he had been born with it, his mother liked it, and it was good enough for him, he said. And he kept it.

But that's the only rebellion so far. Absolutely. Except—oh, well, if you *insist* upon knowing *every* little thing, of course!

It's very unreasonable of you; yes, very. And it didn't amount to anything much, anyhow, really. It was just that a newspaper writer the other day asked Franchot a question which Franchot thought was silly.

"What was your greatest emotional moment?" the question was, that being the kind of question that writers ask movie-actors. Franchot answered it, all right. He said: "— — — — —."

Still on the whole, you must admit, things are quiet right now. The fans have taken to Franchot like a house afire. So has Hollywood. He's going to all the parties, and being very handsome and agreeable and charming.

He's a good boy at the studio, where the stenographers step into wastebaskets and drop their pencils every time they look at him, and he's doing all the things they tell him to do. No more rebellion. No. None at all. Everything quiet and peaceful. Everything happy. Everything harmonious and lovely. Everything gentle and sweet.

BUT JUST WAIT TILL THEY TRY TO SHOVE YOUNG FRANCHOT TONE INTO A POOR PICTURE! JUST YOU WAIT!

Wild Animals—Beware!

(*Continued from page 29*)

animals while working with them. The last time I smelled that familiar disinfectant odor and saw those familiar white beds was in January, 1932. That time I very nearly slipped right over into eternity.

And while laughing at death is a pretty phrase, even animal trainers have as much desire to live as you and you. At least I have.

We fussed with the lights until we felt certain we had them properly placed but that very day we discovered we still had a lot to learn about them.

My first taste of Hollywood danger was given me then.

ALL around the cage the blazing lights beat down on me and the cats. The camera was grinding. Outside the cage the director and the technical men stood watching. Everything was set.

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One of the lions was standing on a pedestal waiting for my cue. It was an animal that I had had under perfect control for months. I had nothing to fear from him. Yet. . . .

No animal is entirely trustworthy. They have to be watched every moment. If a cat senses that you are off guard, or your defense is weak—look out! And that's true no matter how well trained they are.

I found this out in the next seconds—to my own regret.

For as I stood there about to give him the cue, I found myself suddenly blinded.

That lion was amazingly quick to sense that I hadn't my usual control. For in that moment he came tearing right at me! Instinctively I started sidestepping and as I did I felt on my forehead and temples the rush of wind stirred up by the huge beast as he went sailing past me!

I couldn't have been blinded for more than a second or two but that is an eternity in the big cage. My sight was restored in time to meet the charge of this same animal who had swung around and was coming for me again. I kept him off me by blazing away with my blank cartridge pistol.

Most of the next day we fussed with the lights again and this time we arranged them so that I was blinded only two or three times, with no serious consequences, during the whole time we were engaged in filming "The Big Cage."

HOWEVER, the lights caused plenty of trouble of an entirely different nature. They gave off so much heat that they made my animals drowsy. One day as I cued Sultan, one of my fiercest lions, to leave his pedestal, I made the astonishing discovery that this animal—one of the liveliest cats I have ever handled—was fast asleep!

His head bobbed back and forth, much like that of a man asleep in a chair, and he gave forth noises that were much akin to snoring!

What an unprepossessing pose for an animal whose ferocity had been proclaimed in scores of press stories by Mr. Ringling's inspired publicity staff! Why, the creature seemed as harmless as a doddering octogenarian asleep in an old-fashioned Morris chair! (Not that I thought he was harmless. I know better than that. The great cats are always potential trouble-makers).

I tried to rouse Sultan by prodding him gently with the butt of my whip. A fly lighting on his mane could not have disturbed him less. He kept on snoozing, his head bobbing as before to the accompaniment of the same nasal noises that I chose to interpret as leonine snores.

I resorted to my blank cartridge pistol, getting a much swifter reaction than I bargained for. Sultan awoke with the startled expression of one suddenly made aware of exploding firecrackers under his chair and as I happened to be closest to him when his eyes opened, he decided to take it out on me.

His wrinkled nose and twisted mouth heralding his rage, he leapt off his arena seat and came straight at me. I backed away, at the same time holding out the kitchen chair that I always carry into the big cage for protection.

With a slap of his great paw, the furious animal sent the chair spinning. I backed away as fast as I could and turned to the blank cartridge pistol—always the last resort.

I had to empty its chambers at him before I could get him turned around and back on his pedestal.

WE contrived to improve our ventilation on the set but even so every now and then an animal would be made sluggish by the heat of the lights and that animal I always avoided until he was himself again.

I am not as contradictory as I seem when I express a preference for facing an animal in full possession of his faculties to one that is drowsy and sluggish, for the latter is likely to be even more than normally mean and irritable.

Another difficulty involved in using my performing animals in the movies is that before the camera they are frequently required to work for stretches of four to six hours whereas in my act in the circus they work only forty minutes a day (twenty minutes at the matinée and the same in the evening).

Irritated by these long assignments, several of the animals I used in "The Big Cage" became well-nigh unmanageable and made all kinds of trouble for me.

Not only did they fight me more than they usually do but the fighting among themselves increased tremendously. Our old friend Sultan was the worst offender. Time and again he attacked without provocation. On one occasion (see photograph) he almost wrecked the arena in a battle with one of my biggest tigers.

Both of them were overtired. Suddenly, without warning, Sultan sprang on the tiger and the fight was on.

They rolled around the arena, their great jaws snapping and their huge claws tearing each other's flesh.

I tried to separate them. I gave commands. No use. Twice I emptied my blank cartridge pistol at them. Still they fought on.

The director was thrilled. It made splendid footage for him. But that fight had to be stopped. No telling what they'd do if their fighting instincts were allowed free rein.

Finally I had a heavy hose thrust through the bars of the big cage. And with that I attacked the angry beasts. A heavy stream of water shot from the hose and caught Sultan in the mouth. He gasped—and, naturally, let go of the tiger. Then I doused the tiger. At last they were separated.

But by that time Sultan had recovered from the shock of the water and was after the tiger again. Once more I sent that stream of water straight for his huge mouth. Again he fell back.

That kept me busy for nearly half an hour. By the time the two beasts were finally subdued the arena was practically afloat.

Just another unusual happening brought about by the necessary working

conditions of a moving picture studio.

In the filming of "The Big Cage" the familiar process of providing a double for the featured player was reversed. I doubled for all the characters that were required by the plot twists of the story to enter the arena; for no one but myself could be allowed to do that, under any consideration.

It will be realized how necessary it was for me to double for the others when I point out that even in the circus world I have no understudy. When I am ill the act does not go on.

I do not mention this boastfully; but it *is* a fact—one that is well known in the circus world—that no one else is willing to undertake the handling of the big group in which I work two score lions and tigers. So it isn't surprising that I had to do all the doubling in "The Big Cage."

Raymond Hatton and I had some good laughs over this. I doubled for him in one of the big scenes in which he plays the part of an animal trainer of the past, garbed in the sumptuously gold-braided uniform that trainers once effected. This meant that I had to don a similar uniform.

And this worried me, for animals react peculiarly to changes in the appearance of the trainer.

As an example of what I mean, let me cite the fact that Madame Pianka, a Polish trainer, who some years ago worked a small tiger group, was savagely attacked by one of her striped cats when she entered the arena wearing a corsage of red roses that an admirer had sent her.

This added touch of color upset the animal and he attacked with intent to kill, badly ripping one of the unfortunate woman's breasts. Only fast work on the part of attendants outside the arena saved Madame Pianka from dying of her wounds.

My regulation arena apparel consists of a white shirt, white duck trousers and soft leather boots. In the gaudy uniform prescribed by the script I would be almost unrecognizable to my animals and it was a cinch that they would attack me on sight. It would be sheer folly to attempt to "work" them in a group until I got them used to my new garb.

One at a time I got them accustomed to the new uniform, putting each beast through his paces separately. As the cues given by this figure in the gold-braided outfit tallied with the cues of the man in white to whom they were accustomed, they began to realize that the figures were identical and I was able after several days of this preliminary work to enter the big cage with the full group and double for Raymond Hatton inside the arena without new dangers.

Claudette's New Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 34*)

problem and a perplexing one, too.

"I have a short neck and the difficulty I have with necklines!" she confided. "That's why every time I can I wear a high collar or a scarf. Of course a V-shape is very good, especially for evenings and once in a while I go in for a square one. But never for a boat-shaped neckline.

"You ask about chiffons. No my dear, not for me. I'm not the chiffon type. Here is what I think: *femininity is accented by simple clothes.* It isn't necessary to wear fluttery fabrics to look gracious. I know this is a chiffon season and it does look beautiful on some people. Yesterday I met a tall, heavy-set woman gowned in gray chiffon. It was almost tailored in cut and she was heavenly in it. But one of my special obsessions is black chiffon on slim young girls. You know why? It makes them look positively bony—particularly around the neck where they don't want the hollows to be highlighted. If they want to wear it, then they ought to use a white top."

That is being done frequently this season. White chiffon capes flow over young arms and above dark skirts that sweep the floor. But Claudette has her own ideas about the black-and-white dinner gown. See it, back and front views, on page 32. It is in dull surface black crêpe that sheathes the figure and is not more than ankle length. It has something of a jumper effect—wide armholes that are ruffled across the shoulders and through them come puffed sleeves of white organdie with a circlet of appliquéd leaves. A cunning leaf edge softens the high neckline and trails down the back of the organdie guimpe. The belt of the gown—of self material—is inset and resembles a Victorian stomacher. It ends in a small bow in back. And a word about that bow: very self-effacing, you'll observe. That's the only kind of bow-in-the-back Claudette will wear. Because she says that no matter how thin you are they emphasize the hips in the same way that bustles do.

For ever so long Claudette refused to have a bow anywhere. They were not in keeping with her scheme for simplicity. Then suddenly she bloomed out in the most fetching bows conceivable. It was Travis Banton, Paramount's style creator, who persuaded her—and Travis, one must admit, is a most persuasive young man as well as a remarkable artist.

"Look, this bow's going to be different. Effective," he explained one day in the fitting room. Claudette, always with a keen eye to smartness, saw that it was. That was more than a year ago and she's been wearing them ever since.

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tantalizing than that black satin bow holding the spotlight on her black and white afternoon frock on page 34? Directly in front and simply enormous. And what it does to that dress! It gives it youth and dash and spirit all in one. Now here's the deep, dark secret to it. You know how difficult to manipulate these huge bows are. One never succeeds in tying them twice in the same place and they're apt to show it. So Claudette had hers sewn in shape and attached to the other end of the narrow ribbon collar with snaps. Didn't I say that girl was clever?

There's absolutely nothing more flattering than a soft fold of satin against the throat. This fold is tucked beneath the flat collar of the white jacket—which has a swanky red suede belt. Black, white and red . . . hailed as the supreme triple alliance of colors for the summer. The material is that heavy matelassé crêpe that wears so well.

PERHAPS you've seen the new matelassé organdie, too. It doesn't wrinkle half as easily as other organdies and it comes in the most intriguing shades . . . that rich coralaque that makes blondes look like angels, and Grecian rose and dawn blue. Linen, another fabric that creased if you wink an eye, is disguising itself in tweed mixtures and behaves beautifully this year. Claudette has one which you'd have to inspect twice before you realized it was linen. It's in mottled cream and black in a typical tweed design and she uses a delphina blue ascot scarf with it.

Her suits are all so trim. Invariably she has one that is severely tailored. This time it's a gray wool with a herring-bone stripe, wide lapels and a determinedly masculine air. Her side-swiping hat adds a saucy note that relieves the tailleur.

Claudette's hats are likely to be impudent. Charmingly roguish. "I think these crazy Cossack caps and flyaway sailors and turbans are the cutest ever," she told me. "I loved the one with the zippy feather that I wore in 'Tonight Is Ours.' In fact, I liked it so much I had one made similar to it. A black ribbon turban with a feather novelty waving from the side." This she wears with a striking black and white street costume. Costume and hat are shown on page 34. The dress and the trimming of the jacket are checked with a big splashy sort of check. The dress has cap sleeves, is simply cut, but the jacket—black wool ranga—has those plaited shoulders that are so surprising and wonderfully trick.

The same sort of shoulders, with the tucks a little less prominent, provide one of the features of her Eleanor blue suit. Very nobby, this suit. (Page 33.) Fashioned of widely ribbed woolen that manages to be serviceable and smart simultaneously. It has so many interesting notes that are the last word in suits—but let's begin with those sleeves. Three-quarter length and bulgy and high-on-the-shoulder. They require the kind of glove she's using with them—white doeskin gauntlets. Her pockets are diagonally placed, trimmed with big blue leather buttons to match her blue military belt. The skirt is gored. Stockings—smoke gray triple chiffon. Pumps—black leather. Scarf—and oh, my dears, do heed that scarf—in white sheer suede and it's initialed in blue.

SCARFS, sweaters, blouses—they're all so gay and *different,*" opined Claudette. "You can work wonders with them. With this suit, for instance, I sometimes switch to a scarf that resembles patent leather in a deeper tone of blue, a blue sport sweater-blouse, and black kid gloves. One could easily use gray accessories with it, too."

And don't you dote on that hat? I swear it's patterned after a sea-shell and of course it is of the same material as the suit.

We've noticed three of the highest fashion notes for summer in Claudette's outfits: A touch of plaid, diagonal ribbed material and checks. Now we come to the fourth—stripes. She has them in that bright dark blue and white in a fascinating knit blouse. (See page 34.) The blue skirt that accompanies it is also knit and there's a narrow red leather belt. As a distinctive offset she uses a white piqué jabot collar that looks for all the world like those the Pilgrim Fathers wore. Modern zip combined with the piquant Puritan touch.

Day clothes are predominant in Claudette's wardrobe. Day clothes of the semi-sports variety.

"I have a greater need of them," she declared. "You don't wear silks and satins until tea time and, anyway, I don't tea or go out very much socially here in California. Consequently the majority of my things are plain tweeds or light woolens or linen. At home I live in slacks and comfortable sweaters." And wouldn't you think she was just the type to don trailing hostess gowns and to go in for paillettes! But not Mlle. Colbert. She is not the sophisticated enchantress off the screen that she is on. She's very youthful and sincere and altogether adorable.

That's why her costumes illustrated here are perfect for the young American college girl or business woman. They're beautifully assembled, have just the right note to give them quantities of chic and they're so *wearable* and adaptable.

Even her formal frocks have that little prim school girl accent. Just look at that demure collar on her lovely white suede lace gown, on page 32. And the ruffles over the arms—irresistible, this frock. And then, when she turns around — there's the collar resting peacefully above an exciting décolletage! The soft white satin sash falls almost to the floor. The lace is worn over the white satin and there's a band of net at the edge of the skirt.

White is a glamorous choice for evening and Claudette usually selects it. Here is what she says: "I believe brunettes look best in white just as blondes do in black. It's the striking contrast. Personally, I don't care for pastels; I like more definite colors."

Perfume Magic

(*Continued from page 78*)

Morley or Elissa Landi, who can get the best results from an orange blossom base.

The golden blonde of lively coloring and temperament—Joan Blondell, for example—should use perfume with a hyacinth or white rose base. A blonde with Gwili Andre's exoticism should use a heavy, sweet floral odor such as the Egyptian rose which has the most intense fragrance of all flowers. Voluptuous blondes—the Jean Harlows and Carole Lombards—need perfumes with double floral bases—oriental rose with violet or mimosa. The orchid women—the smart, sophisticated blondes such as Constance Bennett and Lilyan Tashman—can use a narcissus base, which is sweet and heavy, yet has a curious subjective effect on the nerves. They can also use the heavier aromatics—rosemary, lavender and orchid.

Red-heads—the flame women in this expert's category—should use perfumes that complement the brilliance and vivacity of their coloring. Girls with the temperament and fire of Marlene Dietrich, who is called a Titian blonde, can use a blend of oriental rose and sandalwood which is heady and stimulating. Single flower odors of red rose, jasmine or honeysuckle are for the girl blessed with the vivid coloring and self-assured poise of Constance Cummings. Those who pride themselves on having the proverbial red-headed temperament—the Clara Bow of the earlier days, for instance—can use the spicy acacia.

THE brown-haired lassies, who are in the majority, are divided into two types by this Egyptian beauty specialist—the Diana and Madonna. The former is the slender, graceful, keenly alive young person with hair of chestnut, auburn or soft brown. She is the daring, capricious Katharine Hepburn type who can use the new woodsy sports perfumes to perfection. Something with hawthorne, which is light, sweet and a little cool. She can also choose from the currently favored fern and herb blends, such as lemon verbena which is invigorating and refreshing.

The Madonna type isn't necessarily the obviously maternal-looking woman. Rather, she has the steady, quiet charm and dignity of beauty as exemplified by Norma Shearer. The aromatic perfumes are suitable for her or, if she wishes, the lily or magnolia which has an exquisite scent, slightly richer in quality but still light.

The decided brunettes can go in for the heavy oriental perfumes with the whole range of exotic scents to choose from—musk, civet and ambergris, which are animal derivatives; sandalwood, amber and patchouli which smell of the earth. Combined with the rich, floral odors they become languorous, hypnotic perfumes.

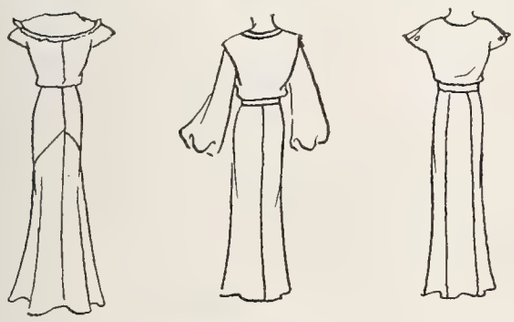
And now for a word to the woman who would be wise in her use of perfumes.

Don't follow a fad. If all your friends are using chypre or gardenia, be original and we'll bet the boy friend won't be able to forget you because of the distinctive scent which was yours exclusively.

Remember that perfume is not only a question of personality but also of time, place and mood. A rich, dreamy scent may be perfect for a tête-a-tête but it will be perplexing at a dance. Use something stimulating instead—a spicy perfume which will pep you up through the long hours.

If you're a dainty, delicate blonde, don't try to become a siren by spraying yourself with heady, pungent perfume.

There's a trick to applying scent so that you get the most for your money. Use a dropper, not an atomizer if you don't want the least bit of fragrance lost in the process of spraying. And apply it to the skin, not your clothes—two drops on the breast, one on each ear lobe, two on the lips and just a touch through the hair.



Here are the back views of the patterns for this month. First (762) is Sari Maritza's organdie dress. Second (713) the afternoon frock. Third (369) the cute sports dress.

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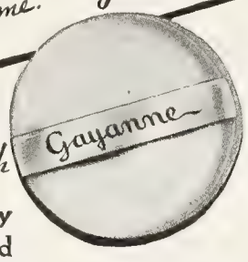
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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 102)

HARLOW, JEAN: Widow of Paul Bern. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Dust." Working in "Bombshell." Next is "The Christian" and "Nora."

HAYES, HELEN: Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M; "White Sister," M-G-M.

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn. Radio star. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement"; "Christopher Strong." Next is "Morning Glory."

HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Flesh," M-G-M; "Crime of the Century," Paramount. Working in "The Beer Baron," Paramount.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and "Born to Kill," M-G-M. Working in "Service."

HOLT, JACK: Married. Born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Man Against Woman"; "Fever." Working in "Tampico." Next is "When Strangers Marry."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise." Working in "The Story of Temple Drake." Next is "The Trumpet Blows."

HOPPER, HEDDA: Divorced from DeWolfe Hopper. Born in Holidaysburg, Pa. June 2. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Men Must Fight"; "The Barbarian."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount. Working in "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 24. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Secrets," United Artists. Working in "Fellow Prisoners," Warner Bros.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Unmarried. Born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "Hell's Highway"; "Lucky Devils."

HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "Kongo," M-G-M; "Hell Below," M-G-M. Working in "Gabriel Over the White House."

HYAMS, LEILA: Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast" and "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

JOLSON, AL: Married to Ruby Keeler. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," United Artists.

JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "The California Trail." Featured in "Child of Manhattan." Starred in "Lovable Liar"; "Grass Valley." Working in "The Cougar's Trail."

JORDAN, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Clarkville, Tenn., August 9. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Cabin in the Cotton," Warner Bros.; "That's My Boy," Columbia; "Strictly Personal," Paramount. Working in "Bondage," Fox. Next is "Little Clown Lost," Radio.

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings."

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in London, November 23. Universal star. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; Starred in "The Mummy," Universal. Working in "The Ghoul," Gaumont.

KEENE, TOM: Married to Grace Stafford. Born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio star. Starred in "Cheyenne Kid"; "Scarlet River"; "Son of the Border."

KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "Central Park," "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," "The Silk Express." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: Unmarried. Born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Tess of the Storm Country"; "Call Her Savage." Working in "Bondage." Next is "Black Beauty," Monogram.

KNAPP, EVELYN: Unmarried. Born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Air Hostess," "State Trooper."

LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "The Masquerader," United Artists. Working in "The Warrior's Husband."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M; "If I Had a Million" and "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

LAUREL, STAN: Divorced. Born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Towed in a Hole," "Twice Two," "Fra Diavolo."

LEE, LILA: Divorced from James Kirkwood. Born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in Paramount; "Face in the Sky," Fox.

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "No Other Woman"; "The Past of Mary Holmes," Radio; "Afraid to Talk," Universal; "Sweepings," Radio. Working in "The Silver Cord."

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: Married to William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "No Man of Her Own"; "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount. Working in "Supernatural." Next is "Gambling Ship" and "She Laughs Last."

LOUISE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood"; "Our Betters."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San José, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu the Magician," Fox; "The Devil is Driving," Paramount; "Hot Pepper," Fox. Working in "I Love that Man," Paramount.

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M; "Topaze," Radio; "The Barbarian," M-G-M.

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Grand Slam," Warner Bros; "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "Fellow Prisoners," Warners.

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hat Check Girl," Fox; "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros. Working in "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Next is "Maiden Cruise," Radio.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight." Next is "The Queen."

MACKAILL, DOROTHY: Married to Neil Miller. Born in Hull, England, March 4. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "No Man of Her Own," Paramount.

MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKeesport, Pa., March 3. First National player. Featured in "Silver Dollar"; "Life Begins"; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Breadline."

MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Mummy," Universal; "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount. Working in "Warrior's Husband," Fox and "Dead on Arrival," Paramount.

MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "Tonight is Ours," Paramount. Working in "The Eagle and the Hawk."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Evenings for Sale"; "A Lady's Profession." Working in "International House."

MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Speed Demon," Columbia; "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art; "Kiss of Araby," "High Gear," Goldsmith.

MARSH, MARIAN: Unmarried. Born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art; "Eleventh Commandment," Allied.

MARSH, MAE: Married to Lee Armes. Born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox player. Featured in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "That's My Boy," Columbia.

MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus," "Trouble in Paradise" and "Evenings for Sale."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "Fargo Express," Tiffany.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Married to Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Next is "The Doctor," Radio.

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Whistling in the Dark," M-G-M; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M. Working in "House of Refuge," Fox and "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN: Married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale. Born in Leeds, S. Dakota, November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Flesh," M-G-M; "Whistling in the Dark," M-G-M. Working in "Made on Broadway" and "The Chaser," M-G-M.

MIX, TOM: Married to Mabel Ward. Born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Oh, Promise Me," "Terror Trail," "Rustlers Round Up."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Faithless"; "Hell Below." Working in "Made on Broadway." Next is "When Ladies Meet."

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif, September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "The Devil is Driving," Paramount; "Oliver Twist," Monogram. Working in "Gabriel Over the White House."

MORAN, POLLY: Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Prosperity."

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Half Naked Truth," Radio; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Sailor's Luck," Fox. Working in "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Next is "The Chaser," M-G-M.

(Continued on page 114)

Friendly Divorce

(*Continued from page 39*)

papers carry the story of our separation."

Sally's and Hoot's story is amazing, really. Coincidence shapes the pattern in a fantastic way. If any novelist presumed to call upon coincidence half as much he would be laughed at.

Their reconciliation was announced long before it actually took place. Sally knew that Hoot was about to appear in court to ask the entire custody of little Lois. She felt he'd have a better chance of getting this custody if it was believed they had patched up their differences. Courts like to think a little girl ten years old will have a woman's care. And the devotion existing between Sally and Lois was well known.

So Sally talked to the reporters and they drew the conclusions she meant them to draw and newspapers all over the country carried stories to the effect that Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson were reconciled. But they weren't. They weren't at all.

Then Sally's mother and father were hurt in an automobile accident.

Frantic, Sally called Hoot and asked him to take her to them. He did. He waited for her. Then he drove her home again. By home I mean to the Beverly Hills house which she had bought her parents and which she was still sharing with them.

About to enter her room that afternoon she was greeted by a drunken cook brandishing a carving knife. She flew inside, locked the door, waited until Hoot had time to reach his house, and then telephoned him. Hoot, she knew, would manage things without any of the publicity which would have been so extremely undesirable at this time.

He came back at a lawless speed and had the cook taken away. Then he gathered a badly frightened, very willing little Sally into his arms. And when Mr. and Mrs. Eilers returned from the hospital they had the Beverly Hills house to themselves again. The reconciliation the newspapers had announced as happening weeks before really had taken place.

"I'M glad we tried it again," Sally told me. "Otherwise we always would have felt we had made a mistake. I know I'd always have believed it might have worked, and probably shed many regretful, sentimental tears.

"Now I know and now Hooter knows that we simply aren't gauged for marriage. We didn't get on better. On the contrary . . .

"It takes me a month to make my pictures. Hooter makes his in about eight days. Naturally he has more time for pleasure than I have. Often when he'd want to go places or have company I'd be fit for nothing but bed . . .

"Besides I'm no longer the carefree 'hey, hey' girl Hooter married. It's enough to sober any girl to watch the man she loves lose as much as I've watched Hooter lose. Thousands of men have had bad times in the last few years. I realize that. But Hooter's had more than his share of bad luck. Unless you're a fool you can't go on thinking everything is hotsy totsy when a hundred things are falling to pieces all around you.

"I felt responsibility for Lois, too.

"And I'm far more interested and ambitious for my career than I used to be.

"There are, I expect, some wiser, more adjustable people who might have managed our marriage and gotten happiness out of it. We haven't. And it hasn't been for want of trying on either side.

"To go on trying would soon destroy the friendship we've so far managed to salvage. For we've reached that horrible, impossible state where we literally sit back waiting for the other to say or do the wrong thing."

SHE was silent for a few minutes, her eyes focused on the foothills far beyond the window. Then she said quietly, a little gratefully, too, I thought . . .

"The other morning after we'd seen each other at a party, Hooter telephoned me at two a. m. He wanted to ask my advice about a decision he must reach early that same morning. We talked warmly, friendly. I told him quite honestly what I thought about it."

"And then . . ." I prompted. Watching Sally sitting there before me, so very young, so frankly fond of her Hooter, I wanted to determine if she was serious about going through with this divorce business. ". . . And then, after you had said good-night and hung up the receiver how did you feel? Blue? A little lonely?"

"No," she said. "You don't know, you see, what very difficult times Hooter and I have managed to work up for ourselves. No, I wasn't blue and lonely. I turned over and went to sleep thinking how much better it was this way."

She convinced me. I think she would have convinced you, too. I've known Sally for a long time. I remember her during her last visit to New York when she bought the dress that precipitated everything. And I've never known her voice to be so steady and confident. I've never known her eyes to be so steady and level.

Undoubtedly Sally and Hoot have reached a wise, calm understanding. Probably not without quiet tears and voices that sometimes broke in spite of the effort they made to keep them even. I don't for one minute believe they've decided to break up easily. But I think they've decided wisely.

If the newspapers will let them alone and not print scare-heads every time they're seen dancing, talking, or driving together and not print unfounded rumors and suppositions that will hurt their pride and rush them into doing ill-advised things, I believe the adult, intelligent, and friendly divorce Sally and Hoot Gibson plan has every chance of going through according to schedule.



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Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 88*)

This reader likes the all-star cast pictures. How about it?

H. S. S. of Bridgeport, Conn., writes:

'Way back in the July issue, you wondered in that boxed-in column above whether "Grand Hotel" was going to be the originator of films with all-star casts and whether they would be successful as far as the general public was concerned, 'Member? Have you too been answered, as I have, with the answer "Yes, they are successful and the public does like them"? I find they are fifty percent more entertaining than the usual one or two star casts. Take for one, "State Fair." And "Forty-Second Street." Really, Mr. Editor, you must agree when I say it was superb. And there we had —well, I needn't go into the names —you know better than I what stars were in that picture. When I say I most assuredly intend seeing this picture again, I cannot express my appreciation in a more convincing manner.

(*Watch for "Dinner At Eight" and its all star cast.*)

There were many letters about Buddy Rogers. This, we think, is most entertaining

MOISES A. CAGUIN of Manila, P. I., has a little trouble with her English, but gets the idea across:

I wonder if there could always be a time of contentment since that old boy friend signed off, leaving us behind the screen. How hurting it was to have missed Buddy—I mean Charles—Rogers, mind you. But, gee, sweetheart; not a bluff. Only a couple of days ago, I've fixed my eyes on Mister Carter Bruece's article of the February Modern Screen and oh! what a thrill. Buddy Rogers here again. How sugary of you Mister World to have brought us back our pet pal. Buddy's revival to the screen will really mean my return to the theater with great inspiration.

SHORT QUOTATIONS AND SOME ANSWERS

MRS. G. M. BORN of Honolulu, wants to know whether or not Robert Armstrong is dead. She was confused by a newspaper account of the death of Robert Williams two years ago. (*No, indeed, Mrs. Born. Armstrong is very much alive. His latest picture is "King Kong."*) MRS. F. H. STEVENS of Elk Point, South Dakota, wishes actresses wouldn't cry out loud in pictures. Can't they register sorrow, she asks, without making so much noise about it? FRANCIS HINDS of Allandale, Ontario, wishes Una Merkel and Ernest Truex would be permanently teamed together in comedies. (*It looks as if each of these players will be too much in demand for other pictures. Una is scheduled for a great many films. The latest released one is "42nd Street." Truex is working in "The Warrior's Husband" with Elissa Landi.*)

PAT BROWN of Enid, Okla., liked our story entitled "Norma Talks About Joan." She is crazy about Sally Eilers and since Sally is on the same lot with Janet Gaynor, suggests that we have a story called "Janet Talks About Sally." (*Well, the only drawback to that is that there has been no publicized rivalry—or stories of rivalry—about Janet and Sally as there undeniably has been about Joan and Norma.*) MYRTLE LARBOUR of Marlboro, Mass., sends in a rave for Bette Davis. (*There's a grand story about Bette on page 44 of this issue, Myrtle.*) MISS E. THURSTON of the Bronx, N. Y., has been having an argument as to Garbo's first talking picture. (*It was "Anna Christie," Miss Thurston, with Charles Bickford and Marie Dressler.*)

MRS. MARY H. of Bridgeport, Conn., wants to know what Boris Karloff's nationality is. (*He is English, Mrs. H. He was christened William Henry Pratt. His mother was Russian and her maiden name was Karloff.*) Speaking of Karloff, GOODRICH BENNETT of Milford, Conn., writes, "Recently I read Edgar Wallace's 'The Dark Eyes of London.' Talk about your weird tales! There was one that would make Boris Karloff's hair stand on end." (*Maybe, when Karloff completes "The Ghoul" for Gaumont, Universal will find that story suitable for him. His next scheduled Universal picture is "The Invisible Man."*) Many readers objected to the criticism (printed recently in these columns) that Gary Cooper was not suited to the role of the soldier in "A Farewell to Arms." L. D.. B. of Lynchburg, Va., writes on this point, "Critics said he gave the best performance of his career and acting honors were equally divided. And I say if Paramount lets him go roaming around Africa again, they are losing a great drawing card." (*After "Today We Live" with Joan Crawford, Gary's next appearance will be in "The Eagle and the Hawk," so there won't be any African trips for awhile, anyway.*)

PHYLLIS S. of Montreal, Canada, says "Yes, I like Clark Gable and I adore Herbert Marshall, George Raft and Lee Tracy. But there's one that tops them all. No, he isn't a star. But he has had roles in a lot of different pictures in the past year and he's a great actor. Oh, yes—the name is Russel Hopton." E. S. Goodhue of Honolulu thinks the huge salaries actors are paid are responsible for many Hollywood ills. He quotes our article on Ethel Barrymore, in which Miss Barrymore said: "One cannot make a home here in Hollywood . . . I have the feeling that one of these days a Master Carpenter will . . . cry 'Strike' . . . and all this will disappear." Of course, says Mr. Goodhue, Hollywood homes are not homes "but unenviable rendezvous for men and women who live at high pressure, with rapid pulses and unstable emotional experiences."

A REMINDER—

Letters are not omitted from this department because we don't want to print them. They are omitted because we haven't enough room to print them all. If your first letter isn't printed, don't be discouraged. Write again, as several writers have done already. There are no rules about these letters—except the rule that they must really say something that will be of interest to other readers. Of course, we are pleased when they are neat and tidy, but we don't neglect them if the writer happens to be poor in penmanship! A scrawly letter, after all, may contain some splendid criticism or interesting information. And that's what we're looking for—so that other readers may enjoy it and so that, perhaps, the higher-ups, such as the actresses and the actors and even the directors and producers, may see and read and profit by your comments.

Got the address? MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 90*)

Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong and Bruce Cabot have leading roles. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR (Universal)—Nancy Carroll, Gloria Stuart and Paul Lukas. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

A LADY'S PROFESSION (Paramount) Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as a couple of English aristocrats who come to America to make their fortune and who—through their lack of knowledge of American slang—become the owners of a speakeasy. **Very good—some of it will amuse children.**

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT (Warners)—Prison picture—only this one deals with the gal crooks. Barbara Stanwyck has the leading role. **Fair.**

LUCKY DEVILS (Radio)—Bill Boyd, Bruce Cabot, Joel McCrea and William Gargan in a story of the Hollywood daredevils who double for the stars. **Very good thrilling stuff—okay for kids.**

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)—George Brent, Alice White, Zita Johann and others in a story all of which takes place on a great liner. The story—taken from a famous novel—has suffered in the transition to the screen. **Fair—children will be bored.**

MADAME BUTTERFLY (Paramount)—As played by Sylvia Sidney, Madame Butterfly is an appealing and tragic little figure. The story is slow but is well worth seeing, nevertheless. **Very good—not much in it for children, though.**

THE MASQUERADER (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in a dual role—two cousins, one good, one no good. The plot concerns the usual substituting of one for the other, but from there on it's different—and good. **Very good—okay for the children.**

MEN MUST FIGHT (M-G-M)—A stirring preachment against war with Phillips Holmes and Diana Wynyard in the leading roles. Diana Wynyard plays a similar part to that which she did in "Cavalcade"—and plays it equally as well. **Very good—dull for children, though.**

THE MIND READER (Warners)—Warren William as a racketeering fortune teller and Constance Cummings as the gal with whom he falls in love and—of course—who finally makes him give up his nefarious schemes. **Very good—some of it might amuse children.**

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Boris Karloff in another "dead man coming to life" role. This time he's an Egyptian Mummy and there is much mumbling of magic phrases and incantations and general hocus-pocus. **Very good if you go for weird stuff—parts of it okay for the children.**

MURDERS IN THE ZOO (Paramount)—More horror. Lionel Atwill, Charles Ruggles and Kathleen Burke. **Good—a bit scarey for children.**

NAGANA (Universal)—Jungle story which concerns the fight of a young doctor against sleeping sickness—and also against a designing female. Melvyn Douglas is the doctor. Tala Birell the woman. **Very good—but children won't be interested.**

OUR BETTERS (RKO-Radio)—Connie Bennett and an important cast. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

OUT ALL NIGHT (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson and Lawrence Olivier as the young husband and wife who decide that no matter what the other does, he or she will always receive perfect understanding from the other. Of course the scheme goes wrong and the fun begins. **Not as good as some Swanson pictures, but worth seeing—not for children, though.**

PICTURE SNATCHER (Warners)—James Cagney and Alice White. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PICK-UP (Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and George Raft. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PLEASURE CRUISE (Fox)—Genevieve Tobin, Minna Gombell and Roland Young. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PRIVATE JONES (Universal)—Lee Tracy as a doughboy who doesn't believe in war—until certain things happen at the front. Donald Cook and Gloria Stuart also have important roles. P. S. Lee doesn't get the girl. **Weak in spots but worth seeing. Children may like some of it, too.**

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS (M-G-M)—You must have heard by this time that the three (3) Barrymores are in this picture. But you may not realize it also has Diana Wynyard, of "Cavalcade" fame. But in spite of all these illustrious troupers, Tad Alexander, the kid actor, darn near steals the picture. **Excellent—but hardly for children.**

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Exciting melodrama, all of which takes place on a French train. Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston are in it. **Excellent melodrama—the kids will get it and enjoy it.**

SAILOR BE GOOD (Radio)—Jack Oakie as a prize-fightin' gob. Vivienne Osborne as the gal he loves. The humor is sort of smokehouseish. **Very good of its kind—but not for the young ones.**

SECRETS (United Artists)—Remember Norma Talmadge in the silent version of this famous story of old-time romance? Well, Mary Pickford does it this time—and well, too. Leslie Howard is the husband and he is excellent. **Excellent romantic stuff—kids will like the exciting parts.**

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE (M-G-M)—Thrilling drama of London of two decades ago. Phillips Holmes and Irene Dunne in the leading roles. **Very good—but the children won't like it.**

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)—The sensational Mae West in a story of old New York—New York of the 'nineties, that is. Mae will take your breath away with her amazing personality. And her songs—well, they positively crackle. **Very good of its ultra sizzling kind—but be sure to leave the kiddies at home.**

SISTER TO JUDAS (Mayfair)—All about a man who saves a girl from suicide and then marries her—only to spend his life being insanely jealous of her. **Poor—not for children.**

STATE FAIR (Fox)—A galaxy of stars in one picture. Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, Janet Gaynor, Norman Foster, Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers. All of them go to the fair—and the story is their adventures there. **Excellent—kids will like some of it.**

THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

A SUCCESSFUL BLUNDER (Radio)—Mrs. Wallace Reid and Junior Durkin in murder story with a slightly different twist. **Fair.**

SWEEPINGS (RKO-Radio)—Lionel Barrymore. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)—Cuckoo story of a butler and maid (Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts) who receive a tremendous legacy. Roland Young is also in the cast. **Very good—and okay for the kids in spite of the title.**

TODAY WE LIVE (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Robert Young. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

TOPAZE (Radio)—John Barrymore in a very good "worm who turns" story. Myrna Loy plays opposite him. **Very good—kids won't think much of it, though.**

TRICK FOR TRICK (Fox)—Sally Blane and Ralph Morgan. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WAX MUSEUM (Warners)—If you like the horror cycle of pictures you'd better hurry at once and see this for its all about a madman (they're always mad) whose pet habit is killing people and then turning them into pretty wax figures. Cute? **Very good thriller—but it may be a bit too shocking for sensitive children.**

WHAT! NO BEER? (M-G-M) Buster Keaton and Jimmie Durante in amusing comedy. Jimmie is particularly funny. **Very good—kids will like it.**

WHISTLING IN THE DARK (M-G-M)—Ernest Truex as an author who gets mixed up with a bunch of gangsters and is forced by them to plan the perfect crime. But, after that, well—**Good—okay for children.**

THE WHITE SISTER (M-G-M)—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant in a story which, incidentally, was written by no less than ten famous authors. It's about a girl who commits a murder and tries to get away with it. **Good—not much in it for children, though.**

THE WORKING MAN (Warners)—George Arliss. Review in section starting on page 6.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

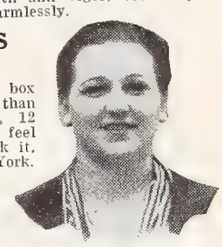


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Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 110*)

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Son-Daughter" and "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M; "Road to Heaven," Fox; "Humanity," Fox. Next is "The Power and the Glory."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio; "Mask of Fu Manchu," and "Flesh," M-G-M; "Gabriel Over the White House."

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New Yorik City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Blondie Johnson," Warner Bros.; "The Infernal Machine." Fox.

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finekle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," United Artists; "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," First National.

McCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Working in "The Silver Cord." Next is "Little Clown Lost."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "Rackety Rax," and "Hot Pepper," Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Kongo"; "Fast Life"; M-G-M. "Auction in Souls," Tiffany.

NISSEN, GRETA: Separated from Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery"; "Rackety Rax"; "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia.

NIXON, MARIAN: Separated from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Too Busy to Work"; "Face in the Sky." Working in "Pilgrimage."

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son-Daughter"; "The Barbarian." Next is "Laughing Boy."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Sailor Be Good," Radio; "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount. Working in "The Eagle and the Hawk," Paramount. Next is "College Humor."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder" "The Conquerors" and "The Great Jasper."

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Sailor Be Good," Radio. Working in "Supernatural," Paramount.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Golden West"; "Robber's Roost"; "Canyon Walls."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Airmail"; Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Robber's Roost," Fox; "Cohens and the Kellys in Trouble," Universal. Working in "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Prosperity," M-G-M; "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Wild Girl," Fox; "Half Naked Truth," RKO; "Hell Below," M-G-M. Working in "Made On Broadway," M-G-M.

PICKFORD, MARY: Married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway," Fox; "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "Out All Night," Universal.

POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mt. View, Arkansas. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blessed Event"; "Forty-Second Street." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Married to Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery"; "One Way Passage"; "Lawyer Man"; "Private Detective."

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had a Million"; "Undercover Man"; "Pick Up." Working in "The Trumpet Blows."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "Ex-Lady," Warner Bros.; "Zoo in Budapest," Warner Bros.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Silver Dollar"; "The Little Giant"; "Big Shot." Next is "The Kingfish."

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "You Said a Mouthful"; "Forty-Second Street," "Broadway Bad." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Olagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Too Busy to Work"; Co-starred in "State Faair." Next is "Arizona to Broadway."

RUB, CHRISTIAN: Married. Born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Free lance. Played in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Silver Dollar," Warner Bros. Working in "The Road to Heaven," Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Evenings for Sale"; "Madame Butterfly"; "Murder in the Zoo." Working in "Terror Abroad." Next is "Don't Call Me Madame."

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Virginia, January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Wild Horse Mesa"; "Hello Everybody"; "Murders in the Zoo." Working in "Supernatural." Next is "College Humor" and "Sunset Pass."

SHANNON, PEGGY: Separated from Allen Davis. Born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case."

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SHERMAN, LOWELL: Divorced from Helen Costello Born in New York City, October 11. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio. Starred in and directed "False Faces," World Wide.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Butterfly"; "Pick Up." Next is "Jennie Gerhardt."

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR MAY AND JUNE—

Why Not Send Them a Birthday Greeting? Their Studios' Addresses are on Page 86.

Bing Crosby	May 2
Aline MacMahon	May 3
Gary Cooper	May 7
Richard Barthelmess	May 9
Constance Cummings	May 15
Maureen O'Sullivan	May 17
Robert Montgomery	May 21
Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.	May 23
Herbert Marshall	May 23
Paul Lukas	May 26
Minna Gombell	May 28
Jack Holt	May 31
Clive Brook	June 1
Johnnie Weissmuller	June 2
Bill Boyd	June 5
Ralph Bellamy	June 17
Jeanette MacDonald	June 18
Polly Moran	June 28
Lois Wilson	June 28

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "Tonight Is Ours"; "A Lady's Profession." Working in "Song of Songs." Next is "Don't Call Me Madame."

SMITH, KATE: Unmarried. Born in Greenville, Virginia. Paramount player. Starred in "Hello Everybody."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia; "Ladies They Talk About," Warner Bros.; "Baby Face," Warner Bros.

STARRETT, CHARLES: Married. Born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "Our Betters," Radio.

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., Novmber 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Son-Daughter"; "Born to Kill"; "White Sister." Working in "Service."

STUART, GLORIA: Married. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., July 4. Universal player. Featured in "Private Jones"; "Sweepings," Radio; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "Dead on Arrival," Paramount.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10; Universal player. Featured in "Airmail"; "They Just Had to Get Married"; "Out All Night."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "She Had to Say Yes"; "The Silk Express"; "Lilly Turner." Working in "How to Break Ninety."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Scarlet Dawn," First National; "Style," Reliance.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE: Divorced from Jack Dempsey. Born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Western Limited," Monogram; "Call Her Savage," Fox.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Perfect Understanding," United Artists; "Pleasure Cruise," Fox.

TODD, THELMA: Married to Pasquale de Ciccio. Born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Call Her Savage," Fox; "Air Hostess," Columbia; "Sneak Easily," and "Fra Diavolo," Roach.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live," and "Gabriel Over the White House."

TOOMEY, REGIS: Married to J. Kathryn Scott. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "State Trooper," Columbia; "She Had to Say Yes," Warner Bros. Working in "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Half Naked Truth," RKO; "Private Jones," Universal; "Clear all Wires," M-G-M. Working in "The Chaser."

TRACY, SPENCER: Married to Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," Warner Bros.; "Me and My Gal" and "Face in the Sky," Fox. Next is "The Power and the Glory."

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?" RKO; "Unashamed," M-G-M. Working in "Bedtime Story," Paramount.

VELEZ, LUPE: Unmarried. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "The Half Naked Truth" and "Phantom Fame," Radio; "Hot Pepper," Fox.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Divorced from Bobbe Arnst. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night" and "She Done Him Wrong." Next is "Rings on Her Fingers."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail." Radio; "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This is Africa," Columbia. Working in "In the Red."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. First National player. Featured in "Employee's Entrance," Warner Bros.; "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros.

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Match King"; "Employee's Entrance"; "The Mind Reader." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933." Next is "Goodbye Again."

WILSON, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Radio player. Featured in "Age of Consent"; "Men of America"; "Lucky Devils"; "Scarlet River."

WILSON, LOIS: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "The Devil is Driving," Paramount; "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio; "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This is Africa," Columbia. Working in "In the Red."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Wax Museum," Warner Bros.; "King Kong," Radio; "Tampico," Columbia. Next is "Rules for Wives," Columbia.

WYNYARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Born to Kill," M-G-M. Working in "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M.

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Life Begins"; "Employee's Entrance"; "Grand Slam"; "She Had to Say Yes"; "Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Zoo in Budapest." Working in "Breadline."

YOUNG, ROBERT: Married. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Today We Live," M-G-M; "Hell Below," M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROLAND: Married. Born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," United Artists; "A Lady's Profession," Paramount; "Pleasure Cruise," Fox.

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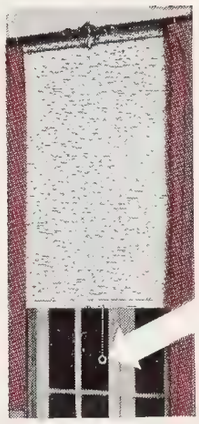
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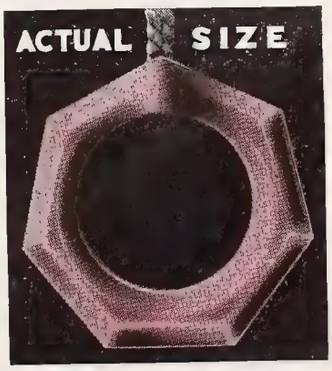


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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
"It's toasted"
Copr., 1933
The American Tobacco Co.

MODERN SCREEN

JULY

10

CENTS



THE MOVIE STARS TELL YOU HOW TO **GET ANYTHING YOU WANT!**



Romance Days are Here Again!

JOHN HELD, Jr. reminds you of the part your Summer-Wardrobe must play.



John Held Jr

"OF COURSE you know I write novels about the American girl as well as sketch her. If that qualifies me as an expert, in your opinion, then believe me when I tell you that Romance and smart, colorful apparel are natural allies. There is another ally, too. Tintex! These world-famous Tints and Dyes make it so easy—so inexpensive—to give your summer dresses, sportswear, etc., the gay, flattering colors that attract admiring eyes. And then—Romance starts!"



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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Her Finger-Tips Gleam
Her teeth are dull... her gums soft
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THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

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If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth—and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

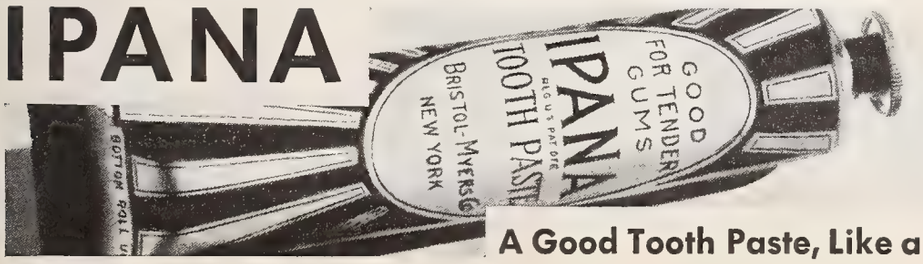
To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, put a little extra Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it gently into your sluggish, tender gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

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JUN 10 1933

MODERN SCREEN

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ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor

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LEO: "Sheer genius, Marion! You aren't *acting* Peg... you *are* Peg! Of all your roles, this is the one your public will love you for. I knew you would justify the most beautiful production I could give you. I'm proud and happy!"





PEG O' MY HEART, that beautiful stage play by J. Hartley Manners, with its laughs, its tears, its heart throbs, is more exquisite still in its screen version. Supported by Onslow Stevens, J. Farrell McDonald and Juliette Compton, Marion Davies is the most utterly winning Peg the heart could desire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard from an adaptation by Francis Marion . . . A first rank Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Cosmopolitan picture.

REVIEWS —a tour of today's talkies



Edward G. Robinson and Mary Astor in "The Little Giant." You'll like this story of a racketeer who goes straight—and gets in a muddle.

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- • Lucky Dog
- • I Love That Man
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Lilly Turner
Private Detective
When Strangers Marry

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND (Fox)

This is an hilariously funny satire about the inhabitants of a topsy-turvy ancient island. The ladies do all the fighting, while the men stay home and tend babies. The ladies' strength and bravery is all dependent upon a magic belt, which, during the unfolding of the plot, is stolen. Marjorie Rambeau is the Amazon queen, Ernest Truex is her sissy husband and Elissa Landi is the chief warrior maiden. David Manners is one of the invading Greeks and he falls bang in love with Elissa. When the strength girdle is stolen, the boys come into their rights and the ladies are surprised to find that they kinda like it. The four chief players are excellent and the entire production is lavishly and expertly done.

DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M)

(Advance review)

EXCELLENT sophisticated drama.

You're going to love this one. It has everything a movie-goer's heart desires.

Both John and Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Phillips Holmes, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Eddie Lowe, Jean Hersholt, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone, and Mrs. Harlow's little girl, Jean!

Just to get the story started, Billie Burke invites a flock of people to dinner, at eight, a week hence. The seven days intervening are taken up with showing the inter-twining intrigue into which the various guests are involved. Love—hate—laughter—horror—suicide—all are thrown together in one of the grandest plots you've ever witnessed.

John Barrymore dies beautifully . . . Marie Dressler is perfect as the *grand dame* who was once a stage star . . . Harlow is plenty—well, *plenty* . . . and Lee Tracy gives you everything! In fact, the whole cast is a riot of color and excellence, and we have a hunch you'll long remember the scenes between husband and wife played by Wally Beery and Jean.

Send the kids to see Buck Jones that night!

THE LITTLE GIANT (Warner)

This shrieks grand entertainment from beginning to end. Eddie Robinson departs from his usual heavy dramatic characterization and proves that he is one swell comedian. We meet him, soon after the recent election, calling a halt to his racketeering days and taking up "culture." The former beer baron and his pal enter the élite society of the Santa Barbara Biltmore, where he falls for a slick society dame, gets roped into a crooked scheme and has to send for his old gang to get straight again. He winds up by marrying the right gal—Mary Astor. Eddie is all there as the uncouth chap who thinks he knows all the answers, and Russell Hopton as his pal, who is bored stiff with this thing called "sassiety," is great. Shirley Grey as the moll, Helen Vinson as the society belle and Mary Astor are good support. Don't miss it. Kids will get a kick out of it, too.

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK (Para.)

A gripping, powerfully realistic story of the horrors of war, with its quota of bloodshed, slaughter and gory brutality. Without a doubt, the greatest of its kind since "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Besides, there are the convincing performances of Fredric March, Cary Grant and the rest of the fine cast. As the aviator whose bravery instills inspiration in the rest of the boys, March is swell. Grant comes in for a bouquet also as March's buddy, who, when he learns March has committed suicide, covers it up to look like heroic death. Jack Oakie scores as the comedian and Carole Lombard lends the film sufficient beauty to make up for her small role. Sir Guy Standing, Russell Scott and Forrester Harvey round out the capable cast. This is more than just another picture. Worth seeing. Bring the children.

THE GIRL IN 419 (Paramount)

A snappy, entertaining yarn about the goings-on around a police hospital with Jimmy Dunn, as the head, giving a right smart performance. The only criticism is that he looks a little youngish for the part, but that's soon forgotten once he starts emoting. Gloria Stuart is the unknown beauty who is brought into the hospital dying (*Continued on page 8*)

This Soap . . . Camay . . . Can Help a Girl in All her Beauty Contests



How satisfying—to be the object of admiring eyes! This is but one reward of having a lovely skin.

●

Your friends see it—your husband sees it—the world at large sees your skin better than you do. And the impression others get of your beauty depends upon the care you give your skin.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Not on the word of some society lady or movie actress. But because Camay improves the skin of every girl who is smart enough to use it—because Camay is milder, more luxuriant of lather, more delicate on the feminine complexion.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

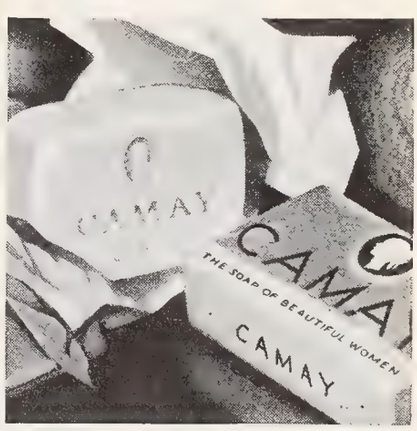
In the past six months thousands and thousands of clever girls have changed their old soap habits. They've taken up Camay.

Camay should cost more than other soaps. It doesn't—it costs you less! Check that up and see what a surprise is in store for you!

Maybe you think it's going a bit far to say, "You, Madame, are competing in a Beauty Contest!" But so you are—every day you live. The curve of your lips, the contours of your cheeks, the very texture of your skin—all are visible to the searching, judging eyes of men and other women.



● *Camay is a mild beauty soap that gives abundant lather in both hard and soft water. Ideal for the complexion, and delightful in your bath. Try it today!*



● *Make a rich, creamy lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water. Apply it generously to your face and neck. Then rinse with cold water.*

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN







(Above) Marjorie Rambeau and Ernest Truex in "The Warrior's Husband," a comedy of a mythical period when women turned fighters and the men were effete. (Above, left) Diana Wynyard and John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna." From the stage hit, you know. Glittering, witty, more than a bit naughty, and perfectly acted by a splendid cast. (Left) Irene Dunne, Laura Hope Crewes and Joel McCrea in "The Silver Cord." A realistic story of a mother love that is selfish and dominating. Miss Crewes is superb as the complexed parent.

(*Continued from page 6*)
of injuries given her by her gangster sweetie (William Harrigan). Jimmy saves her life . . . and then falls in love. He has his difficulties, however, in protecting the gal against her gangster boyfriend, who stirs up plenty of trouble. But David Manners, a young doctor who has a personal grudge against the gangster, does a neat job of getting him out of the way. Jack LaRue, Vince Barnett and Shirley Grey are also in the cast. A lively pix with enough excitement to please the children.

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK (M-G-M)

Lee Tracy steps out in a picture which is, without a doubt, his best since "Blessed Event." As a shyster lawyer —the kind that chases ambulances—he's in a role that is right up his alley. The story moves along at a fast, breezy pace, with a titter every few seconds. A bouquet to Tracy, and another one almost as large to Frank Morgan who is grand as the gin-soaked Doc who does the examining of the accident cases and signs all the affidavits. Madge Evans (looking very lovely) almost upsets the applecart by doing a little detective work for the insurance company, but when she meets the lawyer in the case, she forgets duty and goes in big for love. Charles Butterworth, as Tracy's assistant, is responsible for a good many of the laughs, and John Miljan makes a good heavy.

It's a gem of a picture for everybody . . . including the kids.

THE SILVER CORD (RKO)

This story of a mother's selfish love and domination over the lives of her two sons is so well presented that it should satisfy the sophisticated as well as the not-so-sophisticated audience. Laura Hope Crewes, as the complexed mother, gives a brilliant performance. Through her selfish schemes she succeeds in breaking up the romance of her second son (Eric Linden) and his sweetheart (Frances Dee) . . . and keeping him for herself. But she has something stronger to cope with in the person of Irene Dunne, who is married to her first son (Joel McCrea). Irene gives a splendid portrayal of a wife fighting for her rights. She rises to dramatic heights in a scene where she denounces the evil influence of the mother. McCrea and Linden are both good and Frances Dee does her best work to date. We recommend this one. Not so good for children.

LILLY TURNER (Warner)

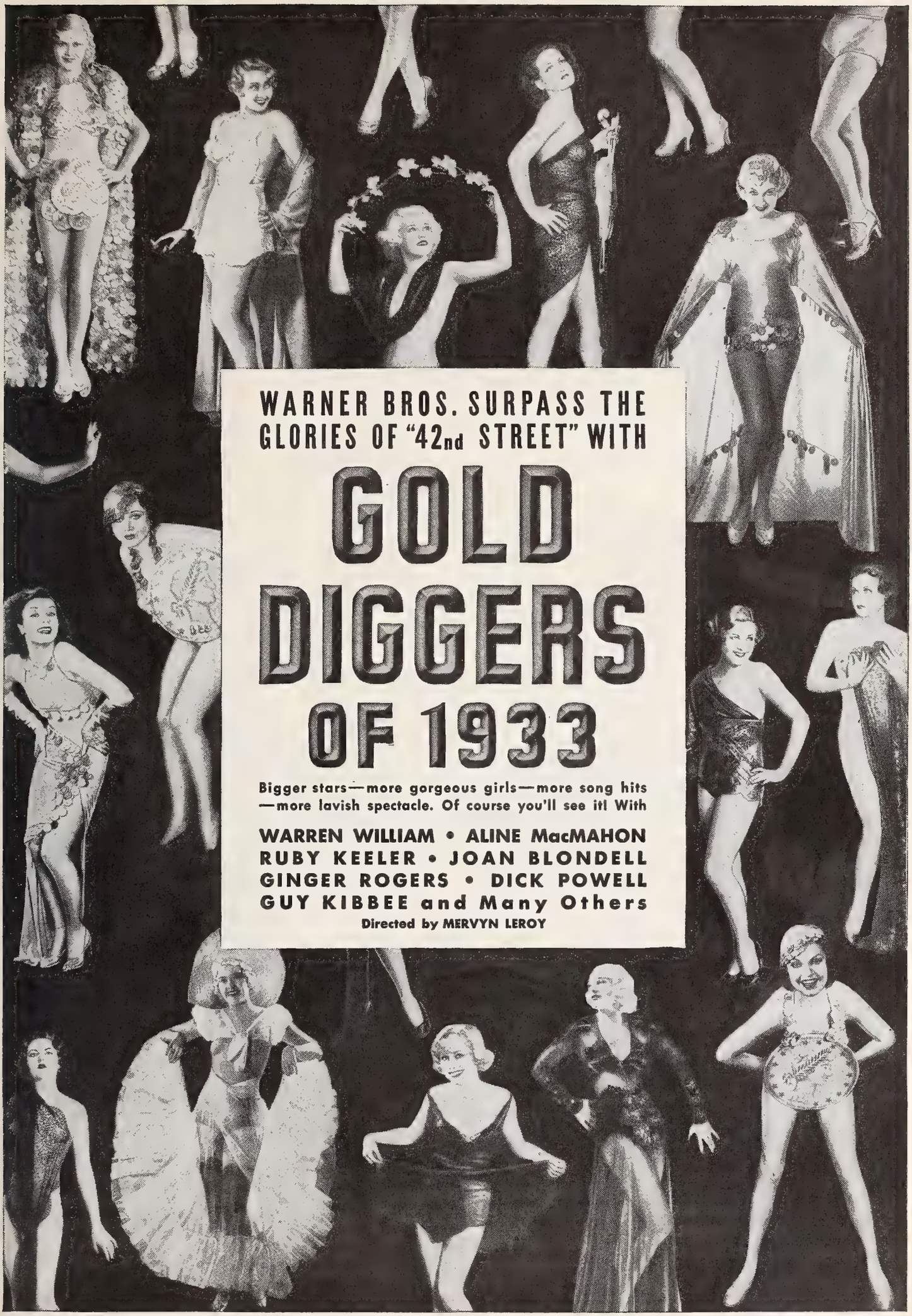
Ruth Chatterton in another tragic, self-sacrificing tale that is both uninteresting and unentertaining. As Lilly Turner, she marries a bum who turns out to be a bigamist, and in order to give her child a name, Frank McHugh, a big-hearted drunkard, consents to marry her. They travel in a cheap sideshow, Frank as the barker and Ruth as an Oriental dancer. Real love comes to her in the form of a taxi driver (George Brent) who joins the show to be near her. But in the end we find Ruth sticking with her husband after he has been seriously hurt by a maniac who is in love with her. The entire cast, including Guy Kibbee, is very good, especially Frank McHugh, but the story is sordid and quite dull. Not for the kids.

REUNION IN VIENNA (M-G-M)

If you saw and enjoyed the stage play of "Reunion in Vienna," you will enjoy the picture as well. M-G-M has given it everything—a perfect cast, elaborate settings, beautiful photography and gobs of glamor. The story centers around the yearly reunion in Vienna of before-the-war society . . . including the exiled Hapsburg prince (John Barrymore) who makes his entrance via the butler's pantry dressed as a Swiss yodler. In a romantic, "profile" role, Barrymore wins again . . . with Diana Wynyard sharing the honors. She plays the wife of Frank Morgan, but her heart belongs to the handsome prince. The rest of the cast, including Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Henry Travers and May Robson, is swell. Children may find it a little beyond their reach.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT (United Artists)

If you want (*Continued on page 77*)


WARNER BROS. SURPASS THE GLORIES OF "42nd STREET" WITH
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933
Bigger stars—more gorgeous girls—more song hits —more lavish spectacle. Of course you'll see it! With
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RUBY KEELER • JOAN BLONDELL
GINGER ROGERS • DICK POWELL
GUY KIBBEE and Many Others
Directed by MERVYN LEROY

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



MUSSOLINI'S FAVORITE MOVIE AGTRESS IS ZASU PITTS.

MIRIAM JORDAN AFTER WINNING A BEAUTY CONTEST IN ENGLAND HAD TO SIT IN A GLASS CAGE FOR HOURS AT A TIME WHILE VISITORS PAID A SHILLING TO LOOK AT HER.





MICKEY MOUSE RECEIVES MORE FAN MAIL THAN ANY AGTOR OR AGTRESS IN HOLLYWOOD.

JOHN BARRYMORE HAS OWNED JUST ONE HAT SINCE 1921.

(HE'S USUALLY BAREHEADED.)

RAMON NOVARRO STILL SAVES TWO SEAT CHECKS FROM THE OLD MAJESTIC THEATER IN LOS ANGELES. THEY WERE HANDED TO HIM BY CHARLIE CHAPLIN WHEN RAMON WAS AN USHER THERE.

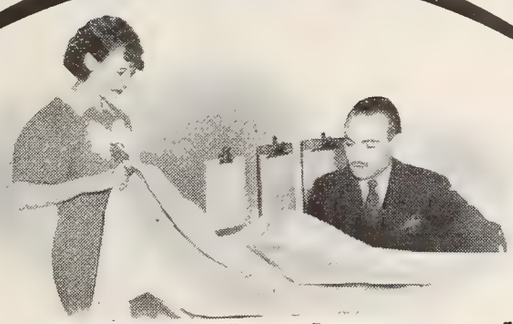
How Irene Dunne keeps her frocks Fresh and Smart as New



"LIKE MOST EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD" she says "I INSIST ON LUX"

"Daintiness without extravagance—that's what Lux makes possible," says this exquisite young star. "Lux protects colors and fabrics, leaves my things like new. My maid washes my lingerie in Lux after *every* wearing. Also, stockings washed in Lux every night wear longer and fit better."

Protect *your* pretty things with Lux, just as Irene Dunne does. Keep them like new *twice* as long! Lux has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Remember—anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe Director of the R. K. O.-Radio Studio, Walter Plunkett (shown with Gladys Baxter) says: "Some of our costumes have been used in many pictures—yet they look new. Lux saves us thousands in cleaning bills and cost of replacement, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long."



Hollywood says—don't trust to luck

—TRUST TO LUX

IRENE DUNNE—*now appearing in R. K. O.-Radio's "The Silver Cord"—tells you how to have that out-of-the-bandbox look—always use Lux!*



Eddie Cantor of the Chase & Sanborn Coffee hour and United Artists Pictures.

"Now's the time to fall in love . . ."

. . . with RADIO STARS, of course!

IF you get a kick out of radio—and who doesn't?—you're bound to fall in love with RADIO STARS, the most popular of all radio magazines.

Imagine the thrill of meeting your favorites of the air in real life! RADIO STARS walks you right up to them, shows you with scores of interesting pictures what they look like, tells you with absorbing interviews and articles what they're like *inside,* and altogether, helps you get more fun out of your radio than ever before.

Just read these alluring titles in the July issue of RADIO STARS: THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE WALTER WINCHELL-BEN BERNIE FEUD . . . COME TO A PARTY WITH BURNS AND ALLEN . . . THROUGH THE YEARS WITH EDDIE CANTOR . . . THE REAL LIFE ROMANCE OF THE EASY ACES . . . FANNY BRICE AGAINST THE WORLD! . . . And many other features and items, bringing you the fascinating gossip and inside stories of the broadcasting studios.

Don't say we didn't warn you! RADIO STARS is habit-forming. Read one issue and you'll never miss another.



10¢ ON SALE EVERYWHERE

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 2, NO. 5 HOLLYWOOD, JUNE, 1933 NEWS SECTION



DOUG, JR., GOES TO CONCERT WITH KATIE HEPBURN

She Becomes Vehement When Besieged by Autograph Hounds

At the Yehudi Menuhin concert, Katharine Hepburn was Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s companion. (They're to appear in "Morning Glory" together.) During the intermission Katharine, besieged by autograph hunters and photographers, protested so vehemently that Doug, it is said, blushed!

Before this evening, Doug appeared with Joan Crawford at Connie Bennett's farewell party for the Marquis—on the night of the very same day that Joan filed suit for divorce.

Sally Eilers, Chevalier and Other Stars Plan Pictures Abroad

Bebe Daniels set off for England to make a picture—Sally Eilers accompanied her, although with no idea of working. Then Sally got an offer from Gaumont (England) and decided she'd follow Bebe's example and work, too.

Buster Keaton is another who is going to make pictures in England. He has already sailed. His wife will follow him.

And now comes rumor that Chevalier will produce his own pictures in France when his present Paramount contract ends.

The Johnny Mack Browns Expect the Stork in September

Hollywood is becoming more and more domestic every day, it seems.

Helen Twelvetrees became a mother. Robert Montgomery became a father. Jobyna Ralston, Dick Arlen's wife, is soon to have a child.

And now comes word that Johnny Mack Brown will soon be a proud—oh, very proud—pappa! Congratulations, all!

MANY ROMANCES HOT AND HEAVY IN HOLLYWOOD

Mary Brian, Dick Powell and George Raft, no less, Among Those Romancing

First, of course, there's the Alexander Kirkland-Ann Harding thing. Alex and Ann (with Ann's secretary) went off on a trip to Havana together—and, incidentally, almost got drowned (see story on page 35). Although they neither affirm nor deny any attachment, Hollywood is nodding its head wisely.

Second: According to Dick Powell, he and Mary Brian will marry in the near future! That's straight from Dick.

Third: George Raft has been going around with Margery King and is acting very much like a man in love.

Fourth: Johnny Weissmuller has made a number of flying trips to New York. In order to be near Lupe Velez, 'tis said.

Greta Garbo Still Mysterious. Wants Colman Opposite Her

Greta Garbo arrived with smiles, posed for pictures, talked to reporters.

But as soon as she started working, back Greta went to the old tricks. No interviews. No photographers. Same old story.

Incidentally, Garbo has expressed a wish to have Ronald Colman play opposite her. But he's in Europe and may never return to Hollywood.

Sidney Fox Lead in Big Film Made by New York Company

Sidney Fox, petite star who recently married Charles Beahan, Universal Pictures executive, will appear in a big production made in a New York studio, the Film Laboratories. It is to be called "Midnight," a play produced three years ago by the Theatre Guild, sponsor of this project.

The famous stage director, Chester Erskine, is directing and the cast includes Henry Hull and O. P. Heggie.

Flashes from Here and There

Douglas Fairbanks is back from China all hepped up. He plans to make a picture with a Chinese locale. Yes, he'll play a Chinese.

William Powell has signed a new contract with Warner Brothers which allows him to do one picture out of every three for another company.

Jackie Cooper's mother recently got married. Charles Bigelow is the name of the groom.

Wallace Beery and M-G-M after a great deal of talk and what-have-you have finally come to some agreement. Wallace will go on making pictures for them.

Gloria Swanson is in the market for a film offer, she says. She turned down the leading role in "Twentieth Century." Too comic.

Colleen Moore will be seen in Fox's "Power and Glory." She'll then make Faith Baldwin's "Beauty" for M-G-M, the company to which she's been under contract for a year without actually doing a picture. As soon as Fox used her, M-G-M woke up.



BILLIE DOVE MARRIES BOB KENASTON, RANCHER

Former Wife of Irvin Willat Weds Wealthy Ranch Owner

The luscious Billie Dove has finally been captured . . . and it took a big he-man from the wide open spaces to do it. The lucky man is Robert Kenaston, wealthy owner of a large fruit ranch.

This is Billie's second dip in the matrimonial sea, Bob's first. Billie was formerly married to Irvin Willat, the director. The Kenastons will live in Hollywood.

Billie hasn't been seen in pictures recently but she's still considered one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood.

Thelma Todd Announces That She and Husband Will Divorce

It seems only yesterday that Thelma Todd and Pasquale de Ciccio were courting. Then they married. And now, according to Thelma, they're divorcing! This divorce list gets longer every day.

Thelma is going to England to make a picture and while she is there, Pasquale will get the divorce. Incidentally, Thelma says she'll marry again as soon as she's free. We can't tell you his name at present. But when we find out we'll let you know first thing.

Mae West Denies Report That She Is Married to Manager

Mae West is good and mad. It seems that a magazine (oh, no, not Modern Screen) printed a story which said that Mae was married to her manager and that, furthermore, he has a wooden leg, of all things.

To all of which Mae says:

"I am *not* married—nor have I even selected a victim as yet!" That's that.



J. B. Scott



Wide World

(Above) In this group you'll find Helen Mack, Patricia Ellis, Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell and William Janney. The occasion was Anita's farewell party. She's off to Vienna to study singing. (Right) A marvelous intimate shot of Katie Hepburn and Doug, Junior. (Left) The fascinating Wynne Gibson does a Dietrich—and well, too. (Below, left) Verna Hillie and Gail Patrick welcoming Dorothea Wieck (center) to Hollywood. (Below, right) Estelle Taylor and Sue Carol in court. Estelle is suing a gent for $150,000.







Wide World

MARIE DRESSLER TO LEAVE SCREEN AFTER FILMING "TUGBOAT ANNIE"?

BARBARA BEBE DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF HER MOTHER'S CELEBRATED VOICE

SUE AND NICK ON THE VERGE?

AFTER what seems years of happiness—even after they just had a darling baby girl—and after Hollywood had come to know them as "the ideally happy married couple," Susie and Nick may decide to call it a day!

This report doesn't come from either of them but the source of our information would indicate that (much as we hate to tell you) a divorce may possibly be a matter of weeks! In fact, according to the underground story, "Sue may sue" after she and husband Nick have finished the last month of their personal appearance tour—which they are doing at this moment.

We hope this isn't so—and it may *not* be so. But it's our job to report rumors, even though those rumors make us feel very unhappy.

These last few months have spoiled a lot of our illusions concerning the "sweet girls" of the colony: first Janet Gaynor gave Lydell Peck his walking papers, then Marian Nixon found she could do without Eddie Hillman, and now our favorite married couple is starting rumors.

It must be something quite recent that caused the breach, otherwise—well, we can't understand their having a baby. Just what would happen to little Carol Lee Stuart is unknown as yet, but we have a hunch that Sue would take the cute little youngster with her if a separation took place.

If anyone had mentioned the possibility of this divorce a month ago, Hollywood would have laughed. "What? Susie and Nick . . . a *divorce?* Why, it can't be!" Matter of fact, they have always been one of the couples we could "point to with pride."

We hope they will decide to kiss and make up.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . . .

● The arrival of Dorothea Wieck in Hollywood has caused that town to sit up and take notice. (Dorothea is the little German gal that played the teacher in "Maedchen in Uniform.") Her enthusiasm and congeniality have brought her a flock of friends already, including some of the most "eligible" of Paramount's leading men. According to them, this girl has what Garbo and Dietrich are supposed to have, plus a lot more. She has a brand new husband back in Germany with whom she's veddy much in love.

● And now—Peggy Joyce and Jack Oakie aren't speaking . . . and no wonder. Peggy is nursing a sore jaw, and 'tis said Jack gave it to her.

● Although Cy Bartlett switched his affection to Boots Mallory for awhile, he couldn't conceal his delight with Alice White's super-swell performance in the stage play "Dinner at Eight." The opening night found him in the front row beaming with such pride that it wasn't surprising to hear of a reconciliation the very next day.

● Marie Dressler, whose health hasn't been any too good during the last year, may permanently retire from the screen after she makes "Tugboat Annie" with Wally Beery. We're going to miss our Marie.

—BUT NO PICTURES!

That famous "separated" couple, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, step out together almost nightly. However, last evening when a photographer was about to take a picture of them together as they were entering a theatre, Sally wanted to be snapped alone.

So what. . . ?

● There has been so much idle gossip going around regarding the possibility of Lilian Harvey having a husband back in England, that her manager has taken to sending a photostatic copies of her passport around, which lists her as *"Miss* Lilian Muriel Helen Harvey" . . . and that, says the little gal's manager, should be ample proof. Passports never lie.

● Dortuk (the Garbo of the Arctic) thinks Clark Gable is the swellest guy in Hollywood. And it's not because of his good looks, or dimples, or sex appeal. These Eskimo girls have different standards by which they judge their men. She found out that Clark was a great *hunter* . . . so up went his stock.

● Barbara Bebe Lyons isn't her mother's most enthuiastic audience by any means. Babs will sit quietly while Bebe sings two songs, but, according to Bebe, two is all she can stand. Time after time Bebe has begun a third song just to test her and always Babs protests loudly: "Don't do that, Mamma. Don't do that any more."

● Karen Morley and Charles Vidor, her fairly new director husband, wear wide gold wedding rings like those that were popular in grandmother's day.

"I wouldn't have any other kind," Karen says. "I think these rings are handsome. So does Charles."

It wasn't easy to find two wide gold wedding rings. Karen and Charles had to shop and shop for them. They found them finally in a humble little shop in Los Angeles' Mexican quarter. And even then their troubles weren't over. All the rings in the shop, of a size to fit strong Mexican fingers, were much, much too large for the slim Karen. At last they bought the smallest size the man had and took it to their own jeweler, who hadn't seen its like in years, to be cut down.

● Joan Bennett and her sister, Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey), have been almost inseparable since Barbara's return. They were lunching together at the Brown Derby t'other noon, and Joan looked positively adorable in a jaunty lil hat that balanced precariously on one side of her blonde head, and a huge stiff bow tied under her chin. Those horn-rimmed glasses she's wearing (she's near-sighted, y'know) actually *add* to her cuteness!

Reports are that "From Arizona to Broadway" may be Joan's last picture with Fox. Her contract expires soon and from all indications there'll be no re-signing.

● There's a romance budding over in England that concerns Constance Cummings and Benn W. Levy, well known author. We're too far away to get all the details, but we do know that Connie has been a guest of Levy's mother and father on a trip to Italy . . . and that's always a sign of something "serious." Connie will be back soon, so we'll get the lowdown for you then.

● Although Claudette Colbert and hubby Norman Foster maintain separate establishments, Claudette takes her wifely duties as seriously as any one. When Norman moved into his new beach home, she supervised the buying and arranging of the furniture, and even took a few days off to teach the new cook some of Norman's favorite dishes.



J. B. Scott

Ben Lyon, Barbara Bebe and Bebe Daniels leaving the Coast for New York. After New York they'll make a jaunt through Europe. Be gone some months.



Wide World

Buster Crabbe, the "Lion Man" of the screen, ups and gets himself married. Virginia Held is the gal's name. She's a former Beverly Hills society girl.



Wide World

Well, well! If it isn't that Dvorak girl and her hubby, Leslie Fenton, back again! Yes, sir, Warners were only too glad to get Ann back. Everything's jake now.

NOW GIRLS!

THAT feud between Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper had quite a fling. It started when Hedda's list of the three best-dressed women in Hollywood did *not* include Lil . . . and it reached the sizzling point when the hotel manager at Agua Caliente asked Lil and Hedda to be judges at a fashion show. Lil wired her regrets as follows:

"Sorry am giving a cocktail party that day so cannot be present. Miss Hopper qualified to judge anything passé."

Hedda's message read:

"Resign in favor of Miss Tashman who will fit the glamor and flamboyancy of your Casino to a dot." Is it a publicity gag?

P.S. Peggy Hopkins Joyce did the judging.

● Just what Chester Conklin (funny man) did on those "nights out" will probably never be known. His refusal to explain to his wife, plus his assertion that "he no longer loved her," was enough for that lady. She told it to the Judge . . . and now Chester can roam to his heart's content! In other words, they're getting a divorce.

● Edmund Lowe insists this really happened while he was recently visiting a pal's abode in Beverly Hills.

The phone rang and a negro maid answered. They heard her say: "Yas'm, she does" and then, "It sho is."

Five minutes later, the phone rang again and the same maid answered and the identical conversation ensued. This time the lady of the house called the maid and asked her to explain about the calls.

"Well," she began, "dis here lady calls up and says: 'Does Mrs. Stevens live here?' I answered, 'Yes'm, she does.' Then the same lady says: 'Long distance from Washington.' And I just agreed with her, 'It sho is.'"

WHAT OF IT?

GLORIA SWANSON used to have a swell time playing a grand telephone game. She would pick a number in the directory at random, call it, announce that she was Gloria Swanson and hear the "oh's" and "ah's" at the other end of the wire as she chatted away.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., heard about this and thought it would be a fine way to spend those long winter evenings. So here's what happened to him—and the cute part is he tells the joke on himself.

He called a number and a child's voice came over the wire so Doug thought, "Ah, this dear little boy, how pleased he will be to hear my voice." Aloud he said, "Hello, this is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

He waited—there was no response. "He's overcome with joy," Doug thought and then said, "Didn't you hear me? I said this is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

"Sure I heard you," the kid snapped back. "But what am I supposed to do about it?"

And Doug hasn't played the game since.

● Ginger Rogers has been Lew Ayres' one and only female companion since his divorce from Lola Lane. And a cuter looking couple you couldn't ask for. They'll be seeing more than ever of each other if Universal succeeds in borrowing Ginger for the lead opposite Lew in his next flicker. They should be a good team *on* the screen as well as *off!*

● Tom Brown was the only person that didn't have a good time at the party the "Puppets" gave for Anita Louise prior to her departure for Europe. Tom, who is that way about Anita, is very blue over the fact that he won't see his sweetie for two years. She's going to study singing across the water during that time, and two years seems like an awfully long time to young Brown.

● Upon being introduced to Franchot Tone recently, a little blonde asked: "Any relation to Movie Tone?"

● When the bicycle craze hit Hollywood Joan Crawford telephoned Claudette Colbert and suggested they ride together. The girls live just down the road from each other and are good friends.

"Fine," Claudette said, "I'd love it. The next time I'm down-town I'll buy a wheel."

The next evening when Claudette returned from the studios, to her amazement she saw a new blue bicycle in her hall. A note dangled from the handle-bars.

"Dear Claudette," it read, "ask your Ma if you can come over and play. Love, Joan."

And the next Sunday the two girls, dressed in blue slacks, went cycling along the Brentwood roads.

ONE ON JOHN

HOLLYWOOD is smiling broadly about George Bernard Shaw's refusal to give John Barrymore an autograph for his young son. Autograph seekers of Hollywood might also smile broadly over it, remembering only too well that John has very often behaved just the same way!

Shaw was polite and genial to Barry-

Constance Cummings in romance...The Lilyan Tashman-Hedda Hopper feud is hot



Lilyan Tashman, Father George Fox, Edmund Lowe. Father George was Lowe's schoolteacher back in the old days and it was he who first suggested that Edmund had acting ability. And it was directly through this advice of the good Father that Ed went on the stage.



You've read and heard how that young Robert Young went and betook himself a bride—his school-days sweetheart, as a matter of fact. Well, here they are.

more, but decidedly firm about dashing off his signature.

"I'd give you one if it were for your grandfather," the wit declared with a grin.

● It's more fun to watch Lilyan Tashman in the audience at the theatre than to watch the show itself.

I'll wager that her eyes are not on the stage more than fifteen minutes of a two-hour show. What she does is to take out her mirror and lipstick and look at herself most of the time—patting her hair, applying the lip rouge, dabbing at her nose with powder.

One night the actors in a musical show got so tired of watching Lil watch herself that, in the finale, they all appeared with mirrors and lipsticks and, in a very bored fashion, all of them—men and women, too—looked at themselves.

But the gag was wasted. Lil didn't see it. She was looking at herself.

GRAND PERSON

RUTH CHATTERTON stands ace high with one of the boys who drives a Warner Brothers' car. He's the boy who, a month or two ago, closed a car door on her hand and broke two of her fingers.

After the accident this boy rushed Ruth to the dispensary. He waited while they set her fingers and bandaged her hand. Horrified at what he had done, he turned a little green around the gills.

Ruth noticed it. "I'm supposed to be the one in need of treatment," she told him, "but you look as if you were."

She realized, of course, how terribly he felt. All the way to the stage where her company was waiting (she worked all day, in terrific pain, hiding her bandaged hand in the pocket of her coat) she kept urging him not to take it so hard.

"They'll fire me for this all right," he blurted out at last.

"Oh no, they won't," she assured him. "My secretary's taking a note to the front office which explains everything. If they fire you I quit, too. So there . . ."

He didn't lose his job. Nevertheless the following day when Ruth saw him again he still looked forlorn.

"I thought," she scolded him, "that I told you to forget it!"

That afternoon her secretary brought the boy a note.

"What you need is a change of scene," Ruth had written. "I suggest you take it this week-end." And enclosed was a generous check!

● Miriam Hopkins really owes her career as an actress to a broken ankle . . . although that ankle has given her no end of trouble. The first time she broke it was when she was a young girl in High School. She broke it again a few years later just as she was about to fulfill a dancing engagement and after this second break the doctor told her she would never be able to continue dancing. So Miriam turned to the stage . . . and success. But the ankle continues to bother her. She sprained it again recently, which makes the fifth mishap to this particular ankle.

● Here's something we bet you Lilyan Tashman fans didn't know. She owns the only ounce of a certain perfume in the entire world, an ounce of scent that is supposed to represent the work of one man's lifetime. The story that surrounds Lilyan's "unnamed perfume" proves that truth is stranger than fiction. When she and Ed Lowe were visiting in London last year they entertained a Parisian perfume maker. For years this man had worked to achieve a unique perfume. He had at last completed one ounce. When he met Lilyan he gave her the one ounce in existence of the precious perfume. His formula has been destroyed so she remains the sole owner.

Those fortunate enough to visit Miss Tashman's home have on a few occasions caught a faint whiff of that perfume. Naturally, she is very sparing in its use. She says that only the slightest suggestion of a drop is necessary and once she put it on a garment she never uses the perfume a second time as the odor lingers as long as there is anything left of the fabric!

● Jackie Cooper has a sweetie! She's called Georgiana and is Loretta Young's kid sister. The first time Jackie saw her, he exclaimed:

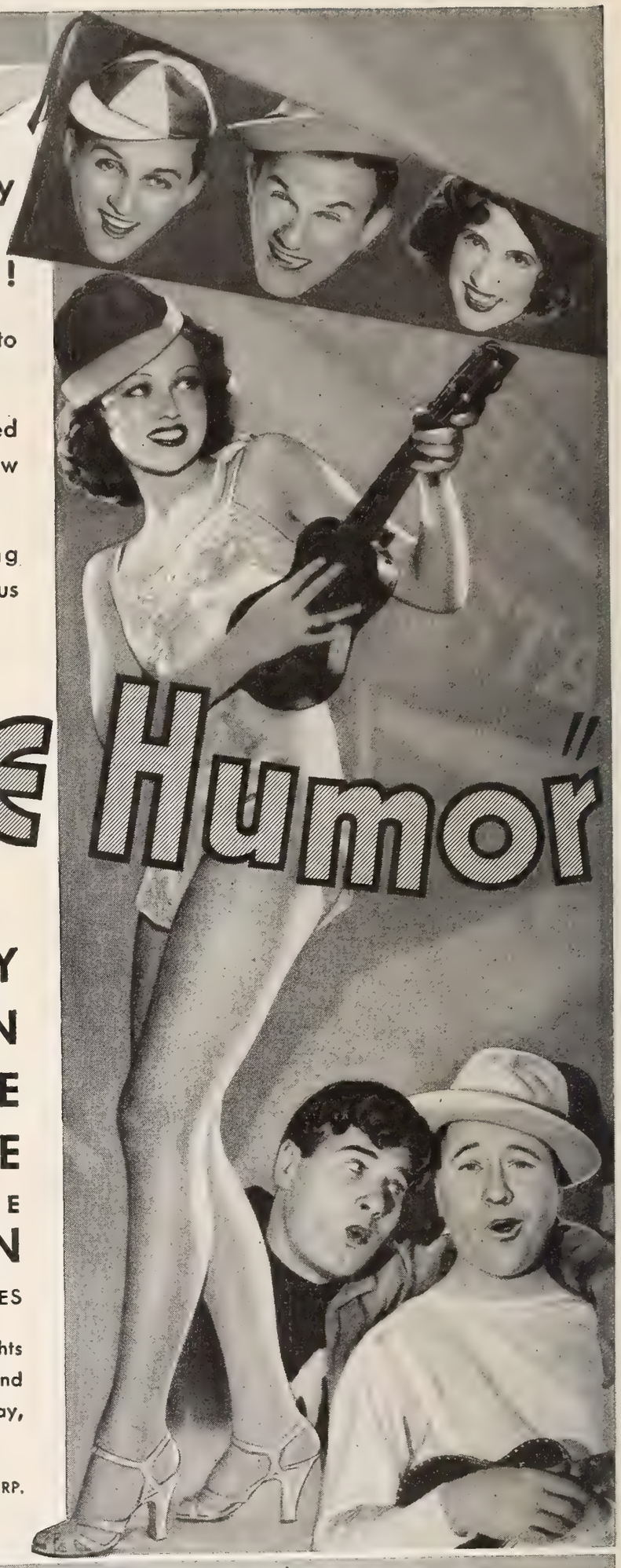
"Pipe the babe, how long has she been around here? Think I'll come often."

He's been buying her ice cream cones, taking her to matinees and now . . . the little scamp . . . he's teaching her to swim. He also put in a request at the studio for Georgiana to be his next leading lady, but that was politely turned down.

● Motion picture people often have to journey to Hollywood for recognition of their talents. Diana Wynyard, for instance. Her success over here has been astounding, but back in her own country she was dismissed with a "not so hot for pictures."

Herbert Mundin, making a name for himself on the Fox lot, is another example. Recently, however, he received a cablegram from a London agent asking his terms on an offer to make a picture in England. Imagine that agent's surprise when Mundin cabled back: "Why all the curiosity?"

Are Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres "that a'way"?...Tom Brown's sweetie leaves him



Meet Alma Mammy and Her Hotcha Pappy!

Here's dear old "Whoosis" set to gay music!

Here's college . . . as a pink-kneed rhapsody of kissable co-eds know it . . . but dare not tell it!

Here's a picture with no long underwear, but plenty of campus life in the raw, raw, raw!

"College Humor"

A Paramount Picture with

BING CROSBY
RICHARD ARLEN
MARY CARLISLE
JACK OAKIE
GEORGE BURNS & GRACIE ALLEN

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES



Here's college daze and Ox-road nights . . . done by a cast of song-dance-and laugh stars . . . borrowed from Broadway, the Radio, and Hollywood!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP.
Paramount Building, N. Y. C.

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Irene Dunne for her magnificent acting in "The Silver Cord."



We honor Edward G. Robinson for the power of his portrayal in "The Little Giant."



We honor Elissa Landi and David Manners for their acting in "The Warrior's Husband."



Winifred and Warner Baxter have proved it.



Bebe Daniels knows it.

YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

YOU can get anything you want!

This may seem a broad and extravagant statement. But if you will follow me carefully, I know you will be convinced of its truth.

I repeat: *"You can get anything you want. If you want it enough.*

I was going to say you can have anything you want within reason. But actually no such qualification is necessary. You can have things apparently out of reason, too. What the motion picture people and what thousands of other people all over the world have done and continue to do every day, you can do, too.

If you don't want anything beyond that which you already have, if you have no dream, then this is not for you. Don't waste your time reading any further.

You can marry Prince Charming. You can become mistress of a beautiful home. You can have glamor. You can have success. You can have wealth. You can have fame.

How? Here is your answer. Simply:

1. By dreaming. Strongly. Vividly. Constantly. And true.
2. By not picking a dream out of the air but by concentrating on the dream which comes to you of its own accord.
3. By always seeing yourself in possession of your dream.
4. By never doubting your dream will come true.
5. By working and planning towards your dream's fulfillment because it so obsesses you that you can't do otherwise.

All of this is not the propaganda of any new cult or -ism although it is from this idea that many cults and -isms have sprung in the past and will continue to spring in the future. It is the practical application of discoveries dealing with autosuggestion made by a famous French school of psychology, founded and established in Nancy, France.

THE world is just beginning to realize the tremendous, far-reaching power which imagination can exercise. Scientists are just beginning to admit the truth that lies behind the old-fashioned saying, "Fear a thing and it will come to you." Fearing a thing, you can actually attract it to you. And, by the same token, wanting a thing, you can also attract it to you.

A day-dream is the first step towards achievement. For, according to the findings of this school of psychology, "He who imagines, can." And, to quote again, "Every idea tends to undergo transformation into reality."

There are some few exceptions to this theory. For instance, a man who has lost his legs in the War cannot have his legs back again. But apropos of this it is well to remember that, having lost one leg in the War, Herbert Marshall, never seeing himself as incapacitated, is today, with one wooden leg, as attractive and fit and able as any man!



So does Bob Montgomery.

. . . You want something. You want it badly. You can get it! This truly amazing feature—based on a simple, authentic school of psychology—tells how

Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER

MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE

In 1918 Warner and Winnie Baxter, just married, were playing in road shows. Things didn't always go as they should. Indeed, they often went as they shouldn't. With the other members of their company, Warner and Winnie watched the callboard in the theatre apprehensively. People, poor because mills and factories were shut down, had no money for amusement.

At last the notice went up. The company, it announced, would disband after the Saturday night performance.

Warner was pressing his dinner clothes when Winnie returned to their hotel room with this news. A bureau drawer balanced over two chairs was his ironing board. There must be creases where creases belonged and nowhere else. In the play, Warner was a rich young blade, perfectly valeted.

Mechanically he kept on with his pressing.

Winnie threw herself on the dreary iron bed. The pink cabbage roses featured in the wallpaper of cheap hotels the world over swam before her eyes. Like any other







(Right) Frances Marion, famous writer and scenarist, dreamed of a lovely house.



Frances Marion's dream came true. This was only part of that dream, however. But the rest came true, too.

bride, Winnie dreamed of a little white house with crisp dotted Swiss curtains criss-crossed at sunny windows. She loathed all the forlorn hotel rooms she and Warner had shared. And always the beds, with an inevitable sag in the center, wore daytime covers she could hardly endure.

Warner disconnected the iron to gather Winnie in his arms.

"Don't feel so badly," he begged her. "Don't feel so badly, please. I'll tell you what, Winnie, darling . . . I'm going to give you a million dollars!"

It was out at last.

It wasn't a youthful, impulsive gesture. It wasn't a young actor willing to promise the moon if his love would stop crying. Poor as Warner was then, he dreamed of being wealthy and successful. He *knew* that one day he would be able to make good this promise.

DREAM STRONG AND TRUE. CONCENTRATE ON THE DREAM WHICH COMES TO YOU OF ITS OWN ACCORD. SEE YOURSELF IN THE POSSESSION OF YOUR DREAM. NEVER DOUBT ITS FULFILLMENT. WORK AND PLAN TOWARD THAT FULFILLMENT.

In any event, he so amazed Winnie that she stopped crying to sit up and stare at him unbelievingly, incredulously.

"I don't know how you're going to make it in this business, Warner," she said.

Then she turned practical, the way wives will. He must turn out his pockets while she turned out her bag so they might count their money, so they might see if they would have two dollars and thirty cents left for the laundry after the hotel bill was paid.

THERE were plenty of bad times, years of bad times, after that. But always Warner held fast to his dream. Always Warner saw himself wealthy and successful, a man able to make his wife a present of one million dollars.

Even after he had earned a name for himself in motion pictures there were serious set-backs. There was the time his Paramount contract expired. He was far from financial security and, in Hollywood as in any other town, it's much easier to get a job when you have a job.

It looked as if Warner's golden days were over. It looked this way to a lot of people. But not to Warner. He was discouraged, yes, but only over the delay this meant. Not for one second did he lose faith, not for one second did he doubt he would realize his dream.

There were rumors that Warner was going to quit pictures, get out and sell insurance.

"In fact," Warner says, "I have an idea I was about the only person in Hollywood who knew I was staying in pictures. I certainly was the only person in Hollywood convinced my greatest success still lay ahead of me. I saw myself always having things and doing things that it takes success to do and to have."

"You believe," I said, "that the dreams of those who dream strong enough come true?"

Warner nodded. Then suddenly, sophisticated as he is, he turned shy.

"I never expected to admit anything of the kind for publication," he told me. "But, then, frankly, I never expected to be approached on this kind of a story. I've always had a notion I was something of a nut because I believed in this sort of thing. In spite of the results it's accomplished for me."

He tapped his head. "We've got the greatest mechanical system in the world right upstairs here if we'll only use it. If we'll only take the trouble to get the right hook-up.

"When we think 'That's just my luck!' it's my opinion we'd better mean good luck is ours. Science accepts mental telepathy. Thinking 'That's just my luck' you send out thought waves. They land somewhere. And people like to be associated with someone they believe to be fortunate, not unfortunate.

"Furthermore, think of yourself as a failure and what happens? You begin to act like, talk like, and look like a failure. Your thought, your fear of failure turns into reality. It defeats you. Everybody you meet sees you as a failure. Think of yourself as a success and that thought turns into reality, too. (*Continued on page 96*)



As she appears in "Peg O' My Heart," her latest M-G-M movie. In the small picture below as she looked in the old days when she was on the stage.

Clarence Sinclair Bull

WHAT HAPPENED TO CINDERELLA?

By GLADYS HALL

MARION (Cinderella) Davies, the Cinderelliest of all the movie Cinderellas, said to me, "I still wear the crystal slipper but I remember very well the hand-me-down shoes of my childhood—"

Famous authors tell you that if you will just put the Cinderella theme into your story or your play you are sure to be successful. There is something about the legend of Cinderella, poor little maid left alone next the ash heap in rags and tears, that grips the imagination and the heart.



Culver Service

There is something about the coming of the Prince, the fitting of the crystal slipper, the royal transformation that provides a touchstone for all hearts—all hearts left alone by the ashes. Something that makes the law of compensation seem real and possible. Something that makes life seem to balance properly and as it ought.

Cinderella wearing her crystal slipper, setting off in triumph with her Prince—this much we have always known of her—*and no more. What happened to Cinderella afterwards?* This seems to me to be the really important thing. The heretofore unanswered thing. Did she remain the sweet and simple maiden berated by her stepmother and sisters and loved by the Prince? Or did the royal robes and glittering courts and jewels and panoplied power go to her golden head, harden her tender heart, spoil her, cause her to "go Hollywood" in her long-ago realm?

I spent a Sunday afternoon with Cinderella Davies in her glittering white palace on the shores of the turquoise sea at Santa Monica. A *palace* is the literal word for it, built of white clapboard though it is.

White and shining it stands on the rim of the sea, gemmed with swimming pool spanned with a white marble bridge, loggias and gardens to right and to left, laid out with tennis courts and patios and paved courts—of such stuff as dreams are made of.

Within, it is luxurious beyond, surely, the dreams of the little Cinderella of the Bronx who was once Marion Douras of a walk-up apartment, (*Continued on page 102*)

Read how a real-life Cinderella—Marion Davies—reacts to constant wealth





HOW JOEL ESCAPES SCANDAL

CONSIDER, for a moment, the strange case of Joel McCrea.

Here is a handsome, charming and thoroughly virile young man who takes Hollywood's most glamorous and exciting women (most of whom are married) to parties, premières and dances and yet no scandal has been attached to his name.

How does he get away with it? I'll bet it couldn't happen in your town!

Irate husbands do not vent their wrath upon him.

The women, whose escort he is, feel perfectly free to go out with him—whether their husbands are along or not—and are quite sure that the busy gossips won't chatter about them.

Hollywood itself accepts Joel as the official beau of its most beautiful ladies—and makes no comment.

He is immune to scandal, gossip, rumor.

Why is he thus immunized when another man, stepping out with a married woman, would cause every chatter columnist to make pertinent comments?

How does Joel escape?

I've wanted to know the answer for a long, long time, haven't you? And I've found it, but before I can tell you about it, we've got to get together on the causes for scandal and gossip. Here they are: the behavior of the parties involved—the wife, the husband, the other man. The community keeps the gossip going. But in some amazing way Joel has escaped all this. How? How? How?

I've known Joel for a long time, so it wasn't impertinence when I asked him, "How come that you aren't chased up and down Hollywood Boulevard by hordes of husbands with knives and revolvers? How come that you could take Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett and Joan Crawford—before the separation—around and not have their husbands mind?"

He laughed. "I don't know. I've never had any trouble. Anyhow, the husbands like me."

"But why?" I persisted. "You're too handsome to be put in the 'safe and harmless' class."

(Left) Joel McCrea and Dorothy Jordan are going to make a series of romantic pictures together. Don't you think they will be a perfect movie team.

HE let the compliment pass. "It's because I don't have a guilty look when I walk into the house. I go right in as if stepping out with the wife were the most natural thing in the world to do. Anyhow, I like the husbands. They're swell fellows and

. . . Husbands don't mind if young McCrea beaus their wives to dances. Hollywood doesn't gossip when Joel is seen with a different girl every night. Why? How? Read this

By KATHERINE ALBERT

—nine times out of ten—I treat them a lot better than their wives do.

"I guess I'm just a country boy, but honestly I get a kick out of being seen with colorful and glamorous women. What man doesn't? I'll admit I do. It's a thrill to step into the Cocoanut Grove or the Beverly Wilshire with Joan Crawford. She always looks like a million dollars. She's a grand girl, too. And I'm human enough to be damn proud to be with her.

"Connie Bennett the same way. Any man who wouldn't admit that it's exciting to go to a first night with Connie (you know the way she carries herself and how smart she is) is either a liar or a fool.

"Okay, then. Now, suppose I behaved in a way to give husbands a cause to worry. The girls I take around wouldn't stand for it. Certainly the husbands wouldn't stand for it. And besides being a rat and not liking to live with myself, I'd miss the fun of the companionship of these grand girls.

"It's not that my whole life is spent being a Good Time Charlie. Nobody could stand a steady diet of dinner coats and caviar. There's another side of my life that's very important to me—camping in the mountains, riding the hills by myself. But I like to go around in Hollywood, too. I get a big kick out of it and, believe me, I'm not going to do anything to spoil the fun. Wouldn't I be a sap if I did? The husbands know that. They can tell by the way I act."

AND there is the keynote to the whole situation. Folks can tell what sort of a lad Joel is by the way he acts. In his perfect behavior is the secret of his escape from scandal. For the Hollywood gossips are not such fools as they sometimes seem. There's something so dog-gone honest and above-board about Joel—something that radiates from his whole personality.

Besides, they figure that man with such perfect social taste as Joel possesses couldn't do anything underhanded.

And here's an example of what I mean:

One night at one of those small and intimate Hollywood parties —only about fifteen or twenty people there—I watched Joel handle a situation with that adroit good taste. Among the guests was a certain star who must be nameless (but you'd be amazed if I told you who she was) *(Continued on page 88)*





(Right, above) Joel has such a nice, honest personality! But that alone wouldn't account for his spotless reputation, would it? (Right) With Phyllis Cooper, society girl.



THE TELEVISION AGE

By LOWELL THOMAS

THAT enigmatical, problematical thing, the future, never ceases to beguile—especially in the realm of television. So near and yet so far. That is, so near in the logical probability of the science of the wireless wave. And so far, in the strangeness and the almost fantastic change in our daily lives that it promises.

If you will forgive me for using the phrase, television is just around the corner. And that corner may not be quite as far down the street as we think. The state of wireless technicality today is such that we can predict with a tremendous weight of logical probability the state of affairs that will come about in the era of television. Let us jump ahead into that epic when wireless will bring us, not only sounds to be heard, but sights to be seen.



In 1940, say, we may sit at home and "dial in" Joan Crawford, bicycling on the Boulevard, a Hollywood dinner party—almost anything!

We are sitting at home. We have an apparatus something like a radio set. On the wall is a motion picture screen. Of course, we have a vast range of entertainment for ear and eye. That is one of the common pleasures of television.

"A separate theatre for every home," is the way the future of entertainment is prophesied by David Sarnoff, who guides the destinies of the Radio Corporation of America. All we have to do is to turn the dial and take our choice of theatrical entertainment, prize fight, church service, symphony concert, ball game or a horse race.

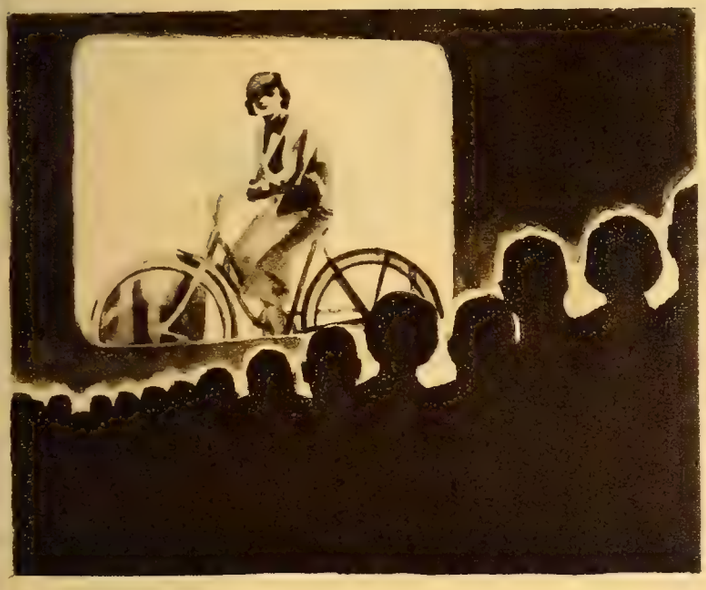
Don't think, however, that the regular theatre will disappear. Far from it. Many, many people will always have that "let's go somewhere tonight" feeling and would far rather see the show in a gorgeous theatre than see the identical performance from the fireside easy chair.

If present plans are carried out, the acquiring of a television set will be identical with acquiring a telephone today. The instrument will be rented by the month and will always belong to the corporation which does the renting—exactly as the telephone instrument belongs to the telephone company.

The sights and sounds of the world brought into your own home!



—WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE?



The Television Theatre—who knows? Where residents of Kansas City, maybe, can see and hear what's going on in the lives of the movie stars.

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH

IN this television era, the legitimate stage will expand to tremendous proportions. The theatrical spectacles will be broadcast by television. That gives them an enormous scope.

With the whole world for a possible audience, a drama, musical play or an opera will be immense, spectacular, gorgeous, beyond anything that is economically possible for the present-day theatre. In some ways this giant production would seem odd to a person in the present non-television state of barbarism.

In some cases an enterprising producer will broadcast his show to a whole string of theatres throughout the country, and people will enjoy it all the more because they see it in a theatre with that fellow feeling and that mass emotion which a crowd gives.

The technique of broadcasting by television has already developed so far that it seems only a step away from practical use. There are two ways of transmitting pictures by air. The simplest is that of transmitting a motion picture film. When it is made perfect the broadcasting of talking pictures will become a commonplace. Here is the way that Mr Sarnoff of R.C.A. looks at this angle of the new art: "Television," he declares, "will be harnessed to the motion picture screen. Important events may then be simultaneously recorded as motion pictures in a number of key cities throughout the nation. Then the films will be put on the air by television, so that important scenes may be witnessed on screens in homes and theatres soon after they occur."

The more difficult task of television is to broadcast sights and scenes directly, so that the television apparatus will pick up sights as they occur and broadcast them instantaneously. So far as the art has progressed at present, a televisor, as it is called, takes in and transmits things to be seen over about twenty feet of space. It does not take in a whole field *(Continued on page 90)*

This famous gentleman's story forecasts the thrilling possibilities

THE ORDEAL OF





(Above) Baby Helen Twelvetrees. (Name was Jurgens, then.) Wasn't she wistful? (Above, right) As she looks today—after she has been through amazing tragedy and grief, to find real happiness at last.

By MARGARET REID

AS if Christmas did not afford enough excitement for the modest little Brooklyn street, Mrs. Jurgens on that day presented Mr. Jurgens with a daughter. Supervision of plum puddings and of children already querulous and a little dizzy from the ecstasy of stockings and trees was abandoned while the neighboring housewives spread and exchanged the news.

"Those young Jurgenses—they've had their baby!" in tones of half-veiled disapproval—as if the young Jurgenses were perhaps not married, or in tones of astonishment—as if the young Jurgenses had accomplished an unprecedented feat.

Unaware of all else, Mr. Jurgens—who was nineteen, and Mrs. Jurgens—who was seventeen, looked silently down at the small, unlikely face of their daughter. Outside, the snow fell as gently as a benediction. The quiet, good day—birthday of the Prince of Peace. The boy and girl, snatched from adolescence into maturity by one touch of those tiny, uncertain hands, blessed the day. Surely it was a good omen for this fragment of humanity stirring in the blankets—surely it promised a life as gentle as this day quiet with snow and peace. . . .

The young Jurgenses, entering on parenthood with none of the trepidations felt for them by their neighbors, named their daughter Helen and studied diet charts with a view to maintaining the healthiest baby in their block. The boyish father's salary as a journeyman newspaper reporter on a New York daily did not provide much over the essential, which his wife's ingenuity converted into comforts. Between them they contrived a merry, cosy little home—a gay nest in which the ruler of the household rollicked and grew rounder and pinker and trium-

At fifteen Helen was married and looked forward to happiness

HELEN TWELVETREES



With Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story." Helen is now under contract to Paramount and it looks as if her cinema future is beautifully assured. (Left) With her mother (doesn't she look young?) and her husband, Frank Woody. Read how Helen and Frank met.

phantly cut her first tooth without a suggestion of colic.

In due time, she ceased to grow rounder and, instead, suddenly lengthened and wore a hair-ribbon and began to question spinach.

Her features emerged from the soft indetermination of babyhood—a delicate little elfin face topped by yellow hair as fine as silk. The young Jurgenses continued to be so enchanted by her that the neighbors could do no less than say she was being spoiled. But, if you will look closely, you will perceive that the "spoiled" children are not the gay, happy-tempered ones. And Helen Jurgens, whose dresses were always prettily embroidered, whose hair always shone with the loving skill of the maternal hairbrush, was a blissfully happy child.

After a few years, her father turned to the advertising business. There was a little more money—new chintz for the chairs, new dresses, more evenings at the theatre. Helen particularly loved the latter, because she was going to be an actress. Sitting safe between her father and her mother—small hands tightly clasped and eyes round and shining with wonder—she gazed enraptured at the magic beings moving in a magic world which she intended to enter as soon as she grew to a decent height and could do her hair up and wear ear-rings.

Schooldays—Berkeley School for Girls, then Brooklyn Heights Seminary—careless, happy time. She was fifteen, and still talking with conviction about going on the stage. Her parents conferred.

Mrs. Jurgens—who, herself, had often thought what a pleasant place the stage must be, but never mentioned it—was troubled mainly with the thought of Helen journeying away from home and no one to keep her clothes pretty and neat and see that she drank a glass of milk in the afternoon. Finally a decision was reached. She would enter the Art Students' League—for music, drama *and* painting, for which she had already proven a flair.

"Best to have two equipments," her mother said. "Something to fall back on in emergencies."

AFTER a year, it was still an actress she wanted to be. Very well then, her parents said, she should study, so as to be a good one. They entered her in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

When she had been there three months. . . . "Mother, there's a young man working in the play I'm in."

"Really? Well, that's customary, isn't it—that the men's parts should be played by men?"

"Yes, but this one—he's so nice-looking. His name is Clark Twelvetrees."

"An odd name. It's late, dear. You ought to be in bed."

A week later. . . .

"Mother, I'm going to marry Clark Twelvetrees."

Mrs. Jurgens stared at her, then smiled. It was such a childish mouth to be saying such grown-up things, the glowing blue eyes had exactly the same expression they had when contemplating a *(Continued on page 104)*

But she was doomed to go through several real hells first

BILL POWELL'S BEER PARTY





At the top of these two pages, Carole Lombard and Dick Barthelmess are toasting each other as two old friends should. (Left) Kay Francis, mine host Powell and director Wesley Ruggles. Kay doesn't care if beer is fattening. (Left, below) Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Mrs. Eddie Sutherland. This is the first picture we have seen of La Joyce without Jack Oakie for some time. (Immediately below) Say hello to Gloria Swanson. That's Joseph Schenck with her.







. . . In the Ambassador Hotel's exclusive Little Club, Herr Wilhelm Powell gifs der beer party. Eferybody vas dere. Come und haf vun on der house!

(Right) "William Powell's Hang Out. Happy Days Are Here Again," reads the sign over the bar. The bar is behind all those guests. (Right, below) Clark Gable and Arline Judge split a bottle, while keeping an eye on their respective mates. (Immediately below) Clive Brook and a friend, Mrs. Waterson. And the band. Don't forget the band. It was partly due to its umpas that the affair was such a success. No song dated later than 1909 was permitted.













(Start at the top left picture and go around the page to the right) 1. Pretty Helen Vinson and Al Hall. 2. Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnnie Farrow. He is one of Maureen's oldest beaux, you know. 3. Just a dish of pretzels—but, oh, how good they were with beer! 4. One pretzel reaches the ultimate consumer. 5. "Free Lunch." Help yourself. 6. Fill 'er up! 7. June Collyer. The other glass belongs to—whom d'you suppose? Husband Stu Erwin. 8. Bill's Hang Out was plastered with amusing signs. That's one of them. 9. Just a homely kitchen towel—for a touch of atmosphere.













AT THE MERCY OF SHARKS!



Alexander Kirkland and Ann Harding as they left Hollywood by plane for Havana.

...From Havana, Alexander Kirkland cabled Modern Screen this story of the almost disastrous adventure he experienced with Ann Harding and her secretary, Maria Lombard. By now the travelers are back in Hollywood where the probable romance between Ann and Alex has everyone excited. Read this exclusive "scoop" story

By ALEXANDER KIRKLAND

At noon Wednesday, May 3, Ann, Maria, myself and Alvarez, Cuban boatman, left the Biltmore Club in a fourteen-foot catboat for a short sail. I thought the boat seemed to be carrying too much canvas but as we were sailing in shallows inside the reefs I was not worried.

As we sailed along Ann said she would like to be dragged in the warm wake behind the boat in a baby harness. Maria said that if a shark showed up she would bite it.

Suddenly the boatman saw a fin in the water but it turned out to be the flipper of a big turtle. The boat by this time had gone out of the mouth of the reef into the open sea.

Soon a spanking wind caught us and we sped three and one-half miles out from Punta Santa Fe. The boatman tried to turn back but lost control of the sail and the boat tipped into a wave and filled with water in about thirty seconds. There was no panic. The boatman and I fastened the lines so that the boat would float on its side and we all could hang onto it. Maria cannot swim so she decided she would be extra cargo for us and should let go. But we convinced her not to be so foolish.

There was nothing on the horizon. No boats seemed to be out that day. There were some scattered houses on the promontory of Santa Fe, three and a half miles away. The boatman told us it was not more than a mile and decided to swim in for a rescue boat. We argued but he felt he could make it. He started swimming with his white cap on but finally threw it off. We could see his head from time to time, then the waves would hide it. After watching him for about half an hour I saw his arm shoot up into the air. The girls did not see this and I convinced them that I could still see him making headway.

I did not know whether he had died of cramp or sharks but I grabbed an oar that was caught in the rigging and decided to try to bat out any sharks if they approached and if I had no luck with them then I'd knock the women unconscious if they were inevitably to meet death in a shark's jaws.

Of course I could not mention any danger of sharks so I told them I was going to use the oar as a signal pole in case a boat passed or someone on the shore could see us.

I tied my undershirt on the oar and waved. We had a little kidding about the merits of the army and navy—Ann's and my family having been in those two branches.

Then Maria asked me if I could remember a Mexican song that she and Ann liked. We all started singing. Not so well at first but better later. Ann and I have long legs so we could straddle the boat but Maria is very tiny and had to hold on with her hands and lie across it on her stomach.

Ann and I were submerged up to about our waists, Maria was up to her shoulders. After about an hour an offshore wind rose which made the sea rougher. We were getting pretty cold so we did some deep breathing. Then we saw a boat coming from the direction of Havana.

We waved and hailed it but it passed along the coast. It was then we realized how far out we were. I hated to ask Ann for her dress but I had nothing left but my flannels and I knew something colored was necessary for a signal. The dress was pink. My white shirt only looked like foam.

After another hour and a half (we were drifting four hours altogether) Maria saw a little wake by the shore and we finally saw it was a small sailless boat making speed—a motor boat.

I waved the pink dress but the boat passed on along the coast. It slowed down when it was a speck, turned and for a while we could not see it approaching. Finally we sighted it again and hailed it. It came alongside.

It was the fishing boat of Captain J. L. Waggett, an Englishman, and George Andrews, of the American Embassy.

They had gone out sword fishing, seen a strange bit of pink waving on the horizon and come on a chance.

What a good thing for us as nobody at the hotel knew our plans to sail, and so—though we had kidded each other that we would be searched for—it was not very likely.

We never mentioned sharks until after the rescue when I found that Ann and Maria had seen fins, too.

I don't think we shall ever again be as grateful to see anybody as we were to see Captain Waggett and Mr. Andrews.

As long as the accident had to happen I am glad it was in the company of three such gallant gentlemen as the boatman and Ann and Maria.



Whither is Doug, Jr., bound? . . . Will he marry again? . . . Will he continue his screen career or will he turn to the stage? Read what he told this famous author before and after the divorce announcement

WHAT ABOUT DOUG, JR., NOW?

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

WHEN I went to work Saturday morning I had no idea of what was to happen in the afternoon. My first information came from news boys crying 'extra'." That was what Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., said to me just a few days after the announcement of the divorce action filed by Joan Crawford. At the time of the separation both had assured their friends that no divorce was imminent. Doug had made dates with Joan like a lad "courting" a lass. They had dined and danced and laughed together.

"Each time Joan and I discussed divorce we agreed to abandon the idea. Our property settlement was made long ago, not with divorce in mind but merely to protect Joan's large earnings under California's unusual community property laws."



Today, Doug, Jr., faces many problems. When this was taken, twenty years ago, problems of divorce, career, suitable stories did not worry him.

And I know that Doug spoke the truth, for I had talked to him a week or so before and he had outlined a design for living that he had thought would work. He had seriously considered a separate-establishment marriage, exactly like that of Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. "We both feel so much freer this way," he had said to me. "I'm not making a joke; I mean it. All the petty annoyances which come from the over-intimacy of marriage are removed. We see each other at our very best. We are fast becoming the best of friends in spite of our being married!"

But that he said before the divorce was publicized. Now he says, "I think I shall leave Hollywood for a little privacy and rest, otherwise I shall make no change in my personal plan that I outlined to you not long ago."

WHAT were these plans? I am going to tell exactly what he said to me before this thing happened—when he was full of enthusiasm and hope for a reconciliation—when the idea of divorce seemed impossible:

"People who work at different studios," said young Doug, "who get up at different hours, to work on studio calls which more frequently than not conflict, are bound to run into a strained relationship which kills off their true feeling toward each other if carried too far. For example, if I have to go on location at six-thirty in the morning, Joan may be working at night and is asleep when I leave—gone when I return! Suppose we plan a little dinner party and one of us is called away ten minutes before the guests arrive—what then? Suppose also, that one of us has an important matter to discuss with the other and for a whole week we miss out meeting, even at meals and only see each other when we are both too tired to talk intelligently? Or, worse, meet when one is tired and the other full of vigor! The point is, people who love each other ought never to find themselves in such a position that their only time for personal relationship is when they are tired out. They *do* talk then! And often say the wrong thing." That's ruined many movie marriages.

"And quarrel?" I asked.

"Joan and I have never had a quarrel," said he. "I hope we are too intelligent for that. What we are doing will avoid all possibility of a quarrel—by removing the petty, unnecessary causes of domestic strain! We will only meet when we are both in the mood for it."

His comment was too important to take lightly. Wouldn't it perhaps be better, I thought, if people could stay happy, see each other when they had time to enjoy each other's society and go on together, though apart—sweethearts, but married? I can't say it would solve the problems of marriage for the ordinary couple, but perhaps it would be a splendid solution for Hoolywoodites and even other professionals!

Doug is devoted to Joan—there is no doubt in the world of that—and when he talked to me before the divorce announcement, he was in a very happy frame of mind.

"I've got a new vigor," he told me, "a new impetus for my work—a new enthusiasm, since the 'separation.' I'm working on my book, I've signed an eighteen month contract with a magazine to write special articles, and I'm going to buy a house in England and live there three months a year. I see a lot of Joan, and while I go around a bit with other girls too, I'm not going to tell you any of their names, because I haven't the faintest intention of marrying any of them—and so it would not be fair to get them talked about."

When I asked him where he was living, he smiled contentedly.

"At my grandmother's house, Mrs. Sully's," he replied. "It's a darling little place—she has a most sympathetic personality and I adore living among her antiques and bright chintzes—for I am terribly sensitive to my physical surroundings."

DOUG, JR.'S, pals are Leslie Howard and Bob Montgomery. The three are inseparables and only one other man rivals Doug's friendship for these two—to wit, Noel Coward, the famous English playwright.

"Coward is my literary godfather," Fairbanks explained to me. "He checks over what (*Continued on page 81*)

WHY JEAN HARLOW ISN'T "ON HER OWN"



J. B Scott



Wide World

By CARTER BRUCE

THE stationery was pale lavender, slightly scented, and the ink that penned the discontented words was purple. The little square envelope was postmarked Kansas City. It was addressed in a round, almost juvenile hand to Miss Jean Harlow and it read in part:

"Gosh, if I had your looks and your money and your opportunity to meet swell men in Hollywood I sure wouldn't be hanging around home like you do. I'd have me a snappy apartment and a good-looking roadster and I'd come and go just as I pleased. After all, Jean, why don't you cut loose and have your freedom while you are young and beautiful and can enjoy yourself?"

"And that," said Jean Harlow herself, reaching for the letter she had just handed me, "is the question most frequently asked me by young girls. It was also the predominating query put to me in person when I was recently touring about the country meeting girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Boiled down to cold facts, whether we want to admit it or not, it merely amounts to this: Miss Modern America is straining at the home leashes . . . dying to get out and live in an apartment by herself or with another broadminded and equally 'free' girl friend . . . and this same Miss America can't understand why I'm still checking in under the same roof with my mother and stepfather when I have the means of whooping around on my own!" Thus spake Jean.

America's most famous platinum blonde was half-sitting, half-reclining against a divan corner in her own living room. Contrary to the popular idea that only one thing at a time can be done thoroughly, Jean was having plenty of success performing *three* important tasks. She was relaxing for the half hour prescribed by her doctor to follow her noon meal . . . she was reading over an assortment of fan mail . . . and granting me an interview . . . all at the same time, and doing a darn good job of

. . . Many young girls wonder why Jean Harlow—with her money and friends and necessities for enjoying freedom—still lives at home. Jean has unusual ideas about the business of going "on your own"



On the opposite page you will find Jean and Ivan Lebedeff at Lilyan Tashman's tea. Jean's mother has an interesting reason for knowing where and with whom Jean is. The other picture on that page is Jean with her mother. A miracle of understanding and tact—that mother.

all three. In fact, the entire angle of this story was Jean's own.

"I've often wondered," she had said, "why interviewers don't take the trouble to find out the questions that are most frequently put to a star by the public . . . which means an answer to the query that is of the greatest general interest. I think I have been interviewed on every topic under the sun except this one important thing that almost all the girls who write to me ask about." It was then that Jean had shown me the letter from Kansas City. She said: "It is typical. The same idea has been put to me thousands of times and I'd love to answer it."

SHE continued: "I think the answer, at least as it is true in my case, might be important. I think it might help.

"I'm not going to preach. And heaven forbid that I should sound like a moralist. The simple reason I have never gone "on my own" is that I am happier, more contented and *have more freedom of action* under my parents' roof than I would have if I moved away. If that were not true then I would most certainly be in one of those ducky little apartments so avidly recommended as the seat of all freedom.

"Every time I hear this 'apartment' question I feel like soundly shaking . . . not Miss Freedom Questing Eighteen . . . but her parents, who seem to believe that the way to protect a daughter is to lock the doors after ten o'clock, supervise girl and boy friendships, and lay down house rules after the manner of a corrective institution. How silly that is. I know from my own experience that the quickest and safest and sanest way to keep the four walls of Home Sweet Home about a darling daughter is to open those doors so wide it is impossible to be conscious of them.

"I think my mother is just (*Continued on page 111*)

HUNTED MEN



Roscoe Arbuckle



James Murray



Duncan Renaldo

...These men have been accused and some convicted of transgressing the laws of society. And society decrees inexorably that they shall be pointed at with the finger of scorn



By RAMON ROMERO

Woodcut by CARL HAUPTMANN

MAXIM GORKI might have written the drama of the condemned men of Hollywood, so Russian is it in its stark tragedy. Only, had Gorki written it, his characters would not have faced the grim situation as these hunted men of Hollywood have faced it. For what does Gorki know of humor? Or of the kind of courage that goes wisecracking to the gallows?

Eight men! Strangely like Gorki's outcast tramps roving aimlessly through a hostile country; scum, flotsam, unwanted it seems, even by death. Only Gorki's men did not seek another chance. Their resignation to an unkind fate was final and complete; their hopes for a future life a chaos of dead dreams. Hollywood's outcasts even in the abyss of darkest despair chain their souls to a tomorrow.

"We want another chance!" they cry.

One committed murder. Another, at the height of a

RARELY INDEED HAS SUCH A POWERFUL STORY COME OUT OF HOLLYWOOD

OF HOLLYWOOD



Paul Kelly



John Farrow



Al Hill



spectacular career, was charged with the death of a young actress. One was deported for entering the country illegally—another faces the same fate following a jail sentence. One has a criminal police record. Another could not refrain from breaking the sacred eighteenth amendment. One is charged with theft and escape from a road gang—and the last is continually hunted for faltering in the payment of alimony.

Their names? They have screamed at you from the front pages of every yellow journal in the country. And some have even forfeited the right to a name.

Let's take the case of Paul Kelly, who for twenty-four months was a numbered man within the gray walls of San Quentin. In five years his life spanned from the bright lights of Broadway, where his name once blazed in mazdas, to Hollywood and the electric chair, and back again; a living bridge of sighs. If it is true that life is a circle, then Kelly has spinned its mad distances at whirlwind speed, to return to his starting place, older, wiser, richer in feelings, endowed with a new sense of life's values.

Five years ago Paul Kelly was the most promising juvenile on Broadway. From a kid actor at the motion picture studios of Brooklyn he grew up into a handsome young devil with an Irish twinkle in his eyes; a young devil whose greed for life was so great that he could never get enough of it at once. Even Broadway and success did little to appease his enormous appetite. Then the croupiers of Hollywood gathered him in and tossed him upon its mad roulette wheel, where it seems that no matter how one plays, in the end one is still a loser.

HOLLYWOOD in its generosity gave him money, fame, success—and love; love that led him to the barred windows of San Quentin and plunged him into the depths of degradation. The love of Dorothy MacKaye.

Miss MacKaye was for a time one of the best known theatrical stars on the West Coast. She had played the Belasco, Hollywood's ace house, many times. Before the murder of her ex-husband, Jack Raymond, a musical comedy favorite, she had been going about with Kelly for several months without attracting any special attention. Many thought the romance purely the infatuation of a young boy for a fascinating, older woman. "It will pass," was the comment of those at all interested. Perhaps it might have passed, too. But fate intervened in the grim, horrible form of murder! And Kelly's life was linked with hers in a chain of dramatic events that forged their love into a romantic Gibraltar that nothing could break. Together they went through the hell of third degrees—together they stood trial—together they went to prison. Long months of separation. He in his gray cell. She in hers. He with his thoughts. She with hers. What are prison walls against thoughts like theirs? Tragedy nourished their love, and fertilized it, until it flowered in the wilderness of their desolation.

On the morning of the night that split Kelly's world asunder he had signed a long term contract for featured roles and eventual stardom with what is now the RKO studios. The next morning that contract was void, for the newspapers instead of announcing his good fortune proclaimed his doom. The (*Continued on page 108*)

READ HOW THESE ONCE HAPPY MEN HAVE SUFFERED A VERY HELL ON EARTH

. . . A "second Garbo"?
Or coldly intellectual?
Or warm and friendly?
Here's the truth





Above, you see Elissa in three poses, three moods. Perhaps you have conflicting ideas of what she's really like; here's your chance to find out. (Left) As the energetic Amazon in her latest, "The Warrior's Husband."

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

SUPPOSE we clear up this confusion about Elissa Landi once and for all.

You've heard that she was "a second Garbo"—moody and apart from the world.

You've heard that she was an intellectual—cold and brooding.

But you may also have heard that she likes people, that she has many friends and that nothing delights her so much as a good lusty argument.

So how can you reconcile all these things and get a good clear picture of this woman?

I think that the first thing you should know about her—and something that has not been written before—is what she did very recently when she was told that she "didn't have the stuff of which stars are made" and that her contract was not to be renewed.

She had been in a very peculiar position at her studio. When she was signed nobody on the west coast had ever seen her. But she was foreign—Austrian, born in Italy and had an English husband—she had a trick name and the Garbo craze was at its height. So, entirely unbeknown to Elissa (and much to her amazement, she told me later) she discovered herself being hailed as "the new Garbo."

And as "the new Garbo" she found herself being tossed into roles that suited her not at all. But because she was being paid a large salary and thought that certainly the studio knew what it wanted, she took these roles and played them as well as she could.

But, at the box office, she was more or less a failure.

And the next thing she knew she heard that her contract was not to be renewed.

FOR a minute she was staggered. Then she began to make her plans. She liked Hollywood, but she could leave it. Of course, she had just bought and furnished a beautiful home which it would hurt her to give up—but if it were necessary she could leave that. Yes, she





DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ELISSA LANDI?

could write and compose music and get along.

Then, suddenly, the whole situation made her mad. Why should she leave just because she had not been given the right parts? Why should she be forced to give up her picture career simply because nobody at the studio seemed to know what she could do?

Elissa was mad—the cold, brooding (you supply the rest of the adjectives they've tacked on to her) Elissa had her dander up, so she found one of the studio head men and made him listen to her.

"Look here," she said, "however did this business start about my being a second Garbo?"

The studio official was a bit confused. He actually didn't know—and said so.

"Did anybody ever see me on the stage? Did anybody ever take the trouble to discover what I am really like and what I can really do before the camera? I'm anything but cold and distant. I'm anything but perpetually tragic. I'm anything but aloof.

"On the contrary I am vitally interested in all human relationships. I like people. I like laughing. I could never be silent and apart.

"I hope I'm not like anybody but myself—but certainly for screen purposes, if I must be like somebody, I'm much more Gaynor than Garbo.

"I won't keep on playing these aloof women—these creatures detached from life. Garbo can do them beautifully, but I can't. They're not right for me and certainly—as your box office receipts have shown you—they're not right for you."

She left the office in a burst of spirit. She left the executive a little dizzy. Maybe Miss Landi was right!

And that's why Elissa Landi has not gone the way of all the other "like-Garbo" girls. That's why you saw her as the beautiful and virtuous Christian girl in "Sign of the Cross." That's why you saw her playing a straight leading lady role in "The Masquerader." And that's why you'll be seeing her as the energetic Amazon in "The Warrior's Husband."

And, more important, that's why she was kept on at the studio instead of dropped from the list of stars.

I KNOW Elissa well. The hours I have spent talking to her are hours that I treasure, but I find it very hard to analyze her.

Just for a minute I want you to look within yourself and tell me something. Can you possibly characterize yourself? Can you possibly say, "I am this" or "I am that"? Don't you find that as you say, "I have a quick temper" you discover that there were many times when you might—with just cause—have become angry and didn't?

I'm having just that sort of trouble characterizing Elissa. For the more intelligent you become the more complex you are and I'll wager that if you look into your own heart you will find conflicting emotions, varied ideas and warring ambitions.

So it is with Elissa.

But there's one thing that I do know about her—and that's definite.

She is essentially a feminine (*Continued on page 107*)



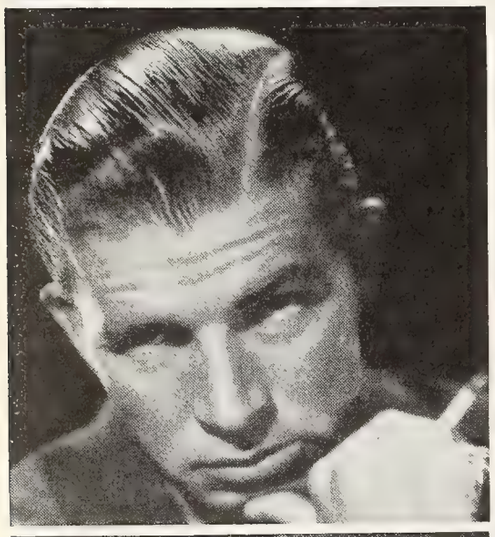






THE MOVIES SEARCH FOR BEAUTY . . . !

All these stars—Robert Young, Helen Hayes, Franchot Tone, Katharine Hepburn, Mary Pickford, Bruce Cabot, Garbo, John Boles, Joan Crawford—all of them are considered the best in masculine or feminine perfection of beauty. Yet, really, if you analyze their features, not all of them are truly beautiful or handsome in the classic acceptance of such things. What, then, is beauty? Can one define it?









. . . There's a big contest on for new faces in the movies—beautiful faces. But—what constitutes real beauty? It's something more than regular features. See what this famous author of the novel, "Beauty," says on this subject



By FAITH BALDWIN

WHEN I was a little girl, I loved very much those stories of Grimm and Andersen in which a benevolent genie figured prominently in the plot. You remember such a genie would appear out of thin air and ask this magic question: "Which would you rather have—great beauty, great brilliance, or great fame?" All of us read stories like those—and though many little girls may have piously stated (out loud) that they would prefer to be clever, they always made a secret wish to a secret good genie for great beauty.

Beauty! It rarely endures, it can as often be a curse as well as a blessing. Many of its rewards are empty. And yet—

In this era people talk about the importance and desirability of brains. And yet—

The relentless search for beauty goes on. And most women, if given a wish by some good genie, would choose beauty.

"That is all very well," you say. "A nice game for children to play. But there are no genies outside of Grimm and Andersen. I am not beautiful and wishing will not make me so. Don't be silly."

Wait. Listen.

I recently wrote a book which is to be transferred to the screen by M-G-M. The title is "Beauty" and the theme is beauty; women's beauty, and their relentless and restless quest for beauty. And just today I met with two gentlemen eminent in the arts in order to formulate some rules by which beauty may be recognized and regarded.

For now, Paramount is staging a beauty contest. It includes all the English speaking countries in its scope. From the contestants, the fifteen most beautiful young women and the fifteen handsomest young men will be chosen. When the thirty have been selected, they will go to Hollywood and receive motion picture contracts. Then, from these thirty, the loveliest girl and the handsomest man will be selected. They will be put under contract to Paramount and receive a money prize, besides. Then a picture will be made which will be called "In Search of Beauty."

But this is the important point:

The judges in this contest have decided that charm and poise, symmetry and grace, are to be rated just as high as classic perfection of feature.

I am glad of that. And most interested to see the outcome of this contest.

I think it will be a very unusual contest. A very sane one. And a great inspiration to girls and women everywhere. I will tell you why.

That it is different is obvious. Ordinarily, mere prettiness wins the beauty contests oftener than true beauty. It is sane because, after all, the movies do not demand actual, conventional beauty as much as they do charm, originality, distinction. And it is an inspiration to us all because it will show us the superior merits of charm, originality and distinction (which can be acquired and cultivated) over conventional beauty, which one must be born with.

LET us consider the stars. They number pretty girls and good looking men galore. How many of them are truly beautiful? I cannot think of one who is, in the classic sense, beautiful.

We *think* a certain star is beautiful. Or handsome. For various reasons. Perhaps because that star reminds you of someone you have loved or admired. At this moment, I am free to confess that Franchot Tone attracts me because he reminds me very much of the first youngster to whom I gave my seventeen-year-old affections.

In point of excellent features and charm as well, I should nominate Ramon Novarro, Robert Young and John Boles for a place of honor. Yet—consider Gary Cooper. His rangy, poker-face good looks conform to no classic pattern. And we call him "handsome."

Bruce Cabot has a regularity of feature which should earn him a place in this particular galaxy. But so, when I come to think of it, in his own very peculiar fashion, has George Raft, yet I doubt if anyone would call him really handsome. And two men who exert really great charm on the screen are by no means actually good looking. One is Lee Tracy and the other is Pat O'Brien.

Among female stars there's Garbo. Those who adore her believe her the most beautiful woman of our generation. Those who dislike her point out that her cheekbones are too high. That her mouth is too wide . . . her expression is too remote, it lacks warmth. Yet in some strange fashion she impersonates that intangible thing—beauty. Her so-called doubles and imitators haven't it—they never will have.

Other stars give "the illusion of beauty," too, in widely different ways. Mary Pickford—genuine sweetness, and a gentle strength. Marion Davies—warmth. Joan Crawford, with her expressive, mobile features, has great power to move us. Katharine Hepburn—modern, yet exotic, too. Helen Hayes. I do not believe that any one can judge any of these stars by accepted standards. They are not "beautiful" but they *are beauty.*

I tell you the man or woman who can come out on the stage or screen and wring your heart and stir your imagination has something more important than beauty. And more inspiring. For it makes (*Continued on page 79*)

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND

By WALTER RAMSEY



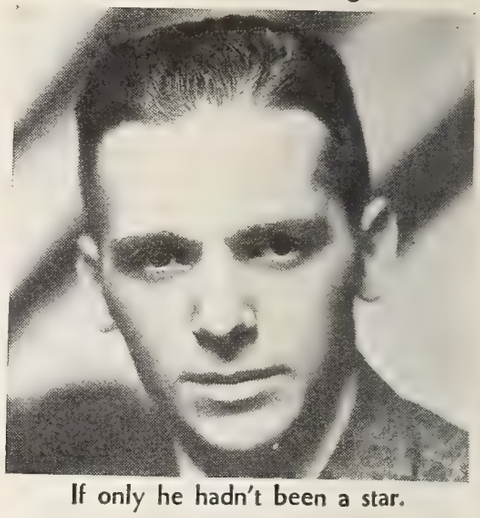
It wasn't his fault.



He couldn't see working.



It was too humiliating.



If only he hadn't been a star.

AFTER a very thorough check-up among husbands who have failed in Hollywood, I am no longer surprised that so many of their marriages end in the divorce court.

Actually, I am amazed that many of them last as long as they do. Nor do I mean to sound ungallant. From that very excellent source (the husbands themselves) it is learned that the lovely ladies of stardom are not to blame that their mates have been unable to click in that sub-glorified state: "Hollywood Husband." It is, apparently, not the fault of the stars . . . but of *stardom!*

Listen, all you red-blooded men out there:

How would *you* like to be the head of a household in which the servants never referred to your wife by any other than her maiden name?

How would *you* like to have $85,000.00 in Liberty Bonds in your own right . . . and then have someone sneer because you spend the afternoon playing polo while your star-wife is working?

How would *you* like to pick up a newspaper only to find that the reporters *insist* that your wife is STILL rumored to be in love with her former leading man?

Would it just tickle you pink to take your lovely "Little Woman" on a European honeymoon . . . only to have the manager of a Paris hotel present *her* with the bill?

Wouldn't it be just duckey to be in the frame of mind to do a little steppin' out—get theater tickets, arrange for a romantic table at the Coconut Grove and then, perfectly delighted with the surprise in tow, return home to find that Mrs. Star was already in bed after a hard day at the studio?

The aforementioned trials and tribulations are but a few of the stumbling blocks we encountered in that large, and rapidly enlarging, field of gentlemen who have found that it takes considerable more than *they* have to remain the husband of a star! Strangely enough, no two of the mates agree on just *what* it takes. Edward Hillman (just recently relieved of the embarrassment of being merely the husband of Marian Nixon) was not tripped by the same hurdle that sprawled Lydell Peck (formerly of Gaynor-and-Peck). Doug Jr.'s, Ralph Forbes' and Harry Bannister's plaints are all different. If at times, the findings appear slightly contradictory . . . don't blame us or the husbands. It's the business!

TO all outward appearances, Edward Hillman has the popular attributes that go to make up a movie-star husband. Most of us have been laboring under the idea that it takes a rich man to be successfully married to a star. Eddie most certainly qualifies there. His income, from a trust fund, amounts to that of a Hollywood star. He is young . . . social and sociable . . . and quite pleasant to look upon even when judged by Hollywood standards. But Eddie says that the money, in itself, is about as important to a successful Hollywood Husband as an extra hand or foot. He says that what it took in his case

Why is it so many men cannot find happiness married to a movie star?



She tried her best.



She wanted him to work.



In no way to blame.



If only she hadn't been a star.

The Hollywood husbands whose marriages have failed tell you here the reasons for their failure. Talking recently with Ben Lyon, who has the distinction of being one of the few successful Hollywood husbands, he told me what he thought about the requirements for happy marriage in Hollywood, the requirements for a successful husband.

He gave me two rules, rather reluctantly, because he felt that they were so simple that perhaps they were "too easy." But they are sound.

"Never argue at the same time."

Both he and Bebe, he said, like most humans, are capable of irritability. But if one of them comes home from the studio, perplexed by a thousand problems, annoyed by some unfortunate inconvenience, ready for an argument, the other one will under no circumstances join in that argument. It's a rule that they stick to relentlessly—and it works.

"Never do anything under any circumstances which might humiliate your partner."

Ben said: "I can depend on Bebe—and she on me. And now the rule includes never to do anything that at any time in the future would cause humiliation to our daughter."

Well, of course, it sounds easier than it is because neither rule is possible unless both parties are intelligent, controlled people, sincerely eager to work toward the common end: a permanent marriage.

—THE EDITOR.

were a couple of things he was minus: . . . plenty of grin-and-bear-it and (most of all) a *job!*

"Grin and bear it . . ." mused Eddie, "I'll never forget the funny feeling I had when, in Paris on our honeymoon, the clerk at the hotel made out our bill for two-weeks-stay and presented it to Marian! Believe me, it was the first time any such amazing experience had happened to me. At first I was furious. I wanted to tear up the bill and the clerk into little bits. But Marian was only amused. She pointed out that the poor fellow must have been led by previous experience to believe that this was the correct procedure with Movie Star and . . . husband. When my anger wore away I was humiliated and embarrassed. I put on such a scene that I honestly think Marian went out of her way after that to see that *I* got the bills."

EDDIE, clad in a lounging robe, was sitting in the large den of the home in Beverly Hills which he now occupies alone (after an arrangement to rent it from Marian for $10,000 a year). The hour was eleven A. M. but I don't think Eddie had been long awake. Late morning sleeping is one of those delightful privileges of a millionaire—but from Eddie's rueful remarks, I gathered that this little habit is not at all conducive to ideal Hollywood marital relations.

From the beginning of their married life, Marian had wanted Eddie to go to work. "Marian once said that it didn't make any difference if I started with a peanut stand . . . just so I *started*. But one thing was difficult for her to understand: the greatest incentive in the world for working is the remuneration received . . . that is, unless the work is of an artistic nature and done merely for the love of it. I'm not an artist. Nor do I know what the average peanut stand will bring in . . . but I don't think it is anything comparable to my present income. Therefore, robbed of the proper incentive, I kept putting off my advent into Big Business.

"This meant that I was at home a great many hours of the day that the regular husband spends in his office. I have heard," and here Eddie grinned, "that women do not like men around the house in the day time. Perhaps if Marian hadn't been an actress . . . had not been a salary earner . . . my leisure time might not have annoyed her so greatly. Marian was used to a world of people who are almost in a nervous breakdown of activity most of the time. Naturally, I can judge only by my brief experience as the husband of a movie star . . . but if I were to name any one requirement to that estate it would be: *the necessity of having a job.*"

But Lydell Peck, recently divorced by Janet Gaynor, had a job!

HE had been, before marrying petite Janet a well-known Coast lawyer. His social standing was impeccable. When his marriage brought him to Hollywood he stepped into an important (*Continued on page 93*)

Read what those men themselves have to say on this important subject

PICTURE

CONGRATULATIONS, BOB!



(Above) Robert Montgomery and John Meehan a few moments after Baby Elizabeth Montgomery was born. What, Bob, no cigars? (Below) When Rose Shattuck married Margaret Ettinger, Mary Pickford and Jetta Goudal were among the famous guests.

THEY'RE FRIENDS AGAIN



(Above) Alice White and Cy Bartlett just will have their little quarrels and—of course—their reconciliations. Just now they're together again. (Below) Ben Lyon entertaining Hedda Hopper. This was shot just before Ben and Bebe started on their European trip.

These pictures by J. B. Scott—

STARS AT BIG WEDDING



THIS ISN'T A ROMANCE



NEWS...!

TURNING TO OLD FLAME?



(Above) Winslow B. Felix, John Farrow, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lois Wilson and Gloria Swanson. Since Maureen and Jimmie Dunn busted up, Maureen has been going places with Farrow. (Below) Florence Rice and Phillips Holmes—did you hear rumors they're wed?

—Modern Screen's Exclusive Cameraman

SECRETLY MARRIED, MAYBE



ARE THEY THAT WAY?



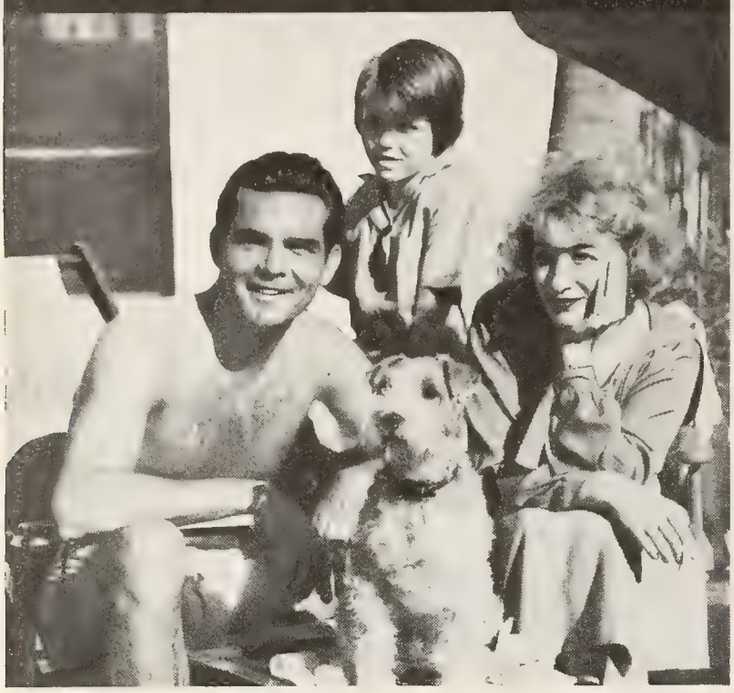
Glenda Farrell and Gene Raymond at the races. Hollywood believes that the two are sort of romancing, as it were. (Below) Silent stars get together for a little reunion. Gloria Swanson, Monte Blue and Eileen Percy. The town is welcoming Gloria back heartily.

SILENT STARS REMINISCE



MORE PICTURE NEWS!

THEY'RE TOGETHER AGAIN



(Above) Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen have patched up their matrimonial quarrels. That's Billie Burke's young Gloria with them. (Below) Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres at the Beverly Wilshire. Only girl Lew's noticed since his divorce.

BILL GARGAN AND MRS. G.



(Above) Meet Mrs. Gargan, Boulevarding with her husband, William. They were shopping for baby clothes. (Below) Claudette Colbert and her part-time —but much adored—husband, Norman Foster, at their Malibu Beach house. Look happy, don't they?

WHAT! GINGER AND LEW?



SUCH A HAPPY COUPLE!



Portraits



Here is a picture of Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat, whom you will see together in "Adorable." We'll tell you about Garat first, since he's a newcomer. He is a Frenchman, and he was imported especially for the above named picture. (Perhaps you saw him previously in "Congress Dances" with Lilian Harvey.) He is married—to a dancer. He is an expert ice-skater—quite famous on the Continent. His weakness is a beautiful black Chrysler, the body of which he designed himself. Now, as for Janet—she's very quiet these days. She has a home in Honolulu and plans to vacation there with her mother after doing "Paddy," which follows "Adorable." She and Garat are great friends.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

With "The Adopted Father" playing around now, George Arliss has just completed his last picture for Warners. This is "Voltaire," a story—written by Mr. Arliss himself—based upon the life of the famous historical wit. Incidentally, this picture is one of the most lavish that Mr. Arliss ever appeared in. He has already left for England and he may possibly retire permanently from pictures. This is not definite, however. His favorite exercise is walking.



Miriam Hopkins' next picture will be "Stranger's Return"— she is being loaned to M-G-M for this. Also in it will be Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore. After that, Miriam will spend a vacation on her peaceful apple farm in Connecticut which she adores. The Hopkins lass leads a quiet life, devoting all her spare time to Michael, her adopted child. Her favorite sports are tennis and she also has a fondness for the bicycle. She invariably travels by airplane.



Photograph by William Grimes

Robert Montgomery's latest is "When Ladies Meet," the important M-G-M production taken from the stage play by Rachel Crothers—the production, incidentally, for which Ann Harding was loaned to M-G-M by RKO. The Robert Montgomerys are rejoicing over the advent of Baby Elizabeth. Bob's favorite hobbies are polo and photography. He is also a fiend for good music and has a large collection of fine European records. He's very economical these days.



If you saw Lionel Barrymore's "Sweepings," you must have noticed this pretty dark girl, whose name is Helen Mack. "Sweepings" was really her first break, even though she's been in pictures for four months. RKO has high hopes for her now. You'll see her in "Melody Cruise" next. She's an all-round little person. Knows everyone on the lot from the carpenters up. She lives with her family. Trots around with William Janney occasionally.



Photograph by Freulich

Zasu Pitts recently finished "Out All Night." She is now at work on "Salt Water," in which she appears once again opposite Slim Summerville. Zasu made the amazing amount of thirty-eight pictures in the past twelve months. Eric Von Stroheim considers her the greatest tragedienne on the screen. The producers, however, seem to differ on Eric's opinion. Although the Pitts lass lives next to Garbo she has never seen the Swedish secret. She has two children.



Photograph by Bert Longworth

You wouldn't know this red-headed Irishman, James Cagney, off-screen. So quiet. Low voice, nice manners. No pugnacious didoes such as he cuts up on the screen. He is very devoted to his family. All the Cagneys pool their earnings. Jimmie plays the piano quite well and his favorite books are biographies. He and the missus are very much in love. There's never a scandalous rumor about a Cagney. His most recent picture is "The Mayor of Hell."

Why this RICHARD was accused of suicide





Immediately to the right is a close-up of the ring which caused Richard Cromwell's name to be listed on the hospital records as "an attempted suicide" a while ago.

By ALICE EDWARDS

FOR a moment Richard Cromwell's grave young face bent intently over the strange crested ring on his well-shaped hand. Then his gravity crinkled suddenly into his most engaging smile as he snapped it open and held it toward me.

"It happened when I was a student at Chouinard Art School. I was working terribly hard, not only on my painting, but every minute I was not studying and sketching I had to be earning something to keep me off the bread line.

"I was just crazy about a girl in my sketching class named Betty, the prettiest thing you ever saw. In India —during a round-the-world trip—she had bought a ring supposed to have been made for some old Maharajah or other, with a secret compartment containing a secret potion to deal instant death to any one on whom he wished to bestow it. I suppose it was usually handed to one of his unruly wives.

"Anyway, I thought the girl was so perfect and the ring so imposing that I borrowed it and had one made like it, with the same secret compartment. Only I thought mine should have a crest or a coat of arms, whatever you call it. I was just a kid and didn't know the difference. I drew a fancy one of my own, not having time to dig one up anywhere, and put a bar sinister across the face of it to make it more impressive and realistic.

"You never saw a prouder kid in your life. I showed it to every one I met when it came back from the jeweler's I always pointed out the bar as being something extra special in the design until some one called my attention to the fact that the bar sinister is put on a coat of arms only when it is worn by the illegitimate child of a king. Perhaps I wasn't quite so cocky after that!

I PERSUADED Betty to give me half the powder out of her ring and she told me I would have to stop opening and shutting the snap if I wanted to keep it in. It gave me a powerful feeling—as if I'd slipped back into the middle ages—that king's crest, and knowing that one little flip of that spring might bring instant death to any one it touched. Each time I thought of it, I'd finger the seal and think, 'Look what I could do if I wanted to.'

"It cheered me a lot when the boss at the fountain where I worked was cranky. I wondered if he'd boss me quite so hard if he knew I were a king's son. I fed it to him in my mind once or twice when he laid me out because his business was poor, or he'd had a bad breakfast, or a fight with his wife. I ate there, awful meals, gulped between errands for I was just a slavey around there. Cockroaches—dirt—. It was awful, but I was young—.

"After I'd gone back to school one day after lunch I had a sinking dizzy feeling, sudden blindness and terrible pains in my stomach. I was working on a painting for an exhibit. I wanted awfully to *(Continued on page 88)*



Why this RICHARD won't go up in an airplane

By ANGUS FARRELL



Immediately left is Leo Nomis, the stunt man with whom Richard Arlen —then Richard Van Mattimore—made his movie debut. Later Richard was there when Leo died—

THE company was excited with the sharp, suppressed excitement of impending death. It was always that way when Nomis was to do a stunt. Every time this greatest of his odd trade was to perform one of his astounding feats, everyone—from the lowliest prop boy to the star for whom Nomis perhaps was doubling—stood around trying to appear casual while a young man once more thumbed his broken nose defiantly at the gods.

His first name was Leo, and on this day, twelve years ago, one young fellow thought how appropriate that the Nomises should have labeled their son "The Lion." For Leo, garbed in a driver's outfit and seated behind the wheel of a racing car, was absolutely lion-like in the strong, poised manner in which he awaited the time for his hazardous stunt. He was, in fact, reading a book.

Our young man could like a guy like that—one who could sit quietly reading during the, perhaps, last few minutes he had in this life. It made him feel safer, settled the queasy sensation roiling the pit of his stomach. For our young man was to accompany the quiet Mr. Nomis on his, perhaps, death ride.

Not that the kid was scared. He'd been around. No one was making him get in that go-fast with the famed stunt man. He was doing so because, after kicking around a bit after leaving his home town of Minneapolis, he had drifted to Hollywood—and the movies. And this opportunity might be the golden one that would set him securely in the fascinating business of making pictures that move.

So young Dick Van Mattimore stood looking at Leo Nomis, thinking what the next few minutes might mean to him. If the stunt went awry—death. If it went well —perhaps other jobs with this great Paramount outfit. Perhaps to the point where he could show them that he wasn't just an athlete, but an actor as well—

Dick went over to the waiting Nomis. "Hi," he said. "I'm Van Mattimore—riding with you."

Nomis looked up from his book at the handsome youngster standing beside the car. Dick grinned that friendly grin which the world was to know well in the ten years that were to ensue. The stunt man smiled back and said: "Climb in, kid, and let's be about it."

Just before they skipped away from the front of a train that was going very, very fast—as the big thrill in this road race—Nomis said casually: "You've played games—this is a game. It's all a matter of timing, just like football. If you get the feeling, just before we get to the tracks, that we aren't going to make it—jump. I'll do the same."

"Right," said Dick, and respectfully.

Leo's luck held and they made it. They missed the train by the required number of inches, and death didn't ride that day. But Nomis fatalistically knew that the dark fellow was to be a pas- *(Continued on page 113)*

Oh, it's a great show that Warner Brothers has made! The huge cast includes Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Warren William, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, Aline MacMahon and Glenda Farrell. (Immediately right) Joan Blondell, snapped on the set, in her coin costume. (Further right) Warren William and Ginger Rogers in a bit of byplay. (Below) Dance instructor Busby Berkeley gives Leslie Howard and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.,—visiting on the set—a violin lesson of a sort.





BACKSTAGE WITH THE





GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933





(Above) This just shows you how big those sound stages are. That is one of the most spectacular scenes of the show. The girls' costumes are very effective—three swirling tiers of wired white material. (Left) Ruby Keeler, in a white wig, Dick Powell and instructor Berkeley, rehearsing. (Further left) Ruby, Dick and Joan in a cute scene. The tremendous success of "Forty-Second Street"—and the success of Ruby and Dick in it—has been responsible for "Golddiggers," you know.

BUCK JONES' RIDE

. . . His pre-movie and early movie days. The break that brought him fame and fortune. The venture that spelled disaster. And how he came out of it successfully

By WALTER RAMSEY





(Above) The Jones family—a picture taken several years ago of his daughter Maxine, Buck and Mrs. Buck. (Right) Buck's horse, Silver, is helping his master and mistress read their favorite fan magazine.

J. B. Scott

THE small boy's favorite actor, Buck Jones, was born Charles Gebhart, the youngest of a quite distressingly poor Indiana farming family. That poverty never meant sordidness nor dullness for young Buck, however. His early years were crammed with all the outdoor fun youngsters adore. Except for school, which he despised, and which he left after the fourth grade, to "hire out" to a neighboring farmer. One year there, then the family moved to Oklahoma, to struggle with 1350 homestead acres. Buck "hired out" again—this time to the great 101 Ranch, as an honest-to-goodness cowboy. He was about fifteen at the time—and it was then that he saw a dollar bill for the first time in his life! (His folks had always done business "in kind.") For the first time, too, he heard tell of city life. And caught the urge to "see for himself." So he journeyed to Indianapolis—to the race track and worked as a test driver for a year. When trouble broke out with the Indians in North Dakota, Buck joined the Army and helped settle the row. Then he went to the Philippines, to punish one of the fierce island tribes. Out of the service once more, he returned to 101 Ranch—which shortly put out a traveling show. A very excited Buck landed in New York, saw Madison Square Garden for the first time, and discovered with wonder that the place was big enough to run two other shows simultaneously with his own! He dropped in on one of the other shows. There was a girl riding a horse in a ring. Sissy stuff! But Buck allowed she was right pretty. Then the girl began to *really* ride. Buck's jaw dropped a foot, his heart turned over a couple of times, and he left the Garden head over heels in love with a blond circus performer named Odille Osborne.

THREE days later, he told her so. And she, too, it seems, had fallen a victim to love at first sight.

Buck married Odille Osborne in Lima, Ohio, a year later. The only reason for the delay was the fact that they were traveling with rival circuses. It was a year filled with long separations, while Dell (as Buck calls her) traveled with her circus, and Buck returned to the Miller Ranch after the 101 Circus had disbanded. (It was a Mr. Miller who owned the 101 Ranch.) But the place had lost a lot of its zest for Buck. His brief fling in New York, coupled with the fact that he was deeply in love for the first time in his life, made him restless with "the great open spaces." However, he worked and did manage to scrape together $350. With this magnificent stake toward domestic happiness, he wired Dell he was meeting her in Lima. They were married in the

THROUGH LIFE

office of a Justice of the Peace a certain balmy morning in June.

Dell had deserted her show and there was apparently no place for the newlyweds to go except back to the Miller Ranch. Dell adored the ranch life. They rode morning, noon and night over the boundaries of Miller's properties. They had no money to speak of, but they were absurdly happy. "A ranch is a grand place to begin married life," grinned Buck. "Maybe that is the reason Dell and I have managed to stay married so long, even in spite of Hollywood. We got off to the right start."

They might have remained in their particular paradise forever and settled down to a life of ranching of their own, if a phenomenon in the person of a certain Mr. Guy Schultz had not returned to the ranch from Chicago in a blaze of glory and affluence. Mr. Schultz had previously been a "cowhand" on the Miller ranch. After a brief six weeks' visit to Chicago he returned "a bloated millionaire" with a $2,000 bankroll to his credit, a diamond stick pin and, wonder of wonders, a *tuxedo!* Nor did Mr. Shultz take his triumphs calmly. He had, it seemed, been engaged in the lucrative business of "breaking in horses" for the French Government (then making purchases for the French Cavalry from the stockyards of Chicago) and it was Mr. Schultz's private opinion that any "cowhand" who didn't get up to Chicago and "cut in on the gravy" was a two-way combination of a sap and a boob.

This gave Buck an idea. Along with Dell and under the expert guidance of Mr. Schultz, he landed in Chicago to help himself to the "gravy."

MR. SCHULTZ had not over-estimated the racket. Riders who exhibited the horses to the French Government officials received as high as $50 per day and ofttimes $100. Naturally, only the most expert of riders were trusted for the job as it was necessary that the horse be mounted to the best advantage to show off his good points. Some of the horses were good . . . and some were merely old. When a rider could exhibit an "old"



J. B. Scott



(Left) The front of Buck's present home, just outside Hollywood. (Above) Looking scared to death of the camera. This was taken in his early picture days.



J. B. Scott

(Left) Outside the Jones stable. Mrs. Buck is on the left. And Maxine (quite a young lady now) on the right. (Below) Buck has played in one non-Western picture—"Child of Manhattan" with Nancy Carroll.



horse to look young . . . then is when he rated $100 at the end of the day.

"When I think of some of the old nags we managed to sell to the French Government," Buck roared with laughter when he recalled this adventure of his life, "it makes me think that we are just about even with them . . . even if they didn't pay their war debt interest. I remember one old Dobbin they bought, which I rode, who could hardly get around the exhibition ring. But they purchased her at a very fancy price. The minute we unsaddled her she dropped dead of old age! That was just too bad for the French Government. She had been purchased . . . and she was their property!"

By the time the French Government had completed their cavalry purchases, Buck and Dell had a bank account sufficient to finance their newest idea—which was a riding exhibition circus of their own in which they would be the star performers. They invested a part of their capital in two very splendid "show horses" and one pack horse and started out over the country. Dell was a splendid trick rider and Buck was far famed for his roping.

Their life became one tank town after the other through the Dakotas and Montana. They would get a newspaper and see where there was going to be a County Fair . . . and then immediately hit for it. Their show consisted of exhibiting their own proud horses and then taking "dares" on any local bucking animal that the farmers could bring out. The money was collected by passing the hat . . . and the farmers were willing to pay quite generously for any rider that could remain on the back of their own particular spitfire. Once Buck was seriously hurt. Never had he encountered such an animal as came into his experience in a certain little town in Montana. Neither man nor devil could have ridden him. The neighboring farmers had promised him $300 if he could stay on the animal for five minutes. Buck was going great and getting plenty of applause when his wildcat suddenly collided with another horse in the ring and threw Buck between them. He was unconscious for several hours . . . but so pleased were the sportsmen at Buck's exhibition before the accident took place that they insisted he take the reward money.

So successful had their summer been that Buck and Dell planned to repeat the experience the following year. But a telegram from the Ringling Brothers Circus offering Buck a job with the Big Time was too tremendous to turn down. The following Spring found them headed in the direction of Santa Barbara on the West Coast with the Big Show.

BUT Fate, and the expected advent of an heir in the family decreed that their circus experience should be very brief. Because it was no longer possible for his wife to travel, Buck left the Big Top in Los Angeles. They rented a small apartment on Lakeshore for $12.00 per month, intending to stay there only until the heir was born. But both Buck and Dell reckoned without the leading industry of Los Angeles . . . the movies!

Most of the important climaxes of Buck's life have occurred because he "happened to meet a fellow he knew on the street." The start of his career in the movies was no exception to this rule. The street, in this case, was Sunset Boulevard, and the "fellow he happened to run into" was a gentleman by the name of Shorty . . . a former pal from the circus. Shorty said he was working out at Universal Studio, and invited Buck to come out with him the next day and "see how movies are made."

When Buck arrived at the Universal Studio his utter contempt for Shorty's new found profession knew no limit! Shorty, it seemed, was taking the part of a "sheepherder" in a film, and sheepherders are to cowboys just exactly what the dust is to the chariot wheel . . . only less. Buck grieved that Shorty should have sunk so low in the human scale. When the director of the picture, a man named Henry McCreary, asked Buck if he, too, would care to interpret the role of a sheepherder in the name of Art, Buck was so insulted he strode off the set without answering. Shorty ran after him. "Don't be a fool," he yapped at Buck's stamping boots. "They pay you five dollars a day for this work. After all, it's only play acting. You don't have to really 'tend the sheep. Lots of artists out here do things they wouldn't think of doing in real life. It's acting," screamed Shorty.

There was only one part of Shorty's argument that impressed Buck. That was the reference to the five beautiful dollars paid daily to men who would debase their calling by even pretending to 'tend sheep. He figured that such a disgraceful job was worth not a cent less. He needed money—needed it for Dell and the little girl who arrived a month after Buck made his debut in the movies—as a sheepherder.

For several months, under (*Continued on page 99*)

WHATEVER BECAME OF ANITA STEWART?

By KATHERINE ALBERT



. . . Remember her? As famous in her day as Greta Garbo is today. She is one of the few ex-stars who isn't yearning to come back. There's a reason for that

WHEN I first started to write this series about the former favorites the editor of MODERN SCREEN said to me, "Where are you going to find all these people? They must be scattered all over the face of the world."

"I don't believe it," I said. "I'll wager that ninety percent of them are right in Hollywood, hoping and praying that they'll get back in pictures."

So far this has proven true. But in the case of Anita Stewart it's half right and half wrong. She's in Hollywood, but she's not hoping and praying that she'll get back in pictures. For Anita is doing fine, and—what's more—she's happy.

Most of them aren't. Most of them are sad and broke and gallantly pitiful as they tell their friends that they're going in a big picture "a week from Wednesday."

With Anita it's different.

True, she has had her heartaches but they're not the heartaches of a lost career—not now. Remember when Anita was the brightest star in the Louis B. Mayer sky? Remember when her salary was $7,000 a week, at that time an unheard of sum? Remember her brilliant marriage to Rudy Cameron? And then the inevitable divorce? Then, suddenly, you stopped seeing Anita Stewart pictures and Louis B. Mayer, her producer, was concerned with the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer merger and devoting his time to the building up of new stars.

What happened was the inevitable. Anita had served her usefulness on the screen. Her course was run. She had lasted longer than most and public interest waned. It's the same story. It happens every day in Hollywood.

But this waning in public interest, this persistent knowledge that perhaps the career game is up, devastates most stars. It did not devastate Anita because something more important and more heartbreaking than failing popularity came to occupy all her thought and take all her energy.

Her brother, whom she loves with a beautiful and tender devotion, became seriously ill. The state of his health took all of Anita's time and attention. For awhile she tried to nurse him herself and then she saw that he needed expert care as much as he needed her sisterly devotion. She sent him to the best sanatarium that money could secure but she could not bear to send him too far away. He was—and is—close enough for her to visit him and cheer his days.

He has been ill for years. He still is, but never once during those years has Anita's devotion and loyalty waned. And, knowing how much of her heart is with him, the first question her friends ask her is, "And how is your brother?" And Anita's answer is always the same, "His health is not improved—but he, he is so cheerful and bright and so really wonderful."

So that was the cross Anita had to bear and that is why, with this to occupy her, her picture career was a small and puny worry. It is a tragic thing that her brother must be ill and yet that was the very thing that kept Anita from brooding over her career and becoming as pitiful as other stars, contemporaries of hers, who are no longer popular.

FOR, with the exception of the grief she feels over her brother, she is as happy as any prosperous youngish matron in any town in the world. Several years ago she married George Converse, a tall blond man with a powerful physique as well as charm and distinction of manner. His family are wealthy and cultured people and Converse, in his own right, is well-to-do. Their wedding was a simple and charming ceremony (*Continued on page 90*)



WHERE'S JEANETTE?

She's in Europe, that's where. On a concert tour. But she'll be back—to do "The Cat and the Fiddle" and "The Merry Widow" on a new M-G-M contract. Above, you see her driving through an admiring crowd in Amsterdam.







(Left) Arriving in Amsterdam with fiancé Bob Richie. Some say they're married. (Further left) More crowd—the Hollanders were delighted to see this singing lady. (Above) "Look this way, please, Miss MacDonald." That's Bob again.

GLAMOR HOLLYWOOD'S AND YOURS



DIRECTED BY MISS MARGERY WELLS, THESE DEPARTMENTS—WHICH MAKE UP "A MAGAZINE WITHIN A MAGAZINE"—BRING YOU EACH MONTH THE NEWEST AND SMARTEST INFORMATION ABOUT FASHION, BEAUTY AND THE HOME

Hats and gloves have formed an alliance. They match each other—in fabric and in style. Here, little Mary Carlisle has on a beret of crocheted silk and her gloves are of crocheted silk, too.

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

TRUST Joan Crawford to do the very new, the very exciting thing. Now it's her hair. She's given it a brand new twist. She's taken those shining locks she used to bring forward over her forehead slightly in a suggestion of a dip, and braided them, my dears! A sprightly schoolgirl braid. It goes down the side of her head, right through a wave, and is fluffed out at the ends. The perkiest arrangement you ever saw—especially suited to these tantalizing top-o'-the-head hats!

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● And have you heard about the Crawford coq feathers? Joan came into the Beverly-Wilshire the other evening with a shoulder cape and muff made of them and even the tops of her gloves were of the feathers. It was a dazzling ensemble. Franchot Tone, her escort, certainly thought so. . . .

The very next evening I saw her with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. (Why, certainly! Didn't you believe them when they said they intended to remain friends?) And he couldn't take his eyes off her! No wonder. She wore a white chiffon dress with a black printed design—a dress that was long and slinky through the middle and that burst out into huge ruffles over the shoulders and numerous ones at the bottom. *And every other ruffle was red.* Joan's gloves were of the chiffon, the same material as the dress.

● The latest word from the Hollywood fashion front: gloves of exactly the same fabric as the hat—or the costume. Clever? Extremely! Who should saunter into Sardi's for lunch the other day but Carole Lombard in her newest suit—one she designed herself—and you couldn't be sure where her sleeves ended and her gloves began. The coat is delightfully different. It's a typical Prince Albert; nipped in at the waist and swirling around the knees. If you're up on your Lombard history you'll know it's gray. A light pearl gray—that's the shade she simply dotes on. The skirt is straight as the proverbial bean-stalk and the hat is an amusing chechia shape in straw of a darker gray. Perfect with Carole's blond hair and gray eyes.

(Continued on page 85)



+GLAMOR+

Frilly SUMMER STYLES

FOR THE HOT DAYS, PUT AWAY TAILORED THINGS AND GO FEMININE AND ROMANTIC IN SUCH ATTIRE AS YOU SEE HERE

On the left, Patricia Ellis is wearing an adorable frock of white organdie, with three graduated tucks at the flaring skirt, a wide belt of the organdie, and a flattering bow at the neckline. Now, on the opposite page—four perfect ducks of hats. (Top, left) Irene Ware, Fox player, has a wide white organdie hat, plain except for its simple bands of stitching. (Top, right) Irene also dotes on this flower hat of white violets. Flower hats are very smart. (Bottom, left) A perfect hat for summer daytime is Elizabeth Allan's. It's white panama with a navy band. (Bottom, right) Back come the flower garlands, as shown on Mary Carlisle's wide, shallow-crowned straw hat with its stiffened horsehair brim.









(Immediately right) Lillian Bond wears pajamas with a flair. Her green and white striped ones are backless and she wears a little bright green linen coat when she needs protection from the sun. Pajamas are good beach style for those with trim figures. They never grow tiresome. (Below) Irene Dunne knows her knitted style and has chosen a white corded bouclé suit this time. It is set off by contrasting bands of red in the cuffs and scarf and it is the sort of outfit that can be worn for sports or street all summer long.





(Above, right) Wynne Gibson shows us the shirtwaist frock in all of its best simplicity. Some girls are wearing nothing but this type of thing this summer. They should be made in pastel shades of silk, cotton or linen, with contrasting scarf necktie, either printed or plain. Wynne's shirtwaist dress is maize washable silk, with a brown-dotted maize silk tie and a wide brown suede belt.

THREE KINDS OF NECESSITIES FOR HAVING SUMMER FUN



790

2894

2634

2634—Patricia Ellis has modeled this frock and we have had a pattern of it made for you. Just the thing for really hot days in town. The cape can be buttoned to the dress or left to swing free. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.

2894—So easy to make! And it will cost next to nothing. White crêpe silk, cotton piqué, voile prints or linens are splendid. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17.

790—Isn't it smart? New square neckline and youthful bow-tied shoulders. Nice in any fairly firm cotton, linen weave or washing silk. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.

PATTERNS



IMPORTANT NOTICE

• Many of you have written for "our pattern book." Up to the present, there has been no MODERN SCREEN Pattern Book. But now there is (in response to your many requests)—and it's ready now and waiting for you. So, in addition to the star's pattern and the others we give you on this page each month, you may obtain a complete style book, too. Write to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Book, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Just send ten cents in stamps or coin—fifteen cents (coin only) if you live outside of the United States.

• Now, for the back views of these patterns and for instructions as to ordering them—please turn to page 110.

COOL AND CRISP AND CHIC ARE THESE FOUR FROCKS





BEAUTY ADVICE

By Mary Biddle

Above are two pictures of Ann Harding—the rather amazing one on the right was taken when she was starting her stage career. How much lovelier she looks today! (Below, on this and the opposite page) Ruth Chatterton, several years ago and today. See how her present off-the-face coiffure makes her large eyes even larger. (Above, opposite page) An old and new photo of Marian Nixon. Which coiffure is smarter?

THE merest glance at the pictures on these pages is enough to illustrate how much we have improved in recent years in our ideas of what is smart and what isn't in the way of hairdresses. Each one of these actresses looks younger today than she did when those older photos were taken. I think we have all learned the value of simplicity. Not only that—but many of us have advanced a great deal in our knowledge of hair health. We still have a long way to go, however, and that's why I'm writing this article.

I want you *all* to know how to take care of your own hair. Even if you can afford to have your shampooing and waving done at a good beauty shop, there are certain things that no beauty operator, no matter how expert, can do. She cannot give your hair the daily, careful attention that it needs, for one thing. And she can't understand your own hair problems and hair characteristics as you can if you'll take the trouble. I want to tell you a few things about the various types of hair this month—and how to deal with them.

Many girls don't even know what kind of hair they have. They try to make it do things that it just won't. They want their hair to look like their best girl friend's, when the girl friend may have fine, oily hair, and their own may be coarse and dry. There are certain kinds of



Globe Photo

IS YOUR HAIR UNMANAGEABLE, IN POOR HEALTH, UNATTRACTIVE?



Globe Photo



—Is your hair right . . . ?

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.



hair which simply *won't* take a fingerwave. There are types on which the most artistic, expensive marcel is wasted. There are types—but let's stop generalizing.

Grab hold of a good sized wad of your own hair and squeeze it firmly. Then let go slightly. Does the hair resist your hand? Does it seem to want to spring back? Or does it meekly submit to the squeezing? The first type, if it is quite straight and fairly abundant, will *not* take a fingerwave. It will take a waterwave beautifully. It should not be marcelled. You see, there is decided *hidden* tendency to curl in this type of hair. But the hair is too strong for a fingerwave. The second type of hair is sometimes suited to fingerwaving. It probably has no natural curl whatever and none can be developed. It can be marcelled beautifully.

I HAVE just been walking around this office, pulling single hairs out of all the girls' heads. No, I haven't suddenly gone mad. I've just been trying to compare different types of fineness and coarseness in hair. I've found out some very interesting things. And I'll tell you about them.

One girl here has coarse, straight black hair. Usually, since the style is becoming to her, she wears it parted in the middle, smoothly brushed. *(Continued on page 112)*

DO YOU KNOW WHY? WELL, LEARN THE REMEDIES FROM THIS ARTICLE

OBJECT LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS





By Her Highness Princess Laure Murat

THE last time Claudette Colbert was in New York she asked me to tea. I'm delighted she did. I like to remember that late afternoon. Claudette has a graciousness and a sense of social responsibility encountered far too seldom in this hurried, selfish age.

And to my way of thinking graciousness and a sense of social responsibility are two of the most important things anyone can possess. They're the epitome of good manners.

What do I mean by social responsibility? Let me show you.

I arrived at Claudette's hotel suite to find her resting on a sofa that was drawn close to the fire. She was wearing tailored white flannel pajamas. She looked very chic. There were flowers everywhere.

"I'm apologizing," she said, extending her hand, "for not getting up. Doctor's orders. He insists I save all my energy for tomorrow when I leave for California. I'm so sorry. I thought surely I could be up today!"

"You should have telephoned us not to come," I protested.

"But I wanted you," she assured me warmly, "if you don't mind. . . . And when the doctor left less than an hour ago, really—it was too late to warn anyone."

An intimate friend presided over the tea-table.

"You see," Claudette joked, "I really planned this so I wouldn't have to pour, so I could lie back and have a beautiful time."

Tea was passed. There were paper thin strips of bread and butter. There was toast that was *hot* and jam and marmalade. There was cream, lemon or orange slices, cloves or cherries for the tea. There were bowls of several popular brands of cigarettes. It was a pleasant party. *Not at all because of the cost.* Entirely because of the thought and consideration of varying tastes that had gone into its planning.

Claudette, by eager questions, started different guests talking about the things in which she knew them to be interested. I don't mean she forced enthusiasm upon us or that she jumped from one subject to another like a Jack-In-The-Box. I do mean, however, that she never monopolized the conversation herself but launched colorful, timely topics to turn them over to others. And that she did this adroitly.

Claudette, you see, is a wise enough young woman to know that people are likely to have the best time when they're doing the talking.

WE all stayed a considerable time. Which means, of course, that although Claudette received us from a sofa rather than telephone us not to come at the eleventh hour, that she did not allow us to feel we were taxing her strength by being there.

Looking back on that tea-party I'm sure it was when someone asked Claudette if she felt weary now that she was out of bed and dressed that she managed to reassure us on this score. She smiled, I remember, and shook her head.

"Not in the least," she said convincingly. "In fact I should have died if you all hadn't come. I was so bored and restless. My doctor's (*Continued on page 101*)

LEARN THE TRUE MEANING OF SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY FROM CLAUDETTE COLBERT

NO WASHDAY PROBLEM HERE!—by D'ALTON VALENTINE











"Rinso for whiter clothes—*safely*,"

say makers of these 40 famous washers

A B C	Cinderella	Haag	"1900"	Sunnysuds
American Beauty	Conlon	Horton	One Minute	Thor
Apex	Decker	Laundryette	Prima	Universal
Automatic	Dexter	Laundry Queen	Princess	Voss
Barton	Fairday	Magnetic	Rotarex	Westinghouse
Bee-Vac	Faultless	Meadows	Roto-Verso	Whirldry
Blackstone	Fedelco	Mengel	Savage	Woodrow
Boss	Gainaday	National	Speed Queen	Zenith

And for tub-washing—like magic!

Throw out your washboard. Say goodbye to scrubbing. Rinso's lively suds *soak* out dirt—clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Think how much money that saves!

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Rich, creamy suds—marvelous for dishes, too. Ask your grocer for Rinso—try it next washday.

Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America



(Left) "A strawberry pie to please the eye"—and the palate, too, when it's made as the Modern Hostess tells you. (Right) The irrepressible Lee Tracy likes blackberry shortcake best. Made the old-fashioned way with a biscuit dough.



Royal Baking Powder

THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

THE last hand of the rubber had been played, the scores added up and the three girls with whom we had been playing bridge were busy powdering, and applying lipstick, preparatory to going home.

"Oh, please don't go!" we implored. "The man of the house isn't coming home for dinner and I'm going to be alone."

"Come on home to dinner with me," said one of the girls, "That is, if you can get filled up on strawberry shortcake and coffee. My husband's idea of heaven is all the strawberry shortcake he can eat, and he asked me this morning not to have anything else for dinner! So that's all there's going to be for our dinner tonight."

And that's all there was, too. We know, because we did go home with her and watched her husband put away twice as much shortcake as we did, though we did extremely well. And a man more delighted with his dinner we have never, never seen!

Now, don't go getting the idea we are recommending that you try this stunt on *your* husband—we mention it merely as an example of how much a man can like strawberry shortcake. Perhaps your particular men folks like other berry desserts better; Lee Tracy, for instance, prefers blackberry shortcake, made with good old-fashioned biscuit dough.

And while the blackberry shortcake you see Lee about to attack in the picture is an individual model, ornately embellished with whipped cream applied by the hand of a cook with an artistic temperament, Lee declared that in his opinion the ideal shortcake comes to the table in one big cake, swooning under great quantities of crushed berries, to be cut at the table into pie-shaped wedges. He thinks, too, that the whipped cream should be passed and each person allowed to help himself.

SOME people are against adding whipped cream to an already perfect shortcake," said Lee, "and I think people should be allowed to exercise their own judgment in such weighty matters—let 'em have the freedom of the cream, if they want it!"

"Okay, Lee," we agreed, for we believe that people shouldn't be made to eat whipped cream on their shortcake any more than they are made to drink cream in their coffee. We are giving you a recipe in this month's folder for the kind of blackberry shortcake which Lee insists is the final word in shortcake excellence and we have a hunch that lots of people will prefer it without cream. Incidentally, while this recipe is for Lee's pet blackberry shortcake, we have on various occasions substituted raspberries, strawberries and sweetened fresh peaches and found it equally superb. And do the men like it? Well don't ask us, or Lee; just *try* it.

Next to blackberry shortcake Lee likes fresh strawberry pie. "None of your two-faced pies, either," stipulated Lee. "I want the nice open-faced kind that isn't ashamed to show the world what it's made of. The best strawberry pie I ever tasted," he went on with feeling, "had whole berries covered with a sort of shiny red something-or-other! You know what I mean?" he suggested hopefully.

Sure, we knew what he meant. He meant a strawberry tart, grown up to pie size, with the whole strawberries piled (*Continued on page 94*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for July, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

DELICIOUS DESSERTS—INCLUDING LEE TRACY'S FAVORITE SHORTCAKE

Reviews

(*Continued from page 8*)

speed . . . slam-bang action . . . sex . . . plenty of laughs—we advise you to see this little opus by all means. Ben Lyon (reporter) starts out to cover a story about a woman bathing nude and the cash customers are treated to a few long shots of Claudette Colbert's torso! With that as a starter, we rapidly find how a reporter covers the waterfront . . . how Ernest Torrence smuggles in Chinese immigrants inside shark skins . . . and how tough a racket that is. Pile all these swell entertainment features on top of each other and you have a great little picture.

BONDAGE (Fox)

You're in for a surprise here. The cast sheet may not lure you, but the fine story plus Dorothy Jordan's swell performance makes this one worth seeing. As mistreated Judy Peters, she'll wring sympathy and tears from the most hard-hearted audience.

A very well directed and terrifically human story. See it, but leave the children at home.

LUCKY DOG (Universal)

Can you imagine Chic Sale minus his beard and specs? He appears "as is" in this flicker and you'll be surprised to see how young and nice looking he is.

This little heart-tugging drama deals with the strong friendship of a man and his dog. Chic does some good acting and Buster and his other dogs deserve the choicest bones in town for their swell performances.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warner)

William Powell steps out with a first-rate performance in this yarn that has a good idea behind it but somehow gets all hashed up. The fault lies with poor direction, poor production and bad cutting. The story concerns a chap (Powell) in the diplomatic service who gets arrested in France, who escapes and lands safely in America. He gets a job with a dwindling detective agency and upon the mere mention of a high-powered gambler, shifts to ultra-elaborate surroundings. (This is one of the jumps in the story that is unaccounted for.) His partner turns crook and joins forces with the gambler to frame a society girl who was a bit too lucky at the gambling table. But Powell, after meeting the gal and falling in love, out-smarts them at their game.

I LOVE THAT MAN (Paramount)

The title of this expresses Nancy Carroll's sentiment for her man, who in this case is fast-talking, devil-may-care Eddie Lowe. He breezes through this opus double-crossing his pals, gambling away his dough and doing all them thar things that's not respectable until Nancy finally gets him into a game that is respectable—that of sell-

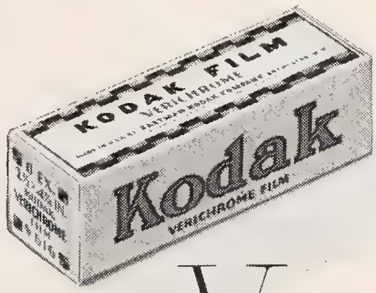
(*Continued on page 79*)

"We're Engaged"



What a world of pleasant talk can start from a snapshot! That's one of the reasons why you're in such a hurry to get the prints . . . "Oh, isn't *this* good!" "He called me up again last night." "Do you remember when we took this?"

Snapshot possibilities are immensely greater now because of a new kind of film. With Kodak VERICHROME Film you don't need to have bright light. Dull or sunny—even in shade—go right ahead. No more squinting, no more posing. Snap when people are relaxed and natural—you'll get the finest pictures you've ever made. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

● Verichrome is *the double-coated film.* Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

BETWEEN YOU and ME

"This space specially reserved"—for readers who have something to say about talkie topics. If you haven't written yet—well it's about time!

Dear Friends:

Look what Warner Brothers started! In "Forty-second Street" that company proved how intelligently a musical can be produced. A fine cast, a compelling story, grand songs and dance numbers—and you proved by your rush to the theatres that you loved it.

Now here comes the parade: "Golddiggers of 1933," "The Hollywood Revue of 1933," "Adorable," "My Lips Betray," "International House," "Melody Cruise," "Bitter Sweet," "Cocktail Hour." And others.

As you see them, let me know which you liked best and whether you want more musicals. The producers are counting on you to express your preference. So write me.

And a word about Ruby Keeler, who did so nice a job in "Forty-second Street" and "Golddiggers of 1933." Fans all over the country are rooting for her. So next month you'll find her on the cover of MODERN SCREEN.

The Editor

Please address all letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Here's a new thought: can you have too much of a good actor?

C. S. W. of Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

I sympathize with Conway Tearle in his hard experience with the movies as recently related in your magazine. But I also remember vividly the period to which he refers, when he was in great demand for leading parts. It was very nice for Conway Tearle, but not so nice for people who went to the movies expecting now and then to see a different face when "our hero" walked on the screen. It was always Tearle when it was not Milton Sills. Mr. Tearle is a fine actor but if there is one thing likely to ruin any player it is to see too much of him. I for one couldn't bear to see my greatest favorites, male or female, every week in the year.

Don't you think this letter contains a good suggestion?

S. S. of Atlantic City, N. J., has a right to be annoyed:

Something ought to be done about it—the kids, I mean. I went to see "Strange Interlude" one Saturday. The theatre was packed with kids. Every time the word "baby" was mentioned in the picture, they roared; every time the "thoughts" were spoken aloud, they howled with glee. They thought it was so funny. They had a grand time. I was miserable. After fifteen minutes or so, I left. Couldn't the management have held over the picture until the following Monday and given the kids, that Saturday afternoon, a picture capable of filtering through their juvenile minds?

Here are some boosts, for a change. And very good ones, too

EILEEN MARKE of Chicago, Ill., praises four players:

To Clark Gable goes a swell bouquet for his vigorous sincerity which he gives to every role he portrays. Whatever would the box office do without him?

Next, to Jean Harlow, for proving to my own skeptical self that she is a marvelous actress. I'm for her now and believe she's about the loveliest person on the screen.

Next, one goes to Helen Hayes for the sympathetic innocence she gave to "The White Sister." (*Answering your request, we had Clark and Helen in our Honor Gallery in the June issue, Eileen. Did you see it?*)

And last, to Mae Clarke for her human acting. I sincerely hope she appears with Gable and Beery in "Soviet" as you stated. (*Plans for "Soviet" are somewhat indefinite.*)

Another boost (it's not a habit yet) for a consistently good player

JOHN G. WHIDDING of New York City, asks:

How about Neil Hamilton?

In more than ten years of screen work, he's never given a rotten show. With his life as private as that of any Hollywood goldfish, there's not been a word of scandal even remotely connected with him.

And as for your editorial remark about Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell—so they are wonderful. Why? Because they're young enough to be able to proceed slowly and wisely, giving honest interpretations of regular boys. Neither tries to be an overnight sensation and therefore both will continue to be successful for more than the usual day of movie greatness.

How about it—do you object to too much censoring as this reader does?

A FAN of Pennyan, N. Y., complains:

What can be done about local exhibitors who refuse to show a picture as it is filmed? I had the pleasure of seeing the "remains" of "No Man of Her Own" and "42nd Street." Just enough to tantalize me with the idea that I had paid to see two really good films and had really seen about two-thirds of each. My husband insisted that "42nd Street" hadn't any sense at all. So it hadn't, as we saw it, but I knew from reviews I'd read that we hadn't seen enough to get the sense of the whole. That is giving the black eye to many films that might be popular in small towns.

More inconsistency-noting. What mistakes have you observed?

C. L. (no address) writes, in reference to "Rasputin and the Empress":

The Russian Imperial Family and their subjects were very careless in the way they executed the sign of the cross. Sad to say, they made it backwards. And since the Russian family were Greek Catholics, they erred again. After the sign of the cross is completed, the back of the left hand should be touched by the fingers of the right hand.

In "The White Sister," a scene was shown wherein Helen Hayes was talking to Clark Gable in the convent garden. The garden was in full bloom and Miss Hayes was attired in her nun's habit and wore no cloak. Yet Clark Gable was dressed in his heavy flying jacket with a thick scarf tied about his neck. Don't you think he must have been a trifle warm?

A plea for "romantic realism." Or more true-to-life pictures

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITIC of Toronto, Canada, sends this interesting letter:

The talkie fan wants to find in his entertainment a change from the

(*Continued on page 86*)

Reviews

(*Continued from page 77*)

ing glass caskets. The business is thriving, money is flowing in and Eddie is walking the straight and narrow, when his partner turns double-crosser and walks off with the do-ray. A snappy, fast-moving story with lots of good twists and entertainment value. Eddie gives a swell performance and Nancy Carroll does well in a rôle that is secondary.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY
(Columbia)

This starts out with Jack Holt taking a spoiled society deb across his knee and spanking her. After this comes love and marriage. From the gay night-life of Paris, Jack takes his young bride to the jungles and settles down to some steady engineering . . . and less love-making. Enter the villain, Arthur Vinton, who almost succeeds in wrecking Holt's business and seducing his bride, but she comes to in time to save the situation. A few thrills for the kids in the last couple of reels.

Beauty Search

(*Continued from page 45*)

the least lovely of us think, "She is really not beautiful. Yet she appears so because she is charming—or expressive—or graceful."

That is perhaps what beauty was meant to be. It isn't a thing you can measure with a rule. It isn't even charm or glamor alone—though these may enter in. It is as if these treasurable and unique persons were mere shells of flesh and bone through which the spirit of beauty shines and is made manifest.

A woman who has had her face lifted half a dozen times, who presents flawless features and a perfect contour to the world has preserved the letter of physical beauty and thrown away the spirit. She has perfected the flesh and lost the soul.

Beauty is, after all, in the eye of the beholder. Those things are beautiful to us which move us, which touch us closely. Whether perfect beauty exists or not, I do not know. But the search for it has endured since the world began and will endure through our civilization and those which may come after.

As part of this search, we have our beauty contests. And it is encouraging to know that instead of an undistinguished parade of pretty figures in bathing suits, this Paramount contest will demand a truer, but less conventional beauty from its prize winners. Standardized good looks have dropped in value. Conventional beauty is rated below charm and poise and grace.



If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

Quick! There's no time to lose if you're going to rival the babies in this matter of skin loveliness. Start right now to smooth up your skin—avoid drying soaps—just the way a baby does. Use pure gentle Ivory Soap.

Did you ever hear a doctor or nurse advise any fancy-smelling, colored soaps for a baby? Of course not. Only white odorless Ivory is safe enough for babies' delicate peach-bloom complexions.

So take a tip from the youngest generation . . . *It's smart to be a baby about your soap!*

Your skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as a baby's. So give your face pure Ivory cleansings to keep it young and smooth. And take your Ivory bath tonight. Cover yourself all over with Ivory's creamy foam—splash, rinse—no taut "dried-out" feeling after an Ivory bath.

Be honest, now. Have you ever seen your skin so shining clean . . . so baby-smooth? That's what Ivory cleansings do to the sleepiest grown-up skins. Be grateful, too, that an Ivory bath is an odorless bath. No soap smell lingers to cover up the fragrance of *his* favorite scent.

And be mum when *he* murmurs that you're growing lovelier every day. It's *your* secret that your Ivory beauty treatments cost only a few cents at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure • It floats

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

MORE NEWS AND CHIT-CHAT ABOUT THE FILM CITY FOLKS

FROM LONDON TOWN

WHEN Boris Karloff was in London he made a picture called "The Ghoul" for Gaumont-British. While on the job who should visit the studio but the Prince of Wales. They met suddenly, face to face, in a corridor. You should have seen Karloff tremble!

Charles Laughton has been seen wandering around the grounds of Hampton Court Palace dressed as Henry the Eighth. But it's all for a picture he's been making. Does startle the natives, though.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn were entertained by the smart London crowd. They seem to know everybody.

ROLAND YOUNG had the darndest time trying to entertain a young four-year-old guest the other afternoon while her mother chatted with Mrs. Young. He stood on his head, wiggled his ears and even brayed like a donkey, but the young lady did nothing but look bored. Finally, in despair, Roland picked up a pencil and drew a picture of a cow. It was a beautiful looking cow . . . but when he started to color it a high green, a very unflattering giggle greeted him. "That's not right," his guest informed him. "I saw a cow once and it was brown." Obediently, and somewhat squelched, Roland began to change the color, when the child interrupted: "Oh, well, never mind. Maybe this cow isn't *ripe* yet!"

AS soon as Connie Bennett finishes her picture, "Bed of Roses," she's going to Honolulu for a short vacation. Connie says she never seems to get "caught up" on her rest. She'll be going alone this time as Hank is bound for the East Indies where he'll make a picture with a native cast, all in Technicolor. He is backed by Bennett Productions, Ltd., which is said to be exclusively Connie herself.

Mickey Mouse is about to make his debut as a feature star. Through his two-reel cartoon comedies, Mickey has rated the largest number of fan letters of any actress or actor in Hollywood, and now that he's a star, the Post Office Department is really worried. Mickey is going to co-star with Jimmy Durante . . . and is Schnozzle chagrined! He's wondering how he can explain to his wife how a mouse stole his stuff. . . .

GLORIA SWANSON says never again is she going any place without taking her kiddies with her. She confided to a friend that she's *so* lonesome for them, and that her big house in Beverly Hills seems so empty and quiet that it's actually getting on her nerves. There's no doubt about Gloria being the ideal mother . . . although she certainly doesn't look the type. She's more dazzlingly beautiful than ever.

Jean Harlow, who is always doing something nice for people she likes, arranged for a film test for a certain crooner chap to whom she had taken quite a fancy. She visited the studio front office, talked up the crooner, and even picked a certain little blonde girl (Harlow type) to "help out" in the test.

Here's the irony: The little blonde gal walked out with a contract tucked in her pocket, while the crooner walked out empty-handed.



Photo by "Scotty", Modern Screen's Exclusive Cameraman.

Jackie Cooper has fallen in love! Yes, sir, he and Georgiana Young—for that's the lady's name—are romancing. He met her at the swimming pool of the Beverly Hills Club. She's Loretta Young's sister.

MAE WEST is regusted with some of Hollywood's *taking* ways. "Diamond Lil" says she can't spring anything original but what it's copied all over town. She thought she had a cinch on that Mae West wiggle . . . but now all the youngsters over at Hollywood High are beginning to wiggle. She tried another trick . . . that of painting her nails with a platinum polish. She wore it once . . . next day everybody but Mae had platinum nails. So Mae gives up.

Leslie Howard has moved his kit over to the Fox lot where he's starting on "Berkeley Square," the picture we've all been waiting to see him in. This is Les' first appearance on this particular lot, and they say all the wimmin's hearts are doing "flips."

CONNIE BENNETT claims the title to her new flicker "Bed of Roses" is wrong. The other day she and Joel McCrea had to push each other into a river for a certain scene . . . and the scene was repeated *fifteen* times. Connie wasn't wearing one of those new-fangled rubber bathing suits either.

IT looks as though Dick Arlen just won't get to use that new swimming pool of his. For three whole months he waited for it to be finished, but it rained and the cement wouldn't harden, or the man got sick, or somep'n. Finally, one swell sunny day it was proclaimed finished . . . and Dick went to bed whistling happily to himself as he thought of the grand swim he'd have in the morning.

But—things have been known to happen overnight. The next morning was the coldest Sunny Cal had ever known . . . and it's still cold.

Bing Crosby (how that boy can croon) receives over three hundred fan letters a day. No, that's not surprising . . . but would you believe it, over half of them are from men! Page that chap that said only women write fan letters.

LITTLE Buster Phelps and Dickie Moore live next door to each other and almost every night before retiring they have a lengthy telephone conversation . . . about their art. Last evening Dickie was going on about the trials and tribulations of an actor. "Why," he cried, "today I had to fall out of a window, take a dose of castor oil and sit in a bath tub full of water for almost an hour."

"That's nothing," answered Buster, "I had to *die* twenty times before I had my lunch today."

The latest news on Garbo, though very choice, is hardly believable. It is that under her new contract she will receive the tidy sum of $800,000 for two pictures.

That hardly seems enough!

THIS month finds an increase in our population. The Hal Wallis' (Louise Fazenda) have a big bouncing baby boy and the Bob Montgomerys have a beautiful 8 pound girl. The Montgomerys are calling her Elizabeth, after her mother.

Other heirs are due soon at the homes of the Dick Arlens, the Bing Crosbys, the Bill Gargans, the Skeets Gallaghers and the Darryl Zanucks.

What of Doug.?

(*Continued from page 37*)

I write and it is chiefly because he thinks I have literary talent that I am encouraged to go on trying—but I am primarily an actor. I write because I believe any actor is the better for knowing something of the technique of the other arts."

Which remark was a splendid lead for my next question, which had to do with his plans for his immediate future.

"I expect to do a play in New York, next autumn," he replied instantly. "The play has already been chosen and its announcement will be made very soon. I don't particularly hanker for the stage, but I think the doing of an occasional play is an excellent added training for my screen work. Meanwhile, I'm going to run off to England and buy that house I mentioned before, where I hope to live part of each year." Doug has always been extremely fond of the idea of living in the English country.

DOUG JR. is very modern and is, moreover, an extremely well bred young man, with not only the good manners which come of being properly brought up, but the exquisite "manner" of the *haut monde*. It is absolutely natural to him.

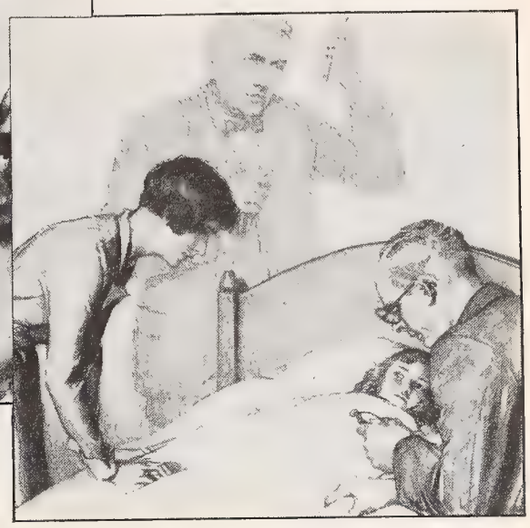
He has gained, too, a poise and a deep-seated interest in all of life which makes one realize that no matter what happens to young Doug, he will come through it with flying colors. Seldom have I met anyone with such obvious spiritual strength as he, or with such well-formulated ideals—ideals, mind you, which are real to him because he has taken the traditional ones and without changing their basic import, moulded them to the uses of practical modern life.

The general public attitude toward Doug Jr. since his separation from his colorful and successful wife has been rather a pitying one—perhaps because the young man has so often played "weak" parts; partially, too, because his face is not of the type which is generally characterized as a "strong face." Gable has a strong face, so has Bruce Cabot, and a dozen others, and yet, I doubt that any of them have the spiritual vitality of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for his is the strength which comes of intelligently struggling to make himself a soul he can scrutinize and not feel ashamed of. Doug is a more complex character—perhaps more sensitive—than those other chaps. But he is not weak.

There is no doubt of the fact that both Joan and Doug have suffered over the divorce. They tried valiantly to make a go of their marriage and the break has caused them unhappiness. Both of them are now attempting to work out their personal problems. Doug is depressed, of course, but is finishing his present picture, "Morning Glory," with Hepburn, like a real trouper.



3000 B. C.— Food — tough wild meat which was gnawed from the bones; roots, and coarse grains. They had perfect teeth then. And their health must have been remarkable for them to survive the rigors of uncivilized life.



TODAY — NEARLY 5000 YEARS LATER Science has made great progress, but several troubles have never been conquered — tooth decay, mouth and gum disorders which bring a train of serious results.

A NEW HEALTH HABIT MAY CORRECT THESE MISTAKES OF CIVILIZATION

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

CHEWING, doctors say, was the cause of primitive man's fine teeth. *Chewing* kept him healthy. It is because we no longer *chew* enough that many of the present day physical handicaps persist. *Exercising all the parts of the oral cavity is essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws, and mouth structure.*

Dentyne—a special chewing gum—helps overcome these conditions just as our ancestors were helped by chewing tough meats, coarse grains, and by gnawing roots. Because it has a special consistency—*a special chew*—it exercises the mouth. It causes the flow of saliva to return to normal, cleansing the mouth and teeth and increasing the flow of blood to all the mouth tissues.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE— Here is an aid to health for your family in the pleasantest form, for Dentyne is delicious. Here are healthy mouths and white, beautiful teeth. See to it that every member of your family chews Dentyne every day for five minutes. Be as regular about this as about other health habits. It is just as important.

Chew delicious

Dentyne



KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

DIRECTORY of PICTURES







Gene Raymond and Loretta Young provide the love interest in "Zoo in Budapest." But equally important in this picture are the animal sequences. They're thrilling. Clark Gable and Helen Hayes in "The White Sister" enact this charming love story with ineffable charm and delicacy. Barbara Stanwyck in "Baby Face" plays the part of a girl of the slums who, through her own tireless efforts, works her way to the top of the heap. George Brent plays opposite her.

ANIMAL KINGDOM (Radio)—A sophisticated story of a man who married the wrong woman and how he finally realized that the woman he really loved was his former mistress. **Excellent—but children won't be interested.**

BABY FACE (Warner)—Barbara Stanwyck as the daughter of a small town beer parlor owner fights her way to better things by hooking the president of a bank. Barbara is very good in this role. **Very good—but not for children.**

THE BARBARIAN (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro as a sheik in a story which very much resembles "The Sheik." Myrna Loy is the English girl with whom Ramon falls in love. **Very good romantic stuff—dull for children, though.**

BE MINE TONIGHT (Universal)—A foreign film (English speaking, however) in which there is a lot of excellent singing and a considerable portion of the first act of "La Boheme." **Very good if you like singing—children may like parts of it.**

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO-Radio)—Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore and Billie Burke in a strong drama in which the princpial theme is a daughter's fear of inheriting her father's streak of insanity. **Excellent—nothing in it for children, however.**

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a missionary girl with whom a Chinese General (Nils Asther) falls in love. **Good—but the children won't be interested.**

BONDAGE (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

BROADWAY BAD (Fox)—Nice little story of a girl who becomes a chorus girl in order to bring up her child. Pleasantly different from the usual chorus girl yarn. **Very good—but the children won't be interested.**

CAVALCADE (Fox)—The saga of an English family and their servants from the beginning of the century up to the present time. Even though the family and story is British it is so generally human that you will love it. **Excellent—okay for children.**

CENTRAL AIRPORT (First National)—Richard Barthelmess, Sally Eilers and Tom Brown in a yarn of commercial planes and their pilots. Not as good as some of the other air pictures. **Fair—children will be thrilled by the crack-ups.**

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—Melodramatic story of a couple who meet in a park and who experience a series of thrilling adventures—all of which take place within the limits of the park and its buildings. **Very good—parts of it will interest the children.**

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)—Nancy Carroll, Buck Jones and John Boles in a story of the sophisticated set of New York. Pent houses, sugar daddies and that sort of thing. **Very good—but don't take the children.**

CHRISTOPHER STRONG (RKO-Radio)—The fight of a young girl flyer and a married man against the love which each has for the other. Colin Clive and Katharine Hepburn have the leading roles. **Very good—children will be bored, though.**

CITY HALL (Wm. Berke)—Political drama. **Quiet but good—okay for kids.**

CLEAR ALL WIRES (M-G-M)—The irrepressible and delightful Lee Tracy as a foreign newspaper correspondent who stirs up assassinations for news—and then finds his own machinations have landed him in a tough spot. **Good—okay for the kiddies.**

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal)—The further adventures of these two families. Once again Charlie Murray and George Sidney are the respective fathers. Most of it has to do with alimony. **Very funny if you enjoy this series—the kids will find some laughs in it.**

CYNARA (United Artists)—Ronald Colman, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry in rather different triangle story. **Very good—but it will bore the kids.**

DANGEROUSLY YOURS (Fox)—A crook falls in love with a girl who works for the insurance company which is trying to get the goods on the crook. **Good—not much in it for children, though.**

. . . These brief, terse, pithy reviews of all the current movies playing around will help you in selecting those pictures you really will like

DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Universal)—All about a mysterious stranger who suddenly appears on a rum-runner which is lost at sea and who proceeds to guide the boat back. His presence has a curious effect on the twelve men and one woman who are on the boat. **Very good—but children will be bored.**

DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

DIPLOMANIACS (RKO)—Wheeler and Woolsey. **Great for kids.**

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warner)—Baseball yarn with Joe E. Brown at his funniest. **Very good if you're a Joe E. Brown fan—perfect for the kids.**

EX-LADY (Warner)—Two young people — Bette Davis and Gene Raymond—trying to find the best way to achieve real romantic happiness. **Good—but not for children.**

FAST WORKERS (M-G-M)—All about a couple of riveters—John Gilbert and Robert Armstrong—and the inevitable fight over the girl, Mae Clarke. Mae Clarke is swell. **Poor—children won't think much of it, either.**

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—Charming romantic story with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes as the soldier and the nurse who fight against great odds to try and achieve happiness. **Excellent—but the children should be left at home.**

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)—The first of the returning musicals—with Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, George Brent, Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers. **Excellent—okay for children.**

'FRISCO JENNY (Warners)—The story of a tough gal of the old days and her son who grew up to be the unknowing enemy of his mother. Ruth Chatterton is 'Frisco Jenny. **Very good—but send the children to a Western.**

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount)—If you saw the famous "Grand Hotel" you will enjoy this kidding of that famous story. Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames are in it. **Very good—okay for the kids.**

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE (M-G-M)—Timely story of a president who saves the country from near-disaster. Walter Huston plays—in his usual perfect manner—the president. Franchot Tone, the new leading man sensation, and Karen Morley provide the love interest very excellently. **Excellent—good for the young ones, too.**

THE GIRL IN 419 (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HANDLE WITH CARE (Warners)—James Cagney as a fast talking press agent who is willing to "put over" anything. Mary Brian plays opposite him. **Very good—okay if a little rowdy for children.**

HELL BELOW (M-G-M)—Strong drama of the lives of the men who go down to the sea in submarines. Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston, Robert Young and Jimmie Durante are in it. **Excellent—kids will love it.**

HIGH GEAR (Columbia)—Race-track story with plenty of thrills and excitement. **Good—children will love it.**

HOT PEPPER (Fox)—Quirt and Flagg again—this time in civilian life. **Okay if you go for this rough and ruddy humor—better not take the youngsters, though.**

HUMANITY (Fox)—All about a country doctor whose heart breaks when his son goes in for the "profiteering" end of the profession. Ralph Morgan and Alexander Kirkland are in it. **Poor.**

I COVER THE WATERFRONT (United Artists)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

I LOVE THAT MAN (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)—Chester Morris and Genevieve Tobin in the yarn of a chap who wins the girl by some real courage and also some trickery. **Very good "unusual" stuff—okay for the kiddies.**

THE KEYHOLE (Warners)—A wealthy husband's jealousy, a former husband's unexpected return, and a romance between the wife of the wealthy man with the detective her husband has hired comprise this story. Kay Francis and George Brent are in it. **Fair—not amusing for children.**

THE KID FROM SPAIN (United Artists)—Eddie Cantor gets himself comically mixed up with bull-fighting in this one. **Excellent—and great for children.**

KING OF THE JUNGLE (Paramount)—All about a boy who has been brought up in the jungle and what happens when he is thrown with civilized people. Buster Crabbe is the jungle boy. **Very good—fine for children.**

KING KONG (RKO-Radio)—How a motion picture company goes forth to a far-away island to get pictures of a fifty-foot ape and what happens when the ape captures the leading lady of the movie troupe. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR (Universal)—Unusual story of an attorney who—if he can acquit a friend for the murder of his wife—swears that he will murder his own wife who has been unfaithful to him. He does acquit the friend, and then——. **Fair—not for children.**

A LADY'S PROFESSION (Paramount)—A couple of English aristocrats get mixed up—without realizing it—with a bunch of American bootleggers. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young are in the cast. **Very good—some of it may amuse children.**

LILLY TURNER (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE LITTLE GIANT (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

LUCKY DEVILS (Radio)—Story of the movie stunt men and their adventures. Bill Boyd, Bruce Cabot, Joel McCrea and William Gargan are in it. **Very good thrilling stuff—okay for kids.**

LUCKY DOG (Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)—A peek into the lives of a number of people all of whom are on board a liner bound from Europe for America. **Fair—children will be bored, though.**

THE MASQUERADER (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in a dual role story. Elissa Landi plays opposite him. **Very good—okay for children.**

MEN MUST FIGHT (M-G-M)—Diana Wynyard and Phillips Holmes in an excellent preachment against war. **Very good—dull for children, though.**

THE MIND READER (Warners)—All about the fortune telling racket—with Warren William and Constance Cummings. **Very good—some of it might amuse children.**

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Boris Karloff in another weird role—as the Egyptian mummy who comes to life through the exercise of a weird charm. **Very good if you go for weird stuff—and the same applies to the children.**

MURDERS IN THE ZOO (Paramount)—Lionel Atwill, Charlie Ruggles and Kathleen Burke in a horror story which centers about a zoo. **Very good—okay for children if you think it's not harmful for them to be scared.**

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

OUR BETTERS (RKO-Radio)—Decadence in post-war London with Constance Bennett as a sophisticated cast-off wife, Gilbert Roland as a gigolo, Charles Starrett and Anita Louise providing the young love interest. **Very good sophisticated stuff—not for children, though.**

OUT ALL NIGHT (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville as a couple of newlyweds trying to snatch a bit of honeymoon in Niagara Falls. Something always turns up to spoil their bliss. **Very funny—all right for children.**

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson as a young wife whose marriage is based upon the arrangement of both husband and wife confessing indiscretions. **Not as good as some Swanson pictures, but worth seeing—not for children, however.**

PHANTOM BROADCAST (Monogram)—Ralph Forbes in a nice little story about a hunchback crooner. **Good—all right for children.**

PICTURE SNATCHER (Warners)—James Cagney as an ex-jailbird, gets a job on a newspaper and immediately finds himself plunged into a series of thrilling adventures. **Excellent Cagney stuff—children will like some of it.**

PICK-UP (Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and George Raft in a little romance about a taxi-driver and a girl just out of jail. **Good—not especially for children.**

PLEASURE CRUISE (Fox)—A wife goes on a pleasure cruise to get away from her husband and have a few pleasant flirtations. Her plans, however, go wrong. Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin. **Poor.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PRIVATE JONES (Universal)—Lee Tracy in something of a sobby story about a doughboy in the late war who didn't believe in fighting until——. **Weak in spots but worth seeing. Children may like some of it, too.**

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS (M-G-M)—John Barrymore, Ethel Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore in a stirring story of the famous Russian monk and his machinations. **Excellent—but hardly for children.**

REUNION IN VIENNA (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston in an exciting story all of which takes place on a Continental train. **Excellent melodrama—the kids will enjoy it very much indeed.**

SAMARANG (B. F. Ziedman)—Educational. **Good—splendid for children.**

SECRETS (United Artists)—Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard in a nicely done version of this famous story of old frontier days. **Excellent romantic stuff—kids will like the exciting parts.**

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)—Mae West in a sizzling story of the good old days in New York. **Very good of its hot-stuff kind—but be sure to leave the kiddies at home.**

THE SILVER CORD (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

SISTER TO JUDAS (Mayfair)—A man saves a girl from suicide, marries her and then spends his life in an agony of jealousy. **Poor.**

THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount—A beer story. A great cast, but the story isn't quite as good as it should be. **Fair—not much in it for children.**

STATE FAIR (Fox)—Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, Lew Ayres, Janet Gaynor, Norman Foster and Sally Eilers in a pleasant story which all takes place at the state fair. **Excellent—kids will like some of it.**

THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE (Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins as the daughter of a respectable Southern family gets mixed up with a gangster when she goes in search of romantic adventures. **Very good strong stuff—not for children.**

SWEEPINGS (RKO-Radio)—The owner of a department store tries to make his children take an interest in his life-long work, the store. **Slow, but good acting—children will be bored.**

TODAY WE LIVE (M-G-M)—An English girl's love story which takes place during the great war. Joan Crawford is a bit obscured by the action scenes acted by Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone. **Good—okay for children.**

TOPAZE (RKO-Radio)—John Barrymore as a downtrodden professor who finally turns and runs amok. **Very good—kids won't think much of it, though.**

TRICK FOR TRICK (Fox)—Two magicians get together to help the police solve the mystery of a girl's murder. And then things begin to happen! **Very good—okay for kids if you're not too fussy about their seeing exciting pictures.**

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Columbia)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE WHITE SISTER (M-G-M)—Beautiful love story with Helen Hayes and Clark Gable. **Excellent—but children will get fidgety during the romantic episodes.**

THE WORKING MAN (Warner)—If you like George Arliss when he goes about doing good turns here, there and everywhere, you'll like him in this. If, however, you only like the Mr. Arliss of "The Devil" and "Green Goddess" days—the suave, sophisticated gentleman, you won't like him in this. Bette Davis and Theodore Newton are fine. **Good—children won't sit very still through it, though.**

ZOO IN BUDAPEST (Fox)—Exciting story, all of which takes place in a large zoo. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

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ODO·RO·NO

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Unmarried. Born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Working Man," Warner Bros. Working in "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AMES, ADRIENNE: Married to Stephen Ames. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Broadway Bad," Fox; "From Hell to Heaven," and "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

ANDRE, GWILI: Unmarried. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Secrets of the French Police," and "No Other Woman," Radio.

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1st. Paramount player. Featured in "The Island of Lost Souls"; "The Song of the Eagle." Working in "College Humor."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The King's Vacation"; "The Working Man," "Voltaire."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "King Kong," Radio; "Fast Workers," M-G-M; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Working in "Jamboree," RKO.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Working in "Night Flight," M-G-M. Next is "Rhapsody."

ASTOR, MARY: Married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. Born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Little Giant," Warner Bros. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount. Next is "The Power and the Glory."

ATES, ROSCOE: Married to Ethel Rogers. Born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Little Orphan Annie"; "Lucky Devils," Radio. "What, No Beer!", M-G-M.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M; "Murders in the Zoo," Paramount. Working in "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay America," Universal. Co-starred in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "In the Big Money."

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM: Unmarried. Born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Lucky Devils," Radio.

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M; "Topaze," Radio; "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Working in "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M. Next is "Night Flight," M-G-M and "Long Lost Father," RKO.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M; "Sweepings," Radio; "Looking Forward," M-G-M. Working in "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M. Next is "Night Flight," M-G-M and "Stranger's Return."

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Central Airport." Working in "Breadline."

BAXTER, WARNER: Married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; co-starred in "Forty-second Street," Warner Bros.; starred in "Dangerously Yours," Fox. Next is "Only Yesterday," Universal.

BEERY, WALLACE: Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Flesh." Working in "Dinner at Eight," and "Soviet." Next is "Tugboat Annie."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros.; "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Narrow Corner," Warner Bros. Working in "The Flying Circus," Radio.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Radio star. Starred in "Rockabye" and "Our Betters," Radio. Working in "Bed of Roses."

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Wild Girl"; "Me and My Gal."

BENNETT, RICHARD: Married. Born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Washington Merry Go Round," Universal; "If I Had a Million," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount.

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Broadway Bad"; "Blondie Johnson." Working in "Golddiggers of 1933" and "Goodbye Again."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; "Child of Manhattan," Columbia. Working in "My Lips Betray," Fox.

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage."

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio. Featured in "Men of America"; "Lucky Devils." Working in "Emergency Call." Next is "The Fire Eater."

BOYD, WILLIAM: Divorced. Born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Oliver Twist," Monogram.

BRENDEL, EL: Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Working in "My Lips Betray," Fox.

BRENT, GEORGE: Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street"; "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Keyhole"; "Baby Face"; "Lilly Turner," First National.

(Continued on page 87)

Charm Gossip

(*Continued from page 67*)

● This is one for your book. And it comes from that kite-flying, bicycling bride, Joan Blondell. Joan—of all people to find a new way of mending hubby's coat! But it's really grand. All you have to do is ask for "mending tissue" in any large department store. Once you have it, place it in back of the spot where his suit (or your own, for that matter) is torn and follow the directions carefully.

● Maybe you've been wondering how to add a very feminine note to your very tailored suit. Wonder no more. Here's the answer—given by Sally Eilers: use a perfume that blends with the flower in your lapel. For instance, if you're wearing a gardenia, spray a gardenia scent on. If it's a sweet pea, then that is the kind of perfume to use.

● Planning a summer wedding? In that case you'll want to take heed of the veil Travis Banton is designing for Claudette Colbert in her new picture. There has never been anything more youthful and dainty and utterly charming in the way of wedding veils. It falls softly over the face and a series of ruffles begins just below the head in back so that it stands out beautifully like a misty cloud around you. Only to the waist it comes—another chic note.

● And now we have the clasp watches. Constance Bennett has one that she clasps on her purse or anywhere she cares to. It's small and enameled. Another thing we've noticed is the wooden initials that top the smartest sport bags. Most of them are in natural color and quite large. And have you seen the doorkey pins? Yes, actually, they look like long door keys and they're extremely nobby pinned to a bright scarf.

● Marlene Dietrich started it—this fanciful, wholly feminine fad of setting your wave with a specially prepared lotion that has the scent of your favorite toilet water. And Marlene never started anything more devastating. All the leading cosmeticians put it up now so you can get it anywhere. It keeps your hair looking wonderfully trim.

● They were flitting by to the tunes of the Biltmore band and we heard Cary Grant say to Virginia Cherrill: "You're more fascinating than ever tonight!" So she was. And this is her secret—green powder. That is, powder with a pale green tint. It gives blondes the most becoming pallor in the evening and you use green eye shadow with it. Brunettes with fair skin and light eyes can employ it to great advantage also.

● The day of high hats is certainly back. Carole Lombard, no doubt, tops the high-hatters with a chapeau *eight* inches high! Yes, it's gray, too.



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"A whole week, my dear. And it goes on so smoothly."



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"No—it costs less than a cent a manicure!"
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Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 78*)

humdrum reality of his own prosaic life. If his escape is to be complete and beneficial, he should have opportunity to see more pictures that portray the romance of the ordinary man's life. As pieces of artistry I can enjoy the most fantastic pictures, provided they are well and truly done. But the sense of satisfaction that comes from flawless technique without a gripping story is fleeting indeed. If it is true that "God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them," then someone ought to discover and reveal on the screen the loveliness that God finds in the common people. Show us that life is worth living for the many as well as for the few.

Some pet peeves and earnest wishes

SYLVIA S. of Atlantic City, N. J., wishes:

Actresses wouldn't experiment with platinum hair . . . Sulky Lillian Bond be given more sympathetic roles . . . Same for Vivienne Osborne . . . Kay Johnson, Phyllis Haver, Margaret Livingston, and Charles Ray would come back . . . Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery would team up again . . . We would see more of Evelyn Brent . . . Boris Karloff would be given more straight roles. His charm is lost in horror parts . . . Dorothy Peterson wouldn't be typed in mother roles . . . More actresses would speak as distinctly as Tallulah Bankhead . . . Marlene Dietrich would not sing.

BITS OUT OF THE MAIL BOX

D. G. S., who happens to be an ardent Ruth Chatterton fan, writes, "I do hope there is no truth in the story that Ruth Chatterton will retire from the screen this year. Will you please tell me if this is really so?" (*"Lilly Turner" is her last picture under the present contract. And the rumor is that she will retire on its completion. But you know how those rumors are. We hope not.*) DIRT DIGGER (!) of Minneapolis, Minn., writes to George Raft, "For heavens sake, George, don't let them put you in any social pictures. Stick to the kind you have been doing. You are a wonderful actor in your line." C. P. K. of Newburgh, N. Y., wants to know if he "may voice an opinion of a newcomer. Jack La Rue—he who played a small part in 'Night World' with Mae Clarke and Lew Ayres. It took the producers some time before they realized what a great find they have in him. Introduce him to your fans, Mr. Editor, will you?" (*We already have, C. P. K. In the June issue there was a very good story about him. It was called "Always in Hot Water." Have you read it?*) MARIAN SMITH of Augusta, Maine, dotes on Shakespeare and wishes Shakespearian plays would be filmed. She would especially like to see Fredric March as Hamlet, with Sylvia Sidney playing Ophelia. There were countless raves for Diana Wynyard—in "Cavalcade" and "Men Must Fight"—although the general impression among the fans is that the latter picture was too similar to the first only not as good. "Do you suppose they will ever film Galsworthy's 'Forsyte Saga,'" asks L. M. B. of Birmingham, Alabama. "I would love to see Diana Wynyard as Irene, Lewis Stone as Soames and that new Franchot Tone as the young architect who loves Irene and is killed. Although that would be really too small a part to give such a splendid actor as Mr. Tone, I suppose." Speaking of Tone, opinion on him is certainly divided. It seems that you either like him or hate him. "I have seen him in only one picture—'Gabriel Over the White House,'" says KATY L. of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., "but I thought he was splendid—and in such an unspectacular role, too, and with Walter Huston to compete with." On the other hand—"Take him away!" cries DISAPPOINTED of Newark, N. J. "I thought he would be a real find. But I not only do not care for his acting. I also think he's very nondescript looking." Well—there. What do the rest of you think?

LISTEN EVERYBODY—

We have been scolded unmercifully for not printing enough letters; for not printing letters of fans who have written before; for printing too many letters about Garbo, Gable, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford. For not printing enough letters about Garbo, Gable, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford. What to do, what to do? Answering the first reproach: we are cramped for space—we want to give you lots of stories, good departments, pictures and lots of letters, too. We do the best we can. Two, if your first letter isn't printed, please *do* write again—and again. We'll eventually print one of those letters. Three and four—naturally, we give considerable mention to the popular stars just because they *are* so popular and so many fans adore them. But, we insist, we *do* not discuss them exclusively and—well, just look through the pages of this magazine and see how many newcomers, old favorites and lesser players are given an honest break. Now, are we forgiven? Well, write and tell us so—or, better still, write and tell us whatever you think on talkie subjects.

WATCH MODERN SCREEN FOR A FASCINATING STORY ON IRENE DUNNE—IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

Players Directory

(Continued from page 84)

BRIAN, MARY: Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hard to Handle"; "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros. "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount.

BROOK, CLIVE: Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Cavalcade," Fox.

BROWN, JOE E.: Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "You Said a Mouthful"; "Elmer the Great"; "How to Break Ninety."

BROWN, TOM: Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Laughter in Hell"; "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Central Airport," Warner Bros.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount. Working in "Accidents Wanted," M-G-M.

CABOT, BRUCE: Unmarried. Born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "Lucky Devils"; "The Past of Mary Holmes"; "King Kong"; "The Great Jasper." Working in "Flying Circus." Next is "Hide in the Dark."

CAGNEY, JAMES: Married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Hard to Handle"; "Picture Snatcher" and "The Mayor of Hell."

CANTOR, EDDIE: Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days" and "The Kid From Spain."

CARROLL, NANCY: Married to Francis Bolton Mallory. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "Child of Manhattan," Columbia; "The Woman Accused," Paramount; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "I Love That Man," Paramount.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: Divorced from Lita Grey. Born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLES: Married to Bebe Eltinge. Born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Mr. Bride"; "Fallen Arches"; "Tarzan in the Wrong."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny"; "Lilly Turner."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. Paramount star. Starred in "Love Me Tonight"; "A Bedtime Story." Next is "She Laughs Last."

CLARKE, MAE: Divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Fast Workers," M-G-M.

CODY, LEW: Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Undercover Man"; "I Love That Man," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Co-starred in "Sign of the Cross"; "Tonight Is Ours"; "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Next is "Disgraced."

COLLINS, CORA SUE: Child actress. Born in Beckley, West Virginia, April 19. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Silver Dollar" and "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: Divorced from Thelma Ray. Born in Surey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara"; "The Masquerader."

COMPTON, JULIETTE: Married. Born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "The Masquerader," United Artists.

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Baby Face," Warner Bros.; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Paramount; "Tampico," Columbia. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Co-starred in "If I Had a Million"; "Farewell to Arms"; "Today We Live," M-G-M.

COOPER, JACKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, California, September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Limpy" and "Divorce in the Family."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Featured in "Broadway Bad," Warner Bros. Working in "The Girl in 419."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rain," United Artists; "Today We Live." Working in "A Dancing Lady."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Age of Consent," Radio; "That's My Boy," Columbia.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett. Working in "College Humor," Paramount.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Unmarried. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Working in "Let's Live It," in England.

(Continued on page 92)



Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

SHE'S pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes.

Yet there she is, alone. Why?

The answer is not hard to find. Because she does not understand that soap and water alone cannot protect her from the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration, she is cut off from so much pleasure.

What a pity it is! And so needless. For it's so easy to have complete protection, just by using Mum!

A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream smoothed under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the whole day or evening.

Mum is no trouble to use—takes only half a minute. And you can use it any time, even after you're dressed.

For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Another thing women use Mum for—to remove strong, stubborn odors, such as onion and fish, from their hands. Keep a jar in the kitchen for this.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It simply prevents ugly odor. Get the habit of using it daily. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. The Mum Mfg. Co., 75 West St., New York.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins is a guarantee of freedom from odor. You need no longer worry about this old, old feminine problem.



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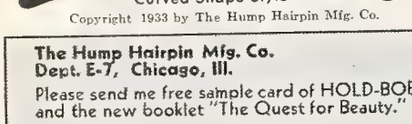


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Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

Accused of Suicide

(*Continued from page 58*)

finish it—it seemed so important to me even when the pain came so I could hardly get my breath that I kept moaning and talking about the sketch when every one around thought I was crazy or dying or something. They probably thought I had swallowed the sketch.

"The ambulance came after I was unconscious—I had seemed to go out in a gray sort of fog with orange rings around it. I was rushed to the receiving hospital where they pumped out my stomach—don't let any one tell you that death could be worse than that! They asked all kinds of questions. Funny that everyone in a receiving hospital thinks you want to commit suicide. But they couldn't find out what had made me so sick though I did mention all the horrible stuff I'd been eating for the past two weeks and had been too rushed to try to digest.

SEVERAL days after that I opened my ring and found the powder had gone out of it. I remembered that I had snapped it shut once or twice when it had flapped open. Betty had told me I'd weaken the spring if I didn't quit playing with it. I don't think either of us had seriously thought it was anything but fake poison, but I persuaded her to take the ring with me to the receiving hospital where we opened it up for one of the doctors who had worked on me. They had me all written up in file number 6897452—'possible suicide attempt.'

"This old doctor didn't think either of us very smart to be carrying a thing like that about, but said it was undoubtedly what had made me so ill, and that it had not killed me because it was only part of a lethal dose. (I looked that word up when I got home. He would have said it was a deadly dose if he hadn't wanted to give me an extra scare.)

"He sailed into us plenty after that, too, talked about suicide pacts in this crazy generation, poison in the hands of babes! It made us realize that we had not only had an escape from very violent death but a lot of unsavory publicity, too.

"The girls at school were crazy about the ring. They thought it would be a grand receptacle for rouge. . . ."

Richard grinned reminiscently, started to open the flap again, then reconsidered.

"I've a girl's picture in there now. No, another girl. It's a more practical kind of poison to carry around."

How Joel Escapes Scandal

(*Continued from page 27*)

and that star's husband. She had had a little too much to drink and I saw her giving Joel a very large once-over.

I looked at the husband and saw that he saw. "It's going to be just too bad for Joel," I said to myself. "This will be a situation he can't get out of no matter what he does.

A second later the girl had thrown her arms around Joel and was begging him to kiss her. And then Joel did a clever piece of business. Without even so much as a glance at the husband he leaned over and brushed her hair with his lips, as if she had been a very small child, and then, in a sort of big-brotherly way, he led her over to a table and offered her a chair, sitting down opposite her.

It was the perfect gesture, for nobody's feelings were hurt. Had he, fearful of the husband's annoyance, told the girl to "go peddle her papers" she would have not only been embarrassed but, under the circumstances, she might have raised the devil of a row. As it was, the husband couldn't possibly object to what he had seen Joel do. He might have taken the wife to task later for so obviously making a play for Joel, but certainly McCrea's behavior was beyond reproach.

It was a tough spot for any man to be in. I wonder how many men could have gotten out of it as gracefully.

AND don't forget that not only the husband but the other guests as well saw what Joel did. It made them set him down in their mental notebooks as "a swell guy." And, honestly, you can't gossip about "a swell guy."

It was some years ago at Aileen Pringle's house—when that home was the Mecca for Hollywood's most brilliant social set—that I first met Joel. In spite of the fact that filmdom's swankiest stars were there, Joel stood out, somehow. He was so natural and regular—with the simplicity that comes from good breeding.

I asked Aileen who he was.

She told me his name and said, "He's one of the nicest men I know. And he knows how to behave. You see, he comes from a very fine family and in spite of the fact that he was brought up in Hollywood, he didn't learn manners from the movie crowd. When you ask Joel to a party you know perfectly well that he isn't going to get drunk and insult your guests, that he is always going to use the right fork and that he's not going to drop a lighted cigarette on your cherished antique table."

And there you have the reason for Joel's success as a Beau Brummell. Don't forget that Hollywood is a manless town. There's a shortage of leading men both on and off the screen.

All the nicest men get married. Charming, unattached, eligible bachelors are as scarce in Hollywood as natural blondes.

So Joel was taken up with a bang. Here was a guest that a hostess could trust and before you could say Edward G. Robinson he became the most popular man in town. Not only the married girls but the single ones as well were escorted by him, but it didn't matter either way—for the husbands didn't mind.

Didn't mind? Why, he and the Marquis go horseback-riding together and are the best of friends!

But gossip. How has he avoided gossip?

I'll tell you about that. There's an underground, grapevine route of information in Hollywood. Anything that is done today is reported tomorrow. This grapevine route carried the news that Joel was regular.

OF course, it makes him just that much more desirable to a lot of girls, but it doesn't affect his armor against that sort of thing—and *Hollywood knows it.*

And since he has established his precedent, since he is invariably the perfect guest and the perfect escort, since his own perfect behavior is so evident, I'll make a little wager that if ever there were any trouble, Hollywood would blame the girl in the case and not Joel.

So the reason Joel escapes scandal is partly because of his own very real niceness and partly because he is smart enough to know that if he became entangled, his fun—the fun of having the right to step out with glamorous women—would be denied him. Because he is as he is, Hollywood trusts him.

The point is that he is not that suave, oily type of Hollywood male whose every movement and look cries out, "See, I'm the sex appeal lad." He's a companionable fellow—no lines handed out; no studied, gallant gestures made.

Of course, plenty of single girls have set their smart spring hats for Joel. Right now marriage doesn't enter into Joel's scheme of things, although he told me one day, "I'd marry if I found just the right girl. But honestly, what have most of these little Hollywood kids to offer? Just cuteness, that's all, and I'll bet cuteness would get pretty tiresome every morning at breakfast. I like women I can talk to. I'm no Great Intellect, but I can certainly stand some half-way intelligent conversation.

"But, honestly, I'm happy just as I am. I have a swell time. And I don't kid myself. I know I'm not a marvelous actor. I'll never be a big star, but I think I'm a pretty good leading man—and they're scarce. I like working in pictures, but acting is not so much in my blood that I can't retire. When I do retire I'm going to buy a ranch and live on it.

"And you've got to have something besides just a 'cute' girl to live on a ranch with you."

So now you know why Joel McCrea is as he is—and why he stays that way. And why it helps him escape scandal.



SKINNY GIRLS listen to this!

Amazing easy way adds new pounds *double quick!*

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with sensational new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron

THOUSANDS who were once scrawny, sickly, weak, praise this new way to gain weight and health.

For years doctors prescribed yeast to put flesh on skinny, rundown men and women. But now, thanks to this new scientific discovery, you can get even better results — put on firmer, healthier flesh than with ordinary yeast—*and in a far shorter time.*

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times —*made 7 times more powerful.*

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Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear—you're an entirely new person.

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"I was skinny, weak, nervous, tired, couldn't sleep, had an awful complexion. But after taking Ironized Yeast I gained 15 lbs. in 4 weeks, look fine."
Mrs. Ethel Airhart, Edinburg, Va.

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"I was so rundown I had to give up work. My druggist advised Ironized Yeast and I quickly gained 28 lbs., work hard and never tire, feel and look great."
J. F. Bork, Buffalo, N. Y.

8 lbs., lovely skin

"I had lost weight and my complexion was terrible, but Ironized Yeast soon gave me 8 lbs. and a lovely skin."
Ida Lenze, Houston, Tex.

10 lbs. in 1 month

"For several years I had no pep or ambition. Was very nervous, tired, worn out, skinny. I've taken Ironized Yeast for one month now and gained 10 lbs., new strength, wonderful complexion."
Wilma Tesar, Houston, Tex.



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SPECIALIST

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New: ZiP Deodorant Pencil 50¢
Convenient — Efficient — Smart

Whatever Became of Anita?

(*Continued from page 65*)

performed in the lovely patio garden of the Chateau Elysee. And upon that day Anita looked more lovely than she had looked even when she was at the height of her picture career. That was because she was so happy and so very much in love.

From then on her life had flowed like a quiet smooth stream. She stays in Hollywood for two reasons—first to be near her brother and second because it is her home and all her friends are there. You will see her lunching with her friends—mostly the stars of her own movie era but often the newer players as well—in all of the smart restaurants of Hollywood. She is often in Sardi's, often in the Brown Derby at lunch time.

She and her husband live in a charming apartment and their small dinners are dignified, discreet and delightful. She likes the social side of life, enjoys bridge with her girl friends, and the theatre and concerts with her husband. She lives, in short, the average and nicely balanced life of a well-to-do society woman anywhere. If you did not recognize her and met her at some non-professional gathering you would not know that she had ever been an actress. And I doubt very much, vivid as your memory of her may be, that you would recognize her. Instead of the black hair that distinguished her when she was a star, her hair is now a light auburn—and very becoming.

She dresses beautifully and is, I think, better looking than she has ever been. Besides her social duties she has, during the last year, been writing her memoirs.

Now I wouldn't say that if a screen role were offered Anita on a silver platter she would refuse it. The lure of greasepaint and spotlight is strong and when once the purr of the camera has been heard it is like a siren song, but, unless she had a sudden financial misfortune, I believe that Anita would not seek a job.

She is one of the lucky few. She is one of the stars who has retired gracefully—and that group is so pathetically small. She is living a nice, average life with a charming husband and among her old friends who, unlike her once ardent public, have not forgotten her.

Anita's story is different from the rest. There would not be so much heartache in Hollywood if more were as fortunate and as happily adjusted as she.

The Television Age

(*Continued from page 29*)

of broad action. At present it gives pictures as you might see them through a pair of binoculars. The next step will be to broaden the field of television, a task of enormous technical difficulties, which the wizards of television are sure they will surmount.

THUS it will be that in the television age the great events of the world and all the great sights for human eye to see will come flashing through the ether onto that screen in your room. Intrepid aviators fly over the mountains of Greenland and Tibet, broadcasting by television, sending you direct a sight of the awe-inspiring, unsurmountable summits, never before seen by human eyes, where the winds of the earth sweep. You will sit in your parlor and witness the coronation of some fabulous Maharajah of India, feasting your eyes on sights of undreamed luxury, hearing barbaric sounds. And then, with a flip of the dial, you may turn on the latest war and see the terrific sights and listen to the terrific sounds of modern battle. Everything that goes on all over the world will come as if by magic to your own quiet home. You can take your pick and be a witness to the great and historic things that occur in every land.

If televisors were to be used as the rambling microphones of today's radios are, the stars who complain that they "don't have a private life" would set up a wail that could be heard to China, for their every move could be broadcast.

For instance, a televisor could take a trip down Hollywood Boulevard and pick up the interesting things it saw and you, sitting in your homes in any city of the world, would catch a glimpse of Sardi's Restaurant, let us say. There you would find the manager of Sardi's shaking hands with the stars as they draw up in their cars. You would see Marlene Dietrich striding along the street in her famous trouser suits. You would watch Jean Harlow as she went into a store to shop.

WITH the permission of the stars, it would penetrate into their homes and, just as now you see pictures of Mary Pickford's famous parties, so then you could sit in your homes and watch Mary and her guests move before you on the screen, actually at the moment the party occurred. It would be almost as if you were there yourself.

Perhaps Joan Crawford would allow the televisor to come to her house for dinner some night and then you would see exactly what happens in that beautiful Brentwood home from the time the butler takes the guests' hats at the

door until they all sit down to watch a movie being run in the drawing room. You could see that movie, too, Joan's own choice, and it would be almost the same as if you were there in the same room with her.

When two important stars of the future get married, you can witness the ceremony. When a new cinema baby is born you can have a glimpse of it playing on the lawn. You can even go into the exclusive modistes shops in Hollywood and watch the showing of the new spring fashions. A turn of the dial would flash you to Palm Springs where you could watch Jean Harlow playing golf and see Joel McCrea, Dick and Jobyna Arlen and other friends together in the swimming pool.

In fact, not only will you be able to see the stars acting for you upon the screen. You can pick them up in intimate, real life moments.

When television comes, the artist's make-up will seem bizarre. Already the problem of make-up for television has been investigated. The present type of make-up is useless—red lips and rosy cheeks. Shades of black and white would do quite well, but it has been found that performers object to black lipstick and black "rouge." But brown does just as well, so brown it will be in the era of television. It has likewise been found that by way of face powder a roughly pulverized white is the best. It reflects more light than the fine white powder commonly in use. The actors in the play that is being performed for the magic eye of television will have on their faces a coarsely granulated glittering white stuff. And there will be a plethora of platinum blondes. Experiment has shown that so far as the human hair is concerned platinum blondes display best in the pictures that are flung over the ether waves.

In the era of television, of course, somebody will write an article concerning the next new wireless marvel of the future. It will be to television what television is to radio right now. It will be "just around the corner." Of what will that new marvel consist? Will it be the broadcasting of brain waves by wireless—or inter-planetary communication? Perhaps it will be the transmission over the ether waves, not only of beautiful sounds and of beautiful sights, but also of ravishing perfumes. Perhaps the etheric pulsation will serve the nose, as well as the ear and eye. Or they may find a way to broadcast savory tastes compounded by some great chef. But the supreme scientific triumph would be to transmit by short wave to the entire world the kisses and caresses of some famous beauty. After all, why shouldn't they put all five senses on the air?

I have just read a bit concerning an actual television studio that RKO is building in Hollywood. "Just around the corner," did I say? On the contrary, television is here! Merian C. Cooper will be boss of this studio. The entire motion picture industry is asked to aid in exploiting it to the utmost. So—you may expect to see "television shorts" almost any day now.



"Take me in your arms!" she commands. "Orders are orders!" he replies.

OUR story opens with a gallant officer . . . and a beautiful girl . . . seated together in a rustic, music-filled beer garden. Their lips meet in a long, soulful kiss. And then. "Tell me," he asks, "what is your name?"

Surprise No. 1 in a story brimful of surprises! A stimulating, winsome romance that will completely captivate you with its charm. And after you've read it, you'll say it's just like its name: "Adorable." *Of course* you'll read it—because it's the kind of story one simply doesn't miss, the sort of glamorous romance which becomes a personal, lifetime memory.

Read these 12 Absorbing Screen Stories in the July SCREEN ROMANCES

ADORABLE. With Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat.
THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK. Fredric March, Cary Grant and Jack Oakie.
PEG O' MY HEART. Marion Davies.
THE LITTLE GIANT. Edward G. Robinson.
LOOKING FORWARD. Lionel Barrymore.
I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY. Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi.
BABY FACE. Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent.
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933. Warren William, Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.
FIVE CENTS A GLASS. Marian Nixon and Charles Rogers.
THE WORKING MAN. George Arliss.
INTERNATIONAL HOUSE. Stuart Erwin, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Burns and Allen, and many others.
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"Adorable" is the story of Janet Gaynor's latest picture (with Henry Garat, the newest rage) and you'll find it—complete—in the current issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 87)

DAMITA, LILI: Unmarried. Born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Goldie Gets Along," Radio; "The Match King," First National.

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Co-starred in "Silver Dollar"; "Forty-Second Street." Working in "Cocktail Hour," Columbia.

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Blondie of the Follies." Working in "Peg O' My Heart."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Ex-Lady." Featured in "The Working Man." Next is "Easy to Love."

DEE, FRANCIS: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Crime of the Century"; "King of the Jungle." Working in "Silver Cord," Radio.

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.

DEVINE, ANDY: Married. Born in Flagstaff, Arizona, October 6. Universal player. Featured in "Cohens and Kellys in Trouble," Universal; "The Big Cage," Universal; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount.

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Blonde Venus." Working in "Song of Songs."

DILLOWAY, DONALD: Unmarried. Born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M; "Night Mayor," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD: Married to Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors"; "The Great Jasper." Working in "The Ad Man."

DORSAY, FIFI: Unmarried. Born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal;; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," Warner Bros.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Married to Helen Gahagan. Born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House" and "Nagana," Universal.

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Working in "Dinner at Eight." Next is "Tugboat Annie" and "The Late Christopher Bean."

DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Handle With Care"; "Sailor's Luck." Working in "The Girl in 419," Paramount, and "Hold Me Tight," Fox. Next is "From Arizona to Broadway."

DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M. "The Silver Cord," Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Phantom President," Paramount; "What, No Beer!" and "Hell Below," M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY: Separated from Hoot Gibson. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "State Fair," Fox; "Central Airport," Warner Bros.; "Sailor's Luck," Fox; "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "Hold Me Tight," Fox.

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "The Crime of the Century"; "Under the Tonto Rim"; "International House." Working in "Gambling Ship."

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Life"; "Hell Below," M-G-M; "The Mayor of Hell," Warner Bros.; "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "Dinner at Eight" and "Accidents Wanted."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: Separated from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Narrow Corner." Working in "Captured," Warners, and "The Morning Glory," RKO.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: Married to Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Valli. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Co-starred in "Wild Girl"; "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

FARRELL, GLENDA: Married. Born in Enid, Okla., Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Wax Museum"; "Grand Slam"; "The Keyhole." Working in "Mary Stevens M.D."

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "Central Park," Warner Bros.; "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "He Lived to Kill," Columbia and "Goodbye Again," Warner Bros.

FOSTER, NORMAN: Married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio; "State Fair," Fox. Working in "Pilgrimage."

FRANCIS, KAY: Married to Kenneth McKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Trouble in Paradise", Paramount; "The Keyhole", Warner Bros. Working in "Mary Stevens, M.D."

GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "No Man of Her Own", Paramount; "White Sister", M-G-M. Working in "Soviet". Next is "Night Flight" and "Stranger's Return".

GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me". Next, probably "Christina".

GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Animal Kingdom"; "Lucky Devils"; "Sweepings", Radio; "The Story of Temple Drake", Paramount. Working in "Emergency Call".

GAYNOR, JANET: Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "Tess of the Storm Country", "State Fair". Working in "Adorable".

GIBSON, HOOT: Separated from Sally Eilers. Born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art Studio. Starred in "The Boiling Point"; "Cowboy Counsellor", "Dude Bandit", Allied.

GIBSON, WYNNE: Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had a Million"; "Crime of the Century". Working in "Emergency Call", Radio. Next is "Her Bodyguard".

GILBERT, JOHN: Married to Virginia Bruce. Born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Workers."

GLEASON, JAMES: Married to Lucille Webster. Born in New York City, May 23. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount;; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M.

GOMBELL, MINNA: Unmarried. Born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Wild Girl"; "Walking Down Broadway"; "Pleasure Cruise."

GRANT, CARY: Unmarried. Born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "She Done Him Wrong"; "The Woman Accused"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "Gambling Ship."

GREEN, MITZI: Child actress. Born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM: Unmarried. Born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Life."

HAMILTON, NEIL: Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Animal Kingdom," Radio; "As the Devil Commands." Columbia; "Terror Abroad," Paramount.

HARDING, ANN: Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors" and "The Animal Kingdom." Working in "When Ladies Meet," M-G-M. Next is "Double Harness."

HARDY, OLIVER: Divorced. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Towed in a Hole"; "Twice Two"; "Fra Diavolo."

HARLOW, JEAN: Widow of Paul Bern. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Working in "Dinner at Eight." Next is "Black Orange Blossoms."

HARVEY, LILIAN: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 19. Fox player. Working in "My Lips Betray."

HAYES, HELEN: Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Farewell To Arms," Paramount; "Son Daughter" and "White Sister," M-G-M. Next is "Night Flight."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn. Radio player. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement"; "Christopher Strong." Working in "The Morning Glory." Next is "Long Lost Father."

HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Flesh"; "Crime of the Century," Paramount; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount. Working in "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and "Men Must Fight," "Looking Forward."

HOLT, JACK: Married. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "This Sporting Age"; "Man Against Woman"; "Fever"; "Tampico." Next is "The Wreckers."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise"; "The Story of Temple Drake." Working in "The Trumpet Blows." Next is "Stranger's Return," M-G-M.

HOPTON, RUSSEL: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. Universal player. Featured in "The Little Giant."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise"; "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 24. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Secrets," U. A. Working in "Captured," Warners.

HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Starred in "Hell Below"; "Gabriel Over the White House."

HYAMS, LEILA: Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast" and "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "Lovable Liar," "Grass Valley." Featured in "Child of Manhattan." Working in "Unknown Valley." Next is "The Open Road."

JORDAN, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Strictly Personal," Paramount; "Bondage," Fox. Next is "Hide in the Dark" and "Three Came Unarmed."

(Continued on page 110)

Movie Husbands

(*Continued from page 47*)

executive position at Paramount Studios. His work, while not as fame-bearing as Janet's, earned him the very comfortable salary of $1,000.00 weekly. He was *not* around the house during the day.

Yet, as the husband of a movie star, Lydell was as unsuccessful as Eddie.

Peck has steadfastly refused to talk about Janet's divorce action against him. Yet it is no secret among friends of the couple that what it took, in Lydell's case, was a complete deaf-dumb-and-blind state that would forever close his eyes and ears to the public insistence that the legend of "Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor" was still very alive. Not that Lydell was ever jealous of Charlie . . . the man. He knew, as well as all the insiders knew, that any flame that had ever existed between the screen sweethearts had long since simmered down to an ember of friendship. But, it is said, that it grew to annoy Lydell exceedingly that certain movie magazines were being kept out of his reach because Janet feared that articles they contained would only cause him *more* annoyance.

Imagine, too, the embarrassment of sitting at your office desk and reading a dispatch from San Francisco stating that Mr. Charles Farrell had just postponed his Honolulu vacation because at sailing time he found that *your* wife was aboard.

IMAGINE, also, reading in the papers that there were rumors of your impending divorce . . . and upon finishing the article realize that reporters had called Charles Farrell to ask what *he* thought about it. It was no one's fault that from the beginning Lydell's marriage was a "triangle." In his case, to be the husband of a movie star, it took a superhuman indifference to public opinion and gossip!

Ralph Forbes is another ex-husband who fought against Hollywood opinion during the time he was married to Ruth Chatterton. It was Hollywood's belief that Ralph Forbes was "broke." When Ruth signed her famous $750,000 contract with Warners, Ralph was immediately relegated to the estate of "pauper." He *couldn't* have anything comparable with that. Well, quite frankly, he didn't! But he *did* have $85,000 of his own iron men salted away in Liberty Bonds.

One afternoon during their marriage, and just following Ruth's contract signing, Ralph was enjoying a little game of polo . . . until a wisecracker remarked: "Nice game, polo. . . . if your wife can afford it."

Ralph, as a Hollywood husband, needed a good right arm. He had it. They say that the smart aleck didn't "come to" for half an hour . . . which didn't do Ralph any good either. He

(*Continued on page 95*)

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 76*)

into a pastry shell and then glazed by having a hot strawberry syrup poured over them. We have the recipe for this pie, too—and you needn't let Mr. Tracy know if you prefer to make tarts instead of pie. Just go ahead and bake your pastry in muffin pans instead of in a pie plate and proceed as directed in the recipe.

Fruit and ice cream just naturally seem to go together and Lee proclaimed that his favorite combination of that kind is a Peach Melba.

"Don't know how they make the peaches taste the way they do in *that* dessert," declared Lee, "but they certainly are swell."

Well, *we* know how they make the peaches taste that way. Like this:

PEACH MELBA
12 peaches
3 cups water
2 cups sugar
6 cloves
Vanilla ice cream

Peel the peaches, first dipping them into boiling water after which the skins will slip off easily. Cut each peach in half, removing stone. Boil together the sugar, water and cloves for 3 minutes. Poach the peaches in this syrup, a few at a time, cooking only long enough for the peaches to become tender but not soft. Chill.

At serving time place a peach-half in the bottom of a sherbet glass, fill cavity with vanilla ice cream, top with a second peach half and pour a little of the peach syrup over all. Garnish with a spoonful of crushed raspberries, or raspberry jam.

THIS is one of the dressiest of all ice cream dishes—and we think you will be surprised and delighted to find out how easy it is to make.

Lee likes a compôte of fruit with which to start his dinner or to end his luncheon—his favorite mixture consisting of white grapes, peaches, fresh pineapple and bananas, all cut up together. When you make this, be sure to squeeze a little lemon juice over the peaches and bananas to keep them from discoloring. And you will find the mixture decidedly improved by adding a quantity of syrup made by boiling together sugar and water for 5 minutes (in proportions of ½ cup of sugar to ¼ cup of water) and pouring it over the fruit. Then let the fruit stand in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly before serving. You may vary this fruit combination to suit your own fancy or the assortment of fruit you happen to have on hand, but this sugar and water syrup idea will improve *any* fruit compôte you may make.

There were other fruit and berry desserts which came in for favorable mention from Mr. Tracy — particularly Blueberry Cake with Hot Lemon Sauce, Combination Fruit Gelatin, and popovers filled with berries and served with whipped cream or a boiled custard sauce. We have the recipes for all of them. We are giving you the gelatin one here. The four others mentioned by Lee Tracy are included in this month's star recipe folder which you can get by mailing to us the coupon on page 76. Send a *large,* stamped, addressed envelope, please.

And now, rather than tell you anything more about these fruit and berry desserts—after all, they will speak for themselves once you've made them—we want to tell you about a brand new way of entertaining which will give you an opportunity to show off these elegant desserts to your friends—without entailing inviting them to dinner. You see, you invite them to come for dessert only. Yes, we mean that. You say to your prospective guests, "Get here around eight for dessert and coffee." By that time you will have finished the first part of your own dinner, and cleared up, the children will have been put to bed and the table will be freshly laid for the dessert course. Have everything on the table so that it won't be necessary for you to jump up at any time—cigarettes, matches, ash trays, dishes of candy and nuts, coffee, cream and sugar, the dessert itself and all the necessary paraphernalia for serving and eating it. There is something very cozy and companionable about lingering over this dessert and coffee course—nobody wants to hurry and you sit and talk and smoke and sip coffee long after the dessert itself has disappeared. After this dessert-ish beginning to the evening, there is no need for you to serve any refreshments later on.

And now here is the other recipe we promised you. Cut out both of the recipes in this article and save them to add to the other four contained in the special Lee Tracy folder—which you won't waste a single day writing for, if you are wise!

COMBINATION FRUIT GELATIN
1 package lemon flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup granulated sugar
¾ cup orange juice
½ cup white grapes
1 cup strawberries
2 tablespoons powdered sugar

Dissolve gelatin and granulated sugar in boiling water. Cool slightly and add orange juice. Pour 1¼ cups of the gelatin mixture in mold which has been rinsed with cold water, reserving ½ cup of the liquid. Place mold in refrigerator. When the gelatin is beginning to get solid but is not quite set, add the grapes which have been washed and cut in half and the strawberries which have been washed, hulled and cut in half and sprinkled with the powdered sugar. Pour over them the remaining ½ cup of gelatin and return to refrigerator to set. Unmold and serve with sweetened whipped cream. A grand hot weather dessert.

Movie Husbands

(*Continued from page 93*)

couldn't go around smacking *all* the gossips. Nor could he carry around his $85,000 in Liberty Bonds to assure the doubters that he was able and *did* purchase all his own polo ponies.

HARRY BANNISTER is another Hollywood husband who found that just a bit too much humiliation was involved in being married to even as charming a movie star as Ann Harding. At the time of their separation Harry said:

"I just couldn't stand to be referred to as *Mr. Ann Harding* any longer. I was a well-known player on the stage for years . . . and yet Hollywood continued to insist that my wife got me my job in the talkies. Every time the telephone rang it was for Ann. Every time anyone spoke it was to Ann. The people who built our house consulted Ann. God knows, *she* wasn't to blame. It's just this crazy business. Unless a man's personal achievements at least match those of his movie star wife . . . there isn't much chance for real happiness in Hollywood!"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s contract equalled Joan Crawford's! His name, in electric lights was billed almost as high as hers! Doug had the job (which Eddie Hillman felt so important); he laughed at gossip and threw it off (which Lydell Peck was not quite able to do) and he was standing in the light of his *own* fame which was so importantly "wrong" with Harry Bannister's marriage! Yet even young Doug has been forced to admit defeat as the husband of a movie star.

SAID Doug: "Conditions are absolutely opposed to a happy marriage in this town! In the first place, happy marriages are *resented!* But gossip was not wholly responsible for our separation . . . as has been claimed so many times. It isn't true that the chatter writers pulled us apart . . . or that their whisperings could *ever* have caused our separation. There is another and much more dangerous element.

"It isn't easy to make concessions at home when you have spent the entire day having your own way at the studio.

"For a complete spoiling process, you can't beat a year or two of Hollywood stardom. There is no getting away from it . . . it is difficult to dove-tail opposite temperaments. I sometimes think that it takes a non-professional husband to be successfully married to a professional wife and vice versa. I know there are good arguments against that, too."

And Doug has more to say on the subject on Page 36.

Perhaps you'd say, "Get out of Hollywood and settle down in some quiet spot where love has no handicaps except the handicaps of love itself!"

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(*Continued from page 24*)

"The day I dreamed I'd give Winnie a million dollars I made my first big step towards success."

It was by the merest chance, and by Raoul Walsh's misfortune, that Warner was given the lead in "In Old Arizona," the production that reëstablished him in films.

Raoul Walsh was playing the lead in this picture as well as directing it. While he was driving through the country one night a Jack rabbit, confused by his headlights, jumped through his windshield. The next morning Walsh was in the hospital. He lost the sight of one eye. The picture had to go on. The studio telephoned Warner Baxter to come over and take a test. His work in "In Old Arizona" was one of the greatest triumphs any motion picture player ever has achieved.

WARNER BAXTER was set again. As he never had doubted he would be. Contracts were offered him. He signed finally with Fox. His income no longer was the uncertain, hit or miss affair of a free-lance. Every week a handsome salary rolled in.

Three years passed. Last autumn Warner's contract with Fox was about to expire. Because of a run of inferior pictures he had lost ground. The old, surprisingly reliable grapevine system had it that Warner's contract was not to be renewed.

The stock market crash had set him back. In the picture business, suffering from the depression with every other business, prospects of free-lancing were even more precarious than they had been for the few months before Warner had won the security of his contract through "In Old Arizona."

What about that million dollars he was going to give Winnie now? A million dollars well may seem more difficult of attainment when you've taken years to accumulate part of it than when you have nothing and it is just a vague sum to be acquired in the distant future. What about his dreams?

Just this:

Warner did not allow himself to contemplate failure. He did not begin compromising. He did not say to himself, "Well, what if they don't sign me again? I can make a living as a free lance at least. And there is enough put by. If my dream of giving Winnie a million hasn't actually been realized it's brought us a long way from second-rate road shows and second-rate commercial hotels."

"42nd Street" was being cast. There was no one on the Warner lot to play the stage director. It wasn't a part for the average, romantic young man. But it was exactly the part for a trouper like Warner Baxter, for a trouper who could get his teeth into it. An emissary was sent to Fox: "Please could Warner Baxter take a test for a lead on the Warner lot?"

Warner Baxter could and did. Confident, not racked with fear, he was able to give his test as a temperamental, highly strung stage director everything he had. He got the job.

And the Fox company, advised of the sensationally fine test this was, immediately signed Warner to the new contract what everybody, *except Warner himself*, had been certain he wasn't going to get.

For years now, Winnie has had her little white house at Malibu. It is here that crisp dotted Swiss curtains are criss-crossed at sunny windows. In Hollywood there is another house, bigger and more luxurious. And in the San Jacinto mountains there is a hunting lodge.

Warner hasn't given Winnie that million dollars he promised her fifteen years ago yet. But now no one, least of all Winnie herself doubts that she will get it.

WHEN Frances Marion was a little girl, she lived with her great-aunt. Her great-aunt insisted she wear her hair slicked back. So she would look "neat and tidy." The dresses the visiting seamstress made her were serviceable. And ugly. And always, with every dress, Frances had to wear a guimpe, a guimpe with a little standing collar. Not even her neck must be exposed.

It didn't surprise Frances that her nickname was "Guimpes." It didn't surprise her at all. She loathed the way she looked. And a good part of her childhood she spent envying the rich little girl who lived next door. We'll call this rich little girl, who today is one of San Francisco's social leaders, Helen Green.

Helen Green had everything. She lived in the most beautiful house. She had the prettiest clothes. She gave the most wonderful parties. And then, and this was more than Frances could bear, a new baby arrived at the Green house.

There was no chance of a new baby in Frances' family. Frances' mother and father were divorced. Frances could and did, however, pretend she had a baby brother. She used to make believe she had to hurry home from school so she would be there when he awakened from his nap. She used to dream about the soft, cuddly bunnies he would get at Easter. She imagined him crowing with delight when the weather turned warm and his nurse took him down to the sea. She knew perfectly well the kind of a little boy he was going to grow up to be. A sturdy, stocky, little fellow, one hundred per cent male.

Then one day Frances thought how terrible it would be if her little brother, more real to her now than actual things and people, should fall off the roof. She lived in a house with a flat, mansard roof that was easily reached by a ladder ascending from the top-floor storeroom.

The thought of her dear little brother falling off the roof was very vivid. And

suddenly, in school that afternoon, she burst into tears.

"Whatever is wrong?" asked her teacher. "What *is* the matter, Frances?"

"My little baby brother," Frances sobbed. "Oh, my poor little baby brother, he fell off the roof." So vivid is a child's imagination.

The teacher looked puzzled.

Up went Helen Green's hand.

"We live right next door to Frances," she announced importantly, "and she has no baby brother at all so how could he fall off the roof?"

A great fuss was made about this, of course. There was far less understanding of child psychology then. Frances' great-aunt was asked to come to school.

"You told a lie," the principal charged Frances. "You have no baby brother. You deliberately told a lie!"

The great-aunt looked grim.

"But I . . . I did have a baby brother," Frances whispered. "Really I did. He was only make-believe. But I did have him. And he did fall off the roof." Thus she floundered.

"Frances," said her aunt severely, "don't make the lie you've already told worse by adding another to it."

They didn't understand, any of them, how very real that make-believe baby brother had been.

"It was then," Frances Marion told me, "that I began to dream of a day when I'd make all of them understand how made-up people and made-up things really were real, quite as real as they themselves were. *More* real to me, sometimes.

"It was then, too, feeling inferior to the rich Helen Green, that I began to dream of the day when I'd have a beautiful house and lovely clothes, when I'd give wonderful parties and important people would come to see me.

"I dreamed I'd have children. I dreamed I'd have dogs and birds. I dreamed that I'd be important and not have to sit back and watch anyone else having all of the things I'd always wanted.

"I would, I dreamed, turn the imagination that had gotten me into all that trouble to my profit."

It was then Frances Marion began to dream . . .

"What are you thinking about?" her mother, coming to visit, used to ask. "What are you thinking about?"

"Of a white house on a hill," Frances would answer. "A beautiful white house. With horses grazing in the pasture. And dogs running around. And the most wonderful people in the world arriving for dinner."

ALWAYS that white house on a hill was part of Frances Marion's dream. Now, alas, it is behind her. It was part of the life she shared with Fred Thompson. When he died she couldn't bear to stay on alone. But that beautiful, gracious white house on a hill is something those who visited there will remember always.

"For years," Frances Marion told me, "I saw myself greater than I was. When I did my first interview, with Marie Dressler incidentally, for the San Francisco *Examiner*, when I sold a little story, I saw myself as the person of my dream, as a famous, successful writer."

It was while Frances Marion was writing and selling short stories to magazines, making posters for various railway companies, and finally theatrical posters for Morosco, that she became interested in Mary Pickford. She didn't know her name. But she always bought her admission and went in when she saw Mary's picture outside a theatre.

"I'm going to write stories for the little girl with the curls," she told herself. It wasn't long after this had become part of her dream, too, that the motion picture rights of her story, "The Stranger," were purchased for Mary. And now fame and success, the white house on the hill and finally her present charming English house, the important friends and marvelous parties, the dogs and birds were all much nearer attainment.

"It's all so completely as I dreamed it would be years ago when I was an unhappy little girl nicknamed 'Guimpes' and dressed 'neat and clean,'" Frances Marion said, "that I marvel at the way my dream directed my life, at the vividness and constancy with which I always saw myself as I finally am today.

"Working hard, standing up to discouragements and set-backs, I used to be gratified because I was facing what the person I believed myself to be must face."

Walking through Frances' library, we were startled by her small son. He emerged, growling, on all fours, from beneath a sofa. He was, at that particular moment, a lion. A very ferocious lion.

Frances smiled comprehendingly. "Believe it or not," she said, "he is exactly the little boy I dreamed that imaginary brother of mine would grow up to be, in looks and temperament and action.

"I don't pretend to understand it at all but I know the miracles a dream will work if you dream constantly and strong and true enough. . . ."

THOUSANDS of boys and girls all over the country dream of becoming movie stars. They see themselves living in a house on a hilltop, riding around in a Rolls-Royce or a very sporty roadster. They visualize themselves with grand clothes. They see themselves in the studios, working on a set.

Whenever these boys and girls flunk an exam or whenever they aren't asked to some party, they retreat into their dream. Immediately they imagine themselves, because of one fluke or another, getting a bit to play in a picture. They see the president of the company or the director so impressed with them that they are signed to a five-year contract immediately, and groomed for stardom.

All of this is all right as far as it goes. But it doesn't go far enough. It isn't dreaming *true*. It isn't dreaming completely. These things are part of a star's life. True enough. But they're

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Curls



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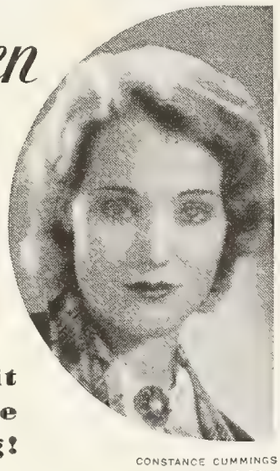


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far from being all of a star's life. This dream should go further. Those who dream it should visualize themselves working hard, studying, growing mentally, standing up to discouragements, making the most of every minute. For this, too, is part of being a star. The very foundation of stardom, in fact. Nowhere in the world is there a harder working group of people than in Hollywood. Hollywood is, literally, a gigantic beehive.

BOB MONTGOMERY'S dream of being an actor was born the day he saw Maude Adams. He was young, a schoolboy. The occasion was a theatre-party given for a friend on his birthday.

Immediately Bob forgot the elaborate plans and he and a group of boys made about organizing an airplane squadron. Something in Maude Adam's acting appealed to an instinct previously dormant within him. That instinct awakened, Bob's dream evolved.

The other boys Bob trailed around with went from one enthusiasm to another. They gave up the idea of forming an airplane squadron to become enthusiastic about wireless telegraphy. Outwardly Bob passed from one enthusiasm to another with the others. But not once did he forget his dream. Not once did he lose his picture of himself making his way on the stage, serving an apprenticeship, finding success.

He kept his dream to himself, however. He knew his family, comprised of merchant princes and the sons of merchant princes living comfortably on inherited incomes, would have no sympathy with any such notion.

No one could be further away from a theatrical background than Bob Montgomery. Every limb and twig of his family tree has been explored and nowhere could there be found an actor or any first cousin to an actor—like a politician or orator—of any kind.

Bob went to school at Pawling. English literature, languages, physical culture, the studies that would serve him best in the theatrical world were the studies to which he brought the greatest concentration and the keenest enthusiasm.

Then, financially, things smashed up for the Montgomerys. Bob had to get a job. He had to make money right off. He couldn't risk the uncertain fortunes the theatre offered a tyro like himself. He took jobs wherever he could find them. He worked with his hands. He shipped aboard an oil tanker bound for California.

Actually he seemed to be moving further and further away from any realization of his dream. But he did not lose faith. And always he saw himself as a successful actor.

At last Bob got back to New York. His family's financial crisis had past. He had saved a little money, a very little money. He went straight to the theatrical agents.

There were times when he went hungry. There was never a time when the various members of the Montgomery clan didn't point out the decent, dependable ways in which the Montgomerys, past and present, had made a living.

"All this well-meant effort did no good. In my mind I was already an actor even though I never set foot on any stage. I couldn't get a picture of myself working in a polite bank, selling securities on a golf links, or sitting in the coffee exchange all day, cabling orders for so many hundred bags of coffee. That dream which had come into existence the day I watched Maude Adams literally possessed me.

"I got an engagement at last. At thirty-five dollars a week. For two weeks. But it was enough."

I asked Bob if the theatre had seemed strange to him when he first worked in it. He shook his head.

"Not at all. In fact, I had been an actor in my own mind so long that when I went backstage for the first time it was exactly as if, at last, I had reached home."

Bob Montgomery thinks it is well to be careful what you dream.

"Because," he says, "if you hold on to your dream tenaciously enough and cater to it enough you cannot fail to realize it.

"Provided your dream comes to you of its own accord. Provided you don't make it up simply because your common sense tells you its realization would be desirable. Only rarely can such a desire become a dream, cease to be more than ambition.

"The dream that comes true must be for something for which you have a true instinct, for something you want even though your practical instincts may tell you it would be much better to have something else."

WHEN Bebe Daniels' Paramount contract expired and was not renewed Bebe was twenty-six years old. Twenty-six is young, except in Hollywood. But even in Hollywood it is not easy at twenty-six to accept the fact that you're a "has-been," that you're less than you were, on the downgrade so to speak.

"Was it very difficult for you at that time?" I asked Bebe one Sunday not long ago.

Bebe and Ben were giving a party to honor Dario Rappaport who had just completed a portrait of Bebe and little Babs. Everyone present was complimenting her on her work in "42nd Street." And only the day before a cable had arrived asking her to accept a flattering concert engagement in Europe.

"Strangely enough, it wasn't," Bebe answered me. "You see, I never saw myself in the predicament you imagine. During my last year at Paramount I had begun to dream of myself as a singer. Two months before my contract expired I had started to study. And even though I understand my voice sounded none too beautiful to the family I always heard myself singing charmingly.

"I never saw myself out of a job, relegated to the uncertain free lance ranks. Instead I saw myself as a singer. And when I actually left Paramount and could give all my time and thought and energy to singing it seemed more natural to me to be practising and tak-

ing lessons than it had seemed, at the end, to be working in the studios. Although I'd worked in studios for many years."

For two months more Bebe concentrated on her singing. Then, hearing "Rio Rita" was to be filmed she went to William LeBaron, executive producer at RKO and asked for the leading role.

After the year of bad pictures Bebe had suffered at Paramount she was not exactly good box-office. But because she never had thought of herself in this light, because she saw herself as a singer and a singer was needed for the lead in "Rio Rita" she was able to approach Bill LeBaron with a confidence that influenced him considerably.

They had considered bringing out a prima donna from the New York stage. Nevertheless, facing Bebe across his great desk, Bill LeBaron said:

"I guess if you want it that much you'll get it."

According to Bebe, it was as ii he spoke against his better judgment, as if he were thinking out loud.

This was enough for Bebe. She went directly to a music store and bought the "Rio Rita" music. One of the songs had a high B flat in it. Bebe had not yet reached within several notes of that.

"How long will it take me to reach B flat?" she asked her music teacher.

"Two months at least," he said. "Maybe two years. Maybe never!"

"Oh, no," she said, "you're wrong. I'll have it within two weeks. I'll have to have it within that time. For in two weeks I start work in 'Rio Rita.'"

Not for one minute did Bebe picture herself unable to reach this note. Not for one minute did she wonder how she would feel if someone else was finally announced for the part. Instead she saw herself playing in "Rio Rita," singing all the prima donna songs and singing them well, reaching high B flat easily.

She and Ben were engaged. And Ben, concerned when he realized how she was counting on this part, went to see her one evening, determined to prepare her for the possibility of someone else getting it. He left Bebe that night convinced himself that she would play it.

Within two weeks Bebe had reached her B flat. In spite of the fact that two months was the least time in which her teacher, a recognized authority, had agreed she could possibly expect to manage it.

You know, of course, that she got the job.

WARNER BAXTER . . . Frances Marion . . . Bob Montgomery . . . Bebe Daniels . . . We have seen how these four people achieved what they wanted, how the dreams they dreamed came true. Not because of any strange magic. But because:

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2. They did not pick their dream out of thin air but concentrated on the dream that suggested itself to them.
3. They always saw themselves in possession of their dream.
4. They never doubted their dream would come true.
5. They worked and planned towards their dream's fulfillment because it so obsessed them that they couldn't do otherwise.

You too can have anything you want.

Do you, for instance, want to be mistress of a beautiful home? This was Colleen Moore's dream. When Colleen was a little girl she turned a copy book into a paper doll's house. Samples of wallpaper were pasted on a page to represent the walls and the carpet. Against this she would paste pictures of furniture she had cut from magazines and newspapers.

In the August issue of Modern Screen there will be photographs of this original paper doll's house together with photographs of the beautiful home over which Colleen presides today. And there will be the story of how Colleen, as well as several other motion picture people, made her day-dream come true.

Buck Jones' Ride Through Life

(*Continued from page 64*)

the advice of Shorty, he did extra work. But he had little liking for the long hours of sitting around a "ballroom set" dressed up like a stuffed monkey in a tuxedo. He would have "blown" the movies for good, if he had not accidentally found out that "stunt men" (who perform the dangerous athletic feats for unathletic stars) made excellent money by merely riding bronchos, hopping off speeding trains, jumping out of windows and other "tame" outdoor activities. Many of the stunts Buck performed before the camera earned him as high as $500. There were none less than $100. So proficient did he become at risking his neck that a casting director at the Fox studio sent for him and offered him the steady all-year-round job of doubling for Fox's then long list of he-men star athletes, at $40.00 weekly. Naturally, Buck could not leave the movies after that. He was under contract!

This was at the stage of the movie game when Western pictures were unadulterated solid gold at the box office. The companies could not supply them to the exhibitors fast enough. They were made in record-breaking time and were, if the truth be known, the financial "angels" behind the dramatic films. In spite of many glamorous stars of the "drama" at that period, Tom Mix was



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Quite unknown to far-from-movie-wise Buck, the Fox company was beginning to have salary and contract trouble with their chief money earner, Mr. Mix. Tom wanted some little sum like $17,000 weekly. In fact, he had just about made up his mind that he wasn't going to make any more movies unless they were willing to part with this little bit of change. It was up to the Fox company to do something. Perhaps if they could frighten Mix into line with the threat of a potential "rival" on the same program. . . .

Buck had been under contract for a year and a half without ever having met a real studio official, when suddenly out of a clear sky he was summoned into the holy sanctum of Mr. Sol Wurtzel and Mr. Winfield Sheehan who wanted to know if Buck would like to make some starring pictures for them—"five reel Western comedies," they called them. The amazed Buck could only stand and stare at them. "We'll give you seventy-five dollars a week," said Mr. Wurtzel. Still Buck could only stand there, speechless. "Well, make it a hundred," said Mr. Sheehan. Buck was beginning to feel faint. "A hundred and a quarter," said Mr. Wurtzel crisply. "A hundred and fifty is absolutely top price," snapped Mr. Sheehan. Before he collapsed in a faint at their feet, Buck managed to scrawl his name across a dotted line that was pointed out to him. Had they only known it, the conscientious Buck would have made starring pictures for them for his old $40 per week.

Buck Jones was a star of Fox pictures for eleven years. Next to Tom Mix he was the largest money-earner on the program.

THOUGH the pictures he made were never reviewed by George Jean Nathan and in no way rated as artistic triumphs, they nevertheless earned him an enormous following among children and the Saturday afternoon crowds at the smaller movie houses. The contract that had started so casually at $150 weekly had swelled to the magnificent figure of $3500 weekly by the time he entered his last three years with Fox.

When, at the end of his eleventh year with that organization, he decided to sever relations, Buck was a rich man. He and Dell had always lived well and comfortably in Hollywood. They owned a town house, a large ranch and a beach home, but they had never gone in for the swank of swimming pools and imported cars and diamonds and hordes of unnecessary servants. He had saved $325,000 cash which was invested in Government bonds. He could easily have retired at this time and lived the life of a country gentleman but Buck had been "in harness" too long to relish the idea of idleness.

The movies had gone into something of a slump and he was wise enough to realize that he would be foolish to attempt to finance his own pictures. He had weathered *one* disastrous independent movie fling with a man named Garson, which had cost him about $50,000. He was not in the least anxious to be his own movie impresario after that painful experience.

Instead he decided to return to his first love—the circus. At the time of the height of his stardom in the movies Buck had organized "The Buck Jones Rangers," a group consisting of about five thousand kids who were his staunch and most sincere admirers. This club, that has grown to five million members since its inception, is one of the biggest organizations of its kind in the world. It is based upon a code of honor including honesty, fair dealing and loyalty. And every member is a Buck Jones booster!

After the club had grown to its present terrific size, Buck had a great desire to visit each one of the chapters. How better to do it than by bringing his circus to the towns where his Rangers were located?

With this in mind, Buck cashed in the Government bonds and financed a traveling circus for thirty days. At the end of that time he had not one nickel left!

$300,000 gone in thirty days!

The kids had not failed him . . . but Buck had reckoned without the smart tricks of the trade which can be pulled in the circus business. For instance:

His "advance man" would arrive in a town, post the bills advertising Buck and his Wild West Show and then move on to the next place. The minute he was out of town the rival circus producers would tear down, or otherwise destroy his ads, and when Buck and his troupe arrived there would not be more than a handful of people who realized he was there. It was a disheartening and heartbreaking experience. The accumulated wealth of eleven years' savings went so fast it made him dizzy.

SO, one morning in June of 1931, Buck and Dell returned to Hollywood practically as broke as they had been twelve years before, when they first saw the city!

"If it hadn't been for Dell," said Buck, "I don't know what I would have done. But money has never meant much to her—that is, not much in comparison to adventure. She used to laugh and say we were never meant to be 'the bloated rich'. She insisted that as long as we had our health and a couple of good horses, nothing else mattered. Really, she was swell. We rented a small ranch house in Van Nuys, outside of Hollywood, and sat back to wait for something to happen."

Thanks to Buck's manager, Scotty Dunlap, the "something" was not long in showing up. Scotty arranged for Buck to make a picture for Sol Lesser at Tec-Art for a salary of $300 weekly. There is a great deal of difference between $3500 weekly (Buck's former movie salary at Fox) and $300. "But $300 a week is still a lot of money," Buck grinned. "Where else in the world could I have made so much?" The Western picture for Lesser was so successful that Columbia put in a bid for Buck's contract and "bought" him for $500 per week. Under that new affiliation, Buck played his first "straight" part with Nancy Carroll and John Boles

in "Child of Manhattan." His performance was so good that a great many reviewers predicted that Buck Jones was entering a "new career," much more important dramatically than had been his old stardom in Western films.

But from the front porch of his "rented" ranch house, Buck looks on his new Hollywood career with philosophy rather than excitement.

"Sure, I liked doing the role in 'Child of Manhattan.' I'd like to do such a part every now and then if the opportunity comes up. But the only movies I will ever *love* are those fast moving, galloping 'horse operas' with their old-fashioned hero, heroine and villain. I love them for their clean adventure and for the thrill they give the kids. And just between you and me, I have a little hunch I'll still be doing Westerns when your hair has turned to gray!"

Object Lesson in Good Manners

(*Continued from page 74*)

over-cautious, really. Anyone else would allow me to be up and about.

"I put up with him because he's so handsome."

The other day I was telling a good friend of Claudette's very much what I've written here.

"It sounds exactly like her, all of it," this friend said. "She'd never break an engagement at the last minute if she possibly could help it. And having asked you there she would see to it that everything was gay and pleasant.

"There was no further talk of her illness?"

"None," I said.

"There wouldn't be," this friend continued, "Claudette's sense of social responsibility never fails her. Sickness makes dreary and even alarming conversation. As a hostess or as a guest she would avoid it.

"She's quite as charming a guest as she is a hostess, incidentally.

"She's never one of those ghastly people who arrive at a party to sit back with an air that challenges you to entertain them. Neither is she ever guilty of that curious jealousy some people have lest your party be a success. She never says nor does anything calculated to start acrimonious discussions. She never confronts another guest with some erroneous statement he's made. Subtly or otherwise she never dampens any general enthusiasm for any game that may be suggested.

"And she always brings a nice spirit of gaiety to parties."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, I must explain here, is not one of those persistently gay people. Neither is she an enthusiastic play-girl nor an empty-headed Pollyanna. She takes serious things seriously. She's often inclined to be quiet and thoughtful. She has all the worries and concerns that any adult breadwinner or any star managing a career must have.

But arriving at a party Claudette would have consideration enough for her host or hostess not to bring one of her troubles with her. She is, furthermore, too sensitive a person to arrive at any social gathering in an antagonistic frame of mind, saying mentally or, worse still, by her attitude, "Amuse me, *if you can!*"

The more sensitive a person is the more likely he is to feel a sense of responsibility socially. A sensitive person is quicker to appreciate his host's or hostess' desire for everyone to have a good time. She will realize how an unfortunate attitude on the part of even one guest can mar things generally. Besides, a sensitive person will be more sympathetic to the inevitable shy guest and, in a warm, casual way, make some effort to include him in whatever is going on.

It is not strange that anyone with Claudette's feeling of social responsibility should be as popular as Claudette is. Her friends like to have her at their parties even if they never analyze the exact reason why.

Talking of social responsibility reminds me of a-flying visit I once made a friend who lives in southern France. This friend and I had attended the same convent at Versailles. She had married well. Her estate at Cannes was famous. The day I stopped off, unexpectedly, for a few hours with her on my way to Italy she was having a garden party. Ladies in chiffons and gentlemen in flannels swarmed everywhere. There was a caterer's tent on the lawn. My friend and I were both frightfully disappointed that we couldn't have a real visit together.

"And you won't be able to show me your old house or the gardens you've written me about!" I wailed.

"You must see them somehow," she protested. "The garden's at its best right now." But a little frown crept between her eyes. Obviously it would be impossible for her to leave her guests for the hour or more this tour of inspection would take.

A friend, standing close by, overheard her.

"Let me be a guide," she said. "I know all the nooks you're most proud of. And I'd love to show them. Really I would."

Here again was the same nice sense of social responsibility that marks Claudette Colbert. Undoubtedly this girl would have had a far better time where there was music and refreshment and beaux than she had guiding me, a perfect stranger, about gardens and rooms that were an old story to her. But not once during our excursion did she allow me to feel that she was doing me a favor, that I was a bother to her.

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I REMEMBER how she showed me about, planning our walk through the beautifully landscaped acres so we had little rest periods beside splashing fountains, getting me back to the marquee so I had time for an ice and a little rest before I had to leave for my train.

Many people strive for a sense of social responsibility. But not all those who strive for it achieve it. Some fall by the way to become what I call "fetchers and carriers." By fetchers and carriers I mean:

A. Those who burden you looking after you.

B. Those who hand you an ashtray you could very well reach for yourself.

C. Those who insist, for no reason, upon your taking the more comfortable chair.

D. Those who in their enthusiasm often usurp their hosts' and hostesses' prerogatives.

It is as if fetchers and carriers had no part in the gaiety of a party but almost relegated themselves to the place of servants.

However, it is better to strive for a nicely balanced sense of social responsibility even at the risk of falling into the fetcher and carrier class than it is to make no effort in this admirable direction.

I can imagine nothing worse than to be like another motion picture star I know, a star who is the very antithesis of Claudette Colbert. This star has no feeling of social responsibility at all.

She is a charming hostess. But only because as a hostess she occupies the center of the stage, only because as a hostess she acts the gracious lady, a role in which she fancies herself and enjoys.

But . . . when anyone else is having a party this girl manages somehow, someway, to be destructive. Subtly sometimes. Sometimes obviously. She will talk when someone is singing. She will discourage suggestions of certain games. She will introduce, carelessly or deliberately, a conversation that has dynamite in it. Or she will appear so bored that she will make her hostess uncomfortable and keep her from giving her full attention to other guests and other things.

There are a dozen reasons why this girl should be popular. She is charming looking. (Rather she was charming looking before her selfish egotism began to mark her physically as well as socially.) She dances well. She plays bridge expertly and this *is* important these days, you'll admit. Nevertheless, lately she hasn't been invited to nearly as many parties as she was asked to even a year ago. And this, as far as I'm concerned, is quite as it should be.

In these parlous times a sense of social responsibility is more important than ever before. None of us has as many parties as we once had. It is, therefore, more important that the parties we do give be successful. And the surest way to have our parties successful is to omit asking people, like the star described above, people who are not willing to do their share towards keeping social surfaces pleasant.

Develop a sense of social responsibility. It will make you a more charming hostess and a more charming guest. It will, in fact, serve you well wherever you go, whatever you do.

What Happened to Cinderella?

(*Continued from page 25*)

You walk, inside this palace, on Oriental rugs of a priceless silkiness. You stroll through the spacious corridor hallway which resembles the famous Peacock Alley of the old Waldorf Astoria and the walls are lined with portraits of Marion, life-size, done in oils, in all of her picture roles.

YOU enter the Gold Room, the walls of which are crusted with 14 *carat gold leaf*—and in this Gold Room and adjacent, smaller salons are paintings done by Rembrandt, by Boucher, by Sargent.

One painting alone cost Marion *$150,000.* Another one, close by, she bought for $90,000. Each chair, each couch, each ornament in that room would support an average family in comfort for varying periods of years—for a lifetime.

In the dining-hall—you couldn't call it a *room*—there are five or six dining tables of softly polished wood—and along the entire side of the vast chamber is a table groaning under such massive Georgian silver as would have cost the Georgian-named English kings their kingdoms.

Uniformed flunkeys, a special hairdresser, flounced maids are at your elbow when needed and invisible when not needed. Guests of all ages, sexes and description are here and there about the place—at a table in the library sits George K. Arthur and his wife, deep in a game of cards.

Mrs. Sam Goldwyn discourses gaily about the tea service Sam has promised to buy her in London—and should it be China or silver or what does anyone *think?*—Eileen Percy tells Marion that she is about to open a gown shop, she thinks—and her little son has just had his tonsils out—youths and maidens drift in and out for tennis or tea—and in the midst of all this friendly sumptuousness moves Cinderella herself, a friendly, freckled girl wearing dark blue slacks and shirt, a blue beret on her careless hair, white sneakers none too white, a pair of dark glasses pushed up over her tilted nose—kindly, simple,

eager—still the little Cinderella from the Bronx.

WE sat, when the others had drifted out, in the panelled library, surrounded by rich octavo volumes, rare first editions, looked down upon by the marble busts of the Very Great—and we talked—and Marion sat on the floor. Marion almost *always* sits on the floor—

She said, "People everywhere are so *afraid*. They talk about the sad state of the world today—of what may happen to it—of what may happen to them. I am not very optimistic about general conditions myself, to tell the truth. I think, too, that the old order is passing. I doubt that we will ever know again the luxury, the comfort, the vast sums of money we have known in the past. *But what of it?*

"The only sad thing about it all, I think, is the *fear* it has brought into people's hearts. And fear of just what, after all? The only things we stand in danger of losing are the things that matter the very least of all—money and the luxuries that money buy. These are the things I could do without, for one. Poverty and hard work are two things I am not afraid of.

"I am most *certainly* not afraid to be poor again. People who have never been poor may feel differently about it. But I have been poor and I was darned happy, too.

"There are only two things in life that I am afraid of—one is sickness and the other is death. Sickness and death to those near and dear to you. These are the only two things about which nothing can be done, for which there is no remedy.

"To tell the truth, I am afraid of death for myself, too. I am afraid of *nothingness*. I think I could tackle any problem, any new work there might be to do—in any new world—but oblivion terrifies me, the *me* that *is* me. There is something about nothingness that is so unbearably cold and lonely. *I hate loneliness.* I always have—you can tell that by the people I have always around me.

"Compared to sickness, death and loneliness what is the loss of money, of *things?*"

"But—" I interrupted, casting a glazed eye at the exquisite costliness about me, "but you do love luxury and magnificent things or you wouldn't have bought them?"

OF course I love them," Marion said, "but I love *them*—not my possession of them. I haven't an interest in life, I haven't a thing around me *that I couldn't still have even if I didn't own them at all.* Do you realize that?

"If I were to lose, tomorrow, every cent I have in the world—if all these things that surround me were to go—I still could have them in the only way they ever belong to anybody, really—in my appreciations. I mean, I love art.

"When I was eighteen or twenty, around that time, I studied art. I read all about the great painters and their work. I went to all the art galleries and museums of art and free art exhibits that I could find. I loved them then just as much as I do now. I got just as much out of them. I could get just as much out of them tomorrow, in the same old way.

"The fact that I own them now—that they happen to be hanging in my house—is a difference but a very slight difference, intrinsically, when you come right down to it.

"I love books. I own some very valuables ones. Most of them are books I love to read as well as to handle and touch. Well, I used to haunt libraries and pore over first editions and take home, for a cent a day, the books I cared about reading.

"I love orchids. I've made a hobby. But even if I had no hot-houses of my own there would be nothing to stop me from going to other hot-houses and looking at orchids and talking about them and giving some free and probably uncalled for advice. Love of orchids need not stop at lost ownership of an orchid. You do not only love your friends when they happen to be in your house, under your roof. *My interests are my friends.*

CLOTHES are comparatively unimportant to me, too. At least, the labels they bear are unimportant. There was a time when I went a little crazy about clothes. I wanted to have a new dress every day. But there was also a time when I made my own clothes—after work at nights—because I had to. I still sew. I still make my own dresses sometimes. And I could be very happy wearing, all of the time, the sort of thing I have on now.

"I wouldn't be afraid of being one of the unemployed, either. This may sound absurdly optimistic—but I feel confident that I could get work. It might not be in a studio—even assuming that that world of mine was closed to me for some reason—I still feel that I could get some sort of work somewhere.

"A great part of the reason for my not being afraid as so many people are is because I have a deep and abiding faith in the kindliness of human nature. I just don't *believe* that any human soul needs to go hungry, or cold, or unbefriended. I am sure that no one would need to ask me twice for a meal or a place to sleep. I am sure no one would be turned away by you—or, really, by anyone I can think of. I don't believe *I* would be were I ever on that spot—actually hungry and shelterless."

Which brings to my mind a little story I must tell here about Marion. A story one of her guests told me that day. I asked about a young girl who was among the guests, yet seemed to live there. And the friend told me that, a year or so ago, Marion's studio cook was dying. Marion went to her.

The woman, very poor, told Marion that she had only one fear of dying—and that fear was for her young daughter who would be alone and unprovided for. Holding that poor woman's hand, Marion sent her on her last journey happy and at peace—she promised to take that little daughter and care for her. Well, she has. The young girl lives in Marion's house. Marion is sending her through college. Last sum-

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mer she sent her to Europe for the Grand Tour—and that fortunate lass will stay with Marion until she is fully equipped to meet the world on her own well shod feet.

Yes, Marion would believe that doors and hearts would be open to those who are cold and hungry—

"I think," Marion said, "that the two most important things in life are work you love to do—and friends. If you have worked all of your life you are not afraid of work. You have kept limber and hard and healthy. You can be unafraid, as I am, of doing without luxuries, cars and maids and imported models. If you have friends you are still more unafraid because you believe in the kindness of human nature and the goodness of people.

"If I had any message to give to the world it would be *don't be afraid!* Root fear right out of your hearts. You will never lose any of the things that really matter to you—because the things that *really* matter *can't be lost.*"

This is what happened to Cinderella. She walks with as kind and firm a tread in the crystal slipper as ever she did in the hand-me-down shoes of another day.

Ordeal of Helen Twelvetrees

(*Continued from page 31*)

Christmas tree. She shook her head, smiling as she used to just a few years ago when Helen said, "If I just knew how to breathe right, I could fly."

The next day, Helen was Mrs. Clark Twelvetrees.

It couldn't be. It just couldn't be. The young father and mother gazed, stunned, on the wreckage of the sweet, safe life they had built for their baby. She had had nothing but joy and content, because it wasn't time yet for her to have anything else. Now, with cataclysmic abruptness, the shelter was blown away. Grief-stricken, hurt, anguished, they looked at the boy whom they did not know. At Helen, by his side, tragically confident with the innocence of a happy childhood guarded from care. The boy was about twenty-one. Their girl, now his, was not yet sixteen. Two unthinking children caught in the sudden uprush of spring had done a grown-up thing—quickly, impatiently; not after the sweet, precious period of deliberation which had preceded the marriage of the young Jurgenses.

In sorrow and despair they turned away. Helen had set the pattern. There could be no unravelling now. The pattern would have to be worked out to its end, no matter how bitter. Helen and—and that young stranger walked out of the house and down the street, inexplicably together.

The spell was on them. They held hands and observed with amazement that the spring sunlight was of a quality never before known, obviously arranged for them. Not only were they married. They had jobs—real, professional jobs—in a stock company in Cincinnati.

"It will be our honeymoon!" They told each other.

And the two children, who should otherwise have gone to the movies and chattered over a soda-counter and gone dreaming vaguely to their separate homes, went instead to a dingy hotel-room in the grown-up actuality of marriage.

A few days later, they were in Cincinnati, members of the Stuart Walker stock company. Eager and happy.

THE spell, cruelly tenuous, snapped. The mysterious glow which had hung over them like an enchantment, casting an opalescent haze over wisdom and caution and all mundane rules, dimmed as abruptly as an electric light turned off. Helen, whose life had been a gentle dream, was plunged into a waking nightmare. Her dreaming, childish eyes opened wide in fright and bewilderment on a world gone wrong. The tempo of her tranquil life had speeded to a dizzy tempo—yet got nowhere.

Around and around in her head flew the thought "surely there must be some mistake, somewhere." Her smiling mouth tightened with panic. A little girl—lost, frightened. . .

Everything had been so *pretty* before. Now everything was ugly. The rooming-house, ghosts of myriad cabbage dinners haunting the halls. Their room, in which they were trapped together—two children, strangers to each other, was arid with the grey discomfort of cheap rooming-houses the world over.

What could they know about handling money—two youngsters fresh from the carefree status of childhood? Their modest salaries evaporated, they didn't know where. There wasn't enough money, somehow. The young husband appalled by the responsibility of maturity acquired too soon, turned in his confusion to liquor. It developed upon Helen to hold the threads of their life in her trembling fingers.

Clothes to be washed—shirts, socks, stockings to be mended—meals to be cooked over the odorous gas-ring, meals which would not turn out right no matter how she tried in her inexperience—the room to be kept tidy. And, at the theatre, rehearsals—hours standing on the draughty stage, head and back and feet aching, throat constricted with misery and hopelessness. The young Jurgenses baby, her face thin and white and tense. . . .

THREE months. Did it always rain in Cincinnati? It seemed as though it did. Long hours, sitting at the slit of a window, her small, white face

pressed against the glass down which streamed the weeping rain. Too weary to sleep, too ill at heart to turn her head toward the chair where sat that boy trying to quench his own panic in cheap gin. Maybe, if she was very quiet, all this would fade, she would awake in her little room, the quiet sound of her parents' voices down the hall. Weary tears fell unchecked down her cheeks, like the weary tears falling outside the window.

After three months—New York. Another murky, grey room—in a dingy theatrical hotel in the Forties. This time, there was no job. Back room-rent loomed, mounted. A can of beans to heat over the radiator was good luck. Somehow, the supply of gin was maintained. Helen's pleas were of no avail. Thin, haggard, her feet bruised from run-down shoes, she tramped the tired miles from agent's office to agent's office.

At last, when she had gone beyond desperation into a numb daze, a chance. A reading for a small part—a contract! She hurried back to the hotel—now she could be free. They had talked about it before—both knew their marriage was hopeless—but there had been no money. When two have lived together, it costs money to part and go separate ways. Now she could at last.

She flung open the door.

"I got the job, Clark. We have a break at last. Now we can get out of all this misery."

HE looked at her dully, his desperate young face misted by liquor. She turned away, pulled a suitcase out of the closet, began to pack. He watched her in silence for a few moments, poured another drink from the already half-empty bottle at his side, then jumped up and ran crazily to the window.

"Clark!" she screamed.

He jerked the window open, jumped to the sill. In one rush she was at the window.

"Clark!" she screamed again and grabbed frantically at his coat-sleeves. With all her strength she pulled him back. Wriggling free of the coat—he jumped. The coat dangled limp in Helen's icy hands—her eyes were fixed stupidly on the sky—*this was the seventh floor!*

"Please—God——" she whispered. And knew no more until suddenly she found herself on the street below, the coat clasped tight to her breast. People crowded, shouted, pushed her back. Somehow, she fought through them. Saw him. Sank quietly to the pavement, unconscious.

An awning on the second floor had broken his fall, flung him to the top of an automobile, from which his poor, young body was bounced to the street. Badly injured—but alive.

WHEN Helen was revived she awoke to a new nightmare. Policeman snapped questions at her, people stared with the hungry curiosity of vultures, there were ambulances, police cars, reporters. She was in the police station. Men in uniform surrounded her, looked at her grimly, would not let her go. She held her head in her hands—she could not understand—she felt ill, a little mad. Finally, she understood. . . .

They suspected her of pushing Clark out of the window.

The little girl, to whom the childhood axioms of truth and its omniscience were still catechism, found herself in the twisted adult world where truth is a frail flower buried under the debris of suspicion.

She looked about her in horror at the stoney faces of the officers. All they would say was "Explain why you were holding his coat afterwards." She explained again and again and again until she thought reason was leaving her. And they would not believe!

The evening papers blared with headlines—two young nobodies, out of their blundering misery, had made the headlines. Because Helen had in the last few months earned a few infrequent dollars posing for commercial artists she was referred to as an "artist's model." It made a better headline that way. All of the tabloids snatched at the story—it made a "snappy" one, with all the implications provided by their most inventive reporters.

Helen had just turned seventeen. . . .

The hideous grotesquerie dwindled when Clark regained consciousness and could speak. He explained. Helen was released.

But what did release mean now? Her heart was dead and cold—amazing that it could still beat. She wished it would stop beating. She was so tired. Not frightened any more. Just numb and weary—weary.

There was the job, of course. She had that and she had to go on with it. Or starve. She worked—but surely it was another person moving about on that stage, speaking those lines. It couldn't be Helen. *She* was dead—but still aching and tired.

After a while, Clark's father came to her, pleading. She, he said, had caused the tragedy. She must take Clark back when he came out of the hospital. She must. Helen could not argue. How could she convince this middle-aged man how wrong he was? At seventeen, what weapons of logic are there with which to oppose the mandates of maturity? Besides, she was so tired. What did it matter anyway? It didn't. Nothing did. Wearily, without argument, she consented.

ONCE more they were living together. In the same discord, bewilderment, unhappiness as before. But this time it didn't matter. They were both not quite alive, not quite *aware*. Just bemused young things sitting dully in the trap.

Then Helen got her big chance. By a fluke. Accompanying a friend to the office of a producer, she was halted in the corridor by a man who peered sharply at her, asked what experience she had had, thrust a script into her hand, told her to study the part of Sondra and come back in an hour and read it for him.

The man was Horace Liveright. The play was—suitably, thought Helen bit-



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terly as she looked at the title—"An American Tragedy."

In the lobby of a hotel across the street from the theater, she looked over the part. Returned and read it for Mr. Liveright and Patrick Kearney, the adapter. Was signed to play it.

Her name was in lights on the front of the theatre. Critics devoted enthusiastic space to her performance. She was a success.

A success. As she drew breath after the opening night, trying to realize her new fortune, she studied the word. Success. People—people who knew—were referring to her as that. She had thought "success" meant a deep joy, an inward sense of achievement and peace. She felt none of that—yet. But maybe—maybe there was something to live for after all. Some reason for going on, some point in waking in the morning and facing the day.

Work. That was it. That was all there was—for her. Work—plans—accomplishment—career.

The old love of the theatre shone again—a light in the black fog. She worked, with a relish and an intelligence far beyond her years. But what are years? Mathematical measures not applicable to life, living, experience. Helen was mature, adult, at seventeen.

THERE were plays. Then pictures. She was rehearsing for "Elmer Gantry" when Fox asked her to make a test, signed her, whisked her to Hollywood for a movie. She was acquiescent. It was work—and she couldn't get enough of that—it was all she had to build on. And Hollywood meant momentary escape from the bitter absurdity of her marriage. Maybe not just momentary. They had drifted for so long, paralyzed by the uncertainty of their youth. Maybe now that she was hoisting sail and setting off toward an independent horizon they might be *permanently* freed of this misery in which they were bound almost hypnotically.

Three pictures for Fox. All bad. Termination of her contract when she refused to do a fourth which promised to be even worse.

Alone in the little bungalow she had rented in the Hollywood hills, she took stock. Even work had failed her. She had worked hard, carefully, intelligently. And now faced a blank wall. She was accustomed to those blank walls by now, but she looked at this one speculatively. Plans, she decided, were of little use. There was nothing, no firm base, on which to build. The only plan was a negative one—withdrawal from life, detachment, indifference. A friend interrupted her thoughts, suggested a drive to Pathé where the friend had business.

The friend parked her car outside the studio. Helen waited in the car, still absorbed in her sad reflections. An office boy came out, said a gentleman inside wished to see her. Absently, Helen followed the boy, to the office of a man who had observed her in the car. He was Edmund Goulding. Within an hour he had had her made up and tested for the lead in "Grand Parade." Next day, she was summoned to sign a contract with Pathé. Helen smiled—a strangely old smile for a twenty-year-old. . . .

Now she was a star. Famous, flattered, on the way to wealth. A divorce had given her freedom at last. The pictures she did for Pathé were mostly dull, routine productions offering little challenge to her interest and talent. But they brought her fame and money—and she accepted these two gifts, all she had at which to warm her cold young hands.

Then, when she was making "Her Man" with Phillips Holmes, Phil got his dates mixed. He made simultaneous luncheon engagements with Helen and with a young real estate broker named Frank Woody. So all three lunched together in the studio restaurant. Helen and Mr. Woody sat opposite each other—liked each other.

A few nights later, they dined together. Quiet, intelligent young business man—tired, wistful young star. After a very short time, they dined together every night. And they knew they were in love.

Her tragedy and sweetness—his strength and understanding—blended into an emotion which was vital and deep, with no trace of hysteria or frenzy. When they were together, they were happy and at peace.

Helen marvelled—laughing, when she was alone, in a timid amazed tone. She had thought she was dead. And now her heart was alive with music, her youth throbbed with hope and dreams.

She waited a year—a year of rich, quiet romance, the kind of romance she had dreamed of years ago. Then she was sure. And they were married, without ostentation, two young people who loved wisely and thoughtfully rather than hectically and fitfully.

There were contract difficulties at Pathé. That part of Helen which is actress was troubled. But the essential Helen—Mrs. Woody—rested serene. Life was full and sweet. Presently it was significant with the mystery of life itself—under her heart began the heartbeats of her child.

Turning her back on all else, she went home. She and her husband. She had to. It symbolized so much. It was like a pilgrimage—back to the peace and security of her childhood, to the things she once thought she had lost. At home, with her parents and her husband at her side, she gave birth to her son. . . .

Now she is back in Hollywood, smiling wisely at the people who said she was a fool to waste valuable career-time in having a baby. Under contract to Paramount, she is a featured player, feels more hopeful of good pictures. The well-spring of talent in her needs the outlet of adequate manifestation. She still makes no arbitrary plans—but now it is not out of defensiveness.

When the community was in the throes of the financial panic and the earthquake, most of Hollywood went a little off its head. But Helen sat in the sunny gardens of the house to which only a few real friends have access, with her husband and her baby. The strained tension was gone from her delicate face—the fright and bitterness had disappeared from her eyes forever!

Want to Know Elissa?

(*Continued from page 43*)

person. You'll never catch her copying the Dietrich fashion of pants-wearing, nor will you find her in Garbo's mannish coats and slouch hats.

"Heaven knows," she said to me one day, "men look bad enough in trousers. Their modern suits are anything but beautiful. And women look even worse than men in men's clothes. Besides, wearing men's clothes doesn't prove anything. It doesn't show we are superior.

"We women have our own weapons. We don't need to borrow the weapons of men. We have a rich world in which to live—a world of home, children, music, the arts. Why should we want to make ourselves like men?"

Yet in a battle of wits Elissa can match hers against any man who ever lived.

DO you remember when Ann Harding wore the black wig to a theatre opening and Alexander Kirkland introduced her as a visitor from the south? Everybody who saw her was fooled—everybody but Elissa.

Kirkland told me that when he brought Ann up to Elissa and introduced the two of them, he saw Elissa give Ann one sharp, penetrating gaze and he knew she hadn't been fooled for one moment.

"It's a great make-up, Ann," Elissa whispered. And she was the only person at that opening who knew.

For her mind works fast—idea tumbling upon idea.

Right now she has very little physical energy, but her mental vitality is enormous. The lack of physical energy is accounted for by a bad case of flu, from which she got up too soon and three days later plunged into a tank of cold water for a scene in the picture. But nothing can stop that splendid mind.

Not so long ago she had to stay in because of an eye infection. She could neither read nor write nor work. So she composed a piano sonata—and wrote it down when her eyes were well.

I've told you she was complex—she is. She has great physical repose and appears always calm. It is her mind that is as active as Lupe Velez' eyebrows. And as you watch her you know that in that slight body is great strength.

When she first came to the studio, she had the reputation for having no temperament. This was because she was taught rigid obedience as a child and now disciplines herself as carefully as her governess once disciplined her. She did what she was told and was always on time. This startled the studio workers, who are used to the haphazard ways of the average actress. But what these workers failed to do was to look deeper into Elissa. Because she adhered to studio rules (which most people break) they thought she must be phlegmatic.

Instead, there flow within her deep rivers of fire. Deep and secret.

WHEN she writes (and of course you already know how many books she has had published) she often plays on the phonograph some very emotional piece of music. Music is a vital part of her existence. Without it she would be lost.

And her existence is very nice. Interested as she is in the arts, you might not know—or even believe—that she is domestic. But I assure you that she is. (I've already warned you that she is complex.) She furnished her house herself. She is constantly changing it and she'll stop whatever she is doing any time to look at a new chair or an unusual drapery. She even likes to cook!

She is the sort of person who would make an ideal wife and yet a peculiar relationship exists between her and her husband. He lives in England—his work is there—and the only time they are together is upon occasional visits. His name is very seldom in her conversation.

But Elissa Landi is the sort of person of whom one doesn't ask personal questions. And that's one of the reasons she is so difficult to know. You can ask a Lupe Velez anything—and you can know all about Lupe forty-five minutes after meeting her, but Elissa grows with acquaintance. Each time you see her a new facet of her personality is turned to the light. No, I'm wrong. It isn't a new facet—it is one that has been there all the time but you simply haven't discovered it.

You can't tag a girl like that—all you can say is that she is a combination of a large number of rare and interesting qualities. Quick tempered—but obedient. Artistic—but domestic. Intellectual—but feminine.

And, although she likes to walk in the rain, she is not moody in the accepted sense of that much used word.

She is, in short, a highly civilized woman—and the most delightful of all possible companions.

And to close, here is a little story which proves that she has, not only a sense of humor, but that rare quality—a sense of the ridiculous, which "intellectual" people are not supposed to have.

It happened on the set of Ronald Colman's "The Masquerader," in which Elissa played the feminine lead. Colman found himself called upon to speak a line which, no matter how he read it, still took on the annoying semblance of a bit of doggerel. The line was:

"The car's in the drive and your coat's in the car."

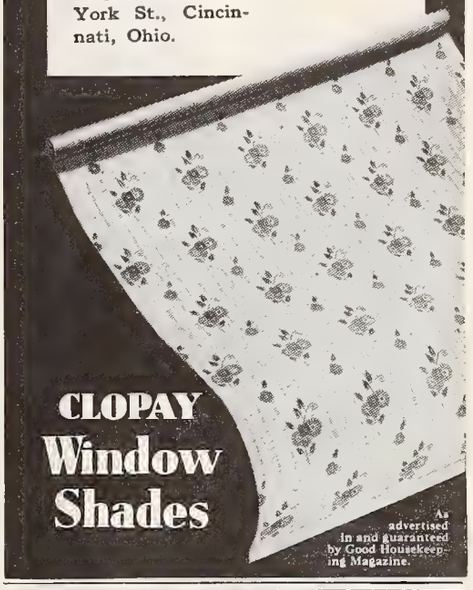
What completely disrupted the scene, however, was not the line itself, but the series of improvisations which immediately followed. For the words were hardly out of his mouth when Ronald added in exactly the same tone: "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world!"

As instantly from another part of the stage rang out Elissa Landi's voice:

"With a hey-nonny-nonny and a hotcha-cha!" Coldly intellectual? Never!

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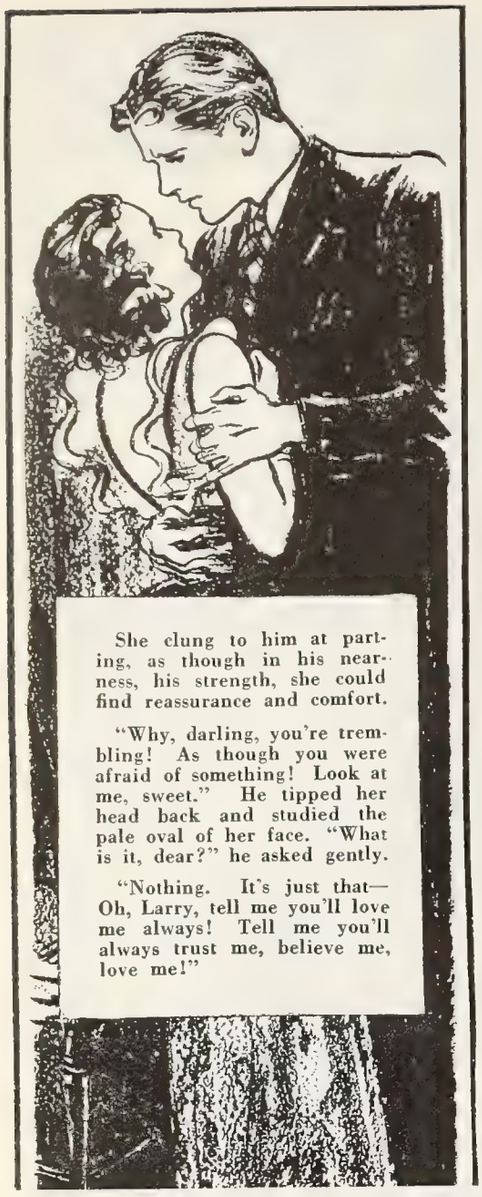
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Hollywood's Hunted Men

(*Continued from page 41*)

murder of his sweetheart's ex-husband occupied the headlines for weeks. An accident had turned into murder, threatening ruin to two people who were innocent. Raymond, under the influence of liquor, had come to Miss MacKaye's apartment uninvited and begun to abuse her. Kelly insisted that he leave. Angry words between them led to a fight. Kelly sent Raymond crashing to the floor from a blow of his fist. Raymond hit his head in the fall—and never got up again alive. Kelly had committed murder innocently enough. A jury sent him up for manslaughter —and Miss MacKaye suffered the same sentence, charged with being an accomplice to the murder.

Hollywood friends of power began to intercede for his release. In spite of Hollywood's seemingly cruel and hard way, in a time of crisis there are a few who remember. Out of the debris of lies and promises and deceit a tiny spark of loyalty projects its head above the dung heap. Winfield Sheehan and Thomas Meighan proved themselves staunch friends in Kelly's hour of darkness. For two years they pulled political strings to get the prisoner out on parole. They were free with money and time. Principally through their untiring efforts, Kelly and his condemned sweetheart were released and allowed to resume their lives in human society once more.

To Hollywood they became 'untouchables.' The moral code of Heartbreak Town ostracizes those who have worn the stripes of shame.

HOWEVER, the New York stage offered them another chance. She went into several unsuccessful plays but Kelly clicked in a big way as the boy opposite Sylvia Sidney in "Bad Girl." Sylvia got a contract and embarked for Hollywood. No one was anxious to sign Kelly in spite of his acting triumph, fearing a ban on any pictures in which he might appear. Lewis Milestone alone had faith in a comeback for him. He wanted Paul for the sergeant in "Rain," dared to sign him for the role. Again Kelly returned to Hollywood, this time with Dorothy MacKaye as his bride. Socially, Hollywood was nice enough.

The production of "Rain" did not get under way for some time. There were whispers that Kelly would never appear in the role for which he was signed. The curse was upon him. The whispers became a reality. Vague excuses were given, polite apologies—and he was released from his contract with United Artists; free to sign elsewhere if anyone would have him. Milestone was bitterly disappointed that his superiors would not allow him to use Kelly, leaving no stone unturned to place him elsewhere.

Universal in one of its most hectic moments signed him to a six months' contract with the inevitable options. Six months Kelly sat around and waited for his first assignment, but it never came. Again excuses. Again apologies. The options were not exercised. And that was that.

On the verge of leaving Hollywood he received an offer from Monogram pictures, one of the larger independents, to play opposite Fifi Dorsay in "Girl From Calgary." He accepted for the money it offered and went through the motions of a newspaper reporter. But it was hardly an auspicious start and certainly it offered scant opportunity to demonstrate his ability.

At the completion of the picture Kelly decided to return to Broadway, but not before his wife had disposed of her story of life in a women's prison to Warner Brothers. This story filmed as "Ladies They Talk About" had Barbara Stanwyck in the starring role, and in it, its author, Dorothy MacKaye, has revealed certain of her own experiences in the Big House for Women.

THERE is the case of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle who recently resumed his interrupted career after an absence of many years. Arbuckle was at his height as a great screen star when beautiful Virginia Rappe died in his rooms in a San Francisco hotel. Merciless headlines declared his guilt. Women's clubs banned his pictures—and overnight his world crumbled into complete and hopeless ruins.

Some months ago he decided to take an act out on the road. He wanted to meet audiences face to face. His tour proved more than a financial success. It proved his liberation from the sordid scandal in which his name had been buried for so long. He showed them that he was just a jovial fat man who wanted to make them laugh, and not a murderer. Audiences began to clamor for his reappearance on the screen. So Warner Brothers signed him to make a series of two-reel talkie comedies, and he may be featured in a Broadway musical as well. It looks like the beloved fat man of the screen may come back.

JOHN FARROW may be a name entirely unknown to you—but in Hollywood it is recognized as belonging to one of its gayest and most daring adventurers. A vagabond, he came out of nowhere, and blossomed literally overnight into one of the highest salaried writers in the film colony. In addition he became a social light. Wherever there was an elite dinner, or a grand opening or a Blue Blood revel, he appeared, escorting some of Hollywood's most famous beauties. He was everywhere: The Mayfair, the Cocoanut Grove, the exclusive Academy dinners. A handsome young man of teutonic features, with light hair clipped short, steely gray eyes and something Prussian in his erect bearing. He always impressed one as being cruel. No one seemed to know much about him. No one does now; although there are vague rumors of a deep, dark past.

This much is known. That he came

to California from Australia by way of the South Seas. Came unbidden—and without identification. No passport, no money, and no respect for the law of Governments. But it was almost four years before Uncle Sam began to ask questions. I believe it was the income tax that proved his Waterloo. Anyway they had caught up with him. Although powerful and influential friends pulled all the strings they possibly could in the national capital, Washington decided that the intruder must be deported back to Australia. Only a month or two ago was he permitted by the deportation officials to return. But his deportation broke up one of the most serious love affairs Hollywood has ever seen—that of Farrow and Lila Lee. It's over now. No one knows the full story of their break-up.

PARALLELING Farrow's case is Duncan Renaldo, who in the past two years has suffered more persecution than the most harassed of serial heroes. Besides being arrested numerous times, both in New York and California, he has been forced to go back and forth from one end of the continent to the other in search of evidence with which to defend his case. He has stood several trials—and in the bargain he has lost not only his contract with Metro-Goldwyn, but the woman he loves as well.

Renaldo came into Hollywood prominence when selected to play one of the leading roles in "Bridge of San Luis Rey." So promising was his work that he was tested for the leading romantic role in "Trader Horn." His test won him the part, and proved eventually to be his celluloid passport to hell.

For more than a year he was buried in the wildernesses of Africa where "Trader Horn" was being shot. In the languorous blood-warming tropics he fell in love with his leading lady, Edwina Booth, and there in the hothouse of the dark continent their romance grew into a beautiful idyl, only to be blasted into cesspool poetry upon their return to Hollywood. An irate wife confronted them with serious charges and proceeded to sue the White Goddess of the jungle for breaking up her home and taking her husband. Mrs. Renaldo neglected to mention that she hadn't lived with her husband for some time, but pressed her accusations with ruthless persistence, trying to win sympathy because of her child. No one could understand how she could profess love for a man she seemed only to want to hurt.

Her attacks broke up the romance between the lovely Edwina and the gallant Renaldo. Both were released from their contracts. To top his troubles Renaldo was suddenly informed by the immigration authorities that he was an illegal visitor in the United States. He was sentenced to two years for falsifying his passport and, upon the completion of the jail sentence, he will be deported to Roumania.

ON a road gang somewhere in Southern California, less than two years ago, were three men well known in Hollywood circles. One, a young dramatic actor, another a noted comedian, and the third the brother of two screen stars. Like criminals, there they were in prison uniforms, roasting under a scorching sun, helping to build a State road; a road that for them seemed to lead nowhere, except perhaps to a worse hell.

Two of them have found their way back to the conventional crowd, dark memories behind them of nights that were starless and daybreaks that were pregnant with only more drudgery. One is still behind prison bars, groping in an impenetrable darkness for some sign of a way to freedom.

The young dramatic actor you know as James Murray. To me his case is the most tragic because he has the most to give, and because he has twice before ruined what promised to be a brilliant career and may yet again toss his future away to see the empty bottom of a cup. Yet, those six months on that road gang have taught Jimmy something—something not soon forgotten. He has learned that "he can take it standing up." The six months' sentence that he served for incurring the anger of a judge by appearing in his courtroom with strong spirits on his breath, is a thing of the past. Slowly but surely he is winning his way back to screen success. After months of idleness he was selected to play opposite Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jennie," and has also completed "The Air Hostess" at Columbia, in which he has the leading male role.

The comedian was Al St. John, whose ex-wife had him sent to jail for failing to pay his alimony. Now he's working with his old partner, "Fatty" Arbuckle.

The third member of that rock pile gang two years ago was Jack "Hutch" Noonan, who is finishing out a three-year robbery sentence which had been interrupted by a daring escape. Brother of Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Jack is said to be planning a moral comeback when he gets out.

WHENEVER there is an underworld picture being cast in Hollywood a man by the name of Al Hill is always sure of a job.

There is no actor in Hollywood who can play a gangster or a racketeer with more realism. Al Hill plays his "underworld men" with a deliberate vileness, because he wants every man, woman and child to hate them. They're no good to humanity, he says, and if growing children learn to hate them they won't ever want to be like them.

His book "Easy Pickings," recently published, tells the stirring story of his life.

In a foreword to the book, one reads: "Hill comes red and dripping out of a maw of pain, the very survival of which is a miracle. By one of the ironic monstrosities of life he is now an actor in Hollywood. All his life he has been in the shadows; restless, unhappy, hounded by the police, menaced by ruthless enemies, betrayed by his associates. 'There's nothing in it,' he says, 'Crime doesn't pay!'"

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 92)

JOYCE PEGGY HOPKINS: Divorced. Born in Norfolk, Va., May 26. Paramount player. Working in "International House."

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings." Working in "Flying Circus."

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in Dulwich, Eng., November 23. Universal star. Starred in "The Mummy," Universal. Working in "The Ghoul," Gaumont.

KEENE, TOM: Married to Grace Stafford. Born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio star. Starred in "Cheyenne Kid," "Scarlet River," "Son of the Border." Working in "Sunset Pass."

KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "Central Park," "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," "The Silk Express." Working in "Golddiggers of 1933."

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: Unmarried. Born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Tess of the Storm Country"; "Call Her Savage"; "Bondage."

KNAPP, EVALYN: Unmarried. Born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "This Sporting Age"; "Air Hostess"; "State Trooper."

LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "The Masquerader," U. A.; "The Warrior's Husband," Fox.

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, Eng., July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M; "If I Had A Million" and "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

LAUREL, STAN: Divorced. Born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Towed in a Hole," "Twice Two" and "Fra Diavolo."

LEE, LILA: Divorced from James Kirkwood. Born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Face in the Sky," Fox.

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "The Past of Mary Holmes" and "Sweepings," Radio; "Afraid to Talk," Universal. Working in "The Silver Cord" and "The Flying Circus."

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: Married to William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "No Man of Her Own"; "From Hell to Heaven"; "Supernatural." Working in "Gambling Ship." Next is "She Laughs Last."

LOUISE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Our Betters."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Hot Pepper," Fox; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Next is "Her Bodyguard."

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Son Daughter," M-G-M; "Topaze," Radio. "The Barbarian," M-G-M. Working in "When Ladies Meet." Next is "Night Flight."

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Rockabye," Radio; "Grand Slam," Warner Bros.; "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "Captured," Warner Bros.

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6th. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight."

MACKAILL, DOROTHY: Married to Neil Miller. Born in Hull, England, March 4. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "No Man of Her Own," Paramount.

MacMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. First National player. Featured in "Silver Dollar"; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan." Working in "Golddiggers of 1933" and "Breadline."

MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Mummy," Universal; "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount; "Warrior's Husband," Fox and "Dead On Arrival," Paramount.

MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "Tonight is Ours"; "The Eagle and the Hawk."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Evenings for Sale"; "A Lady's Profession"; "International House."

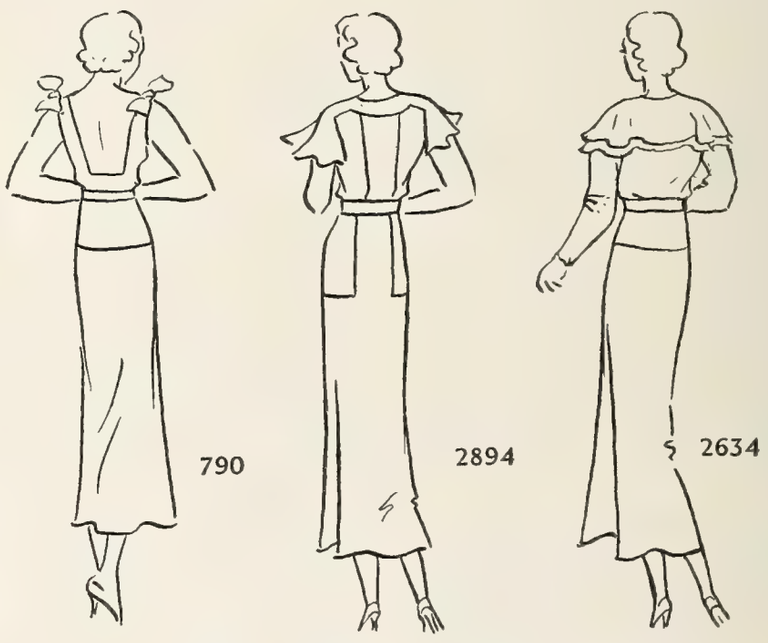
MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, Eng., May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus," "Trouble in Paradise" and "Evenings for Sale."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "Fargo Express," Tiffany. Working in "King of the Arena," Universal.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Married to Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Working in "The Morning Glory," Radio.

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Whistling in the Dark"; "Clear All Wires"; "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Working in "Menu," M-G-M.

(Continued on page 114)



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Why Jean Isn't "On Her Own"

(*Continued from page 39*)

about the smartest and cleverest and most interesting woman I have ever met in my life. But at the same time . . . like every other mother in the world . . . she wants to know where I am going, and with whom I am going when I leave her hearthstone at night. She not only finds out all that, but she also finds out what time I expect to return.

"But it is the way she trained me to volunteer this information on my own hook which is so smart!

MY mother has never made me feel that she was checking up on me because she was worried about my conduct, or my judgment in people, or the fact that I couldn't take care of myself. When I first started to go out with men, she merely made it clear that it was a matter of *my own* convenience that she should know where I was. Do you see what I mean? In case an important message should come for me, it was equally as important that she or my step-father should know where to reach me so that the message might be delivered. The hour I returned from my date had absolutely no bearing on Right and Wrong . . . but it *did* have a bearing on the hour breakfast was to be served in the morning.

"If I was planning to come in late, she invariably instructed the servants to grant me an hour's leeway. In other words, *where* I was going and *what* I was doing was made to be not only my own private affair . . . but my mother's as well. It had a definite bearing on her job which was the successful management of her household. Now I ask you," smiled Jean, "if that isn't a pretty cute idea? My mother knows where I have been almost every hour of my life. I have actually been checked in and out as rigidly as the most carefully guarded debutante, but never once have I been made to feel that my freedom was being cramped.

"My mother, bless her heart, once made the most generous statement ever made by a mother to her own daughter. She said: *'If what I advise you to do, Jean, is not perfectly clear to you . . . if it does not seem right to your own way of looking at the question . . . then I must advise you to use your own judgment!'* Never once has my mother given me advice I have not asked for. My mother has lived a free and interesting life. She is a sophisticated and charming matron. I think, as a girl, she was the same sort of person I am. Therefore I am more than anxious to seek her experience to help solve my own problems. If the mothers of America could only get it over to their daughters that they are not creatures apart . . . if they could only let them understand that they, too, have known the same thrills, the same temptations, the same joys and dangers and sorrows that their daughters regard as so *secret* unto themselves, what a great difference there would be in the homes of the girls who want to get away from mother 'because she doesn't understand.'

"I smoked my first package of cigarettes when I was ten years old! Yes, mother caught me at it. I guess she was horrified but she didn't let me guess that. She merely put it up to me as a beauty tip . . . not a matter of slackened morals. She said: 'Baby, if you start smoking so young you will have awfully yellow nicotined fingers by the time you are grown. Why don't you wait until you are seventeen before you take up smoking seriously? If you find you still enjoy the habit, I won't say anything.' Well, I started smoking at seventeen. I've been smoking continuously ever since. My mother has never said a word. She made her bargain with me when I was ten years old . . . and she has kept her promise not to say anything.

"Of course it isn't possible for any three people in the world, no matter how broad their outlook, to agree on every subject. For instance, suppose I wish to spend a weekend at Caliente, or San Francisco. As a rule my mother and Bello are glad to accompany me. If there is some reason of theirs for our not going . . . they give in to me. As a rule it is a darn good reason and I will abide by it. But in one of those rare instances when we don't get together and my desire to go is so much stronger than their reasons for wanting to remain home . . . then we fall back on that agreement to 'use my own judgment.'

ISN'T it too bad that 'Freedom' to the average young girl has come to mean cocktail drinking, cigarette smoking, late hours, unchaperoned romances? Are they, then, so attractive?

"How can these things stack up against the authentic freedom which a well regulated home allows? If I lived alone I should be bothered with thousands of details I do not even know exist in my mother's home. After all, even the 'freest' cannot devote her entire time to smoking, drinking or love-making!

"I feel this way, too: If I lived alone I would not have the freedom of social life which I now enjoy. I should have to be careful of gossip wagging tongues about everything I did. A great many things would be denied me because I would have to be so careful of 'What People Will Say.'

"But all these reasons are unimportant as compared to the real true reason of why I make my home with my parents. I enjoy them . . . I like them . . . I can have more fun with them than with any other two people in the world. Twice in my lifetime I have been separated from mother, both times through marriage. Each time I have come back under her roof with a heart-felt thanksgiving that her love and her home is my refuge from heartbreak and disappointment and sorrow which the world has invariably dealt me when I was 'on my own.'"

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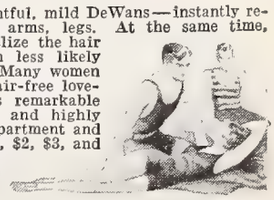
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Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 73)

It looked as if it were the straightest hair in the world. But recently, growing a bit tired of the style, she has been combing it back from her forehead and leaving off the brilliantine. The difference is amazing! Little black tendrils curl around her forehead in the most attractive way. The new coiffure is like a soft dark cloud, instead of the former slick, sophisticated arrangement. I looked closely at one individual hair. When I pulled it gently, it seemed to stretch. When I rubbed my finger along its length, I could feel tiny irregularities in it. If your own hair is like that, you have medium coarse hair, basically curly. The nicest, most manageable kind of hair to have. You may not be aware of its inherent curliness. In fact, you may believe that it is quite straight, as this girl did until she experimented.

Another girl here has very fine, straight blond hair. Although perfectly healthy and very well cared for, it doesn't "show up" much. It lies absolutely flat down on the head. A slick hairdress doesn't suit this girl. Her hair won't take a fingerwave. Marcelling has to be done with so cool an iron that the wave is slight and not very lasting—too much heat breaks her hair. Yes, it will take a fingerwave, but her hair is really so straight that too much setting fluid has to be used. What to do? The answer for this particular girl is a permanent—a very careful, good one. And that's what she has done. But, remember, this kind of hair needs expert care before and after a permanent. Before she had her wave, this girl followed this scheme: she gave herself three shampoos at five day intervals. Before the shampoo, she rubbed into her scalp a blend of olive oil, mineral oil and castor oil. Honest. About a tablespoonful of each kind of oil is enough. Mix the oils and warm them. Dip the tips of the fingers into the mixture and massage the scalp. Also, rub the length of the hair with a swab of cotton dipped in the oil. Then shampoo.

THERE is another girl here with very frizzy hair. Dry. Very fine. Tangles dreadfully. This hair shouldn't be shampooed any oftener than once every three weeks. Unfortunately, it cannot be brushed too strenuously (which would make it shine and remove some of the kinks temporarily) because too strenuous brushing would break the hair. (Remember that, you girls with very fine hair. Brush gently and in moderation.) Too-curly hair should have plenty of hot oil rubbed into it before a shampoo. Soap shampoos should be alternated with soapless, hot oil shampoos. You all know, I'm sure, about the very grand soapless shampoos that are on the market now. You rub them, slightly heated, into your head and along the length of the hair until the oil emulsifies. Then you rinse in hot water. And repeat the whole process. If you don't know the name of one of these, write to me. Returning to too-curly hair, it should always be dressed with a little brilliantine. And it should be set into larger waves with the fingers or combs and the ends turned up in ringlets.

Well, enough of the examples. I am now (with the usual Biddle round-about-ness) getting to the important part of my story. Listen, everybody: I have a little booklet on my desk. It has more information in it about the hair than you could shake a stick at—if you felt inclined to shake a stick. It takes up the subject of what to do about dry hair, oily hair, oiled hair (there's a difference) dandruff (the dry kind and the oily kind), thinning and falling hair, premature baldness (men, take notice—or girls, tell your men friends) and—oh, practically every hair ailment that man and woman is heir to. As a matter of fact, it is so sane and sensible and clearly written that it inspired me to try one of the products recommended.

There is a product made in this line for each and every hair trouble discussed in the booklet. I know they must all be good—naturally, I could not test them all, but the one I did test is splendid. It is a tonic for hair which has a tendency toward dryness and an occasional touch of dandruff. You know how most tonics make your hair so dark and greasy looking that you hate to use them regularly? Well, this doesn't. It isn't smelly and it leaves the hair nicely manageable.

I HAVE on hand a generous supply of these booklets—and I can get more when they are gone. The booklet will tell you—far better than I could—exactly what to do about your particular trouble. It gives you exact instructions for remedying that trouble. If you would like a copy, write and ask me for one. I might add that a large envelope would be a great help. The booklets are seven inches by five inches and a bit too bulky to fold.

One section of this booklet takes up the subject of treating dyed or bleached hair. And in this connection, I want to caution those of you who feel that a tint or rinse would improve your hair to be very careful what you use. There are *so* many injurious preparations on the market. On the other hand, there are also a few excellent ones. I wish, if you are in doubt or if you have become bewildered by the poetic advertising of quite worthless preparations, that you would write and ask me the name of a good hair rinse. A rinse you know, should be—simply and solely—a rinse. It should be easy to use and a brightener and "enhancer" of your own natural hair coloring rather than a dye. Dyes are hard to use. Rinses shouldn't be. So—don't go experimenting too much in that respect. You only have one head of

hair—you know. Ask me about a reliable product.

Now, finally, let's slide down from the hair as far as the eyebrows. I have something to tell you about eyebrow-tweezing. I have just the other day been to a big demonstration of a new painless method of tweezing eyebrows. There's no denying, it always has been an uncomfortable process to endure for the sake of beauty. One can stand it for a few stray hairs, maybe, but people with very heavy and unruly brows usually have a rather bad time. Well, all over the country in the better beauty shops, this new method is being installed. So, if you wish to try the new method and don't know where it is available, just write and ask me. That's all for today—class is dismissed till next month.

In addition to the beauty aids mentioned above, Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads, for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know about some delightful new manicure-accessories—including a platinum finish for nail-tips, drop a note to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll willingly help you.

Why He Won't Fly

(*Continued from page 59*)

senger sooner or later. All the stunt men know that. The difference between them and you and me is that the fact doesn't worry them.

DICK was getting his voucher from the assistant director when Nomis strolled up. "You handled yourself pretty well in there today, kid. I could use you again if you want it."

Dick grinned, the first time he had done so in the past few hours. "Eating," he answered, "is one of my most pronounced habits."

"Yeah, the money's good," Nomis said. "But it's far from being as good as other parts of this racket. Why don't you go in for acting?"

"I was thinking about that," Dick admitted. "I'm going to take a crack at it."

"Fair enough . . . and maybe some day I'll be stunting in one of *your* pictures."

It was a good prophecy. Leo Nomis supplied the action thrills often in the films of the young man who was to grow up into being Richard Arlen. And always their friendship held.

When Richard became interested in aviation, he went to the most carefully prepared man he knew in order to learn how to fly. Nomis was a veteran pilot, having taken up flying during its earliest days. And though the ships he smashed up for pictures were numberless, he was perfectly grounded in fundamentals and never took silly risks in private flights.

UNDER Leo's tutelage Dick became an expert pilot. He was granted his license, and his hours in the air began to vie with those of the most ardent flyers in the colony. Leo's hours naturally were many times those of Dick, but with Nomis it was a business.

Then, last year, Warners decided to make a racing picture, and put "The Crowd Roars" into production. Every such opus demands a smash, and as usual Leo Nomis was hired to supply the spill. He did. But he broke his back in doing so. And from this injury he never fully recovered.

Months later Leo took up his dangerous trade again. But his friends noticed that he was always a little white at the corners of his smile. Dick asked him if he were all right a number of times. Leo always laughed him off. He wouldn't admit anything.

During the making of Dick's "Sky Bride," however, he blurted out that he was never free from pain. The script called for a bit of trick flying, and Leo was to do it. Dick tried to get him to wait a day or so. "I'll be no better then," Leo answered. "Let's get it over with. This back is bothering the hell out of me."

They all watched him, the cameras trained on his swooping progress. Dick particularly, remembering the day twelve years before when this same feeling of impending death had hung over a company at work. How much water had gone under how many bridges since then! And then Leo went into the spin from which he never emerged alive . . .

NOMIS' former partner in stunts became very thoughtful during the next few weeks. "I don't know what happened up there," he told me. "Maybe Leo fainted from the pain in his back. Anyway, I began to think that if a man who knew as much about planes as he did could get it—then what right did I have to go skipping around the clouds? I sold my plane. I haven't been up since. And I don't intend to."

There is another reason why Dick doesn't fly any more. Joby, his wife, is very soon to become a mother. He doesn't want to worry her now; and he doesn't want, either, to risk not meeting his (we hope!) Junior. That's the story behind the grounding of one of Hollywood's best known aviators. And I imagine that Leo Nomis, stunting in some celestial plane, waves down his approval of Dick's recent resolve!

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NEXT MONTH!

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 110)

MILLIAN, JOHN: Married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale. Born in Leeds, So. Dakota, November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Kid From Spain," U. A.; "Flesh," "Whistling in the Dark"; "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "Accidents Wanted." Next is "Night Flight."

MIX, TOM: Married to Mabel Ward. Born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Oh Promise Me," "Terror Trail," "Rustlers Round Up."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Hell Below"; "Made On Broadway." Working in "When Ladies Meet."

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Oliver Twist," Monogram; "Gabriel Over the White House," M-G-M.

MORAN, POLLY: Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Sailor's Luck,' Fox; "Reunion in Vienna, M-G-M. Working in "Accidents Wanted." Next is "Night Flight."

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M; "Road to Heaven"; "Humanity," Fox. Working in "The Power and the Glory."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Flesh"; "Gabriel Over the White House." Working in "Ad Man," Radio.

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Blondie Johnson," Warner Bros.; "The Infernal Machine," Fox. Working in "The Black Ace," Radio.

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," First National.

McCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Co-starred in "Bird of Paradise"; "Rockabye" and "The Silver Cord." Next is "Three Came Unarmed."

MCLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Hot Pepper," Fox. Next is "I'll Be Hanged If I Do."

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Life," M-G-M; "Auction in Souls," Tiffany.

NISSEN, GRETA: Married to Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia.

NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Face in the Sky"; "Pilgrimage." Working in "5 Cents a Glass."

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son Daughter"; "The Barbarian."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Sailor Be Good," Radio; "From Hell to Heaven"; "The Eagle and the Hawk," Paramount. Working in "College Humor."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "The Conquerors" and "The Great Jasper." Working in "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Sailor Be Good," Radio; "Supernatural," Paramount. Working in "The Black Ace," Radio.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Golden West"; "Robber's Roost"; "Canyon Walls." Working in "Life in the Raw." Next is "The Last Trail."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Airmail"; "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Robber's Roost," Fox; "Cohens and the Kellys in Trouble," Universal. Working in "Tarzan and Hie Mate," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Half Naked Truth," Radio; "Hell Below," "Made on Broadway," M-G-M.

PICKFORD, MARY: Married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets." Next is "Alice in Wonderland."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway," Fox; "They Just Had to get Married" and "Out All Night," Universal. Next is "Careless," Radio.

POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mt. View, Arkansas. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blessed Event"; "Forty-Second Street." Working in "Golddiggers of 1933."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Married to Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Lawyer Man"; "Private Detective."

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had A Million"; "Undercover Man"; "Pick Up." Working in "The Trumpet Blows."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Ex-Lady," Warner Bros.; "Zoo in Budapest," Warner. Working in "Rules For Wives," Columbia. Next is "The Big Brain."

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Silver Dollar"; "The Little Giant"; "Big Shot." Next is "The Kingfish."

ROGERS, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Working in "5 Cents a Glass."

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Forty-Second Street"; "Broadway Bad." Working in "Golddiggers of 1933." Next is "Careless," Radio.

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Olagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Down to Earth"; "Too Busy to Work"; "State Fair."

RUB, CHRISTIAN: Married. Born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Free lance. Played in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "The Silver Dollar," Warner Bros.; "The Road to Heaven," Fox.

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JUNE AND JULY—

Why Not Send Them a Birthday Greeting? Their Studios' Addresses are on Page 84.

Clive Brook	June	1
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Jeanette MacDonald	June	18
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Lois Wilson	June	28
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Charles Laughton	July	1
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Irene Dunne	July	14
James Cagney	July	17
Richard Dix	July	18
Ken Maynard	July	21
Phillips Holmes	July	22
Joe E. Brown	July	28
Clara Bow	July	29
William Powell	July	29

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Butterfly"; "Murder in the Zoo"; "Terror broad." Working in "Maiden Cruise," Radio.

SALE, CHIC: Married to Marie Bishop. Born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," Warner Bros.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Va., January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Hello Everybody"; "Murders in the Zoo"; "Supernatural." Working in "Sunset Pass." Next is "Stairs of Sand."

SHANNON, PEGGY: Separated from Allen Davis. Born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl"; "The Painted Woman" and "Blue Moon Murder Case."

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Merrily We Go To Hell"; "Madame Butterfly"; "Pick Up." Working in "Jennie Gerhardt."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Tonight Is Ours"; "A Lady's Profession." Working in "Song of Songs."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia; "Ladies They Talk About," Warner Bros.; "Baby Face," Warner Bros."

STARRETT, CHARLES: Married. Born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "Our Betters," Radio.

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Son Daughter"; "Men Must Fight"; "White Sister"; "Looking Forward."

STUART, GLORIA: Married. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Sweepings," Radio; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "Dead on Arrival," Paramount; and "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married"; "Out All Night."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "She Had to Say Yes"; "The Silk Express"; "Lilly Turner"; "How to Break Ninety." Working in "Mary Stevens, M.D."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Scarlet Dawn," First National; "Style," Reliance.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Perfect Understanding," United Artists; "The Infernal Machine," Fox. Working in "Goodbye Again," Warner Bros.

TODD, THELMA: Married to Pasquale de Cicco. Born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Call Her Savage," Fox; "Air Hostess," Columbia; "Sneak Easily" and "Fra Diavolo,' Roach. Working in "Mary Stevens, M.D.," Warner Bros.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "Gabriel Over the White House." Next is "Night Flight."

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom Fame," Radio; "Private Jones," Universal; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M. Working in "Accidents tom Fame," Radio; "Hot Pepper," Fox.

TRACY, SPENCER: Married to Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Me and My Gal"; "Face in the Sky." Working in "The Power and the Glory." Next is "The American."

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Unashamed," M-G-M and "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

VELEZ, LUPE: Unmarried. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "The Half Naked Truth" and "Phantom Fame," Radio; "Hot Pepper," Fox.

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night" and "She Done Him Wrong." Next is "Don't Call Me Madame."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Divorced from Bobbe Arnst. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "In the Jungle"; "So This is Africa"; "Diplomaniacs."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. First National player. Featured in "Employee's Entrance," Warner Bros.; "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros.

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Match King," "Employee's Entrance"; "The Mind Reader." Working in "Golddiggers of 1933" and "Goodbye Again."

WILSON, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Radio player. Featured in "Age of Consent"; "Men of America"; "Lucky Devils"; "Scarlet River."

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write to him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This is Africa," Columbia; "Diplomaniacs."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Wax Museum," Warner Bros.; "King Kong," Radio; "Tampico," Columbia. Working in "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia.

WYNYARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox," "Men Must Fight" and "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M.

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "She Had to Say Yes"; "Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Zoo in Budapest." Working in "Breadline." Next is "Midnight Lady," M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROBERT: Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Today We Live" and "Hell Below," M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROLAND: Married. Born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," United Artists; "A Lady's Profession," Paramount; "Pleasure Cruise," Fox.

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MODERN SCREEN

AUGUST

10 CENTS



Ruby Keeler

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH **HARLOW and GABLE** BY ANITA LOOS

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JUL -5 1933

MODERN SCREEN

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Elissa Landi

Fox star now appearing in "Dressed to Love."

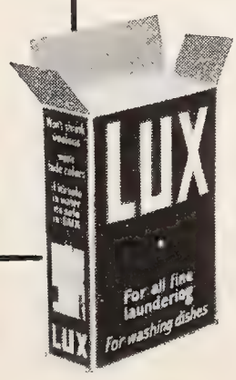


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Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, Alice Brady, Martin Burton and Myrna Loy in "When Ladies Meet." Clever comedy.

REVIEWS —a tour of today's talkies

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- • Emergency Call
- • Circus Queen Murder

The Silk Express

- • Sunset Pass

The Big Brain

- • King of the Arena

The Sphinx

- • Pilgrimage
- • Jennie Gerhardt
- • Bed of Roses

GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933 (Warners)

EXTRA swell musical. Hollywood can't make up its mind whether this is *better* than "42nd Street" . . . or merely as good. By that you can see that it's an evening of really swell entertainment.

It's that same old "Golddiggers" theme, but the girls, the dancing, the songs and the spectacular beauty of the whole thing is what makes it stand out.

Poor chorus gal falls for song writer (millionaire playboy in whiskers) whose brother threatens to "cut off his drinks" unless he forgets all dancers. The brother thinks they're all golddiggers. He (Warren William) comes to New York with his attorney (Guy Kibbee) to steer the younger brother (Dick Powell) on the virtuous track. Of course, he falls for the very gal he *thinks* the kid brother is about to marry (Joan Blondell) and thus the brother is able to actually marry the gal he loves (Ruby Keeler) and all ends in weddings.

All through the picture you will hold your breath at the gorgeous dance numbers created by Busby Berkeley and the songs, especially "We're in the Money," will send you away humming to yourself.

Joan shows a lot of dramatic ability that she hasn't had an opportunity to display in the past. Ruby Keeler puts over a couple of grand songs. . . . Kibbee is funny and the gals are way, way above par. You'll like it—the whole *family* will like it!

PEG O' MY HEART (M-G-M)

Excellent. Marion Davies achieves new triumphs as the winsome and charming little Irish colleen of this sparkling comedy. We first meet Peg—pigtails, freckles and brogue—living a quiet life in a romantic Irish fishing village with her dad (J. Farrell MacDonald) and Mike, the dog. A relenting grandfather leaves her a huge fortune and she is rushed to England to become a lady. Her antics in this new environment are hilarious comedy—with a tear now and then. But ere long the fisherman's daughter becomes a lady, wearing beautiful clothes, but always retaining her natural charm and her brogue. Love comes to her in the form of a young attorney (Onslow Stevens) who is betrothed to another (Juliette Compton). But there's a happy ending. (*Continued on page 8*)

WHY Did They Part?



(*Wide World*)

Read "The REAL Inside Story of the Vallee-Webb Separation" in August's RADIO STARS.

WHY Did They Marry?



Read "The Love Story of Mary and Jack Benny" in the August RADIO STARS.



Look for Ben Bernie on the August cover.

10c

AUGUST ISSUE ON SALE NOW

THE Rudy Vallees come to the parting of the ways. Why? Were they temperamentally unsuited? Did Fay demand too much? Was it because of his career? RADIO STARS *tells* you why in this month's issue.

• Is it true that Mary Livingstone, the cute girl on Jack Benny's program, is his wife in real life? How did they meet? What is their love story? The August RADIO STARS gives you the interesting answers.

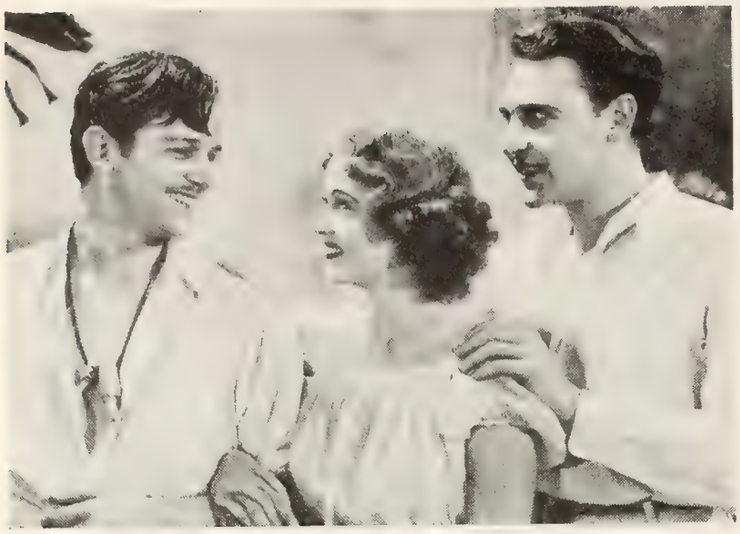
• Why was James Melton "radio's spoiled boy"? Why does Welcome Lewis declare: "Good-bye, love! I'll never get married again"? What is Dr. Brinkley's amazing radio story? How did B. A. Rolfe make his comeback? What's a Fred Waring studio broadcast like?

• The answers, and many another absorbing feature, are all in the latest issue of RADIO STARS, with a generous helping of pictures—intimate, interesting photographs of your favorites at work, at play, and at home.

• Get acquainted with this fascinating reporter of radio's glamorous stars. It's great stuff and you're sure to like it immensely!

RADIO STARS

THE FASCINATING MAGAZINE OF RADIO PERSONALITIES



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Patricia Ellis and Ralph Bellamy in "The Narrow Corner." It's a tale of love in the South Seas. Grand storm sequence.



(Continued from page 6)

WHEN LADIES MEET (M-G-M)

Grand. A gem of a picture with exquisite settings and a flawless cast. The interesting plot centers around two women and a man. The man is Robert Montgomery and it's another feather in this young man's cap. This, plus his swell performance in "Hell Below," should place him right at the top. Ann Harding and Myrna Loy are the rivals and they're both worthy of raves. Frank Morgan, as Ann's philandering husband, gives his usual finished performance and Alice Brady (back again) is such a grand comedienne that she almost steals the show. See it—but it may not appeal to kids.

THE MAYOR OF HELL (Warners)

Good. The "Mayor" in this case isn't Jimmy Cagney as you would expect, but little Frankie Darro, the toughest of the tough youngsters in the reform school. Cagney, a gangster, gets himself appointed head of the institution (easy gravy), falls for the pretty nurse (Madge Evans) and a self-government plan is installed that turns the little ruffians into angels. Then Cagney gets implicated in a murder, is forced into hiding, and the old head master with his horse-whipping ideas takes charge again. The kids rebel, kill the commissioner, and it's one big mess until Cagney and Madge return.

Dudley Digges is swell as the cruel commissioner. Madge Evans is very good and Cagney has his moments. Watch this kid Frankie Darro, he's a wow! Good entertainment for the kids.

ADORABLE (Fox)

Charming. Janet Gaynor in a fluffy little tale of kingdoms, princesses and commoners. It gives Janet an opportunity to actually wear some beautiful clothes. And how she wears 'em! La Gaynor proves she has almost as much S. A. as Harlow . . . maybe more. And that new leading man of hers, Henri Garat, need have no worries. He's a perfect answer to a maiden's prayer. He and Janet do a little singing, and the numbers "My Heart's Desire" and "Adorable" are very delightful. Photography and settings are exquisite. Okay for children.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE (Paramount)

Quite funny. Just a lot of nonsense but quite *funny* nonsense. There's not much plot, but there're POLENTY of blue gags, shapely legs, etcetera. W. C. Fields is one big laugh and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, in pursuit of *another* millionaire husband, is good to look upon. Stuart Erwin and Sari Maritza do a little romancing, which suffers somewhat when Stu gets the mumps, then the measles, and so on. Edmund Breese plays the Chinese inventor, whose invention makes it possible to ring in some radio entertainment . . . such as Rudy Vallee, Cab Calloway, Stoopnagle and Budd, and Baby Marie. Burns and Allen clown through the picture. Amusing comedy, of the slapstick variety. Children will find it funny.

PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART (RKO)

Good comedy.. An amusing tale of a radio entertainer publicized as America's "Purity Girl" and the difficulty she has living up to it. Ginger Rogers is the entertainer—she is super swell—who is about to throw up her career and have a little fun. But her manager has another idea. He chooses a "professional sweetheart" for her from her fan mail, a Kentucky hick who believes all this purity stuff. Norman Foster is the hick and there's none better. On their honeymoon he convinces Rogers that the simple ways of life are the best and in the end they both go on the air together. Zasu Pitts as a sob-sister, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins ring in the comedy very cleverly.

Okay for kids.

(Left) Janet Gaynor and Henri Garat in "Adorable." A charming story of a mythical kingdom with Janet playing a winsome princess. (Below) Ken Maynard and Lucille Browne in "King of the Arena." Very good action stuff. Young and old will enjoy it.



HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)

Unnecessarily Depressing. A tiresome and terribly depressing story of an ex-soldier whose chain of tough breaks palls. In spite of Dick Barthelmess' fine, sincere acting—and good parts by Loretta Young, Aline MacMahon and Robert Barrat (an erratic inventor—the picture is decidedly not enjoyable. Not for children.

TOMORROW AT SEVEN (RKO)

Swell mystery. Here's a supercreepie mystery opus with gobs of thrills and hysterical giggles. There are several murders, always occurring at seven o'clock. The murderer in the case is "The Black Ace," so called because his victims are always warned by that card. Chester Morris scores heavily but those two hick cops, Allen Jenkins and Frank Mc Hugh, are so dumb they practically steal the show. Kids'll like it.

THE NARROW CORNER (Warners)

Good. If you like good acting by the stars of the cast and are not so particular about plot you will enjoy this one. It's the old story of two men in love with the same girl. The two men are Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who, hunted for murder, has escaped the law and is cruising about on an old pearling boat and Ralph Bellamy, an honest, upright Danish trader. Patricia Ellis is the gal. Fairbanks gives a good performance, as does Bellamy.

EMERGENCY CALL (RKO)

Okay. A timely yarn centering around a general hospital. There's some good stuff in the sequences dealing with the operating room . . . and particularly the ambulance. Bill Gargan is the driver — swell. Bill Boyd in a major role is good and Myrna Kennedy lends a refreshing touch as the hospital file clerk. Betty Furness is adequate as the heroine.

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Col.)

Good mystery. A circus tent proves to be a plenty murky place for a murder or two. The blood-curdling yelps of the half-crazed animals will send you into a jitter. Adolphe Menjou is a suave detective. Greta Nissen is in it. Very scary.

THE SILK EXPRESS (Warners)

Fair. A mystery yarn with a high-powered train rushing from Seattle to New York serving as the locale. On the train are: Neil Hamilton, the head of a silk company; the gal, Sheila Terry, and her sickly father; Allen Jenkins, the bum; Guy Kibbee, a detective of little merit; Arthur Byron, the conductor; and a load of silk, which provides the cause of the mysterious murder.

SUNSET PASS (Paramount)

Good Western. A treat for the kids and adults who enjoy Westerns. This is better than most pictures of this

(*Continued on page 77*)



Clothes washed this way last much longer

...you save lots of money!

WHY scrub clothes these sweltering days—why boil them and fill up the kitchen with steam? *Keep comfortable—keep cool!* Just *soak* the clothes in creamy Rinso suds, and they'll come 4 or 5 shades whiter—safely.

In fact, clothes washed the gentle, "scrubless" Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money! Your colored clothes will stay bright and fresh. You'll save your strength—save your hands, too.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps. Home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—makers of 40 famous washers — recommend Rinso. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens — white or colors

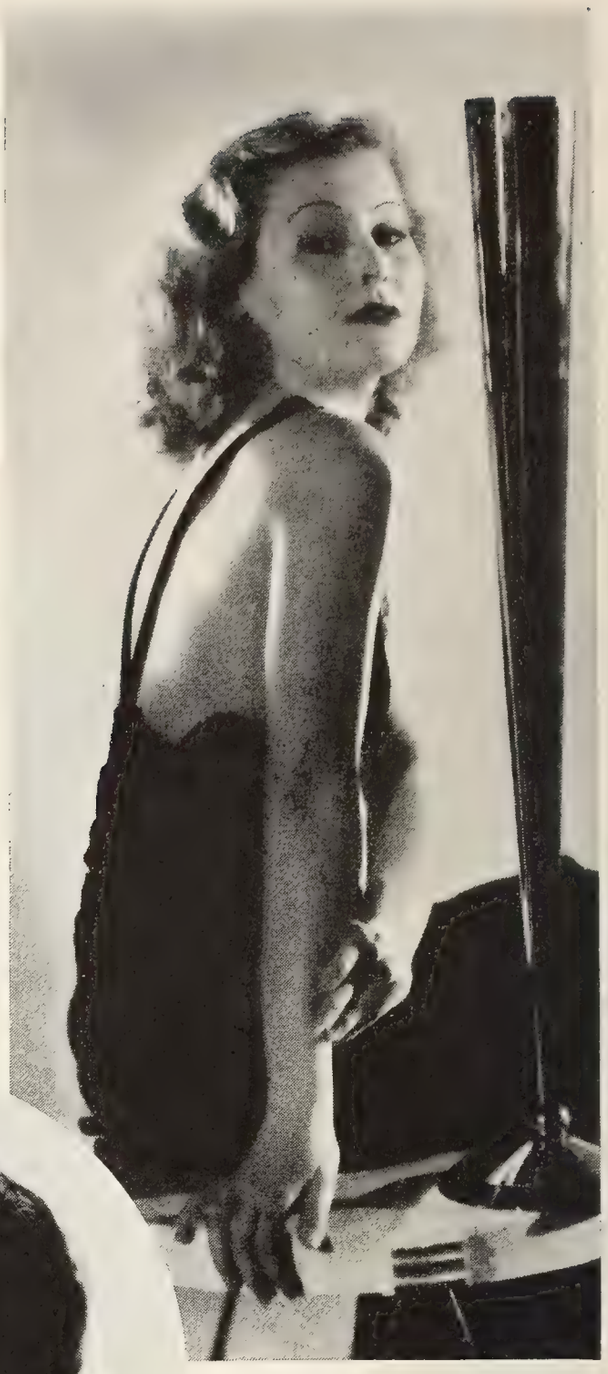


The biggest-selling package soap in America

BEAUTY ADVICE

SAY TO YOURSELF, "I WILL ACQUIRE BEAUTY!" BE PREPARED TO WORK. BE PREPARED TO BE PATIENT!

By Mary Biddle





Everything about Lilian Harvey (above) and Heather Angel (left) is quite captivating. But suppose Lilian's only beauty was her lovely arms and Heather had to be content with pretty shoulders?

I HAVE come to the conclusion that will power, good judgment and a patient faithfulness make up a better recipe for beauty than money-bought beauty aids. The beauty aids are simply the materials with which we work. Give me one unattractive girl—who deeply desires to be attractive—and give her the will power, judgment and patience, and I'll show you a mighty glamorous person in a very short time. Why am I saying all this? To combat discouragement, that's why. Oh, those discouraged letters I get! Those hopeless letters! And yet—not completely hopeless, after all, or else they wouldn't be sent to me, would they?

There seem to be two sorts of discouragement. That of the very young—and that of the middle-aged. The very young look at themselves in the mirror and see mediocre features, an undistinguished figure and no-account hair. The middle-aged look at *them*selves in the mirror and see there the shadows of the pretty girls they used to be. They see faded skins and going-to-seed figures. Lumpy or too thin. They see a coiffure that is completely utilitarian—and which hasn't been changed for years. And they would like to turn over a new leaf. But they wonder if it isn't perhaps too late. Just as the very young wonder if "there really is any use."

These discouraged ones are the people I'm writing this article for this month. And I have to be so careful what I say. I can't tell them that a certain routine will summon beauty. I can't prescribe this cream or that exercise or the other shade of lipstick. Because all those things aren't enough.

I think I should ask you, first, to wait until you have a free day. No duties. No worries. (Sure, I know, you always have the last. But put 'em out of your mind for a day.) Then, find a quiet place. Preferably in the country. Or go to a museum. Or a church. And think. Admit to yourself what kind of a person you are. Do you really and truly want to make an effort to be more attractive, physically? If it is just a vague wish, give it up. And concentrate upon mental development—or upon being just a nice, useful citizen.

BUT suppose you do earnestly desire to be lovely. While you are sitting in your quiet retreat, formulate a plan to follow. You must diet, perhaps. No slacking about it. It won't be fun—but stick to it. And exercise along with the diet, too. (*Continued on page 112*)

MODERN SCREEN

ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor

Dear Friends:

DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS?

Every story in Modern Screen answers questions that are in the minds of eager fans. If you can answer the following questions—you don't need to read this issue of Modern Screen.

What happens on the set when the screen's most popular lovers, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, are making a picture? What do Jean and Clark think of each other as people—and as screen lovers? (Anita Loos answers, page 12.)

What are the Bennett Productions? Will Connie Bennett go in business for herself? Will she leave the screen? (Walter Ramsey answers, page 15.)

What are the romances that Hollywood is talking about at this very moment? What stands in their way of remaining permanent romances? (Katherine Albert answers, page 22.)

What part did Bob Young's brother, Joe, play in this popular player's life and career? (Jack Jamison answers, page 25.)

Is Janet Gaynor broken-hearted? Does she plan to marry again, have children? How does she feel, today, about herself, her career, her future? (Gladys Hall answers, page 26.)

What are Katharine Hepburn's style secrets—and what does her present wardrobe look like? (Virginia T. Lane answers, page 28.)

What does the man who controls the destinies of Jimmy Cagney, Joan Blondell, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis and the other Warner stars plan for their future? (Walter Ramsey answers, page 46.)

Do you know the true facts about Jack Holt's private life—and his recent divorce? Who will win him now? (Nina Wilcox Putnam answers, page 64.)

Do you know how to get anything you want? How did Helen Hayes win the man she loved? How did other stars get what they wanted? (Adele Whitely Fletcher answers, page 66.)

What kind of a life does Bing Crosby lead in Hollywood? (Carter Bruce answers, page 40.)

What are the real facts of Irene Dunne's childhood, early career, first romances? (Adele Whitely Fletcher answers, page 42.)

What does Ruby Keeler's sudden success mean to her—and to her marriage? (Caroline Somers Hoyt answers, page 16.)

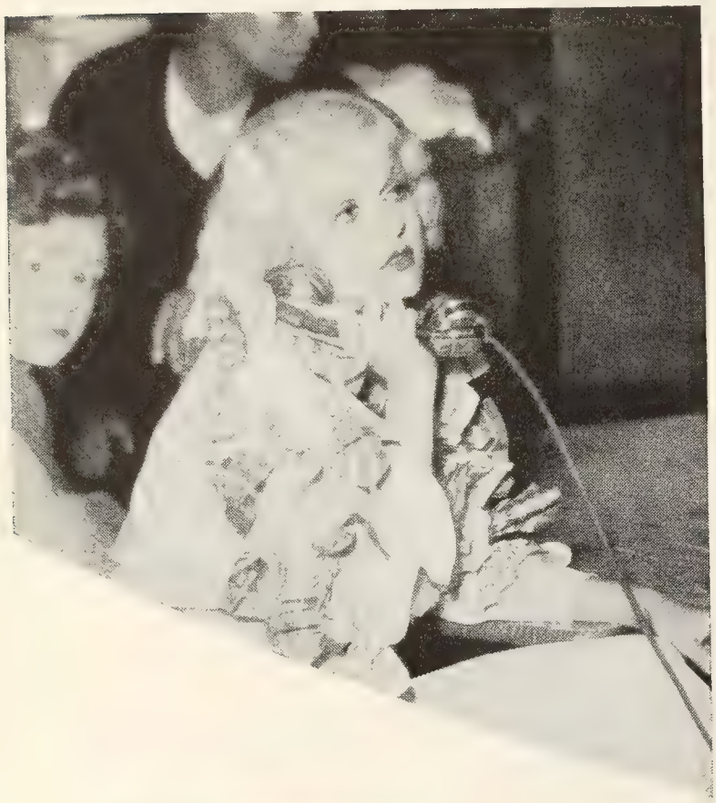
Modern Screen knows the answers—do you?

Cordially,

The Editor

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH JEAN and CLARK

Below, Jean listens to the recording of a scene from "Hold Your Man," the picture which Anita Loos wrote for her and Clark (that's he at the right). "He'd be great as a lover," says Jean. "The type that always doesn't want to be mooshing about with you."







By ANITA LOOS

This popular writer knows her Hollywood thoroughly and she was actually on the set all during the filming of "Hold Your Man" which she wrote for Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. She also gave you "The Barbarian," "Ladies of the Night"—and loads of grand dialogue for other M-G-M films

ONE bright day in April I was sitting in my office looking at the new guaranteed earthquake-proof ceiling and speculating whether it would be better to be hit by chunks of plaster from an old-fashioned non-earthquake-proof ceiling or by the entire unbreakable one-piece roof which now protects the scenario brains of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

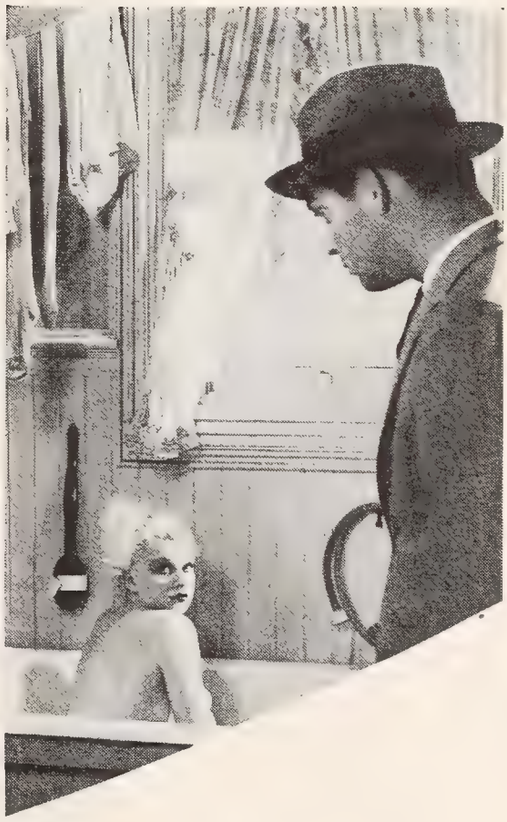
Suddenly the telephone rang. It was Bernie Hyman, producer of the Harlow-Gable picture just starting production.

"We're ready to shoot," said Bernie, "and we begin with the battle stuff. Thought perhaps you'd like to come over."

"Battle stuff?" What was Bernie trying to put over



...Come to the Harlow-Gable set with the famous author of their latest picture! An intimate, breezy inside story by the girl who wrote "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"



What happens when those "two red hot numbers" come out of an embrace? This story gives you the facts. Above, a snappy scene from "Hold Your Man." Remember them in "Red Dust"?

on me? I rushed to the stage and arrived just in time for the carnage.

Smack!

Dainty brunette Dorothy Burgess leaves the imprint of her open hand on the delicate cheek of Jean Harlow. Jean doesn't bat an eye. With studied deliberation she doubles up a fist the size of a blue point oyster, and—

Wham!

Dorothy takes it staggeringly on her dimpled chin. This was the "battle stuff." Just two Janes battling for the love of Clark Gable in "Hold Your Man." The scene is in Clark's bachelor apartment where neither lady had a right to be, according to the rules laid down in Hill's Manual of Social Forms, published in 1882.

This being the first day's shooting, a goodly crowd was there to see the girls fight it out to a clean decision.

HOWEVER, almost every day is a gala day on the set of a Harlow-Gable picture. Jean and Clark are such capable troupers and such good sports that work is play to both of them. Jean's phonograph, placed as near the "set up" as possible, plays every instant that the camera isn't going. A large, free-for-all jigsaw puzzle is on a nearby table in process of being "licked"—with every member of the company, from the "props" on up taking a go at it.

There is a lot of speculation on the part of the public as to just how actors and actresses differ from other

human beings whose actions are not subject to keyhole scrutiny.

Not infrequently a mediocre actress tries to foist herself on the public as the real thing by having herself pictured in the Sunday supplements attired in dainty lounging pajamas, gracefully reposing on a chaise-longue with a volume of Wordsworth open on her horizontal stomach. Probably under her pillow, won on the pleasure pier at Venice, is secreted a contraband copy of Chic Sale's immortal work.

Mr. Einstein, who knows everything, will tell you that a pair of silk pajamas and a book don't make an actress. Other things are required in pictures nowadays—for instance, brains.

And of brains Jean and Clark both have plenty.

The public naturally longs to inspect its screen favorites in the "raw"; to catch them off-guard, that their whims, foibles and general characteristics may stand out like the weatherbeaten thumb of a hitch-hiker. It is on the set, between grinds of the camera, that the actor becomes more himself than he is at home or in his club. Having been keyed up during tiresome and exacting scenes, he welcomes a respite. Artificiality is tossed to the winds and he lets himself go.

It may be something of a revelation to see two of the world's most inflammable "neckers," Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, at their job of swapping sex appeal. What happens, for instance, when these two red hot numbers come out of an embrace? I'll tell you. They razz the face off each other. Underneath their sharp jibes lies deep friendship and respect, but one would never guess it from their incessant exchange of hot shot.



"What about a dame that can't live without a gramaphone going?" Clark said. "Besides this one on the set she has one in her dressing room and three in her house . . ." But Gable seems to like to listen, too—and so does Director Wood.

Jean and Clark are really enthusiastic in their praise of each other. If one should make a slighting remark about Jean in the presence of Clark, six foot one inch of masculine prowess would flatten him to the earth. Jean would resent any unfavorable criticism of her co-worker by hurling a shoe at the offender, as she sits around between scenes with her footgear off. (Jean, by the way, is not fond of being "dressed up." Beach slippers are her favorite footwear and her pet 'ensemble' consists of a pair of yellow flannel pajamas with a patch on the rear, and an old green turtle-neck sweater.)

One morning Jean was late in making her appearance on the stage. I happened to be there and Clark was plainly concerned.

"I am worried for fear Jean's sick," he said. "She's never late unless something's wrong. Do you know," he continued, "I can't understand how that tiny kid stands up under such strenuous work. She only weighs one hundred and nine pounds, but she seems to have the endurance of a prize-fighter. She is a brave little trouper—and can she act? Say, she sets a pace for me that keeps me on my toes every minute. It is a picnic to work with her. She anticipates every move and meets you more than halfway. When it comes to weighing dramatic values, Jean's scales need no adjusting. She ought to be a source of delight to directors—I know she is to Sam Wood. Sam says that she is a mind-reader and kidnaps his thoughts before he can express them. Gee, I hope the kid isn't sick!" And Clark heaved a genuine sigh.

I LOOKED up over Clark's shoulder. Tiptoeing toward us came Jean, forefinger to her lips.

While his back was turned toward her, Clark glimpsed her approach out of the tail of his eye but showed no indication that he was aware of her presence. He resumed his conversation in a louder tone.

"The trouble with Harlow is that she's mean. She plays her own stuff for all it's worth but she certainly crabs my best scenes. I can't call her down because she is a woman, but some day I'll forget myself. Have you noticed her sitting around with her shoes off? Well, she does that because she can't think without twiddling her toes. Her brains are in her feet."

Jean stopped and listened.

"And what about a dame that can't live without a gramaphone going?" Clark continued. "Besides this one on the set she has one in her dressing room and three in her house with radio attachments. She plays the record of 'Night and Day' day and night—until I'm going nuts. Thinks she can crab my performance! Huh! The poor sap—she doesn't seem to realize that if I *don't* give a good performance in this picture there won't be *anything* for the audience to see."

At this point Jean confronted her traducer, and with hands on her hips. "My pal!" she remarked.

Feigning surprise, Clark jumped to his feet. "Well, well, how's my little chromium blonde this morning? I was worried about you being late."

"You big Ohio hillbilly!" blazed Jean. "I heard what you said behind my back!"

"Well, did you ever hear that old crack about eavesdroppers never hearing any good of themselves?" he asked.

The he-man of the films dodged just in time to miss Jean's beach slipper as he fled.

"What a man, what a man!" grinned Jean as he left. "He razzes me every minute in hopes of getting my goat—and sometimes he does. In a big hot love scene the other day he whispered: 'Jean, you've got your eyebrows on upside down.' So I ups to him and said I could hardly wait for him to grow old and gray as I was just crazy about Gray Gables. If he *will* go in for ancient wheezes, I can not only take 'em—but I can hand 'em right back."

"Do you like working with Clark?" I asked.

"Well, I should say I do! I am never the least bit nervous with him He is so (*Continued on page 97*)

...The low-down on "Bennett Productions" which Constance Bennett heads. And also a statement from her regarding that "retirement" rumor

By WALTER RAMSEY



When Henri de la Falaise (extreme left) sailed for Bali to produce a picture for "Bennett Productions," the rumors flew that Bennett was starting a company which would star her films. Here is the truth about it.

IF CONNIE BENNETT QUITS

IS Constance Bennett, of the slick, suave and slim Bennetts, planning to embark on a career of the production of motion pictures when she calls "quits" to her acting career? And is her plan already under way with the Marquis de la Falaise's original story now being filmed in Bali?

These are two questions Hollywood has been asking, and would very much like to know, ever since Connie's Henri embarked with a Technicolor expert, as assistant, and reels and reels of film for a four month's jaunt in the South Pacific. When pressed for information as to the release and production details of his expedition, Henri had merely smiled and replied that his story was being made for "Bennett Productions."

"Do you mean your wife? Has Connie organized a producing company?" The reporters were eager to know.

Said Hank: "I understand there are many Bennetts in the world." But he was only joking. For Henri most certainly *did* mean his wife, who at this moment is the head of a motion picture company with stockholders n'everything!

I can state this fact without the usual safeguard of "rumorings" because I have Connie's own word for it, not to mention several other very important words concerning not only the plans and future of her producing company, but her *own* professional future as well. It must have been my lucky day that Connie just happened to be sitting in her swanky new black coupé outside her dressing room on the RKO lot.

It was a hot day and a hatless and coatless Connie had driven in from Malibu with her adopted son, Peter Bennett, to attend to a few last minute details before taking leave of the studio for a good week's vacation.

I had just about made up my mind to go ahead and beard a Bennett in her coupé, when Connie looked up and said, "Hi! Hot, isn't it?"

"Not as hot as some of these rumors about your becoming your own movie producer," I said brazenly just to see what would happen. It was really very simple. I knew Connie well enough to know that she would do one of two things . . . either drive off in a dust of why-can't-I-be-permitted-to-mind-my-own business, or else she would very frankly give me the straight of the story. Well . . . she didn't drive off.

"It is true," she said, "that I am back of the Bennett Productions . . . but Hollywood (*Continued on page 110*)

IT'S RUBY'S TURN NOW . . . !

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT



ONE day I was having lunch in the First National commissary with Ruby Keeler.

Her husband, Al Jolson, attired in golf knickers and white cap, came up to the table.

"Want to play golf this afternoon, honey?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, darling, I can't," she said. "I've got to rehearse the dance routines for 'Golddiggers.' Then I've got a fitting later." She saw the look of disappointment on his face. "But maybe if I hurry I could meet you about five and we could have one round."

And there was Al Jolson with a glorious California afternoon on his hands and nothing to do with it but wait for Ruby to finish her studio activities.

When Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson arrived in New York not long ago to attend the opening of Ruby's latest picture, she was interviewed by dozens of reporters.

Hundreds of eager fans stood in the lobby of their hotel and begged for her autograph.

The news cameramen snapped dozens of pictures of her.

During their stay in New York I called Ruby on the telephone. Al answered and told me that Ruby was out and could not see me that day. He might have been Ruby's business manager or press agent—the way he spoke to me. And I was disappointed. I had wanted to see Ruby.

Then suddenly I remembered that just a few years ago I had turned heaven and earth in an attempt to get an appointment with the busy, the sought-after, the important Al Jolson.

FOR behind these three apparently simple and average incidents there is a story as tragic as the history of show business.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. Five years ago you said it that way, if you said it at all. Five years ago it was the great Al Jolson and "who was that little chorus girl he married?"

But now it is Ruby Keeler. Al Jolson is her husband.

Even before talkies Al was the greatest entertainer in the world. He made more money than any of the then-great. Came talkies and he was the one great star. "The Singing Fool"—his picture—will go down in motion picture history. Being a part of history, however, is scant

This story tells how Ruby takes her new fame . . . and the picture (top of page) illustrates it . . . Al and Ruby arriving in New York recently.



After her big success in "42nd Street" Warner Brothers hurried Ruby into "Golddiggers of 1933" in which you see her opposite crooner Dick Powell (top picture). Above, Marland Stone paints Ruby for this month's cover of MODERN SCREEN. Success!

. . . Ruby Keeler has fulfilled most every girl's dream of instant and unusual success. But to her, at least, husband Al Jolson is still the Big Shot of the family

consolation when one is still alive. When Al appeared on the street thousands followed him and begged for his autograph and laughed at his wisecracks. And just the other day I was disappointed when he answered the 'phone and told me Ruby Keeler was out. Isn't it amazing that now this slip of a girl, not much over twenty, erstwhile Texas Guinan chorus girl, is now the star of the family and Al Jolson—the great Jolson—makes appointments for her, answers her telephone and languishes away a California afternoon waiting while she rehearses and has fittings at her studio?

But the curious part of this strange, topsy-turvy pattern is that Ruby doesn't know it is different from what it was. To Ruby, Al is as great as he was that night, years ago, when he came to Guinan's night club and asked somebody who the cute little tap dancer was.

So perhaps that is what makes it possible for Al to go on. Perhaps that is why he can watch Ruby's fame grow and his diminish. Ruby adores him, admires him and respects him. To her he is still the greatest showman of his time.

You should have seen them when they arrived in New York. The news cameramen swooped down to take their pictures. It was Ruby they wanted, but Ruby stepped behind Al, let him take center stage, with a big broad smile, and just looked over his shoulder. Ruby wanted it that way, because that's the sort of girl Ruby is.

IF it hadn't been for the fact that she was born with dancing feet, Ruby would never, never have chosen the theatre as a career. She just isn't the type. But in school her teachers watched her going through the dull routine of "drill" and saw how lithe her body was, how quick her step and that she turned the stupid exercise into a thing of rhythmic beauty.

It was those teachers who persuaded her to go to the Professional Children's School. At thirteen she was a chorus girl in "The Rise of Rosy O'Reilly." And not much longer after that was a dancer in Texas Guinan's night club.

I'm sure you'd say that that was no place for a young and inexperienced girl to work. But you wouldn't know Ruby. She tells you now—her soft eyes lit by the fire of sincerity—that the girls at (*Continued on page 86*)

BETWEEN YOU and ME

When readers become writers. And express their views on those all-important subjects—the talkies and the talkie stars

Dear Friends:

Summer isn't such a good time to write letters. It's more fun to get out and play a game of tennis or go for a swim. So here's an idea: get a postcard and drop me a line on that. Who's your latest movie rave? What's the best picture you've seen recently? What's your favorite story or picture in this month's MODERN SCREEN?

Let's call it the "Send a card to MODERN SCREEN" idea.

Of course, if you find time for a letter, it'll be welcome. But I'll be waiting to hear from you one way or the other. And none of that "Having a fine time, wish you were here" stuff, please. It'll break my heart, up here in this sweltering office!

But, have a good time, just the same.

The Editor

Please address all letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Wake up, intelligent movie fans! It's your fault if pictures aren't better:

So writes J. D. D. of Chicago, Illinois—who makes another excellent point, besides:

The truly intelligent person is a very casual movie-goer. He goes to the movies semi-occasionally. He complains furiously if the picture is bad. To hear him talk, you'd think all movies were bad. He does nothing whatsoever to make them better.

I myself (and please don't think me overly conceited if I venture to rate myself as intelligent) have been guilty of this attitude. This is the first time I have written to a fan magazine. I have simply been too indolent to do so before. But I have been thinking: if we, who want and enjoy really adult movie entertainment do not sit up and say so, how is anyone to know? We want stories that are new—or which at least give a novel twist to an old plot. We don't care whether the ending is happy or not—so long as it is a logical ending. We find sex very boring if it is just sexy, but we think it can be treated amusingly, sophisticatedly. We *insist* upon humor being new, fresh—old jokes make us lie on the floor, kicking and screaming with pain.

I think there should be two kinds of movies: movies for children and those fond, foolish people who like to think that life is all sweetness and light. And movies for the rest of us who want drama that is strong, true, logical and amusing.

I think, too, that a clever, subtle director—plus capable actors—can treat a risqué story so that it will please both factions. Treat it, in other words, so that the ending might be interpreted in two ways. As in "The Guardsman." Remember?

Do you object to teasers?

MAY C. BOYLE of San Antonio, Texas, writes:

I have had more pictures spoiled by the durn things! I mean those advance bits of new films they show at neighborhood theatres to advertise "coming events." It makes me furious! Just like someone reading you the end of the story. In the silent days, I used to shut my eyes. But now there's the dialogue—and, anyway, some morbid, silly instinct makes me look—and rage inwardly. I realize that producers must advertise their pictures, but can't they find some less ruinous way of doing so than this?

A plea for anti-war propaganda in the talkies

PAX of Scotland feels very strongly on the subject:

It occurs to me that the screen could be used as a powerful medium to assist in combating the present atmosphere of distrust and suspicion which seems to be permeating the whole of the civilized world. We are in the throes of the most critical period of the world's history and, in my view, a story which would do something to expose the folly and futility of war would serve a most useful purpose.

(*Pax then appends an interesting outline for such a movie—too long to print here. The climax comes when a war—nurtured by scheming diplomats and combated by the intelligent and social-minded of two nations—is called off because all the men refuse to fight!*)

(*By the way, Mr. Pax, have you seen "Cavalcade" and "Men Must Fight" over there in Scotland? Both these pictures preached the doctrine of peace.*)

"Gabriel" makes a convert

BLANCHE WALTERS of Anaheim, Calif., says:

Movies mean a great deal to me. They brought forth a thing I have never cared for before—politics. "Gabriel Over the White House" was inspiring to the rising generation. After seeing the picture, I now really understand the task before that God-sent man, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

From a bushel of "Cavalcade" letters, we have only one tiny criticism

R. from Whaling Town (*do you mean New Bedford, R?*) diffidently offers the following:

There was just one thing the matter with "Cavalcade" which may make many fail to appreciate it. In places, it is taken for granted that you know your world history of the past thirty-two years. Don't you think it's a little beyond the average movie-goer? Still, any criticism of that fine picture is almost ridiculous. I intend seeing it again if only because of Diana Wynyard's perfect acting. And I must see again Queen Victoria's death, the Armistice scene, and Jane's toast to the New Year of 1933.

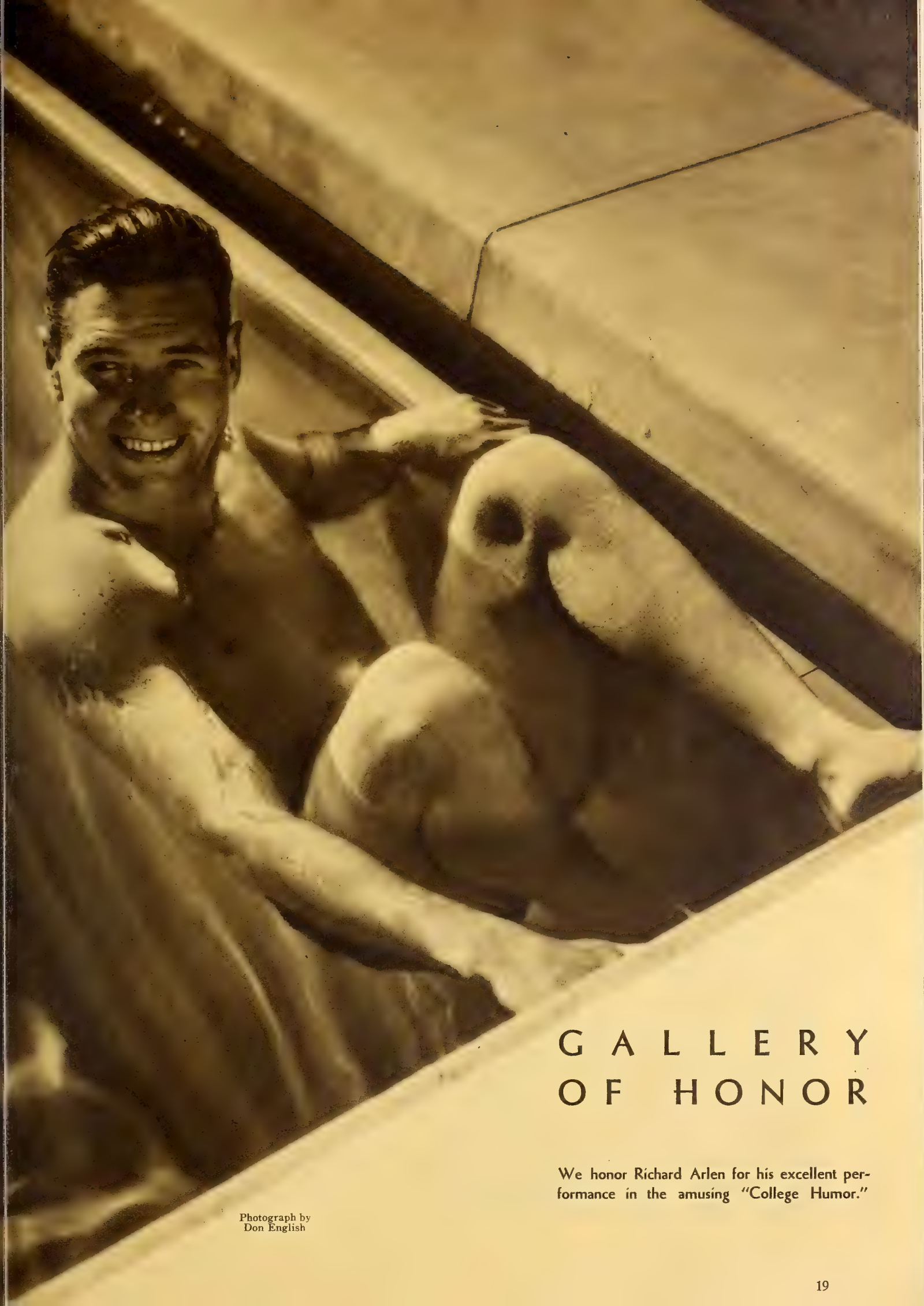
This reader wants historical talkies. What about it?

S. S. (no address) writes:

I'm all for the return of historical films. And the more people in them the better I like it. But I suppose they are too expensive to film?

Has the story of Cyrano de Bergerac ever been filmed? (*Some years ago, S. S. It was a silent film—made by a foreign company, as we remember it.*) It ought to make a very entertaining picture. And why are Shakespeare's plays so woefully neglected—there's enough in them to work with. And how about that

(*Continued on page 108*)



GALLERY OF HONOR

We honor Richard Arlen for his excellent performance in the amusing "College Humor."

Photograph by
Don English



We honor Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding for their work in "When Ladies Meet" and Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville for "Out All Night" and "Scrappily Married."

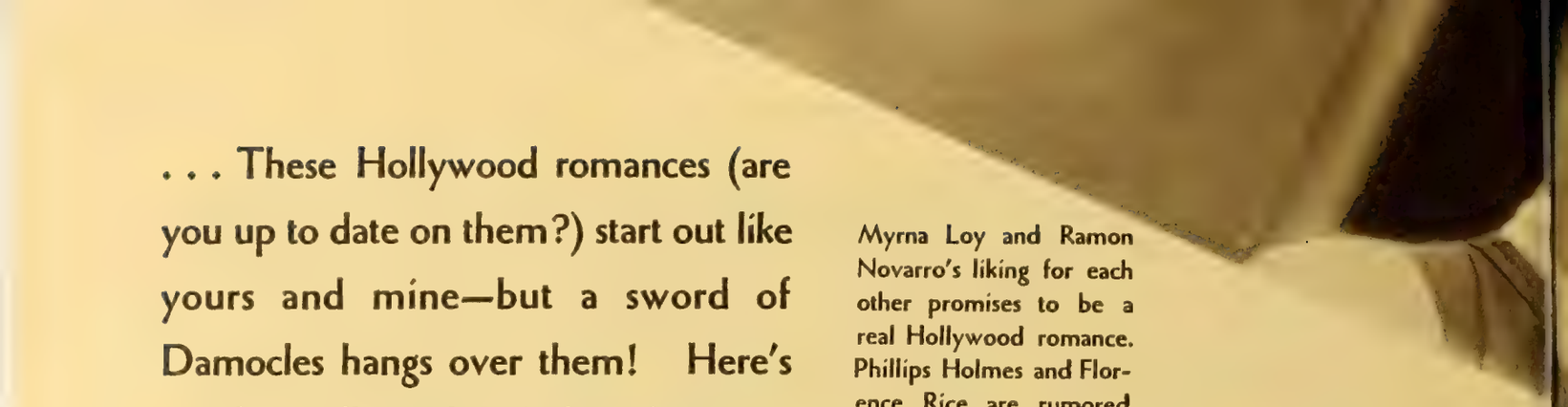


Photograph by Bert Longworth



We honor James Cagney and Frankie Darro for their work in "The Mayor of Hell."

. . . These Hollywood romances (are you up to date on them?) start out like yours and mine—but a sword of Damocles hangs over them! Here's the really authentic low-down



Myrna Loy and Ramon Novarro's liking for each other promises to be a real Hollywood romance. Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice are rumored secretly married.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HOLLYWOOD

Below you see pictured four Hollywood couples. (Left to right) Lilian Harvey and Gary Cooper. William Janney and Helen Mack. John Warburton and Alice White. Marjorie King and George Raft. Each couple is rumored "that way." But—according to this story—"how long can it last?"



THE other day a group of us were sitting around the luncheon table when one of the women in the party, who has never been to Hollywood and whose knowledge of picture people is obtained through reading about them, said to me:

"What's wrong with love in Hollywood? Why can't those nice young people keep on being in love? Honestly, I can't keep up with them. One minute I hear that Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are in love and then Janet marries Lydell Peck and Charlie marries Virginia Valli, but pretty soon Janet and Lydell are divorced and Janet is running around with . . . with . . ."

"Lew Ayres," I supplied.

"Oh, no! Not really," she said, amazed.

I went on to tell her about it. "It's sort of confused. The other night at a party someone asked Lola Lane, Lew's ex-wife, where Lew was these days and she said that he was going places with Ginger Rogers, but although this romance is supposed to



J. B. Scott





LOVE?

By KATHERINE ALBERT

be hot there is the shadow of little Janet in the background. You see, Lew and Janet met on the set of 'State Fair' and since then she's been many times to Lew's lovely hillside home—always with her mother, of course.

"Once she told Lew that they could never be happily married because their temperaments would clash but that because they were two of a kind and nobody understood them they could be understanding friends but that they shouldn't marry. So bets are on Ginger."

"That's just what I mean," persisted my friend. "Why can't they fall in love and stay in love? What's wrong with romance out there?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to give her the age old reason: "It isn't that they change partners more often than other people, it's simply because, since they are famous, you hear more about it." That's the usual and the easy excuse. And then, suddenly, it occurred to me that that wasn't the reason, really. That much, much more entered into it and that there is something definitely wrong with Hollywood love.

IN the first place real love thrives on romantic secrecy. You know how it is in your set. You meet a boy at a party. You look at him and think, "Now here's a nice fellow. I could like him." But you're not sure.

Then maybe he comes over and asks you to dance and he makes a date for later in the week. Well, you go out with him and you like him but he's still on trial. The romance hasn't actually "taken" yet. You don't know him well enough.

J. B. Scott

But he calls you up later and you have another date and this time some chord of understanding is struck and you realize that you like him very, very much.

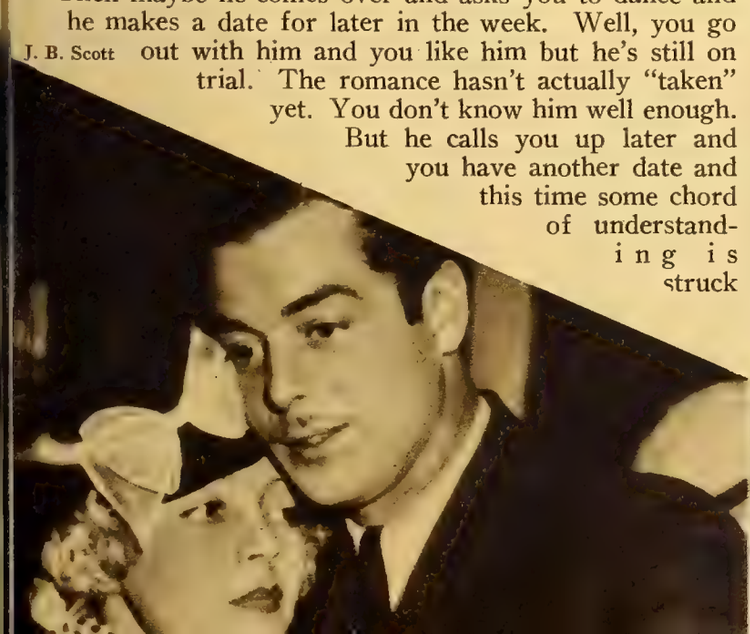
Lots of dates follow. You're getting acquainted and then he begins to pay compliments to you and to send you little gifts—a book you've mentioned, a dozen roses. But you don't tell a soul the things he said to you when you sat out that dance. Those things were precious and it's such fun to treasure them, to be in a room full of people and cast knowing glances back and forth, to hold hands for a second under the table—all those dear, intimate little gestures shared by just you two.

But this ordinary courting is impossible in Hollywood. Now visualize yourself in the film town. Imagine you're a great picture star and see how the same little romance progresses. Don't forget that the stars are just like you and would love those important clandestine trysts. But can they have them? Not on your life.

If you're a star and hold hands with another star under the table there's a photographer lurking somewhere to record the event. And when the boy-friend whispers a sweet nothing in your ear, you'll read it in the paper the next day. There are exactly 150 cinema news gatherers in Hollywood and so quick are the chatter columnists to record every romance, no matter how incipient, that love doesn't have a chance to "take." Before you've really made up your mind whether you like a new man or not Hollywood gossip has you secretly married to him.

Joan Crawford is free now to go out with whom she pleases. Joan is on the eligible list. So what happens? "Joan is seen dancing and dining with Franchot Tone. It must be a romance." But, honestly, has Joan had time

J. B. Scott







Vivienne Gay, Randolph Scott, Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant. Scott's romance with Vivienne is one of those to keep your eye on, this author informs us.

to find out whether or not she is in love with Franchot? Hollywood tells her she is before she knows it herself.

One night Joan was out dancing with Franchot and he leaned over and whispered something to her—something very sweet and tender. I give you my word that the next day eight people asked me if I knew what Franchot said to Joan when they were dancing. How would you like everybody in your set to know everything that the boys said to you while dancing?

AND then the gossips said, "You know, my dear, he's not really in love with Joan. He is just using her for publicity. He's new on the screen and whenever he takes her out he gets his name in the paper. It's good business." I know Franchot well. I know that isn't true but the very voicing of such cynicism brings us to another reason why there is so little lasting love in Hollywood.

When, in your town, a boy asks you for a date you're pretty sure that it's because he likes you and that nobody is going to tell you later he was using you as a political campaign. But bitter Hollywood always raises this doubt —"Their romance is just a publicity stunt." Good heavens, how can young people buck a remark like that!

And yet precedent has been set. There have been publicity romances—so Hollywood is skeptical of young love. Remember the Clara Bow-Harry Richman case? As you know, publicity men evolved the idea of having Richman—who had not made his mark in pictures—rush Clara, who was a big star. Perhaps what you didn't know is that Clara was the innocent sufferer. So subject was she to sweet words and tenderness that she was really in love with Richman and—eventually—he with her. But the roots of that romance were embedded in the soil of press agentry. How can love grow like that? The answer is it can't.

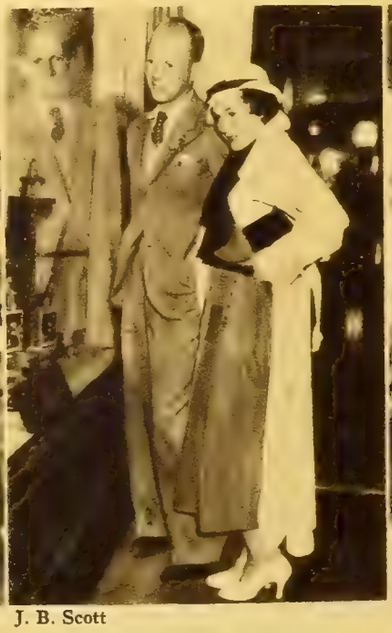
Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnnie Wiessmuller were seen dancing and dining together. What a nice, handsome couple they made. You could get very sentimental about them until you knew that Johnny was telling Lupe Velez, via long distance telephone, all about it and that Maureen was being seen with Johnnie to try to counteract the unfortunate publicity he had at the time when the Weissmuller-Velez romance was hottest. Now Maureen is back with her old love, Johnnie Farrow, who was once Lila Lee's sweetheart.

They say that Jack LaRue and Glenda Farrell are romancing but I've got a strong hunch that that is sired by publicity, since Glenda is being seen places with Gene Raymond. You see what I'm doing? I'm doubting. I'm being terribly, terribly Hollywood. But that's the way it is.

You must, for instance, doubt (*Continued on page 98*)



J. B. Scott



J. B. Scott



Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels. There's a story behind this picture. Read about it in this feature. And Maureen O'Sullivan —with John Farrow and Johnnie Weissmueller. Which romance was publicity? Do you know? The story tells you.



JOE

BOB'S BIG BROTHER



BOB

. . . You've heard of Robert Young plenty of times, but how about Joe Young? He played a part in Bob's life which Bob cannot forget

By JACK JAMISON

BOYLE HEIGHTS is not the best part of Los Angeles. It is "over the river and across the tracks." You have probably heard about the Los Angeles River, which is so shallow that the fish have to stand on their heads in it to get a drink. It is not much of a river, except in the rainy season, when it becomes a torrent and tears its banks to shreds—but, in all seasons, it is a sharply defined social boundary. The folks who live in Boyle Heights are factory workers and mill workers, for the most part. Good people. But *not* movie stars!

Robert Young came to moving pictures, as MODERN SCREEN has told you, from Boyle Heights. You know the story of his triumphal march from "across the tracks." From a sprawling house with a barren back yard full of chickens and rabbits and dogs, and with plumbing so old that the water just trickled, and it took half an hour to fill the bath-tub. But you do not know that, in that march, he was carried on the loving, patient shoulders of a big brother whose name few of us have ever seen on the screen. You do not know the story—almost like fiction, for it even has a happy ending—of the abiding love between the two Young boys; of how Joe let himself fail that Robert might succeed.

It's a grand story and one that you ought to know.

Joe had been in the Navy during the War. He wanted to go to war so terribly that his father told a fib for him, allowing him to enlist when he was fifteen years old. The War ended. Joe came home to find his parents separated, an elder brother and sister married and gone, and the family dwindled to his mother, a younger sister named Arnette, and his kid brother, Bob.

"Joe, you must go to high school and finish your education. A boy can't get anywhere without an education, these days," Mom said. Joe nodded, and said nothing. You did have to have an education. That was true. But he could not go to high school and support the family at the same time. And, if he got a half-day job, there wouldn't be enough money. That meant that Bob, eleven years old, would have to work part-time, too, and cut his days at the Marengo Heights Grammar School in half. If you knew Joe, you would understand that there was only one decision for him. Bob quit school? Not if he knew it!

"I don't want to go to high school," he told the family. "I'm going to work." He became a motorcycle messenger for a telegraph company. When the telegraph job ended, he went to work piling two-by-twelves in a lumber yard. That's not easy. Splinters tear your hands, until they harden. Sawdust gets into your eyes, and burns them. The timbers are heavy and, as you lift and carry them all day long, they grow heavier and heavier.

LATER he decided to try his luck as a movie extra. They paid good money out there in Hollywood, he had heard.

Joe went out to Sennett's, where he knew not a soul, and, willing to take anything he could get, landed a job as prop-boy. It was a start, at least, he felt. Bob, meanwhile, thanks to Joe's pay envelopes, was in high school. A couple of years passed, and he was bringing home report-cards solid with A's. He was recognized as one of the school's most brilliant students. His brilliance attracted one of the English teachers to him. She asked him if he would like to be the student manager of one of the school plays. Bob said, "Sure!" He got one whiff of grease-paint, then, and the (*Continued on page 91*)



The most revealing interview JANET GAYNOR ever gave . . . !

. . . At last! Janet breaks down and tells you all the things you've been wanting to know about her: Is she bitter about life—and love? What of her screen career? An honest, intimate chat

By GLADYS HALL



Janet wanted Henri Garat to play opposite her in "Adorable" as part of a well-thought-out plan.

I TALKED with Janet in her Irish cottage "dressing room" on the Fox lot. A thatched and fairly-tale cottage once used by John McCormack of the golden voice. Janet wore a jade-green dressing gown and whiffs of lavender mules. Her feet are the only things about her that have not grown-up. Her heavy, red-gold hair hung in a Garbo-length bob to her shoulders. Her eyes are steady and aware. She doesn't laugh as often as she used to. Her face is firmer and more definite. And when her mouth is in repose it wears a slightly ironical expression.

I said, "Have you been hurt by—by things—Janet? Are you broken hearted? Are you disillusioned? Are you happy, as you used to be?"

Janet said, "I'll answer the last question first. No, of course I'm not happy, as I used to be. I don't suppose I'm happy at all. The more we learn the sadder we become. And we must learn or be classed as morons.

"I think you begin to lose happiness when life begins to take off its masks. When you find that there is no Santa Claus but, instead, a mother or a father or both who are worried to death lest they may not have the money to *be* Santa Clauses with. You begin to lose happiness when you find that there are no fairies; that friends can be fair-weather friends, that success has as many rough spots as failure.

"I don't believe in fairy tales any longer. That about covers everything. I don't believe that black is black or white white. Which makes everything confusing. *I don't believe in people any longer,* not as I did. I know, now, that I can count my real friends on the fingers of one hand—and have some fingers to spare.

"I used to have ideals and expect people to live up to them and be bitterly hurt and disappointed if they didn't. I haven't any ideals now and I can't be disappointed. I used to be critical and exacting. People had to fit, exactly, the pattern I'd cut for them or I'd have none of them. I know better now.

"Now, if I like a person at all, for this quality or for that and if he doesn't fit perfectly into the pattern, I lop off an edge here or a rough corner there and say, 'Oh, well, he has a lot of things about him I do like and I'll just *make him fit.*'

"You can't live through the major experiences of life and remain untouched by them. They should not make you bitter. They should make you, what I hope they have made me, more tolerant of others, kinder, more understanding. If experiences do not soften your heart and harden your spirit you might better never have had them—"

There was a time, Janet told me, when she was a very poor business woman. In that respect she was, then, the "child" they called her. Now, she knows what it is all about. She knows a script when she reads one and she reads every script and criticizes it and makes suggestions which must be adopted. She knows what stories she can do and what stories she has outgrown. She knows her own capacities and her own limitations.

And she advises every girl in business or the professions or the Arts to do the same; to know what they can do and believe in what they can do but to realize, also, that there are certain things they cannot be or do.

Janet was especially indignant because a writer once said of her that she secretly (*Continued on page 103*)



Katharine Hepburn's *Style Secrets*

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

WHY is Katharine Hepburn such a startling person? Maybe it's her green eyes. I'm not sure. They're slumberous or stormy according to her mood and I've seen them flash fire. Magnificent sight. The nearest I can come to describing her hair is "chestnut gold with red glints." I thought such hair was an author's illusion. I never expected to see it actually. And then I met Katharine. . . .

What surprises me most is her *littleness*. Why, she's no bigger than what Aunt Tibby used to call a "pint of peanuts." But she has Gloria Swanson's trick of appearing much taller on the screen. The

Katharine Hepburn's evening clothes are a sensation in themselves. Simple in the extreme, with every superfluous detail eliminated. That means style de luxe. This dress is heavy white crêpe. The jacket is of a Schiaparelli material. The slippers, gloves and bag are harmoniously done in white.



. . . What makes her so chic, so smart, so startling? Well, part of the answer is—clothes! A certain kind of clothes. She tells you what kind

way she holds herself has a lot to do with it. And her clothes.

Which leads one to believe that her wardrobe must be very much out of the ordinary. It is! It's the most stimulating I've seen in ages —and the most comfortable looking. And, incidentally, this is the first time her complete personal wardrobe has been photographed and she has talked on the subject of clothes.

Listen in carefully, all you who feel you *ought* to wear tailored togs and yet want to go feminine. There's a vast majority of you, I know. And Katharine Hepburn neatly solves your difficulty.

"My own things look like nothing on the screen. I've had tests

Three of the pictures below show three views of Katharine's light gray heavy French flannel suit. The dark blue Mainbocher blouse is of rough wool. The hat, bag, shoes and gloves for this ensemble are perfect. (Right) A white cotton summer motoring coat with brown felt sport hat and a polka-dotted brown scarf.











made in them and they don't show up at all. Screen costumes *have* to be different. More extreme. If you want to wear that type of dress on the street you have to be supremely well groomed. Your hair has to be perfectly arranged—which mine isn't!—everything about you just *right*. Otherwise you appear as a caricature." Katharine sprawled easily in her seat. A theater seat to be exact, for a scene in her new picture. She had on those well known dungarees (the ones without the patch) espadrilles—which are rope-soled, laced moccasins much worn in the south of France, and a Schiaparelli dark blue jacket. It was as if a very correct orchid had made friends with a dandelion—if you know what I mean. An amusing combination and somehow as interesting as the girl herself. In a few moments she would get into a sparkling sequin gown for the camera, a veritable manikin. But right now she had the casual, friendly air of a small boy and an equally casual regard for her looks. Sometimes women like that have an even greater attraction than the band-box, right-up-to-the-minute variety.

The secret of the Hepburn style—and she has a very definite style—is simply this: *she plays up to her angularity!*

Katharine is slender enough to do it effectively and it gives her that exotic, highly individual touch. No very rounded soft lines if



(Left) White—for Summer. This is Katie's favorite choice. A suit of white angora herringbone tweed with a knitted white wool sweater. The white accessories for this suit are shown left, below. (Below, right) A nightgown—honest! It's flame color, with a negligée of white, blue and flame. The silver sandals to go with the negligée are shown in the bottom small picture.







you please. No clinging drapes—except for negligée moments.

This is what Katharine says:

"I'd much rather buy *one* suit every three years and *know* it was of the best material, finely tailored, than to get two or three things a season. Clothes are like old friends—or should be. If they're of good fabric and excellent cut, after a while they get to have a look of *belonging* to you. They seem to take on your characteristics. That's especially true of the type of things I wear. It would be different, I suppose, if I went in for printed silk dresses and ruffled net garden frocks. But I don't."

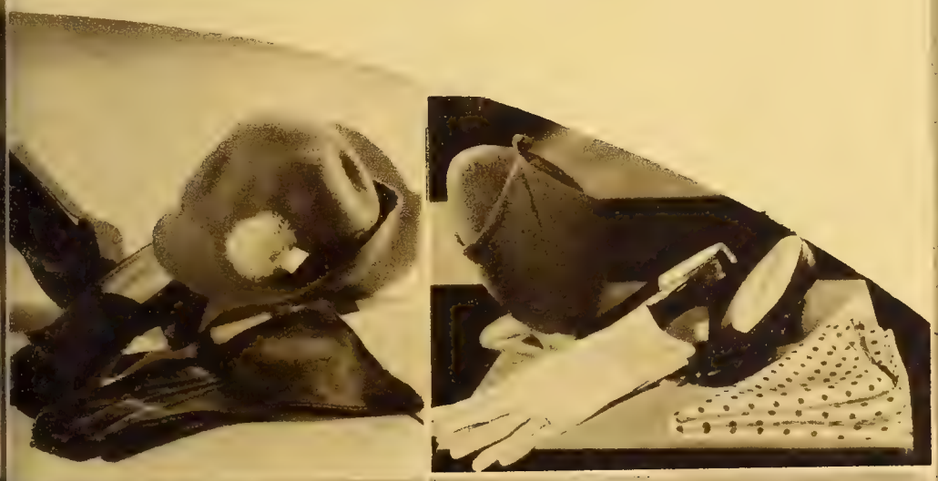
NO, decidedly not. Put Katharine Hepburn in a whispy summer frock and she'd lose her superb smartness.

Later, as we were looking over her outfits, the thought came to me that this Hepburn's looks grow on you and so do her clothes. They become more and more intriguing.

There's that white angora suit in a herringbone tweed design, for instance. Now millions of white suits dot the streets this season but this one is distinctly *Katharine's*. Study the line of the skirt, those wide pleats, the very high waist-line, the yoke-belt. And then the single-button coat. (*Continued on page 99*)



(Right) Light gray skirt and darker gray coat. The accessories are shown in the small picture to the right, below. The officer's cape (bottom right) is circular, flaring, of dark blue cloth lined with red. Most distinguished. Now, for sports wear, Katharine selects a plaid cotton toweling blouse with turtle neck (bottom left.) It's red, white and blue. Accessories shown above it.







All These Pictures by "Scotty"—Modern Screen's Exclusive Cameraman.

There's no place like Palm Springs for seeing the stars in person. It's their hangout for those days of let-down after the picture is finished. (Below) Gene Raymond, Horace Orser, tennis pro, Robert Montgomery and Edmund Lowe before the game. (Further below) Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butterworth, Art Jarrett and Mae Clark at the Desert Inn.

. . . COME TO

(Below) Ricardo Cortez, Lilyan Tashman, Major Zampt, Countess Frasso (yes, the countess with whom Gary Cooper ran around for so long) and Edmund Lowe. Across the page you'll find Edmund about to play a game of tennis. (Further below) The little girl whose break-up with Lydell Peck caused so much excitement. That's her mother with her.



PALM SPRINGS

Bicycling is one of the major sports of Palm Springs. And Mary Pickford can handle a wheel as well as anyone. The lady in the car is Mrs. William Gargan. The gentleman talking to her is her husband, Bill Gargan. It doesn't look a bit like him but blame his unGarganish appearance on the too-bright desert sunlight. At the bottom of the page you will find Florence Bunyon and Frances Dee at El Taquitz lodge.

PALM SPRINGS IS AN OASIS OF FUN AND RELAXATION IN THE STARS' DESERT OF CONSTANT HARD WORK







EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 2, NO. 5 HOLLYWOOD, JULY, 1933 NEWS SECTION

MYRNA LOY IN MEXICO—WILL SHE MARRY NOVARRO?

Myrna Is Mysterious While Hollywood Nods Its Head Wisely

With a couple of weeks' vacation between pictures, Myrna Loy set off by sail for Mexico. She said nothing—behaved very Garbo, in fact—but many wise heads are convinced that she will meet Ramon Novarro somewhere in his country and that the two will return married. Myrna, as you know, has been living in Ramon's house while he has been concertizing in Europe. They are excellent pals, have a great deal in common and—well, wouldn't they make a lovely couple?

Universal Drops Karloff, Lew Ayres, Tala Birell. Atwill Signed

Good-by, Frankenstein. And good-by to Lola Lane's ex-husband. And good-by, also, to the Garbo girl from Austria. In other words, Karloff, Ayres and Birell, haven't had their options taken up by Universal. The move is one of economy—if they had stayed, their salaries would have had to be raised.

On the other hand, Universal has signed Lionel Atwill, to take Karloff's place.

Lilian Harvey in Hospital—Deluged With Flowers

It isn't very romantic to have an impacted wisdom tooth—but even glamorous people like Lilian Harvey are occasionally afflicted with such painful things. Lilian suffered such pain, as a matter of fact, that she had to go to the hospital. She broke even Jobyna Ralston Arlen's hospital record, we hear, for flower-receiving.



RICHARD RALSTON ARLEN, SON AND HEIR TO RICHARD ARLEN, SCREEN STAR AND JOBYNA RALSTON, PROUD WIFE OF RICHARD



J. B. Scott

JOAN BENNETT IN "LITTLE WOMEN," THRU WITH FOX

May Collect $50,000 From Fox, However, As per Contract Terms

Connie and Joan Bennett on the same lot! That's right. Because Joan has been assigned a role in RKO's "Little Women." Her Fox contract is finished—although she hasn't completed but half the pictures it specified for her to do this year. Joan may collect the $50,000 still due her according to that contract. For RKO she will play the role of Amy.

Lots of Hollywood Romances To Keep the Gossippers Busy

Alan Dinehart presented Mozelle Britton with a huge diamond. They have already planned their home—so figure on a wedding.

Doris Kenyon and Arthur Hopkins, real estate man from New York, were married in the garden of Doris' Brentwood home.

Lili Damita and Sidney may marry any day now. At present Lili is in England visiting the Ben Lyons.

Reports from England insist that Constance Cummings and Ben W. Levy are secretly married.

Anita Louise is in Hollywood. So the Tom Brown-Anita romance is on again.

Flashes from Here and There

Dick Barthelmess will never fly again, he says. On a recent trip, he found his pilot dead of heart failure thirty seconds after landing.

The Zeppo Marxes were held up by bandits at their own dinner table. $30,000 in jewels was taken.

Elissa Landi has walked out on Fox's "I Am a Widow." She sailed for England and Fox cut her off the payroll.

Gary Cooper has bought a ranch near Palm Springs. Plans to develop it as a winter resort.

Wallace Beery has turned over to the daughter of Barbara Bedford and the late John Rascoe the $8,500 insurance policy left him by Rascoe in payment of a debt.

Kay Francis will be teamed with Eddie Robinson! First picture tentatively called "Red Meat."

NEW CONTRACTS; NEW TEAMS—NEW PLANS UNDER WAY

Richard Dix and George Arliss Among the First Rate Players Making New Studio Connections

This is the season in Hollywood when players change their studio affiliations, when contracts run out and when options are taken up.

First among the changes is George Arliss. From the Warner banner he goes to Twentieth Century Productions, of which Darryl Zanuck is the head.

Richard Dix, long with RKO, may join the Fox organization after he finishes his next picture for RKO, so a report goes.

Von Sternberg was signed by M-G-M to direct "Dancing Lady," but disagreements came up with the result that the contract was terminated at a nice profit to Von Sternberg.

Warner Baxter will be in "A Tale of Two Cities." It's a part that he's been wanting for years to play. So at last he has his wish. It will be a very elaborate production, employing thousands of extras.

How would you like to see Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez in a picture together? It's possible that you may for if M-G-M succeeds in getting Lupe the two of them may be in "Laughing Boy."

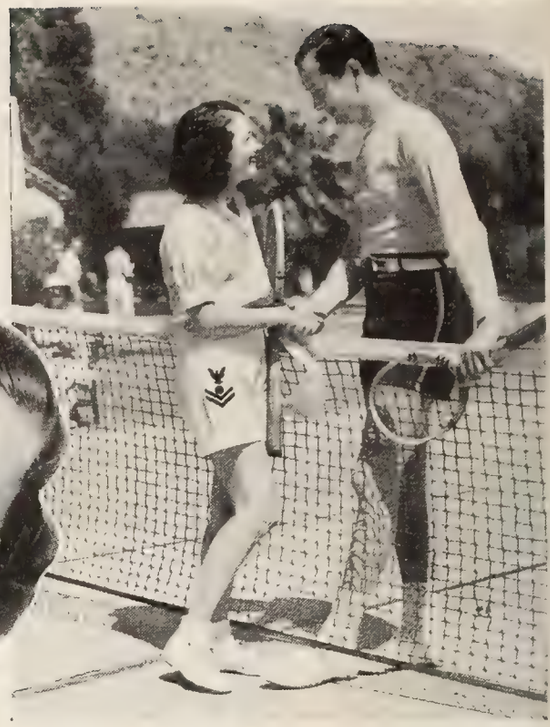
Maurice Chevalier usually gets particularly charming leading ladies, and in his new picture, "The Way to Love," he keeps up the splendid record by having cast opposite him none other than Sylvia Sidney.

Leslie Howard finished "Berkeley Square" for Fox and then sailed for England to direct, and also appear in "The Lady Is Willing" for Columbia. After that he returns to Hollywood to do one picture for Radio and then goes to Warner under a long-term contract—at $50,000 per picture. This is the first time he has allowed himself to become a long-termer.



EDWARD G. ROBINSON AND HIS WIFE, GLADYS LLOYD, ARRIVE IN HOLLYWOOD WITH THEIR NEW BABY BOY. (WIDE WORLD)

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW!



Acme

No, there is not a romance between Janet Gaynor and Robert Montgomery. They're just about to play a couple of sets of tennis—hence the preliminary handshake.

Joan Crawford indicates the arrival of summer by acquiring a coat of that California tan. The recipe is simple: Apply vinegar and olive oil to the body and then roast slowly under a hot sun.

Clarence Sinclair Bull

. . . News about Hepburn's overalls . . . When Mae West went to the circus . . . Garbo having leading man trouble . . .



Of course you've heard that Jackie Cooper's mother recently married again—which gives Jackie a brand new poppa. Here are the three of them. The new poppa's name is Charles Bigelow. The marriage took place in Yuma, Arizona.



J. B. Scott

When the Blind Actors benefit was held at Harold Lloyd's home, Harold himself sold tickets at the door. That's Bull Montana buying.

MAE WEST AT THE CIRCUS

MAE WEST is a pretty swell gal. In her next picture, "I'm No Angel," she plays the part of a circus performer, so when Barnes' Circus was in town, Mae made several trips over to the Big Top to gain some first-hand information on trapeze artists. Upon each visit she noticed there was always a line of wistful looking children standing outside, without the price of a ticket. So what does Diamond Lil do but take two hundred little orphans, including fifty negro children, to the circus one Sunday afternoon! She treated 'em to popcorn 'n' peanuts 'n' everything, and did they have a swell time! Believe you me, those kids won't be forgetting Mae West for a long time. . . .

● I think a book could be written about Katharine Hepburn's blue overalls. You've heard all about how she never wears anything but this one pair of jeans around the studio, how they have a patch on the seat, and all that stuff. Well, the other day Kate came back from the set and found them *gone*. She howled and yelled and finally had to go home in a raincoat. Next morning she entered her dressing room and lo! there they were in all their antique glory. Someone had put a huge gold frame around them and hung the work of art very conspicuously just above the fireplace. Lowell Sherman (director) finally admitted it was his joke.

● Marlene Dietrich left Hollywood accompanied by her daughter Maria, a maid and an armed bodyguard. She was wearing a pair of highly pressed trousers. However, when she entered Paris, she was warned to wear skirts, *or else*.

In spite of the fact that she has repeatedly admitted that she did not like Hollywood, or anything about it, she's coming back. She signed a new contract with Paramount on the very eve of her departure, which will bring her back here some time in October.

WANTED: LEADING MAN FOR GRETA

Greta Garbo seems to be having one heck of a time getting a leading man for her picture "Queen Christina." She voiced a preference for Ronald Colman, but Ronnie's in Europe so that was out. Then there were reports that John Gilbert was being considered. And that, folks, would have been *sumpin!* Remember their hot love scenes in "Flesh and the Devil," etc., etc.? But Jack's not at M-G-M any longer so that's the end of that wild dream. Leslie Howard was next and now it's Franchot Tone. Who next? The great Garbo is evidently having as much trouble as Mary Pickford had a few months ago. However, it is decided that Rouben Mamoulian will direct the picture. He also directed Marlene Dietrich's last picture, "Song of Songs."

● Doug Fairbanks, Jr., finally got off on a holiday, after first turning down three important rôles. One was the male lead opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women." Doug's first stop was in New York where he visited his mother for a few days and from there on to Italy. Later he plans to go to London where he'll spend a few days with Leslie Howard. Les and Doug became great pals while working on "Captured" together.

● Adrienne Ames, who in private life is the wife of Stephen Ames, wealthy New York broker, and who has up to now been living a very quiet life in Hollywood, has suddenly started going places with Bruce Cabot. *Every* night they're somewhere dancing and dining. But it's quite all right. Mr. Ames has given his permission. . . .

As for Bruce . . . can't say he's doing much brooding over his lost romance with Sally Blane. Even though their farewell (when Sally left for Europe) was most touching.

● Cary Grant is the most devoted suitor in town. Everywhere Virginia Cherrill goes, Cary goes too. Even when Virginia visited the dentist Cary accompanied her and held her hand all the while she was in the chair.

"LOVE FROM JOAN"

Bill Haines' drawing-room, which he is doing over, is to have a decided Pompeian influence. And the very keynote of the room will be the two beautiful figures of rearing white horses mounted on black columns on either side of the doorway that leads from the drawing-room to the dining-room.



J. B. Scott

Miriam Hopkins and Stuart Erwin join in a camera snapping contest while on location. The location work was for the new Erwin film, "Stranger's Return."



J. B. Scott

Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames are seen together almost every night of the week. It's all right, though. Mr. Stephen Ames has given his permission.



Hollywood's newest bachelor decides to take a trip to Europe. Doug just recently finished his work in "Morning Glory" in which Katharine Hepburn plays opposite.

These white horses were a present from Joan Crawford.

Wishing to show Bill her appreciation of a favor he had done her, Joan went into his antique shop one day when she knew he would be over at Claudette Colbert's supervising the renovation of Claudette's own room.

"What in this shop does Bill like most of all?" she asked an assistant.

"Those white horses," the assistant told her without hesitation. "For weeks he's been wishing he could afford them for himself."

'Send them to him," Joan said, writing a friendly little message on one of her cards, "and charge them to me."

Bill, telling us this story, asked: "Isn't that just like Joanie?"

● Delighted at being in a real stage production, little Mary Carlisle sent first night tickets for "The Second Man" which played at the Beverly Hills Theater, to dozens of her friends, including Louis B. Mayer, the High Mogul of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and her boss.

And then she wished she hadn't. . . .

For on the opening night she was so excited at all the applause she received that she proceeded to forget her lines completely. Frantic, she walked around the stage picking things up and putting things down and trying to act nonchalant while she edged towards the wings where the cue man sat. At his whispered "Manuscript!" she was all right.

But the worst was yet to come. That few seconds of horrible stage fright hadn't helped her digestion any. And later, when she had to drink gingerale, she belched. Loud. And then again a second time.

There was an appalling silence for a minute. Then the audience broke into hysterical laughter.

"You'll repeat that belch every night, Miss Carlisle," the stage director told Mary later. "They loved it!"

And she did. To become the hit of the show.

"But," says Mary so thrilled these days over her leading role in "College Humor" that she can scarcely keep her feet on the ground, "it wasn't so easy."

● What a picture-dodger Margery King (George Raft's new sweetie) is! This romance is really quite serious (for Raft) so naturally Scotty, our cameraman, wanted to get a picture of the pair so you folks could see what the gal looked like. Night after night, Scotty trailed the two of them but Margery just wouldn't pose. Finally, after a week or more of this, Raft took pity on the poor soul and evidently decided he deserved a break. In rough Raft-like style, he forced the naughty Margery down into a chair and held her there until Scotty took the much-longed-for picture. (See pix on page 23. Doesn't she look *mad*?)

● Leslie Howard must have his little joke. The other noon while lunching at the studio café, Les put in an order for two sponges and a blotter. The poor little waitress almost fainted. After she had recovered from the shock, Les explained his queer order. It seems that he had been drinking near beer all morning for a lusty tavern scene in "Berkeley Square" and felt the need for a little "absorption."

He wound up by eating a bowl of oatmeal, of all things!

● Anybody with a face and figure like Jean Harlow's is bound to attract gossip. Perhaps more fantastic stories have been circulated about her than about anybody else in Hollywood.

Everything has been said about the girl but one thing that annoyed her more than the others happened when she was in Chicago. She was there just between trains accompanied by her stepfather and she called an old friend of hers who took them out to dinner and two hours later put them on the train. Then the story went the rounds that she had come to Chicago especially to see him and had spent several *days* in his society.

I don't know why that makes Jean so mad—for much more vicious things have been said. "It's just so doggone silly," she explained. "I honestly don't mind anything if it isn't so silly."

● Whenever a certain producer sees Joan Crawford he calls out, "Hey, how are you, Cow Eyes?"

And the hands of time are spun back by the words and Joan remembers how she felt the first day she came to the studio. Except for one brief test in New York, she had never been before a movie camera and the inside of the studio was strange, mysterious and frightening. She sat in the executive's office, waiting for him to appear, her hands nervously clutched together, her eyes big as saucers, she was scared to death.

Finally he appeared. He took one look at her and laughed. "How are you, Cow Eyes?" he smiled and she's been that to him ever since.

● Mae West's pet entertainment is prize fights. Swanky parties, formal dinners, premières and the like hold no interest for Diamond Lil. She likes *action!* But evidently Mae was getting a little too noisy . . . or something. Anyway, the studio has shut down on Mae's fun. The order is: No more prize fights.

Raft pulls a near-Cagney . . . The truth about that absurd Harlow gossip



Now that he has made himself a figure in the Hollywood world, Lee Tracy snatches time off to make a flying visit to New York. He'll see a lot of plays.



Wide World

Michael Farmer and Mrs. Michael Farmer once again dash off for Europe—to see the baby, Michele Bridget. They're still denying rumors of a marital rift.



Acme

Well, well, if it isn't Louise Fazenda who has become a proud mother. That's Hal Brent Wallis, Jr., the newcomer. Hal Wallis, the poppa, is pacing the corridor.

JIMMY AND SALLY MAKE GOOD

THAT Eilers-Dunn team continues merrily on. Without a doubt this is the most popular combination on the screen right now. Their next co-starring vehicle will be entitled "Jimmy and Sally," which is quite a compliment to these two stars. Right now Sally is in Europe making a picture and Jimmy is in Chicago taking in the Fair, but they'll be in Hollywood soon to start work. The story, which by the way was written by two former secretaries at the Fox Studio, is concerned with the advertising business. Should be good.

As for Hoot and Sally, they're the best of friends, though separated. Hoot gave Sally a buzz on the telephone as soon as she landed in Merry Old England!

● Sign on a neighborhood theatre read: "She Done Him Wrong"—"Night After Night."

● Lee Tracy cops the prize for the best fan letter ever received by an actor . . . any time! Here it is:

"Your picture 'Never Give a Sucker a Break' (now called "The Nuisance") was the first motion picture that my father has ever seen, and he said that if he had known that motion pictures were like that, he would have started going twenty years ago. I think this a good compliment coming from one who has never seen a show before."

I should say it is. Take a bow, Lee.

● Bill Gargan has a weakness for dogs, stray dogs. He's forever picking up homeless pups and dragging them home, much to Mrs. Gargan's distress. The other day he came home carrying an especially bedraggled and pathetic looking animal under his arm and insisted that the pup should camp right in their living room. The thing looked harmless enough so Mrs. Gargan didn't object *much*. But next morning—lo! two beautiful Oriental rugs were in shreds.

Now Bill is spending his leisure moments building a doghouse in the backyard. Even after the rug episode he refused to get rid of the pup.

EIGHT-POUND BOY AT THE ARLENS

IT'S a big eight-pound boy for Joby and Dick Arlen. The Arlens have been married for six years so you see this is *some* event. Bing Crosby helped Dick keep vigil during those long dark hours and Bing says Dick suffered terrifically.

The child will *not* be called Elmer, as Dick and Joby laughingly referred to the heir before his arrival. He'll bear the dignified name of Richard Ralston Arlen.

● The thing that burns Joan Crawford up about her court appearance the day she got her divorce from Doug, was the fact that the newspapers printed her age as *27*! She claims they up-ed it by two whole years. *25* is correct. Well, we'll let it go at that.

ROMANCE JOTTINGS

That warm romance between Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Jack Oakie has cooled considerably. Alex Kirkland is now squiring the fair Peggy Hopkins around.

Randolph Scott has eyes for no one but Sari Maritza's pretty manager . . . Vivian Gaye.

Warning to Lupe Velez: Johnny Weissmuller and Fay Webb (Rudy Vallee's Ex) were seen dancing the other eve.

That Glenda Farrell-Jack LaRue romance (swell pair, what?) is really getting serious.

Alice White and John Warburton are holding hands and Cy Bartlett (Alice's ex boyfriend) is still attentive to Boots Mallory.

King Vidor has been taking blonde Miriam Hopkins places and Buster Collier and Marie Prevost are through—absolutely. Turn to page 22 for more lowdown. (A swell yarn!)

RICARDO CORTEZ is all set to do "Torch Singer" with Claudette Colbert, that is, if he doesn't have another relapse. Ric has had a tough battle on his hands this year. Three times he has been scheduled to do a picture and had to give it up because of illness. But now, after vacationing at Palm Springs and Honolulu, during which time he gained several pounds and acquired a deep tan, he looks fit enough for some real hard work. Here's wishing you good luck, Ric.

EDDIE GOES TO WORK

You read in last month's issue that the main reason for Marian Nixon and Eddie Hillman's marital bust-up was the fact that Eddie didn't have a job. Marian thought he should work but Eddie couldn't see it. He didn't have a profession, and what's more he had plenty of that stuff called "money."

Funny thing is that now after they're divorced Eddie has gone to work. He is assistant director to Al Rogell over at Columbia Studio and his duties are *menial*, to say the least. Is he trying to win Marian back?

Paramount kills Mae West's prize fights . . . Lee Tracy's favorite fan letter



NO TIME FOR SLEEP

"Too Much Harmony" is Bing's picture after "College Humor" and after that maybe he'll get some rest. And there's that heir (or heiress) expected any moment now. Dixie Lee Crosby (below) is taking care of that!

By CARTER BRUCE



WHILE you are reading this, Mr. Bing Crosby of the "Echo in the Valley" Crosbys is right in the middle of his newest production, "Too Much Harmony"—if he is not pacing the cold corridor of a hospital awaiting the advent of that important arrival scheduled for the Crosby menage this month. In either case, Mr. Crosby will no doubt be sleepy. I have known a flock of sleepy guys in my time but never have I known one with such a *permanent* yen for the arms of Morpheus as America's Favorite Voice With a Heart Throb.

In a way, the cold facts I am about to lay before you are a rather mean trick on the Voice! All of the great screen lovers should be permitted to protect their romantic reputations in print. Not that Bing will care. He'll be too tired and sleepy to care. This, then, shall be the intimate portrait of a Crooner with his back hair down.

At present, the Crosbys are occupying the elaborate Los Feliz house of the estranged Sue Carol-Nick Stuart combination. It is a nice sunny place with large, comfortable beds. *Some* night, Mr. Crosby is going to *try*

...Here's a grand inside glimpse of Bing Crosby —the lowdown on what happens in Hollywood to a radio favorite who has time for everything but sleep!



If you were to invite Bing to your home he'd be insulted if you didn't ask him to sing—and if you did, he'd oblige all evening. Now take that certain party the other night—

one of those beds! Due to an avalanche of visitors . . . some from the east, some relatives and a small army of pals from Toluca Lake . . . Bing has not as yet rated a bed in his own house. Most of the "pals" were friends of Dick Arlen (Dick had to be near the hospital where he was having a Caesarian baby—or was it *Mrs.* Arlen?) who wanted to be near him during this trying period. On account of Arlen's frayed and battered nerves, Mr. Crosby insisted upon a soft bed for the visitor and since the "nerves" lasted two weeks, Bing has been alternating between the lounge in the drawing room and the bear rug in the play-room.

And in spite of a severe cold, brought on by sleeping on the play-room floor, and many sore muscles, Bing maintains his usual placid disposition. He is, at all times, so thoroughly cool and unruffled that there are those who have mistaken the disposition of the Voice for "indifference." His calmness is almost trance-like. Some believe this to be his armor against the hysterical admiration of thousands of women who write and call him. Others think it most effective against the blasts of the gentlemen of the ministry who have actually mentioned his name from their pulpits as "being responsible for the lax morals of the Youth of America." He accepts the two accusations (Lover and Sinner) with equal nonchalance. I *still* maintain he is merely sleepy!

WITH the single exception of Clark Gable, he is the least conceited man I know. His dressing room, be it on the road or in Hollywood, is covered with letters from his admirers in which they say: ". . . You sound like you were *dead*"—"since you're on the air, I refuse to *breath* it!"—"and you're obtaining money under false pretenses." Says Bing: "Every time I take an extra curtain call, I read each letter on the wall!" But even if he *wanted* to be conceited, he couldn't. The best little reason being Mrs. Crosby (Dixie Lee) who has a witty tongue almost as devastating as her face is pretty. Whenever Dixie feels that Mr. Crosby needs taking down a notch or two, she just calls him "Crooner." Here's how it works:

Just the other evening the Crosbys, the Arlens, the (now estranged) Stuarts, Eddie Hillman and Al Rogell made up a large party at one of the gay-and-late places. As the evening progressed, the Voice began to be filled with the joy of living. When the manager of the café timidly asked him to oblige the other cash customers with a ditty or two "in the imitable (*Continued on page 113*)

Revealing the life of IRENE DUNNE



(Left) Irene with her mother, Adelaide Dunne, who must be a very lovely woman. (Above) Mistress Dunne when very young. Had charm even then don't you think?



By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

STARS—gold and scarlet and emerald—hung in the dark above the tall trees.

It was the Fourth of July. In Louisville, Kentucky. And Irene Dunne was a little girl, five years old.

In their summer dresses, clustered on the porch steps, Irene Dunne and her friends were like pale moths attracted by the lights.

"Oh-h-h! A-h-h!" they murmured.

Man-like, the small boys stood in a group apart.

"Gee!" they said, "Gee Whiz! That was a beaut all right, all right!"

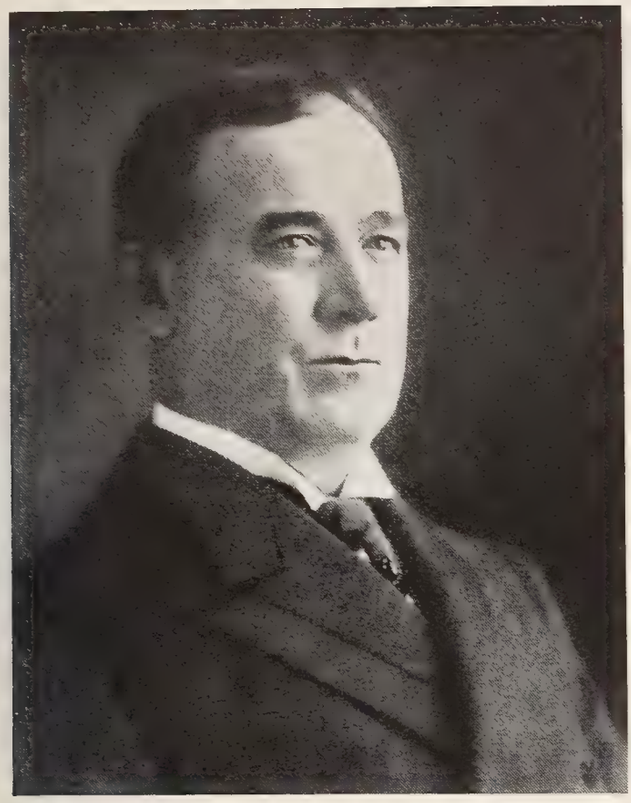
On the veranda were the adults.

Then, just as the stars were losing themselves in the branches of the trees, just as Joseph Dunne and his hired man were about to light the red flares lined along the curb, there came a scream. Terrifying. And blood-curdling.

"Keep the children back," cried the men as they ran.

Across the way they found their neighbor unconscious

Her sheltered childhood . . . her turbulent



This is a picture of Irene's father, Joseph Dunne. He was a man of great charm. He loved people and parties and fun. His death greatly influenced Irene's life.



At about two. The Dunnes—Adelaide and Joseph, brother Charles and Irene—lived in Louisville, Kentucky, then. Joseph Dunne was an engineer and quite well-to do.

If you feel that you know little or nothing about Irene Dunne, it is because she has always been considered a "star without a story." But there is a story—a rich, human story, and I'm proud that MODERN SCREEN is the first to present it—The Editor

in his wife's arms. A rocket, coming down, had struck him, torn through his straw hat, pierced his skull.

The good-nights were said quietly and sorrowfully. The children were hurried home.

The Dunne's hired man carried the remaining fireworks back to the barn.

Upstairs in the big nursery Adelaide Dunne helped Irene get ready for bed. She covered her with a cool, crisp sheet.

"Be a good child," she said, anxiously aware of the big tragic eyes raised to her, "and go right off to sleep. Daddy'll come in and kiss you when he gets home. I promise!"

Dutifully little Irene Dunne closed her eyes. But they *would* pop open again. Sleep wouldn't come, no matter how hard she tried to go to sleep.

It was long after midnight when her father came in but she heard him and her mother talking outside in the hall. The doctors had been helpless. The neighbor had died.

THIS was Irene's first close touch with death. Death, she thought, must be a terrible thing if her father couldn't stop its coming. Why, her father could manage anything. No matter what she wanted, no matter what her mother wanted, no matter what the hired man wanted, they just spoke to her father about it and it was all right.

She tried to imagine their quiet street without their neighbor coming home at night and going off in the morning, giving his hound dog the evening paper to carry and calling to her as she raced up and down her side of the way on her skates. She couldn't bear to think of him as he must be now, lying white and still.

Then, suddenly, a horrible thought struck her.

"Mother . . . Mother . . . Mother . . ." she called.

Adelaide Dunne came hurrying. "What is it?" she asked "What is it, my dear?"

Irene was sitting up in bed, her eyes larger than ever and very dark. The sheet, no longer cool and crisp, lay crumpled upon the floor.

'teens . . . her struggles for success . . . and the first hints of romance



The picture above was taken when Irene was approximately sweet sixteen. The youngster is her brother Charles. For his sake, Irene gave up her first love. Wisely, as it developed later. Otherwise, there'd have been no career.



(Above) This picture was taken around the time of the disastrous Fourth of July party Miss Fletcher tells you about in the story. Note the parasol? (Left, below) A photo of the two Dunne children taken when Charles was little more than a baby. Note Irene's haircut.



"Mother," said Irene, and the very tone of her voice begged for a negative answer, "it wasn't one of our rockets that did it, was it?"

"Your father thinks not," Adelaide Dunne consoled her.

"I'm sure it wasn't," Joseph Dunne said, coming in. "And now I want you to be a good girl . . . and go to sleep . . . before you wake your brother."

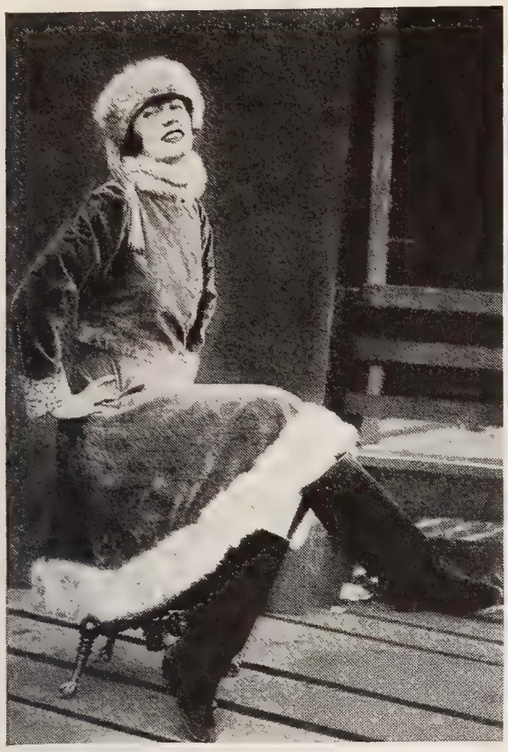
Irene fell off to sleep at last. But the next day and the next day and the next day there was a great heaviness within her. The tent in the backyard beside the lilac bushes where she played store with her mud pies and cakes wasn't the fun it had been. Even the conferences held with "Dutton," a next-door-neighbor, about white frosting made from starch and water lost their savor.

In time, however, Irene forgot death and the man across the street. Life itself crowded them from her mind. So many exciting things kept happening. When you opened your eyes in the morning you wondered what new, delightful event that day would see.

THERE was the time Irene had her picture taken by a visiting photographer, sitting on the porch steps, wearing a white dress and her new Dotty Dimple sash and hair-ribbon of pale blue.

And there was the time she went for brick paint on her roller skates, fell down, and returned home weeping, a very red child indeed.

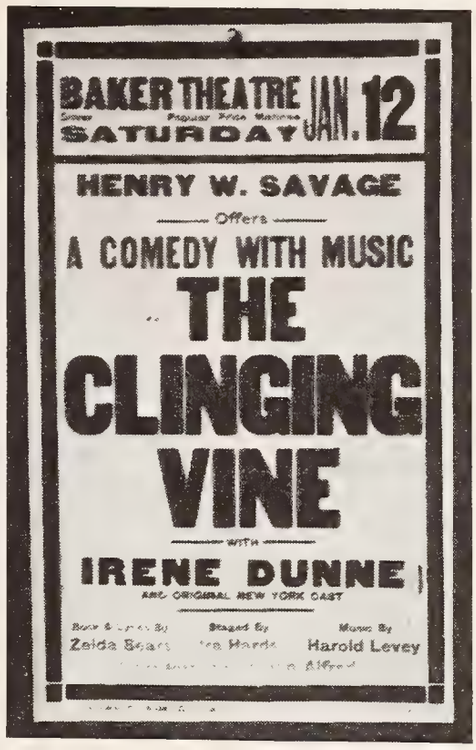
Life for those belonging to Joseph Dunne, a rising



"So Adelaide Dunne's daughter is studying for the stage!" Yes, indeed—and getting there, too. This was taken during Irene's happy season in Atlanta, Georgia.



In this sedate costume, Irene played in the prologue of Peggy Wood's "The Clinging Vine." It was Irene's first engagement after a long, bitter wait.



And it was in this show, incidentally, that Irene was given that first break. She understudied Miss Wood—and one night Miss Wood couldn't be there!

young engineer, was peaceful and secure. There was enough. And more than enough. If there ever was any need for worry, he worried and no member of his family knew anything about it.

Rainy days had a special charm. Then Adelaide Dunne would play the piano while Irene sat on the bench beside her. Sometimes there would be songs Irene could sing. This she loved better than anything else in the world.

But even when she didn't sing, even when she just sat there listening, it was lovely. When she ran her small fingers over the keys they only made a tinkling sound. But when her mother, who had studied for years at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, touched the keys they sounded deep and full, and rich and clear.

"It is the same with anything," Adelaide Dunne told her small daughter gently, "to get the most from it takes time and study."

Years later Irene was to remember this and refuse an engagement with Arthur Hammerstein in order to return to the Chicago Musical College for another six months of study.

IT was when Irene was six, going on seven, that the Dunnes moved to St. Louis, Missouri. Joseph Dunne had been made Supervising General of Steamships for the United States Government.

In the beautiful new house he had built Irene no longer slept in the nursery. She had a room of her own. And on her next birthday she was given a small maple desk at which she thereafter did her home-work.

She went to school at the Loretta Academy, first as a day scholar and then, when her father had to be in Washington while Congress was in session and her mother went with him, as a boarding pupil.

She was one of "The Mischievous Six." And very proud she was too of her club pin with "T. M. S." on it.

There were the older girls to admire. And envy. And imitate.

And there was Sister Consuela. She was so lovely. The pity of it was Irene couldn't acquit herself as well in Sister Consuela's class as she did in her other classes, as she did at the piano, in history, geography and French. For Sister Consuela taught arithmetic. And Irene found numbers puzzling, contrary things. All the teeth marks in the end of her lead pencil were occasioned by the deep concentration arithmetic demanded.

Talking of these days, Irene Dunne said:

"Always I had a great desire to be grown-up.

"At the Academy we wore blue serge skirts, white middies, and black ties. As soon as I was out of sight of the school or our house I would pull my skirt down, hoping in this way to appear older."

Inevitably the name of Dunne began to appear in the social columns of the local papers. Joseph Dunne loved life. He lived every day as if it was to be his last. He liked people around him. There were picnics in which the children were included. There were little dinner parties when the children had their supper on trays upstairs.

Many a wife envied Adelaide (*Continued on page 94*)

FORECASTING YOUR

What do the producers themselves plan for their own stars? Jack

Vice-president and sole production chief of Warner Brothers-First National Studios, Jack L. Warner knows better than anyone the destinies of your favorites in his company.



CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Joan Blondell in roles of drama and glamor?
Jimmie Cagney in a musical comedy?
Kay Francis without her usual background of smart clothes and drawing rooms?
Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell as a team?
Read this interesting story from the front line.

BEGINNING with this issue, MODERN SCREEN is presenting a forecast of Hollywood events —new personalities and startling developments for the coming year from the only reliable source: *The Front Office*. What is going to happen to *your* favorites? All the insiders know that there will be revolutionary changes in the starring field this year. Already there has been talk of doing away with the "star system" of exclusive contracts, letting the studios borrow from a central bureau any "name" in the list. It has been prophesied that great names will fall by the wayside this twelve months and new and startlingly different names will grace the exalted list. *Guesses* have come from all directions, but MODERN SCREEN decided to obtain this vital information from the producers themselves. What do they plan for the stars under contract to their studios?

WHAT is to be the 1933-34 professional fate of Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, George Arliss, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Joan Blondell, Kay Francis, Ruby Keeler, Bette Davis, Richard Barthelmess, Barbara Stanwyck and Joe E. Brown? If any man in the world could know the multiple facts necessary to forecast these many fates, that *one* man would be Jack L. Warner, vice-president and sole production chief of Warner Brothers-First National Studios in Hollywood.

Even with the general fan public, to whom movie producers are allowed to remain merely movie producers, I doubt if Jack Warner will need the usual formalities of a lengthy introduction. His history and that of his brothers was too far-flung at the time of the advent of that "ole davil" microphone to need more than a general recollection here. From the time the Warner Brothers pulled their famous surprise, the Talking Picture, out of their hat, the world has known about their start in a bicycle shop, their none-too-successful days on Broadway and the fair-to-middling days of the Warners in silent pictures.

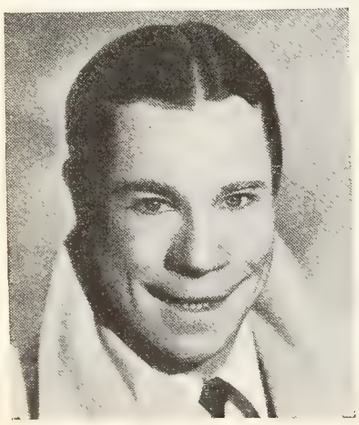
To Hollywood, Jack Warner stands for a likable and genial man whose wit is quoted far and wide, whose clothes are as elaborately tailored as any of his contract stars. He has the enviable reputation of being the most sociable producer of the entire Hollywood field. Hollywood likes and respects "J. L."





Dick Powell (left) is one of Mr. Warner's favorite newcomers. How would you like to see Kay Francis (above) not well dressed?





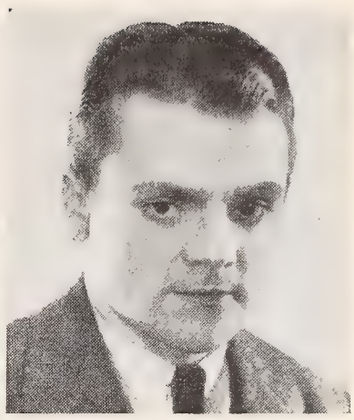
Left, Joe E. Brown will give us "more of the same." Mr. Warner tells his interesting plans for Ruby Keeler, pictured above.

I have heard him amuse a huge Hollywood Mayfair gathering with his witty comments on Hollywood affairs of the hour. I have known of times when he actually averted serious studio difficulties by a few carefully selected wisecracks directed to a group of temporarily peeved union workers.

It has been said of Jack Warner: "He will never use an argument where a *laugh* will serve." Most certainly he is rated as a charming person and a strong influence in times of Hollywood troubles. But something told me that, with the exception of a few well chosen remarks, he wouldn't "tip his production hand" any more than he did

FAVORITES

Warner is the first in the series to tell all



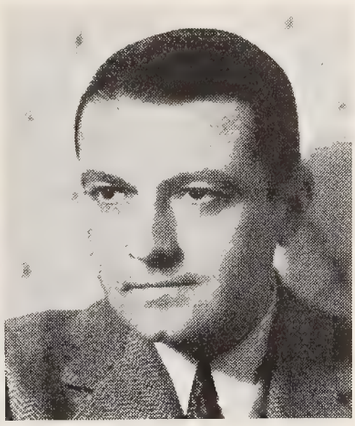


The public, not the producer, types stars, says Mr. Warner. This is particularly true in the cases of Bette Davis, left, and Cagney, above.

By WALTER RAMSEY

a few years ago when he and his brothers sprang their "crazy idea"—the Talking Picture—on a sleepy industry.

After one hour of Mr. Warner's valuable time, I had lived to learn that Mr. Warner's evasiveness is saved exclusively for social and non-business contacts—for there, behind the large and expensive desk, seated in the customary swivel chair (which commands a view of the entire studio) sat one of the best trigger-brained "decisionists" I have ever met. Since time to Mr. Warner is just like money in the bank to you or me, he was not long in getting to the heart of the information I wanted . . . *and giving it to me.*





Recently something very unexpected was discovered about Joan Blondell, left. Above, Dick Barthelmess, steadiest star in pictures.

HE smiled suddenly when I mentioned the "General Casting Office" plan for dividing stars between the various studios—which means nothing more nor less than the passing of the old "star system" and the relegation of such names as Garbo, Chatterton, Gable, Connie Bennett and William Powell and all the others to a mere stock company aggregation that could be summoned from one studio to another studio at will.

"I do not think," began Mr. Warner (who was *not* pacing up and down the floor à la producer, but who managed to remain seated calmly behind his desk for the entire hour), "that the fans need worry that their idols of the movie industry will be lost in any form of indiscriminate shuffling. There will *always* be a form of the star system in pictures. How could it be otherwise? There has always been a star system on the stage, in baseball, even in politics. The American people would have to undergo a radical change in their national character before we could do away with our idols. We are a nation of hero makers."

He added dryly: "That fact has proved *very* profitable to movie producers. I don't think it will be overlooked in the future.

"But, it is also true that only genuine, sterling, or if you prefer, *solid gold* personalities will remain in that list. I mean stars who really *are* stars, not temporarily plugged personalities who have been rushed into stardom before the public has been consulted. In the future, the last mentioned type will no doubt be found on the 'loaning list' of the studio.

"I sometimes wonder if the public realizes what constitutes the difference between a star and a popular featured player. The difference is very great but is also definite and simple: does the name of the player appear *above* or *below* the title of the picture? If the name is above, it means that the producer has found by box-office returns that the presence of that certain personality is more important to the success of the picture than the title, the story, the director or the mounting.

"Richard Barthelmess is an example of a genuine star—so important to the public mind that he has been able to continue his career of success in spite of an occasional mediocre story. Other such names on the Warner list are: George Arliss, Edward G. Robinson, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Kay Francis, James Cagney, Barbara Stanwyck, Joe E. Brown, and so on. As far as the audiences are concerned, *these* are the exciting people under contract to our company.

"On the other hand, a *featured player,* technically, may be either: a star in the making, a star in the process of being *un*-made, or merely an excellent actor. The names of such players always *follow* the billing of the title. When star and featured player appear in the same cast, we have: 'Ruth Chatterton in *The Crash*—with George Brent.' Strangely enough, not nearly as many of these feature players graduate into stardom as you have been led to expect. James Cagney and Bette Davis are two of the few former feature players who have been elevated to stardom on this lot. For the most part, stars either come to us ready-made or else they have burst into stardom immediately following their first screen appearance.

"A great many faults of stardom have been laid at the feet of the Hollywood producer. I know *that* from reading the fan mail directed to the studio or the comments of the fan in the magazines. We have been accused of *typing stars*—of poor story selection and a general lack of foresight. We have even been accused of *killing* stars.

(*Continued on page 79*)

PICTURE

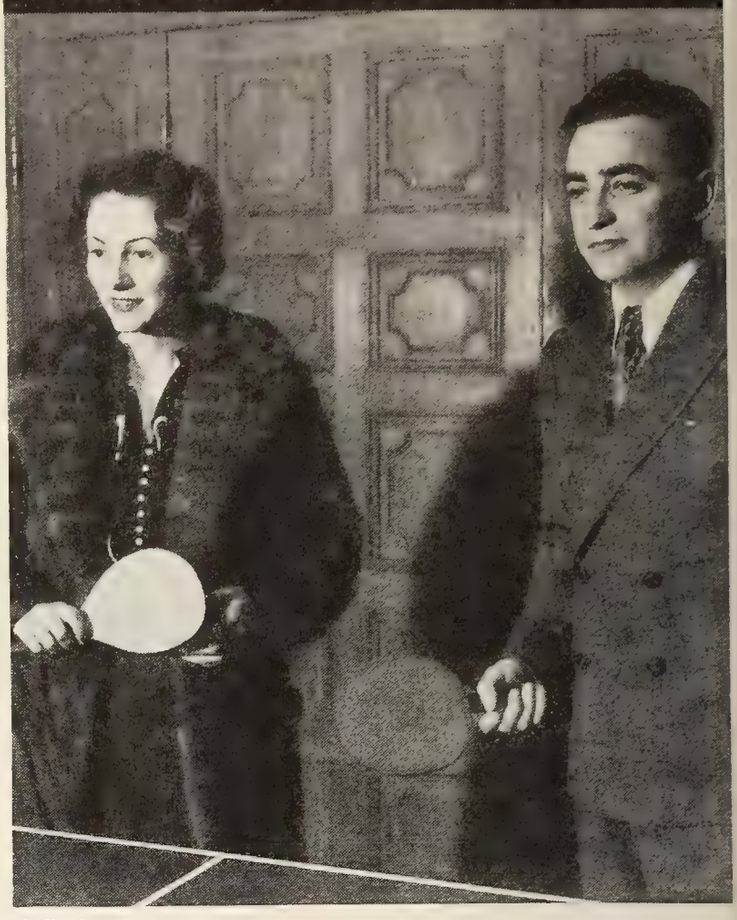
NEW FLAME—OR JUST FRIENDSHIP?



J. B. Scott

After his sensational trip to Cuba with Ann Harding, Alexander Kirkland is now squiring Peggy Hopkins Joyce—at least he was when this was taken. (Below) When Norma Shearer arrived in Cannes, France during her European trip.

KAREN MORLEY AND HUBBY—AT LAST!



J. B. Scott

Karen Morley and her new husband, Charles Vidor, rarely photographed! (Below) Wallace Beery on the witness stand in connection with Barbara Bedford's child. Because he accepted an insurance policy from the child's father, Wallace had to go to court.

Wide World

NORMA SHEARER IN CANNES, FRANCE



WALLY BEERY LOSES A BATTLE



NEWS...!

HERE'S JOAN WITH FRANCHOT!



J. B. Scott

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford at the Beverly-Wilshire party. Yes, Joan has gone blond again. (Below) While Doug Jr. left town Benita Hume proceeded to console herself with the attentions of one Maurice Chevalier, Frenchman.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S TENSE MOMENT



When Joan Crawford appeared on the witness stand in her divorce action against Doug Jr. The camera shows plainly how nervous she was. (Below) Rian James, writer, and Marian Nixon at the closing dance of the Beverly-Wilshire.

BENITA HUME FINDS NEW ESCORT



J. B. Scott

NEW ROMANCE FOR MARIAN NIXON?



J. B. Scott

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



HELEN TWELVETREES' FACE HAS BEEN ON **17** SATURDAY EVENING POST COVERS



RUTH CHATTERTON IS AS CONFIRMED A USER OF CHEWING GUM AS WILL ROGERS. . . SHE TOOK ALONG CARTONS OF IT ON A RECENT TRIP TO EUROPE —



JOHN BARRYMORE HAD HIS FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE IN **1909.**



RICHARD ARLEN MADE HIS DÉBUT INTO THE PARAMOUNT STUDIO VIA A STRETCHER.

HE HAD SLIPPED AND BROKEN A LEG AS HE WAS ABOUT TO APPLY FOR A JOB.



WE FEEL SURE THAT JACK LA RUE WAS CONSIDERED VILLAINOUS EVEN BEFORE HE BECAME AN ACTOR. . . . HE TUNED PIANOS FOR A LIVING.

Portraits



Norma Shearer recently arrived back in Hollywood after several months spent abroad where she rested and inspired her husband Irving Thalberg, to win his way back to health. It looks at the moment as if her next picture will be "La Tendresse." This was formerly a stage play. Needless to remark they'll never let a picture go out with that title. Norma never grants an interview unless given about four days to think over her statement.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Preston Foster is just finishing "The Man Who Dared" for Fox. This story is based upon the life of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago. Foster was an opera singer before becoming a movie star. He has been married for eleven years—and all that time has never been unhappy. And, oh, married to the same woman don't forget! His pet pash is speed boat racing and he owns one of the fastest motor boats on the Pacific coast He plays hockey, too.



Elissa Landi is to be seen in "I Loved You Wednesday." In it she gets a chance to dance and is she happy—because she has studied dancing all her life but, until now, has never had a chance to do any on the screen. "The Warrior's Husband" and "I Loved You Wednesday" have changed Elissa completely. She is now the latest Hollywood rave, her personality having become much warmer and more emotional. After "Wednesday" she'll take a vacation.



George Arliss, as Voltaire, looks over three lovely ladies with the air of a real connoisseur. Mr. Arliss is now vacationing in his beloved England. In Kent, to be more exact. He has a summer place there. At the moment he has not re-signed with Warners although he is expected to do so and is also expected to make "The Life of Rothschild" for that company. (Below) This has been a wonderful year for Sylvia Sidney because she has always wanted to play an Oriental rôle and did so in "Madame Butterfly." Also because she has always wanted to play "Jennie Gerhardt" and to do Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." She is doing the former and may do the latter. (Right) In "I'm No Angel" Mae West plays the part of a lion tamer which gives her a chance for plenty of hip-tossing. Clive Brook plays opposite her. Everyone seems to think this picture will top "She Done Him Wrong." (Right, below) Fay Wray has just finished "Ann Carver's Profession," in which she plays a woman attorney. Her favorite pastime is ping-pong.









Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

Robert Armstrong says his hardboiled manner is due to the fact that he's Irish—and Protestant. And one has to be tough to be that in Ireland. He has just finished "Jamboree" and his next film is "Fog Bound." Both RKO. He's building a Mexican hacienda in Cold Water Canyon. They do say he's secretly in love and will wed soon. Bob loves all sports—and fights. He has just bought a fight club in Ontario, Canada, and will do some promoting.



Theda Bara



Agnes Ayres



Marguerite Clark



Kathryn MacDonald

WHATEVER BECAME OF THEM...?

...Where are the old-timers today? Theda Bara, Agnes Ayres, Marguerite Clark—and others? Read the answers herein

By KATHERINE ALBERT



Raymond Griffith

WHEN this series of articles first started we asked that the readers of MODERN SCREEN write to ask us whatever became of their favorites. And whew! What a deluge of letters! In spite of the Connie Bennetts, Joan Crawfords, Garbos and Dietrichs, people are still interested in the old favorites and I have so many requests that I'd never be able to answer them all month by month so I'm going to take merely the most recurrent names and tell you what these old timers are up to now. Okay?

When Agnes Ayres played opposite Rudolph Valentino in "The Shiek" she was certainly one of the most beautiful girls ever to flash across a silver screen. Her career was fairly long—measured in cinema time—and successful. And then the inevitable happened, new faces came along, producers were looking far afield and Agnes, with dozens of others, dropped out of pictures.

She had married, if you remember, a handsome foreigner, Manuel Raechi, and they had a little daughter. But there was a divorce and Agnes, when she set out to try her luck in New York, left her child in her mother's care. She has made some vaudeville tours, done a little radio work and managed to keep her head well above water. She is living not at the Ritz, the Waldorf nor the Ambassador where the glittering stars of today stop, but at a small yet exclusive hotel in New York.

But here's the amazing part—she is just as beautiful today, even more so, I think, than she was when the romantic Valentino was sweeping her across a movie desert.

Funny thing—I thought that everybody knew what had become of Theda Bara but there are many requests for her so here goes. And there's a nice little story about Theda, too.

Not so long ago some news reel concern went to her home to take pictures of the once exotic siren. They knew the sort of life she was leading—a very normal, average life—married to director Charles Brabin; being just like any other wealthy, social matron; attending the opera; entertaining and being entertained by her friends—among whom are Los Angeles' social elite; taking an interest in her home and gardens—nothing at all like the spectacular vampire who twisted her hair around her neck and told interviewers that she had been born in the shadow of the Sphinx.

SUCH is Theda Bara today and thus the newsreel people hoped to show her, but no—when she heard the purr of the camera she became the woman she had been. Dressed in as exotic a gown as her present wardrobe commanded she was Theda Bara again—the Theda Bara of "Cleopatra," "Lady Audry's Secret" and "Wormwood"—the posturing, slithering queen of another era in pictures. She really has no longer any desire to return to the screen but she could not resist the old lure of the camera—even if it were only the news reel variety.

Apparently plenty of people remember Raymond Griffith—the light comedian of the silk hat. But lots of folk seem to have forgotten that he has been seen as late as "All Quiet on the Western Front." Although Ray had had trouble with the producing of his pictures before talkies came and was almost in retirement at the time he knew that he could never be a talking picture actor because he is unable to speak above a whisper.

Sensitive about this defect, he has never, himself, told anyone how his voice happens to be as it is. Friends of his family have rumored that it was brought on by a spell of typhoid fever—but no one really knows. Therefore, when he saw that there was a magnificent bit in "All Quiet"—a Frenchman in a shell hole so badly wounded that he could not speak, Ray- *(Continued on page 105)*



Eugene Robert Richee

What of the foreign stars? Here's Dorothea Wieck of "Girls in Uniform." Will they rubber-stamp her as "another Garbo"?



Elmer Fryer

And our lovely younger players. Patricia Ellis, of Warners, is one of the most delightful. She's opposite Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "Narrow Corner."

THINKING THINGS OVER

By FAITH BALDWIN

IT OCCURRED to me recently that for a busy woman, I have really managed to see a lot of motion pictures in the last year or so. I don't always see them in the big theatres. Very often I miss something I want to see and then, perhaps months later, I discover it at a small neighborhood theatre where I see, in addition another long feature, perhaps a "quickie," a couple of comedies, a travel picture, a newsreel and a cartoon. Not very long ago I went to see "Silver Dollar" at one in the afternoon and reeled out of the picture house at exactly four!

So I suggested to your editor that I sit down and write a few of the thoughts and opinions which have been gradually accumulating over a long period of time. I admit quite freely that I go to pictures to be entertained and moved and that my attitude toward them is not that of a critic. I laugh and I cry and I have a gorgeous time. Someone remarked that I certainly had my money's worth at "Cavalcade" as I wept steadily throughout the picture. And someone else commented that I should have demanded a rebate at the box office the day I saw "Sign



Then, these marital upsets. One of the most recent —and most upsetting—is the divorce of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



A newcomer, Lilian Harvey, and a favorite American, John Boles, are teamed in "My Lips Betray," another of the latest musicals.

of the Cross" because I kept my eyes shut during most of the very gory scenes!

Yet, thinking things over, I found I had criticisms to make both on "Cavalcade" and on the "Sign of the Cross" —criticisms which came to me not during the viewing the pictures but afterwards, when I had a chance to—think things over.

Here they are:

"Cavalcade" is a superb picture, there is no doubt of that. I think the Titanic sequence is as impressive as any I have ever seen on the screen. But I found there was a little too much war to suit me, when I had time to think about it. And I found, too, if, as the announcement read, it purported to be the story of a generation seen through the eyes of a wife and mother, that it would have been better, from my angle, if we could have seen Miss Wynyard in some lighter moments. And as long as the changes in standards and eras were so deftly shown, it might have been more rounded had we been shown some of the progress that had been made in industry and the like.

AS for "Sign of the Cross," a most expensive and impressive production, I came away feeling rather glum because I had not had a glimpse of Miss Colbert's face when the man she had loved in vain walked into the arena. And I also had the feeling that many productions of this sort suffer from the same disability. Marvellous staging, a huge cast, costuming and sets magnificent, and a general sense of luxury and lavishness—all built around a rather thin or weak story. As if the producer preferred to seduce the eye rather than appeal to the intelligence.

But it seems to me that except in isolated cases, the motion picture is getting away from the super-production sort of thing and relying on story and acting rather than on settings and such. One of the finest pictures that has yet been produced, to my way of thinking, is "One Way Passage." There was acting and there was a magnificent story. It did not depend on regal settings and undressed maidens for its appeal.

A more recent p[illegible]ure which very much appealed to me is "Today We Live" in which the acting is the main thing; or rather the acting and the story. It is not a



A come-back for Charles Rogers, after this long wait! You saw him in "Five Cents a Glass" with Marian Nixon, recently divorced.



Eugene Robert Richee

For her leading man in "The Song of Songs," Marlene Dietrich has Brian Aherne, a newcomer. Will the public be warm or cool toward him?

new story. In a sense, no story is. But it has the new twist and real emotion and an amazing new use of dialogue which you may like or you may not like. I happened to like it. I was very much excited by that picture, by the emotional story it told, and by the cast.

"Gabriel Over the White House" is another one which carries a punch—and a very timely punch. I think producers are no longer satisfied with routine tales, depending upon their stars to carry them. I think they are beginning to demand real stories. I think, too, that the strictly star system is a thing of the past. Producers are beginning to believe that an all-star cast, while very expensive, is something that can be depended upon in a box office way and will be received enthusiastically by the public. I would some time like to see a story without any star at all, made up perhaps of all the excellent newcomers, each one rating an equal attention and billing. For we have newcomers, and good ones. Every year.

Look at a few of these youngsters with me. There's Helen Mack, who signed by Fox, played very unimportant roles and then suddenly, in Radio's "Sweepings," with Lionel Barrymore, gives a really fine performance. She is soon to be in a new radio musical picture, tentatively called "Melody Cruise."

There's Dorothy Jordan, whom I interviewed some time ago and liked so much and who for a long time has been given sweet and innocently pretty parts by M-G-M. In "Bondage," produced by Fox, she played the part of a girl in a house of refuge. This story was taken from the book written by a friend of mine, Grace Leake, and is the last story in the world in which people would expect to see Miss Jordan. But she does a great piece of work and is slated now for a series of romantic dramas with Joel McCrea.

Then there's Jean Parker, who was outstanding in a very small part in "Rasputin and the Empress," and "Gabriel Over the White House" and who on the strength of those bits will go far—or those who saw her are no judge.

There's Ruby Keeler, too, who has made just two pic-



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Little Jean Parker, who made a hit in "Rasputin." Miss Baldwin would like to see a picture with an "all newcomer" cast. Would you?



Otto Dyar

This is Heather Angel, an English girl. Will there be room for her? The writer believes that talent alone should always be the deciding factor.

tures. One of them is "Forty-Second Street" in which she was an immediate and amazing success. And Patricia Ellis of Warners. Watch her, too.

And there are also the men. There's Franchot Tone, for whom I have a decided weakness. He's in "Gabriel Over the White House" and "Today We Live." He has been given the romantic lead in Phil Strong's new picture, "Strangers Return," with Miriam Hopkins and Lionel Barrymore. He's also been assigned to "Lady of the Night" opposite Loretta Young. If he isn't spoiled by his instantaneous success he'll be a name to reckon with, I think. And there's Robert Young, who was also in "Today We Live" and whose performance was so beautifully sincere and moving in this as well as in "Hell Below"; and there's Bruce Cabot, who was in "King Kong" and will be in "Flying Circus." And there are a host of others. More power to them!

Which brings me to a consideration of the foreign stars. Practically every ship brings us a new one, always much ballyhooed by the company with whom he or she has signed. Most of them fall by the wayside. I have been wondering why. Is it because we try to standardize them? It is because, especially in the case of the women, we try to fit them into the grooves worn by a more established favorite? Almost every one of the women artists who come to us from abroad has been hailed as a new Garbo, a new Dietrich. This isn't in the least fair to them or to the motion picture audience. We don't need a new Garbo or a new Dietrich. We need people who are themselves and who can make their own career. Something seems to happen to the foreign stars when they set foot on American soil. Many come over here, are received with cheers and shouting and never heard of again. Some establish themselves, as witness Garbo, Dietrich, Chevalier. Yet Garbo, although she has signed a new contract with M-G-M, does not seem to have held her unquestioned lead in popularity of previous years; and Dietrich's lovely star is dimming while Chevalier is making, I believe, his last picture, for a time at least, for Paramount.

(Continued on page 106)









(Top left) June Knight has recently been signed by Universal. She is appearing in "Lilies of Broadway." (Top right) Miriam Jordan, talented Fox newcomer. You'll see her next in "I Loved You Wednesday." (Above left) George Burns and Gracie Allen. Paramount has high hopes for them—specially Gracie. They'll be in "College Humor." (Above right) Arline Judge, having had her baby, comes back in "The Flying Circus."

KEEP YOUR









EYE ON THEM

(Top left) Frances Rich, Irene's daughter, did bits in "Zoo In Budapest" and "Pilgrimage." She shows great promise. (Top right) Alice Brady will be in "When Ladies Meet." Welcome back! (Above left) Gingers Rogers—"Rafter Romance" and "In the Money" are her latest. (Above right) Theodore Newton. He's in "The Working Man." George M. Cohan thinks Theodore is one of the best young actors on Broadway today.

Who's going to win JACK HOLT?





(On this page) Jack himself and a portrait of Lillian Bond. Hollywood is saying Jack is now in love with Lillian. (Opposite page) With Fay Wray in Columbia's "The Woman I Stole."

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

FOR three years Jack Holt and his wife lived apart and nobody in Hollywood knew it. Recently the publicity department at Columbia, where Jack has been starred for more than four years, suggested that I write an article on the Holts' happy marriage which had lasted for seventeen years. The following morning the local newspapers carried the news that the Holts had been divorced, and Columbia's publicity head almost dropped dead from astonishment when I called her attention to the news item!

The reason for this successful secrecy is that Jack Holt lives only on the screen. Off the screen he has, so far as Hollywood knows, no existence whatsoever. He is so mysterious that the film capital has forgotten he has a private life. "Holt?" the gossips say. "Why, nobody knows Holt!"

He has never been photographed in his home nor with his children. He is more persistent in refusing interviews than Garbo, and in almost twenty years of stardom has never been known to attend a Hollywood party.

On the screen Jack's life is one long tangle of thrills and heroic adventure. Then at the last fadeout, the man vanishes into a "private" life really worthy of the adjective. He has had only one close friend in the picture industry and that is the late Ernest Torrence.

And yet no star, with the possible exception of Tom Mix, has made so many financially successful screen plays. Holt is sure-fire with the fans in spite of an almost total lack of personal publicity.

"I have always thought," Jack told me recently, "that if I made good pictures, that was publicity enough." To date he has proven right. "I am the bread and butter actor of the screen," he says. "I am a business man and acting is my business. I go to my 'office', do my job and go home. What I do at home is as much my affair as if I ran a factory—which I do—an acting-factory in which I am the product."

IT is curious that this fiery young Virginian, whose full name is Charles John Holt, should come to speaking of himself in these weary terms. He thus presents a very different picture of himself from the one we can imagine during the period of his wooing. Then, it was Jack Holt the daredevil, the romantic young civil engineer turned actor, the thrilling stunt-rider who once rode off a thirty-five foot cliff into a raging torrent and thought nothing of it, while his director and the cameraman turned grey with fright—and Jack came up laughing.

This was the young man who gave Margaret Woods a whirlwind courtship. She was the daughter of a very



. . . With the announcement of his divorce comes the revelation of Jack Holt's private life—hitherto unknown. Now we're all wondering whether Jack will find a new romance—and with whom it will be!



(Above) With Genevieve Tobin in "The Wrecker." Genevieve is another whose name has been linked with Holt's by the gossips and the romance hounds. Both deny everything, of course.

rich and fashionable family in St. Paul, Minnesota, where her father owned the American Hoist and Derrick Company. Jack met Margaret in her home town, not through his motion picture connections, I believe, but through an old business relationship formed in the days when Jack was digging the Pennsylvania Railroad Tunnel under the Hudson River.

Margaret was the real thing—a debutante of excellent family, whose life had been as far removed from the world of the motion-picture studio as the poles are from the equator. True, Jack was now interested in motion pictures, but as he came from a long line of "the right sort of people" (he is descended from John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England), the match was considered suitable enough by the Woods family, and their wedding was one of the season's outstanding social events.

Probably, it seemed to Jack that uprooting a conservative young society girl and transplanting her into the exotic garden that is Hollywood, should not be too difficult. But Margaret's early training had a lasting effect on her ideas of social contacts. She never accepted Hollywood and Hollywood never accepted her because she never gave it a chance. Instead, Jack, deeply in love, gradually moulded himself to (*Continued on page 109*)



You

Perhaps you believe that day dreaming is a useless, unproductive pastime. But it isn't. Not if you believe thoroughly in your dream. Not if you do as the people mentioned in this story did. Instead of scoffing, read—and believe.

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Illustrated by CARL MUELLER

YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT! Anything. Anything at all. If only you want it enough. . . .

As I said in the July issue of MODERN SCREEN this statement is not the propaganda of any new cult or ism. It is a profound truth exemplified by the lives of the motion picture people.

The difference between those who fail and those who succeed is that those who succeed *know what they want.* They see whatever it is they want clearly. They possess whatever it is they want in their dream long before they



CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT!

Helen Hayes won the man she longed for—because she day dreamed she would—and lived up to her dream every minute. Travis Banton (small picture) even as a small boy, saw himself designing beautiful clothes. Read how significant to Banton is the dress Marlene Dietrich is wearing on this page—a dress he designed.

. . . It may be wealth, or fame, or beauty, or the one you secretly love—all, or any one of them, can be yours—if you do as this brilliant writer says

actually get it. They make their day dreams come true.

We all have some talent, some faculty or ability, dormant or awake, which, given the proper opportunity, is capable of leading us to what we want. When we know what it is—then our dream will come to us of its own accord!

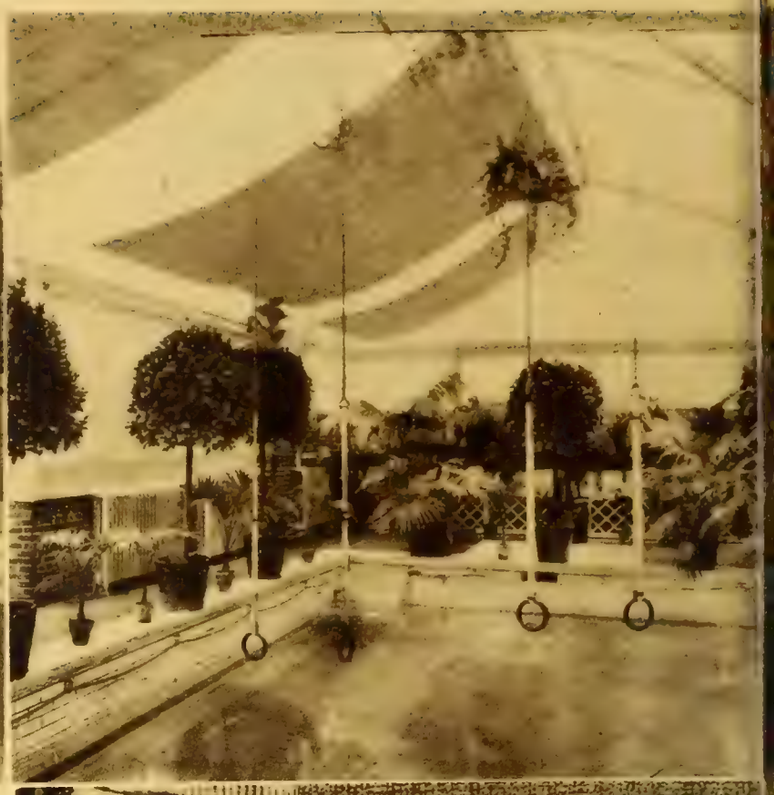
I repeat. . . . You can marry Prince Charming. You can become mistress of a beautiful home. You can be glamorous. You can be successful. You can be wealthy. You can be famous.

The motion picture people have managed to accomplish these things. So have other people all over the world. You can, too.

Helen Hayes, for instance, won her Prince Charming. And you must take my word for it, no one ever had a more brilliant and attractive rival than Helen had. Let me tell you about it.

One late winter afternoon Helen Hayes dropped in at Neysa McMein's studio. There sat Charlie MacArthur popping salted peanuts into his mouth at a great rate. All of which may not sound terribly romantic, but the fact remains that at the very first sight of him Helen's







Colleen Moore's dream was always to own a lovely house. As a little girl she filled a scrap book with pictures pasted on wallpaper—to give the idea of a house. The pictures to the right are from the scrap book. Above, Colleen in her swimming pool.

heretofore calm, busy world did a sudden tail spin.

Helen had had crushes. But never in all her life had she met a man she felt she absolutely must have for her own. Never before in all her life had she met a man whose face hung before her day and night, when she was asleep and when she was awake.

"I'll drop around some night when I'm seeing your play and say 'Hello,'" Charlie MacArthur told Helen lightly, easily.

From that minute on Helen lived from one night to the next, waiting for Charlie to visit her. Every time there was a knock at her dressing-room door it was Charlie she pictured standing, waiting there. And every time she opened her door to someone else, to another member of her company, to a member of the press, or to whomever happened to be there, she had to hide her disappointment.

Always, however, she took up her waiting again, confident that one night when she opened her door it would be Charlie MacArthur she'd find waiting there.

"I used to dream how Charlie would ask me to go out to supper," she told me, "I used to see the two of us boarding ships and trains for long journeys together.

"These dreams actually became more real to me than reality itself, than my life with mother in our apartment, than going to the theater every evening. . . ."

Six weeks passed. And six weeks when they're six weeks of waiting can be a very long time.

AT last Charlie MacArthur came. But not to stay long, not to ask Helen out to supper. He just dropped in casually, told her he'd enjoyed her work, said he'd be seeing her again sometime, and dropped out again. Obviously he was on his way somewhere. Obviously he had another engagement and hadn't time to stop.

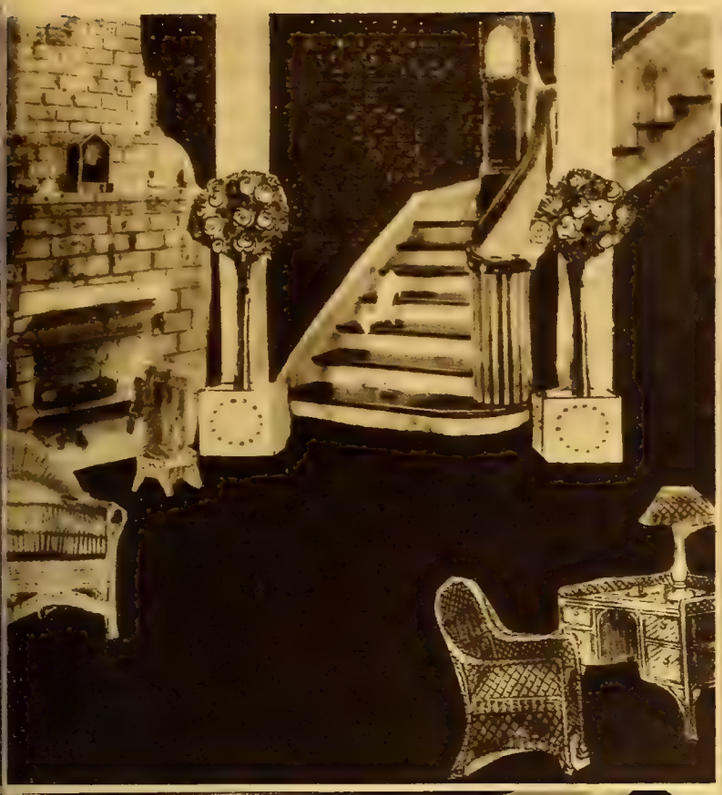
"For the first time in my life," Helen Hayes told me, "I wished I was more attractive to men, that I had wiles, that I was very beautiful, or very brilliant, or very something. . . .

"I kept right on dreaming though.

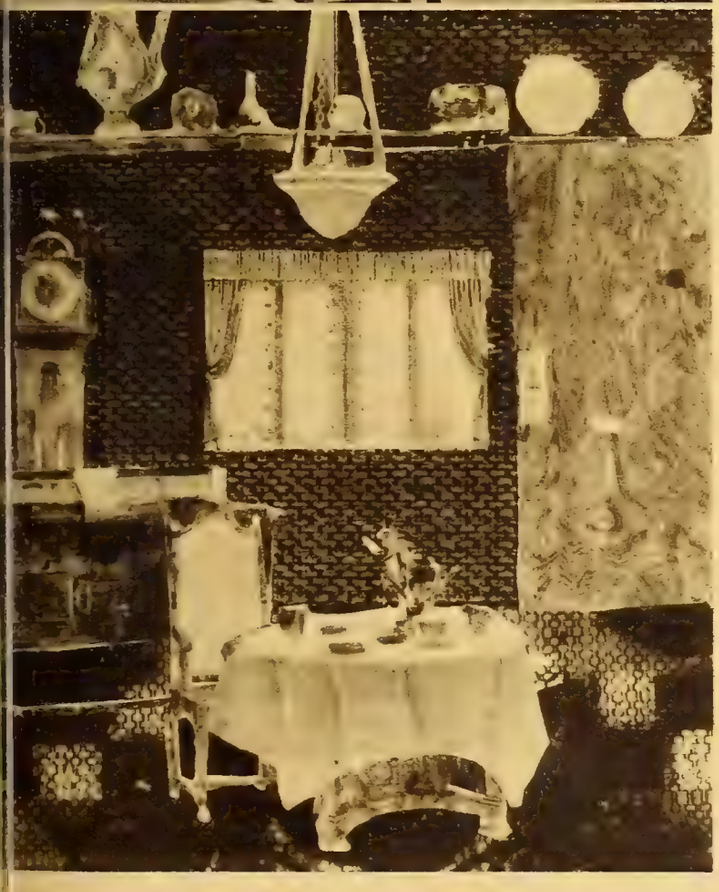
"That spring I leased an old farmhouse at Syosset. Mainly because it seemed to me the very sort of place Charlie would love. I remember how, signing the lease, I pictured him there, poking around for secret cupboards, lounging on the porch steps."

Another six weeks passed; it was early summer before Charlie MacArthur stood again at Helen Hayes' dressing-room door. This time, however, she did not let him escape. She insisted he drive out to the country with her, that he stay until Monday.

June Walker, who was visiting with Helen, drove them out. All three crowded together in June's roadster. Driv-









The center picture to the left is a room in Colleen Moore's home. The pictures above and below are from her scrap book—the book which kept alive her ambition, her dream, to own a lovely house. (Above) Another glimpse of Colleen's gorgeous home—the house which came true. Read about her in the story.

ing across the bridge, speeding along the Boulevard, turning into the old turnpike, Charlie held Helen's hand. Holding hands with Charlie Helen found as intimate and thrilling and binding, sort of, as a kiss or an embrace.

Mrs. Brown, Helen's mother, held a lantern high in the dark to light the three of them from the barn where they had garaged the car.

"And I thought," Helen told me, "that lantern held up against the night will be memorable to me always."

They sat on the porch steps talking, Charlie and Helen, until Mrs. Brown called down that it was after three, that they must get some sleep.

"All right, mother," Helen called back. Then, acting by blind instinct, she turned to Charlie. "You haven't even asked to kiss me," she told him.

It was the first time she ever had said such a thing to any man. It was the first time she ever had cared whether a man kissed her or not.

What did it matter that actually it was only the third time she had laid eyes on this young man with his fawn-like face and his beautifully *(Continued on page 88)*

YOUR MIDSUMMER CLOTHES

By Margery Wells







Gloves of lace—gloves of any of the thin summer materials are all the rage this year, but especially for evening. This very graceful pair (left) is of net and lace—worn by Elissa Landi. (Right) Adrienne Ames shows the most popular coat for summer—it's white piqué.

Marian Nixon wears a quilted checked taffeta blouse with a navy blue crepe skirt—plus a ducky red leather belt for a touch of color.

A complete clothes budget for $300.00 a year! Think of it! Can you imagine three hundred dollars covering your complete wardrobe for a year? You'll find it pretty difficult to figure out—because you're not familiar with the tricks of economizing to the last degree. Margery Wells, however—who wrote this article—has worked it out. And you can get this information from her by simply writing to Margery Wells, in care of Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MIDSUMMER clothes help you to look your best—and to save money, if you are wise.

If you are working your clothes budget on a yearly basis—and this is the only way to do it quite economically—then summertime is the time to lay by pennies for those furs and what-nots which must be purchased at higher costs later on in the year.

During the summer you need thin things and sport things, but if you are at all handy with the needle, then the costs dissolve themselves to almost nothing. With simply superb looking cottons for as low as ten cents a yard, you can have a dress, run up at home with one of



They're doing dressmaker suits for beach wear this year. This one which June Vlasek is wearing in checked flannet is nice. Like the shorts?



Cottons have been every woman's friend all through this summer and they are still going every bit as strong. Miriam Jordan knows her style when she wears this tailored blue cotton suit with a crash scarf and a white pique hat. Don't forget—if it's cotton, it's plenty chic.

our patterns, for forty-five cents. That is thirty cents for three yards of material and fifteen cents for the pattern.

For evening and afternoon dresses of organdy, silk or linen, the cost of the material by the yard runs up, and often it takes more yards to make the dress. But, even so, the costs keep down to a minimum.

Buying them ready-made—even that is a low-cost proposition for, nowadays, summer dresses are being produced for ridiculously low sums of money, and with all the style and dash that any girl could want.

This season the cotton and linen suits are just too captivating for words. You can have a white linen suit, for instance, with a black blouse, a dark blue blouse and a red blouse—hats in each instance to match the darker color. Only try this scheme and see how smart you will look.

Then the cotton dresses, for morning and sport wear, have leaped into the forefront of fashion. They have quite taken the place of the once so fashionable silks, and you can go to business, the country club, shopping or to afternoon parties arrayed in ginghams and cotton prints, being perfectly certain that you are representing the height of the fashionable mode. (*Continued on page 75*)



What happens to you in a HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

(Above) The very, very latest in fingerwave dryers, demonstrated by Jean Parker. The heat of the dryer permeates slowly. More beneficial. (Extreme right) The top of Jean's hair is waterwaved. The ends are curled on a not-too-hot iron. (Right) Claudette Colbert keeps her hair smartly thinned out because it is very thick.





By Martha Kerr

SOME smart Hollywood statistician has estimated that stars spend one-sixth of their waking hours in beauty shops or in having themselves beautified at their homes.

The Chamber of Commerce has discovered that there are three times as many beauty shops in Hollywood as in any other town in the world of its size.

Beauty is Hollywood's most salable commodity.

But these are statistics about which you shouldn't bother your pretty little head. What you want to know —and what I'm going to tell you—is exactly what would happen to you if you walked into one of the best beauty shops and said, "Give me the works."

The Ann Meredith, the Du Barry, Jim's (I can't begin to name all of the best shops because there are so many), but they're all marvelous. Come, let me have your little unmanicured hand, and I'll show you how one of these places works its miracles.

When you go into a Hollywood beauty shop, you're as apt as not to hear Jean Harlow talking to the manicurist in the next booth and see Sylvia Sidney, her hair all flattened by a waterwave, sticking her head out a door to ask for a telephone to be brought to her.

Uh-huh, you can ask for a telephone and get it in a Hollywood beauty shop. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Now, prepare to spend the whole afternoon getting beautified. If you're going to have everything that the establishment has to offer, you'll *have* to spend the afternoon.

The shop we're going to is on Sunset Boulevard. It's entirely modernistic—even the outside. Inside it's all done in darkish wood and there are dozens and dozens of elaborate booths. And is the place busy! The depression hasn't touched beauty.

So you say to the girl at the desk that you want everything the stars have. She'll ask you what operators you want, for the stars have their favorites. The girl who waves Joan Crawford's hair is named Sib, and that reminds me of a funny thing I heard Joan say on the telephone. She was calling for an appointment and was talking to Sib. What she meant to tell her was that she wanted a wave along with lots of other things. What she said was, "I want a manicure *(Continued on page 104)*

SEE THE STARS GETTING BEAUTIFIED—AND GET SOME INVALUABLE TIPS

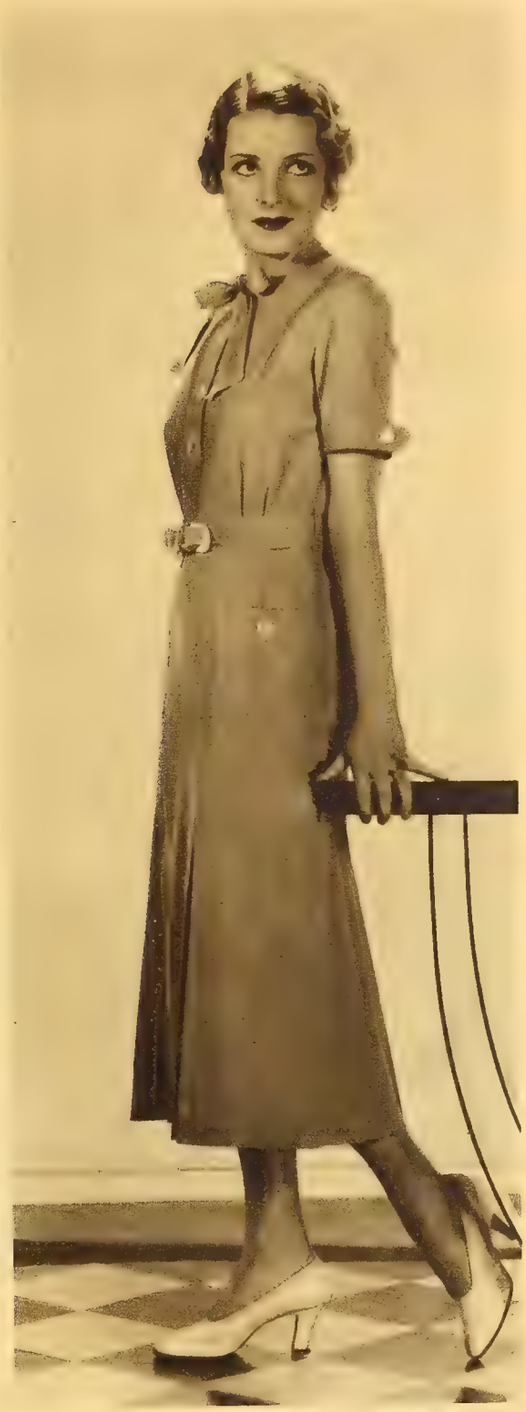
TO ORDER PATTERNS AND PATTERN BOOK

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.

PATTERNS



511 450 2681



For back views, see page 97

511—A little more feminine than most. Molds the figure through the waist and hips. The partial belt and neckline are flattering. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 and 38 bust.

450—Just the thing for hot days! Very easy to make. Lovely in cotton batiste print, with white batiste contrast. Sizes 12 to 20, 36 and 38.

2681 — Miriam Jordan's shirtwaist dress—there should be at least one in every wardrobe. This is in pastel blue cotton piqué, with white pearl buttons. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40 bust.

OBJECT LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS







(Above) Bebe, Ben and little Babs leaving Hollywood for New York and their European trip. (Left) The portrait of Bebe and Babs by Dario Rappaport and (extreme left) the artist's portrait of Bebe's grandmother, Mrs. Griffen. There's a rather sweet story about these two portraits.

By Her Highness Princess Laure Mural

FROM the train, en route to New York, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon telegraphed invitations to a tea party for the following afternoon. They were sailing the day after that for England and Europe where they are now having a grand holiday and where Bebe is fulfilling the brilliant engagement which actually occasioned the trip.

The short notice given this party certainly didn't keep many guests away. And if this party is typical of the parties Bebe and Ben give, I'm not surprised. It was informal. But not in the sense that everything wasn't quite as it should be. Every guest was unostentatiously watched and served to whatever he might desire. Newcomers immediately were introduced to one little group or another.

Entirely too many hostesses feel that because their party is informal, they need not give it much thought—that they are let off some part of their social responsibility.

Bebe was frightfully excited about her engagement. Naturally. For what, after all, could be more flattering than to have another country come beseeching you to appear in its productions!

"I'm going along as gigolo," joked Ben. "I'm going to carry Bebe's make-up box and hold her mirror. I'm just going to be the movie star's husband."

Bebe looked charming in a simple black dress and one of those high Cossack hats so few women should wear and so many women insist upon wearing. *And her charm did not confine itself to her appearance. As a matter of fact she gave me a very complete picture of the attitude we all should have toward those older than we. . . .*

IT would have been perfectly natural and understandable had Bebe wanted to talk about her offer . . . how she had hesitated to cable her acceptance until she was certain Ben could get away and until she had decided that it would be advisable to take little Barbara, too . . . how the foreign company had burned up the cables in their impatience to hear from her.

But one guest after another, (*Continued on page 100*)

Midsummer Clothes

(*Continued from page 71*)

EVEN for evening, cottons are good. Not only good, but leaders for this sort of wear. A plain printed cotton dress, dark blue pattern on a white ground, carries with it a coat of dark blue piqué — three-quarter length — which completes a costume to be seen at the smartest places. Nothing easier to sew up at home—nothing smarter in which to appear.

Of course, silks are still good but they can't be called the leaders of the season. You can have your printed silks or your necktie silks and feel good in them. You can have your sheer street costumes with coats that are too soft and becoming for words. But these are necessarily more expensive.

HATS

Large wide brims are all the rage again. So nice for summer suns, so kind to our faces, so flattering.

When you are very tall, wear brims as wide as you can get them. When you are shorter, cut down the width of the brim so that it will not tend to squash down the height of your figure.

Trimmings are done with ribbon, with organdy, with tight bunches of flowers, with perky little feathers. Everything that the designers can think of to make faces more attractive has been used this season. And white hats are good, as they have never been before, made of straw, of linen, of piqué —smart sailors, or mushroom brims—even little toques for those who cannot bear to give up the idea of the tight little hat, and there are some faces which carry off this line extravagantly well.

SHOES

Comfort and still more comfort seems to be the ideal of the shoemakers today—more power to them. There are sandals, with low heels made to wear with sport clothes and with afternoon or evening dresses. If you have not tried them, then do so at once and see whether you don't believe that the emancipation of women's feet has at last been accomplished. They are so sympathetic and comfortable that they defy description.

GLOVES

Now we have gingham gloves and linen gloves and knit string gloves and organdy gloves and lace gloves and chiffon gloves and silk gloves. They match the costume and sometimes they complement it. But always, in the present styles, they are an integral part of the whole, being vastly more important in the general scheme of dressing.

NOTE: If you are interested in a clothes budget for a year, totalling $300 every twelve months, or approximately $25 a month, write to Margery Wells, c/o Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

"Here's the one we took when Dick wasn't looking"

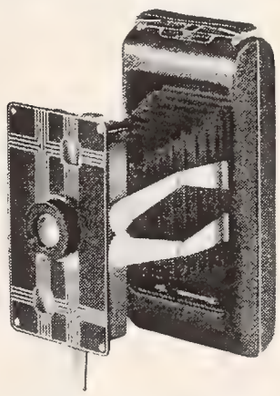


"I've got the pictures!" That brings them running. It was fun when the snapshots were taken . . . It's even more fun when you get your first look at the prints.

You can now make snapshots that were never possible before. Kodak VERICHROME Film has simply revolutionized picture making. Bright light isn't necessary. Nobody need be posed, or squint at the sun. Just snap folks in their easiest, gayest moments—you'll get pictures to exclaim over. Pictures for your memory book.

Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK



Jiffy KODAK

SIMPLEST FOLDING CAMERA EVER DEVISED

● Eastman's latest: a folding camera as easy to use as a Brownie. Touch a button—"pop"—it opens. Touch another—"click"—it snaps the picture. No fuss, no fiddling . . . nothing but simplicity. *Jiffy* Kodak Six-16 (2½ x 4¼ pictures), $7.50. *Jiffy* Kodak Six-20 (2¼ x 3¼ pictures), $6.75. See this new, unusual camera; your dealer is showing it now.

THE MODERN HOSTESS



Courtesy of Angelus-Campfire Co.

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning



Bob's favorite hot picnic dish is steak. And he insists on a delicious chocolate cake—the sort pictured above—to top off the meal. And what a topping off it would be.

IF you want to find out about picnics as *are* picnics, and not just hard-boiled egg and ham sandwich affairs. go to a man who has learned about eating out of doors while away on fishing and hunting trips. After a conversation with one of these you will have an entirely new concept of picnics which will make you eager to get out under the sky and eat—whether your eating place be in your own back yard or some isolated wooded spot far from the maddening crowds.

For our annual inspirational talk about picnics we went to Robert Young, and his description of meals eaten in the great out-of-doors was enough to make a picnic addict out of the most rabid anti-picnicker on record.

There was nothing vague about Robert's discourse, no leaning on fancy adjectives; for here is a young man who really understands the technique of picnicking. And what's more important he can make it clear to you just how to go about planning and executing the practical details of picnic parties so that those events will stand out in your memory as the most joyous of the summer!

"Before you start thinking about the food you are going to take along," says Robert, "you want to select the *people* you are going to take along, and pick them carefully! A congenial crowd is the first essential of a successful picnic. I think six, or at the outside eight people constitute the right number.

"Then you must decide whether yours is to be a picnic lunch or supper," he continued. "When the party is completely adult, supper is usually the most fun—but if you are including children you will do better to make it lunch.

"Then you are ready to consider the location of your prospective picnic. Any number of people I know like to picnic within a stone's throw of their own houses and have built outdoor fireplaces or ovens somewhere on their grounds or on the beach if they have a beach house. But if this isn't feasible, or if you just naturally prefer to wander farther afield, try and hit upon some spot which combines rustic beauty with privacy and an opportunity to cook, eat and lounge about in comfort.

NOW, after you have settled upon your company, your meal time and your location, you are ready to consider the *food* end of the business. The first item to be decided upon, in my opinion, is the hot dish. You should have at least one hot food, whether you take it along, all cooked and ready to serve from a wide mouth thermos jug of some sort, or cook it at the scene of the picnic. Fried chicken, baked beans or spaghetti are my idea of the three best things to take along already prepared. But if it is at all possible, I much prefer to do a little broiling or roasting on the spot.

"I think my favorite outdoor cooking viand is steak. I am a wow with steak." (He fairly beamed with masculine pride.) "To cook steak properly in the great open spaces I take along a couple of bags of charcoal in the car, because find- (*Continued on page 102*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for August, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

Robert Young has some swell ideas for picnics—you can't afford to pass them up

Reviews

(*Continued from page 9*)

type, with beaucoup action and a thrill a minute.

THE BIG BRAIN (KBS-Tiffany)

Fair. An entertaining yarn about a little guy who starts out as a bootblack and winds up as a big shot on Wall Street. His manipulations aren't always on the square so we soon find him in London, where he's going into the oil business. Again he succeeds. Enter the gal and his ruination. George E. Stone as "The Big Brain" does some commendable work.

KING OF THE ARENA (Maynard-Universal)

Okay. Ken Maynard is both producer and actor in this Western entertainer. After a number of mysterious murders, he turns from cowboy to detective, trails the murderer to a traveling wild west show, joins the show and brings the killer to justice. Interesting and thrilling. Send the kids.

THE SPHINX (Monogram)

Good. Here's another murder mystery to gladden the hearts of you mystery lovers. Lionel Atwill lends his leering personality as a phoney deaf and dump philanthropist whose hobby is murder. He always escapes conviction because he can prove that the killer could speak.

PILGRIMAGE (Fox)

Good—if you like to weep. It is the interesting performance of Henrietta Crosman which will hold your attention in this picture, which, in our opinion, is entirely a woman's picture. A country boy (Norman Foster) has a girl (Marian Nixon) of whom the boy's mother thoroughly disapproves. The story concerns the mother's sending the boy to war to separate him from the girl—and her ultimate remorse.

JENNIE GERHARDT (Paramount)

Slow—but sure. The plot of this is rather depressing and the action certainly couldn't be called fast. But it is a fine piece of work. Sylvia Sidney as the tragic heroine is fine and she looks so charming in the old fashioned coiffures and costumes. Little Cora Sue Collins is appealing as Sylvia's child. Donald Cook provides the love interest.

BED OF ROSES (RKO)

Good. Although Connie Bennett is more beautiful than ever in this picture, the dramatic value of her role is somewhat shadowed by the acting of one Pert Kelton, who, in a Mae West sort of part, is simply superb. The story is about two molls, just out of prison. One marries the first man who comes along and the other lives, in what is known as sin, with a rich publisher. Later, she repents and marries the captain of a cotton barge.

Wise babies aren't cry babies about their skins



If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

No use shedding private tears over a dull, old-looking skin! When men, who come to see you, stay to make a fuss over your baby sister—it's time for you to get busy!

Help yourself to a cake of the baby's Ivory Soap and start taking Ivory beauty treatments.

What better soap could you use for your own skin than this pure gentle Ivory that keeps a baby's tender skin so petal-smooth? Ivory is white . . . pure. It contains no strong dyes or cheap perfumes. And so doctors say it is *the safest soap* even for tiny babies.

It's smart to be a baby about your bath! Ivory's creamy-white lather caresses your skin, gently freeing every pore of the day's grime and dirt. It rinses off magically . . . leaving no die-hard soapy smell to conflict with the scent of your real perfume.

Watch your complexion grow lovely and youthful again after your daily Ivory cleansings. Feel its silken-smooth texture. And then say to yourself, "It's Ivory for me from now on!" Ivory beauty treatments cost so little, and do so much for your skin!

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure . It floats

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

Chatter about fashion, beauty tricks, interior decorating and entertaining—it's all here

WHAT-HO! The Gingham Girl! She's the most stylish young thing on the summer landscape. And she's apt to use her gingham in a most unexpected manner! As a scarf, for instance, as Janet Gaynor does. Janet went on a shopping tour for her new home in a blue and white linen sports costume. Around her charming young throat was wrapped—with the nonchalant air of grandest silk—a many-shaded blue gingham scarf. It had fringed ends . . . and the most sportive look you can imagine.

Gingham is getting very swanky too, swishing beside the sad sea waves. In the form of backless, full skirted dresses, you know. When you come from your dip, you slip into one of these dresses, pull on an umbrella-shaped hat, and munch sandwiches with the assurance that you're adding a bright, piquant note to the beach.

● Still more on the subject—Elissa Landi's porch furniture began to have that dejected air that porch furniture *will* acquire after a while, especially if it has the Pacific breezes as playmates. So Elissa had it covered with a jolly gingham in tobacco brown and yellow. Being washable, it can always be kept clean and neat. If you want to spruce up a corner of your home, just make slip covers of this material and have your walls tinted a cool, neutral tone. Very gentle on one's pocketbook and it makes life worth living all over again.

● Gentlemen—attention, please! This is a tip for *you* exclusively. Just in case you've been sweltering in the regulation blue serge coat and white flannel trousers at gala summer dances. Why not do as Ricardo Cortez does—wear a mess jacket and vest of white Palm Beach cloth and jet black trousers? Comfortable, a supremely cosmopolitan touch and highly approved by the girls. A wing collar and a black bow tie add the formal note.

● And speaking of gentlemen's togs—how close can a woman's clothes resemble a man's and still have a feminine look? Marlene Dietrich is evidently trying to find out. From Berlin comes the report that she has set the town agog just as she set Hollywood with her tuxedo-evening gowns. The one she wore at the farewell party Rouben Mamoulian gave her was of black crêpe, very tight and long as to skirt, and with a top cut in mess jacket fashion. A white faille vest, having pearl studs, and a large white wing tie further increased the illusion of masculine formal attire. Much better than the pants!

● Maybe Sylvia Sidney's trying to find out too. At any rate, she has taken to wearing tailored evening scarfs to match her gowns that are ver-ee, ver-ee smart. If you've envied a man the dash his formal muffler gives him, then by all means adopt Sylvia's idea. With her silver embroidered white satin gown she wears a muffler of the same material. It's extremely chic above the trim collar of her plain white faille coat—which, by the way, is another Prince Albert version. They're becoming more and more popular.

● So is the single flower corsage for evening. We saw Lilian Harvey dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with a blond young millionaire and five guesses what she wore . . . It was a white satin dress, a bit Grecian as to cut—completely backless and the one high-light was a big, full-blown yellow tulip on the bodice. That tulip looked as if it were growing on the dress. No ferns, no silver ribbon. And with Lilian's golden hair, the corsage was no less than a masterpiece.



Sylvia Sidney adopts a masculine fashion note that really is practical and chic for women. An evening muffler—of the same material as her gown.

● Perhaps the most stunning shore costume seen this season is Claudette Colbert's. She has a sea-blue jersey bathing suit and with that she uses a *sea-green* corduroy wrap-around dress, to which is added a very wide belt of white piqué. Claudette's sport belts are very novel. They're at least four inches wide, of the material of the dress, and given a metal trim with nail heads.

● And have you heard about her slenderizing luncheons? Not that Claudette is on a diet but it's considered the height of tact these days not to ask your guests if *they* are dieting. You simply go ahead and serve a slenderizing meal. And they can be made as delicious as any fattening banquet! Claudette's favorite menu is:

Jellied consommé
Broiled chicken
Spinach mold
Grilled tomatoes
Citrus fruit salad with French dressing
Raspberry ice

● Lilyan Tashman is another famous hostess who always has a lovely surprise for her guests. At a buffet supper in the garden recently, tiny sausages were passed around by way of *hors d'oeuvres,* and they were on little sausage-shaped plates of heavy white crockery. As the twilight deepened, Lilyan's new lamps were lighted. They are exactly like those old-fashioned oil lamps, only they're about ten times as large and a candle is used in them instead of wick. There's but one disadvantage about serving in the open air—pesky insects have a way of coming around and lighting on things. Lilyan solved *that* difficulty in a twinkling. She has printed organdie stretched over little frames so that they look like small lamp shades and these are placed over the food. They're closed on top with a bright bow that also serves as a handle.

● Only one kind of salad dressing does Lilyan like and she mixes it herself at the table. In an enormous wooden bowl she puts a piece of French bread that has a garlic clove stuck in it. Then she adds salt, olive oil, tarragon vinegar and blends them thoroughly. She grinds her own pepper in a unique little affair and adds that. Then comes the *zip*—the thing that makes the Tashman dressing so excellent. She breaks a raw egg, drops it in and stirs and stirs.

● Heather Angel wanted a radio in her bedroom. Just a small, inexpensive one. Now, radios are usually in dark wood and something of an eyesore in an oyster white and blue room. So Heather took her fifteen dollar one to a shop and had it enameled in white. She even had a white cord attached in place of the brown. Result: said radio looks most expensive and very smart.

Forecasting Favorites

(*Continued from page 47*)

"Right here I would like to say that a studio *never* types a star.

"*From the moment the characteristics of a personality have caught on, the public will not permit any change.*

"Take the case of James Cagney: When we first signed Jimmie, we had various ideas in mind for him, certainly *not* the long succession of hard-boiled roles into which his career quickly settled. We had planned to try him in musicals but the success of his first role was so terrific that we have been actually afraid to swerve.

"In spite of this," continued Mr. Warner, "we are going to fly in the face of the gods—or the public—and experiment with Jimmie in a musical sometime this coming season. What the result will be, I cannot tell.

"Another case in point is Kay Francis. Excellent actress though she is—and possessed with a definite sense of the drama—I should hesitate to cast Miss Francis in a role which did not allow her to wear beautiful *clothes* at least in part of the picture.

"And don't think that we are ignoring Ruth Chatterton's obvious light comedy qualities but *you* have placed her in the *loose lady* class for the time being. When *you* will permit, we have some ideas for a new departure for Miss Chatterton—some of them will surprise you.

"As for Bette Davis, our newest star, well—I'm afraid we shall have to keep Bette in "clothes pictures" for a while.

"At the present moment, we are particularly interested in the possibilities of Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler as potential big stars of the screen. Joan has been with us for some time and I do not mean to insinuate that we have overlooked her worth to any of our pictures. But just recently we got a brand new slant on her. A certain scene in 'Gold Diggers of 1933' suggested something *new* in Joan's personality, something we have overlooked. We shall develop this.

"Ruby Keeler, on the other hand is a perfect musical comedy natural and since we intend producing many of these, it is a certainty that she will figure greatly in our new program.

"Dick Powell is another newcomer who can't be ignored this season. I like him very much teamed with Miss Keeler.

"George Arliss, of course, will never be typed by the public except as an exceptional performer.

"The most I can say for Joe E. Brown is that he will continue to give us *more of the same*—God bless him!

"As for the trend of the pictures we are going to produce during the coming year, that will depend entirely upon the headlines in your morning newspaper. Does that sound surprising? It shall be our policy to use *timely topics* as themes for our stories.

How Jane changed from "PLAIN" to "PRETTY"



Jane, **THEN** . . . Men never noticed Jane in this dull, dark dress. How silly she was—this season's new gay clothes wash beautifully with gentle Ivory Flakes.

Jane, **NOW**. . . Same girl, dressed inexpensively but smartly. *All* this tricky outfit has been washed in Ivory Flakes — pique hat, red-white-and-blue linen suit, pique gloves, handbag!

Suit from Lord & Taylor, New York. This entire outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes . . . just as salespeople in fine stores advise.

Don't resist the new colorful clothes. Just be sensible when you buy them and ask the salesgirl if they will wash. Follow her advice when she says, "Yes, *but to be safe,* wash them with Ivory."

Salespeople are that way about Ivory Flakes—awfully partial, because they know that Ivory Flakes are made from pure Ivory Soap, the soap that's safe for a baby's skin—hence it's *safest* for your saucy silk prints and pastel cotton frocks and fuzzy-wuzzy sweaters!

Ivory Flakes are made for lazy girls who want instant suds. Does that mean *you?* Try those tiny *curls* of soap—see how fast they twinkle into thick suds in lukewarm water. Keep away from *flat* clinging flakes—*they* cause soap spots!

Remember what Vogue says, "The girl with a lot of uncared-for dresses is dowdy. The girl with a few dresses, in immaculate condition, looks smart." Something to think about, girls. Better buy a bargain box of Ivory Flakes today, and start dipping your pretties through Ivory suds tonight!

IVORY FLAKES

Salespeople everywhere say:
"Wash it with Ivory!" 99 44/100 % pure

★ RICHARD LA VERNE JOHNSTONE,
at 12½ months



"PERFECT!" SAYS DOCTOR

Mother praises Eagle Brand

"Enclosed is a picture of my baby," writes Mrs. Leota C. Johnstone, 3346 Fay Ave., Culver City, Cal., "when he was 12½ months old. Weight 19 lbs., 6 oz.

"He has been on Eagle Brand since the age of 3 weeks, and has been pronounced perfect in every way by our doctor."

◆ ◆ ◆

This proud mother is one of thousands who have written in, to tell us of perfect specimens—often prize winners—who have been raised on Eagle Brand.

If *your* baby is not thriving on his present food—try Eagle Brand! It is approved by Good Housekeeping and other eminent authorities. Send for free booklet, "Health for Baby and You." 80 pages on care before birth, layette, baby's bath, bowels, weight. Latest scientific findings on baby feeding. Mail coupon.

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The infant food with three generations of proof behind its claims

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Dept. 135, 350 Madison Ave.,
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Please send me—free—
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*City*_____ *State*_____

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DIRECTORY of PICTURES

. . . It's foolish to see a movie without some idea of whether or not it's the type of thing that will appeal to you. These brief reviews will give you just that idea—and save you time and money

● RECOMMENDED. ● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

● **ADORABLE** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **ANIMAL KINGDOM** (RKO)—Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy and William Gargan in a sophisticated story of modern upper-class folk. **Excellent—but children won't be much interested.**

● **BABY FACE** (Warner)—How a girl from poor surroundings wins her way to the top—not always by fair means—and falls in love at the critical moment of her ambitious life. **Very good—but not for children.**

● ● **THE BARBARIAN** (M-G-M)—Another sheik story with a lovely civilized girl falling in love with the handsome dark-skinned Arabian. Ramon Novarro is the sheik and Myrna Loy the girl. **Very good romantic stuff—dull for children, though.**

● **BED OF ROSES** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **BE MINE TONIGHT** (Universal)—A film from Europe in which there is some comedy, loads of singing and not much story. **Very good if you like singing—children may like parts of it.**

THE BIG BRAIN (KBS-Tiffany)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **CAVALCADE** (Fox)—What thirty years—from 1900 to the present day—did to an English family and their servants. Even though the story takes place in England you can't fail to be interested because it is so human. **Excellent—okay for children.**

CENTRAL AIRPORT (First National)—Airplane story with Richard Barthelmess, Sally Eilers and Tom Brown. **Fair—children will be thrilled by the action stuff.**

CHRISTOPHER STRONG (RKO-Radio)—A young girl flyer falls in love with a prominent married man and he with her. Their efforts not to yield to their love make the story. Katharine Hepburn is the flyer. **Very good—children will be apt to get bored, though.**

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

CITY HALL (Wm. Berke)—Drama of political life and all its intrigues. **Good—okay but not very exciting for children.**

● ● **CLEAR ALL WIRES** (M-G-M)—A foreign newspaper correspondent who decides to manufacture news—with some surprising and disconcerting results. Lee Tracy is the newspaper correspondent. **Good—okay for the kiddies.**

● ● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—Charles Murray and George Sidney in another one of these comedy series. **Very good if you enjoy the series—the kids will find some laughs in it.**

● **DESTINATION UNKNOWN** (Universal)—A rum-runner is lost at sea with thirteen people on board. An unknown man suddenly appears and leads the ship back to safety—and then disappears. His effect on the thirteen people constitutes the story. **Very good—but children will be bored.**

● ● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (M-G-M)—Another one of those marvelous real all-star pictures—like "Grand Hotel." This has Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, John and Lionel Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and others. **Very good—but children will be bored.**

● **DIPLOMANIACS** (RKO)—Another Wheeler-Woolsey comedy. **Great for kids.**

● ● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount)—Fredric March, Jack Oakie and Cary Grant in airplane story with the war as a background. The story isn't terribly exciting but there are some excellent air scenes in it. **Good—and quite okay for kids.**

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warner)—Joe E. Brown in a baseball yarn. **Very good if you're a Joe E. Brown fan. Perfect for the kids.**

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

EX-LADY (Warner)—Young love and its struggle for complete and perfect happiness. Gene Raymond and Bette Davis. **Good—but not for children.**

● ● **FAREWELL TO ARMS** (Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in a love story which happened during the stirring days of the war. **Excellent—but the children should be left at home.**

● ● **FORTY-SECOND STREET** (Warners)—The musical which has made such a tremendous hit. Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, George Brent and others are in it. **Excellent—okay for children.**

● **FRISCO JENNY** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton as a tough girl of the old days and her son who grew up to become the unknowing enemy of his mother. **Very good—but send the children to a Western.**

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames in an amusing race track story. **Very good—okay for the kids.**

● ● **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE** (M-G-M)—Imaginative story of a president who saves the U. S. from the brink of disaster. Walter Huston is the president. Franchot Tone and Karen Morley are also in it. **Excellent—good for the young ones, too.**

● **GIRL IN 419** (Paramount)—The melodramatic goings-on in a police hospital. The action centers about a girl who is brought in suffering from a severe beating inflicted by her gangster boy-friend. David Manners, James Dunn and others are in the cast. **Very good—okay for children.**

● ● **GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **HELL BELOW** (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston, Robert Young, Madge Evans and Jimmie Durante in story of the men who go down to the ocean in submarines. **Excellent—kids will love it.**

HEROES FOR SALE (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HUMANITY (Fox)—The struggle between a doctor and his son—the old man believing in old-fashioned doctoring while the young man believes in the "profiteering" end of the profession. **Poor.**

● ● **I COVER THE WATERFRONT** (United Artists)—If you read and liked the book you'll be disappointed in the picture as the story has been changed quite a lot. But if you'll forget the book and get set for an hour's entertainment of good melodrama you'll have a good time. Ben Lyon and Claudette Colbert head the cast. **Very good—okay for the kiddies.**

● **I LOVE THAT MAN** (Paramount) Nancy Carroll and Edmund Lowe in the story of a gal and her man and how she tries and tries and tries to make him go straight. **Good—okay for children.**

● **INFERNAL MACHINE** (Fox)—All about a set of people on board an ocean liner who are led to believe that there is a bomb on board which will explode at a certain time. Much excitement from their expectations. **Very good "unusual" stuff—okay for the kiddies.**

● **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE** (Paramount) — Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **JENNIE GERHARDT** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE KEYHOLE (Warners)—A wealthy husband's jealousy, a former husband's unexpected return, the detective the wealthy man has hired to watch his wife and the wife's romance with the detective make up the story. **Fair—not amusing for children.**

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR (Universal)—An attorney swears that if he can acquit a friend who has murdered his wife for infidelity he, the attorney, will kill his wife—who, too, has been unfaithful. He does acquit his friend and then—. **Fair—not for children.**

● **A LADY'S PROFESSION** (Paramount) — Two members of the English nobility—Alison Skipworth and Roland Young—come to America and get mixed up, quite unwittingly, with a gang of bootleggers. **Very good—some of it may amuse the children.**

LILLY TURNER (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton marries a bum who turns out to be a bigamist. From then on the story becomes more and more sordid and unpleasant. **Not recommended.**

● ● **THE LITTLE GIANT** (Warners)—Edward G. Robinson is the racketeer who has gone high-hat in this one. It's more of a comedy than a drama and Eddie proves that he's a swell comedian, too. Mary Astor plays opposite him. **Very good—kids may enjoy it.**

● **LUCKY DOG** (Universal)—Chic Sale appears in this without his specs and beard. It's the simple tale of a man and his unbounding love for his dog. **Perfect if you're a dog lover. Good for the kids.**

● ● **THE MASQUERADER** (United Artists)—Dual role story with Ronald Colman as both the wicked man and the good man. Elissa Landi is the wife of the wicked man but she falls in love with the good man. **Very good—okay for children.**

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **MEN MUST FIGHT** (M-G-M)—Excellent preachment against the horrors of war—with Diana Wynyard and Phillips Holmes. **Very good—dull for children, though.**

● **THE MIND READER** (Warners)—Warren William and Constance Cummings in the story of a fortune teller who makes a lot of money at the racket and then gives it up for the sake of his wife, only to sneak back to it again—with dramatic consequences. **Very good—might amuse the children.**

● **MURDERS IN THE ZOO** (Paramount)—Pretty much of a horror picture, all of the action taking place in a zoo. Lionel Atwill once again plays an insane person who perpetrates the gruesome atrocities. **Very good—okay for children if you think it's not harmful for them to be scared.**

● **THE NARROW CORNER** (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE NUISANCE** (M-G-M)—**Reviewed last month as "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break"**—Lee Tracy as an ambulance-chasing lawyer does excellently in this amusing and dramatic piece. Madge Evans, Frank Morgan, and Charles Butterworth are also in it. **Very good—not harmful to the kids.**

● **OUR BETTERS** (RKO-Radio)—Constance Bennett overacting a bit as the society queen of London. The story isn't bad, though, and the lines excellent. Gilbert Roland and Violet Kemble Cooper do well.

Very good sophisticated stuff—not for children, though.

● **OUT ALL NIGHT** (Universal)—A couple of newlyweds—played by Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts—endeavor to snatch a quiet honeymoon at Niagara Falls. They're constantly thwarted, however. **Very funny—all right for children.**

● ● **PEG O' MY HEART** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING (United Artists)—Modern marriage story with Gloria Swanson, Genevieve Tobin, Lawrence Olivier and Michael Farmer. **Not as good as some Swanson pictures but worth seeing—not for children, though.**

THE PHANTOM BROADCAST (Monogram)—A pleasant little story about a crooner who was deformed. Ralph Forbes is in it. **Good—all right for children.**

● ● **PICTURE SNATCHER** (Warners)—James Cagney becomes a newspaper photographer in this one which gives a good chance for him to get mixed up with some exciting events. **Excellent Cagney stuff—children will like some of it.**

● ● **PICK-UP** (Paramount)—Pleasant little romantic story about a taxi driver who befriends a girl who, just let out of jail, has no place to go. **Good—not especially for children.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PLEASURE CRUISE (Fox)—Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin in a yarn about a wife who goes on a cruise to get away from her husband only to find he's turned up after all. **Poor.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—William Powell as a private detective in a story that doesn't turn out to be as good as it should—considering the elements which make it up. **Fair—dull for kids.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS** (M-G-M)—The story of the famous Russian monk—with the three Barrymores in the leading roles. **Excellent—but hardly for children.**

● ● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—Sophisticated comedy taken from the famous stage play by Robert E. Sherwood. John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard play the leading roles and very capably, too. **Very good sophisticated stuff—not for children.**

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Fast-moving melodrama which all takes place on a crack express train. Esther Ralston is in it. **Very good melodrama—the kids will enjoy it very much indeed.**

● ● **SECRETS** (United Artists)—The story which Norma Talmadge did in the silent days is here again with Mary Pickford in the leading role. Leslie Howard plays opposite her. **Excellent romantic stuff—kids will like the exciting parts.**

● ● **SHE DONE HIM WRONG** (Paramount)—Sizzling story of the good old days of New York with Mae West as the wicked woman with a heart of gold. **Very good of its hot-stuff kind—but be sure to leave the kids at home.**

SHE HAD TO SAY YES (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE SILK EXPRESS (Warner)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **THE SILVER CORD** (RKO)—The sad tale of how a mother can wreck her sons' lives simply by giving them much too much care and devotion. Irene Dunne, Laura Hope Crewes, Joel McCrea, Frances Dee and Eric Linden are in it. **A little talky but excellent—kids will be bored.**

THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount)—A good cast, including Richard Arlen, in a beer racket story. Somehow it isn't as exciting as it could be. **Fair—not much in it for children.**

THE SPHINX (Monogram)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **STATE FAIR** (Fox)—Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, Lew Ayres, Janet Gaynor, Norman Foster and Sally Eilers in a nice story which all takes place at the state fair. **Excellent—kids will like some of it.**

● **THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE** (Paramount)—How the daughter of a respectable Southern family gets mixed up with some gangsters when she goes in search of romantic adventure. **Very good strong stuff—not for children.**

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **SWEEPINGS** (RKO-Radio)—The struggle of a department store owner to make his children take an interest in the business he has built up. **Slow, but good acting—children will be bored.**

● ● **TODAY WE LIVE** (M-G-M)—A love story with the war as a background. Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone. **Good—okay for children.**

● **TOMORROW AT SEVEN** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **TOPAZE** (RKO)—John Barrymore's show. **Very good—not for the kids.**

● ● **TRICK FOR TRICK** (Fox)—How two magicians help the police solve the mystery of a girl's death. **Very good—okay for the kids if you're not too fussy about their seeing exciting pictures.**

● ● **THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND** (Fox)—Comic story of an imagined old-time country where the woman go out and fight and the men stay at home. **Very good—not so good for kids.**

● ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Columbia)—Triangle marriage story with Jack Holt as the center figure. **Good—a few thrills for children in the last reels.**

● **THE WHITE SISTER** (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Helen Hayes. **Excellent—not for children.**

● ● **THE WORKING MAN** (Warner)—George Arliss in another picture wherein he is rather a charming, slightly sentimental old gentleman. Bette Davis is in it, too. **Good—children won't sit very still through it, though.**

● ● **ZOO IN BUDAPEST** (Fox)—Exciting story with a charming romance in it. The photography is particularly beautiful. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

She thought *If he would only ask me!*



He thought *If it weren't for that one thing!*

"*WHY* has he lost interest? Why do I fail to please him? Why doesn't he care as he did at first? Why . . . why . . . ?"

She has watched the admiration in his eyes turn to disinterest—and does not dream that just *one thing* has offended him.

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusions a man about a girl as the lack of a certain personal daintiness—as the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

A girl may not realize that she offends in this way, but she pays the penalty just the same!

This morning's bath, you know, cannot protect you from tonight's perspiration odor. The underarms must have special, more lasting care for *that.*

The quickest, easiest way to give your underarms the care they need is just to use Mum when you dress for the day.

Mum is so easy to use—takes only half a minute! No fuss, no effort. As simple as powdering your nose.

And if you should forget to use it while dressing, you can use it afterwards, any time. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing and cooling to the skin, too. Indeed, you can use it right after shaving the underarms!

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. It simply absorbs all unpleasant body odors.

Don't ever run the risk of underarm odor. It has ruined more than one girl's chances of happiness. Make sure of daily daintiness, with Mum! All toilet counters have Mum, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS. Careful women use Mum on sanitary napkins. It gives complete protection from unpleasantness.

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . . .



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself — either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
COLOR REMOVER

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Unmarried. Born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Working Man," Warner Bros.; "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AMES, ADRIENNE: Married to Stephen Ames. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Broadway Bad," Fox; "From Hell to Heaven" and "A Bedtime Story," Paramount. Working in "Disgraced."

ANDRE, GWILI: Unmarried. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon"; "Secrets of the French Police" and "No Other Woman," Radio.

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1st. Paramount player. Featured in "The Island of Lost Souls"; "The Song of the Eagle." Working in "College Humor." Next is "Three-Cornered Moon."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity"; "The King's Vacation"; "The Working Man." Working in "Voltaire."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "King Kong," Radio; "Fast Workers," M-G-M; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Working in "Jamboree," Radio.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Working in "Night Flight" and "Strange Rhapsody."

ASTOR, MARY: Married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. Born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "Little Giant," Warner Bros. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

ATES, ROSCOE: Married to Ethel Rogers. Born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Little Orphan Annie," "Lucky Devils," Radio, "What, No Beer!" M-G-M.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Secret of Madam Blanche," M-G-M; "Murders in the Zoo," Paramount; "Song of Songs," Paramount. Next is "The Sphinx," Monogram.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay America," Universal. Co-starred in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "In the Money."

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Topaze," Radio; "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M. Working in "Night Flight," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Sweepings," Radio; "Looking Forward," "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M. Working in "Night Flight" and "Stranger's Return," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor"; "Cabin in the Cotton"; "Central Airport"; "Heroes for Sale."

BAXTER, WARNER: Married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Dangerously Yours," Fox. Working in "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox.

BEERY, WALLACE: Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Flesh"; "Dinner at Eight." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Picture Snatcher" and "Narrow Corner," Warner Bros.; "Parole Girl," Columbia. Working in "Flying Devils," Radio.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Radio star. Starred in "Rockabye" and "Our Betters." Working in "Bed of Roses." Next is "Doubtful Lady."

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Week Ends Only"; "Wild Girl"; "Me and My Gal." Working in "From Arizona to Broadway."

BENNETT, RICHARD: Married. Born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Washington Merry Go Round," Universal; "If I Had a Million," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount.

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Broadway Bad"; "Blondie Johnson." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Goodbye Again."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox player. Featured in "Six Hours to Live," Fox. "Child of Manhattan," Columbia; co-starred in "My Lips Betray," Fox.

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage."

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio. Featured in "Men of America"; "Lucky Devils"; "Emergency Call." Now working in "Flaming Gold."

BOYD, WILLIAM: Divorced. Born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Oliver Twist," Monogram.

BRENDEL, EL: Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct"; "Too Busy to Work"; "My Lips Betray."

BRENT, GEORGE: Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Keyhole," "Baby Face," "Lilly Turner," First National.

BRIAN, MARY: Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hard to Handle"; "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.: Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "You Said a Mouthful"; "Elmer the Great"; "How to Break Ninety."

BROWN, JOHN MACK: Married to Cornelia Foster. Born in Dotham, Ala., September 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Vanishing Frontier" and "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

BROWN, TOM: Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Central Airport," Warner Bros. Next is "The Forgotten Boy," Universal.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount; "The Nuisance," M-G-M.

CABOT, BRUCE: Unmarried. Born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "King Kong," "The Great Jasper," Radio. Working in "Flying Devils," Radio and "Disgraced," Para.

CAGNEY, JAMES: Married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Hard to Handle," "Picture Snatcher" and "The Mayor of Hell."

CANTOR, EDDIE: Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days" and "The Kid from Spain."

CARRILLO, LEO: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Parachute Jumper," Warner Bros.; "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia; "Exile Express," Universal. Next is "Shoot the Works," Universal.

CARROLL, NANCY: Married to Francis Bolton Mallory. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "The Woman Accused," Paramount; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "I Love That Man," Paramount.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: Divorced from Lita Grey. Born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny"; "Lilly Turner."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. Paramount star. Starred in "Love Me Tonight"; "A Bedtime Story." Next is "The Way to Love."

CLARKE, MAE: Divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia. Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Fast Workers," M-G-M; "Flaming Gold," Radio.

CODY, LEW: Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Undercover Man"; "I Love That Man," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Co-starred in "Sign of the Cross"; "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount; "I Cover the Waterfront," U. A. Next is "Three-Cornered Moon," Paramount.

COLLINS, CORA, SUE: Child Actress. Born in Beckley, W. Va., April 19. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Silver Dollar" and "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: Separated from Thelma Ray. Born in Surrey, England, Febuary 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara"; "The Masquerader."

COMPTON, JULIETTE: Married. Born in Columbia, Ga., May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "The Match King," Warner Bros.; "The Masquerader," U. A.

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Baby Face," Warner Bros.; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Tampico," Columbia. Work-in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Starred in "If I Had a Million"; "Farewell to Arms"; "Today We Live," M-G-M. Next is "One Sunday Afternoon."

COOPER, JACKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Divorce in the Family."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Flesh," M-G-M; "Broadway Bad," Warned Bros. Working in "Lady of the Night," M-G-M.

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rain," United Artists; "Today We Live," M-G-M. Next is "The Prize Fighter and the Lady."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Age of Consent," Radio; "That's My Boy," Columbia; "This Day and Age," Para.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast." Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett. Working in "College Humor," Paramount.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Unmarried. Born in Seattle, Washington, May 15. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Making pictures in England.

DAMITA, LILI: Unmarried. Born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Match King," First National.

(*Continued on page 85*)

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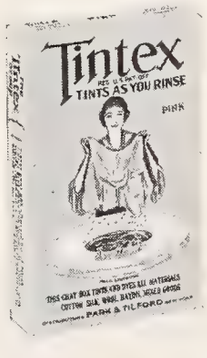


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LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

MORE NEWS AND GOSSIP STRAIGHT FROM THE VERY-MUCH-ALIVE FILM CITY

HERE's a little lowdown:

Mae West is trying to get Clark Gable for her leading man in her next picture. Hotcha!

Clara Bow is still twelve pounds overweight.

Greta Garbo will marry in 1934. Or so a crystal-gazer in Hollywood says.

Jean Harlow has double-jointed thumbs.

THE divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt is about the biggest jolt Hollywood has had for a long long time. The Holts have been married something like ten years and theirs was one of those "everlasting marriages" — so everyone thought. In fact, no one knew there was any trouble between them (Jack is as tight-lipped off the screen as he is on) . . . until Mrs. Holt filed the divorce papers in Mexico. Incompatibility was the reason given. See the swell story on page 64.

DENIALS and emphatic "oh, how ridiculous" statements to the contrary notwithstanding, all is not smooth sailing in the Gloria Swanson-Michael Farmer household. It may be all patched up by the time you read this but the fact remains that there are plenty of eye witnesses in Hollywood who will tell you about the time that they arrived separately at the same party and—more important—left separately.

Naturally, Gloria isn't going to break down and confess anything. Remember how she stoutly maintained "no trouble" just before she separated from the Marquis? And nine times out of ten that statement "we've never been happier in our lives" is made just a couple of weeks before he packs his bags and moves to the athletic club.

Anyway, Gloria and hubby are in Europe now. A recent photo of Bridget Michele was sent them in Hollywood—and it showed two new teeth! They just had to see those new teeth! They'll be back soon for Gloria is seriously considering some picture propositions here.

WHAT is there about La Garbo that sends quivers through everyone, even hardboiled, blasé studio employees? She visited the Paramount Studio recently to have a look at "Song of Songs," evidently to witness director Rouben Mamoulian's work (he's going to direct her picture, too) and practically everyone on the lot just stood and stared. She actually had to be *sneaked* off, the accumulated mob being too much for the Swede to face.

RUMORS continue to fly merrily about Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. There are those who swear they are married. Others even venture to say that the reason for their strict silence on the matter is that they're not getting along so well and that there may be a divorce even before the marriage is revealed. Charlie is getting his yacht ready for a long trip. Question is: Will he sail with or without Paulette?

FRANCHOT TONE continues to be high man in Joan Crawford's life, although a certain Mr. Robert Abbott has become quite prominent of late. Mr. Abbott hails from Boston and, according to reports, has been given six months in which to make good in the movies. He has just had his first screen test . . . and the result was quite favorable they say.

By the way, Tone will again have a prominent part in Joan's next picture "The Prizefighter and the Lady." So far the cast sheet reads: Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone. Not bad.

SOUVENIR hunters are as much of a nuisance as autograph hounds and this proves it:

One of the first-mentioned pests broke her way into Katharine Hepburn's dressing room one day and walked off with Kate's favorite picture of herself plus a large silver frame. Next day the pix was sent to Kate through the mails, accompanied with a note asking for her autograph! This is what Hepburn did, she kept the frame, and sent the picture back with the following inscription: "Stolen from Katharine Hepburn."

DOROTHEA WEICK is verrrry much in love with her husband. He is Ernst von der Decken, editor of a German newspaper, and for that reason has to remain in Germany. Too bad, because they've only been married about eight months. But they certainly manage to keep in touch. They write each other daily and some of Dorothea's letters are *forty* pages long. Always taking advantage of the fastest airlines, these letters cost on the average of $1.85 per. Ain't love grand?

Those Eskimos on the M-G-M lot still think we're a bunch of dumbbells. The other day one of them saw a plow on the back lot of the studio.

"Huh," said the Northerner, "white man make very bad sled. Only one runner."

WHEN Alexander Kirkland and Ann Harding, accompanied by Ann's secretary, flew to Havana Hollywood buzzed with romance rumors.

But here's the real truth—and don't let anybody tell you differently. Ann and Alexander have been friends for ages and ages. Once Alexander was in love with her, but they are just good friends now. That's the lowdown.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 83)

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Co-starred in "Silver Dollar" and "Forty-Second Street," Warner; "Cocktail Hour," Columbia.

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Blondie of the Follies"; "Peg O' My Heart."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Parachute Jumper." Starred in "Ex-Lady"; featured in "The Working Man." Next is "Easy to Love."

DEE, FRANCES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "King of the Jungle," Paramount; "Silver Cord," "Headline Shooter," Radio.

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio. Next is "Green Mansions."

DEVINE, ANDY: Married. Born in Flagstaff, Ariz., October 6. Universal player. Featured in "The Big Cage," Universal; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount. Working in "Disgraced," Paramount.

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Blonde Venus"; "Song of Songs."

DIX, RICHARD: Married to Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors"; "The Great Jasper." Working in "The Public Be Sold." Next is "Monsters of the Deep."

DOVE, BILLIE: Married to Robert Kenaston. Born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies."

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Prosperity"; "Dinner at Eight." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Hold Me Tight"; "The Girl in 419." Next is "From Arizona to Broadway."

DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M; "The Silver Cord," Radio. Next is "Sally Was a Lady."

DURANTE, JAMES: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "What, No Beer!" and "Hell Below."

EILERS, SALLY: Separated from Hoot Gibson. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Sailor's Luck" and "Hold Me Tight," Fox; "Made On Broadway," M-G-M.

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Under the Tonto Rim" and "International House," Paramount. Working in "Hold Your Man" and "Stranger's Return," M-G-M.

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below," "Made on Broadway," "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M; "The Mayor of Hell," Warner Bros.; "The Nuisance," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, Jr.: Divorced from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," "Narrow Corner," "Captured," Warner Bros. Working in "Morning Glory," Radio.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: Married to Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Vallie. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Co-starred in "Wild Girl"; "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

FARRELL, GLENDA: Married. Born in Enid, Okla. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Keyhole"; "Mary Stevens, M.D." Working in "Madam La Guimp," Columbia and "Gambling Ship," Paramount.

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Big Cage," Universal; "Headline Shooter," Radio. "Goodbye Again," Warner Bros.

FOSTER, NORMAN: Married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "State Fair"; "Pilgrimage," Fox. Working in "Professional Sweetheart," Radio.

FOSTER, PRESTON: Married. Born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "Ladies They Talk About"; "Elmer the Great." Working in "The Man Who Dared," Fox.

FOX, SIDNEY: Married to Charles Beahan. Born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Don Quixote"; "Roi Pausole"; "Afraid to Talk."

FRANCIS, KAY: Married to Kenneth McKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Keyhole"; "Mary Stevens, M.D." Working in "Strange Rhapsody," M-G-M.

GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "No Man of Her Own"; "White Sister." Working in "Night Flight" and "Hold Your Man." Next is "The Prize Fighter and the Lady."

GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me." Working in "Queen Christina."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings," Radio; "The Story of Temple Drake," Paramount; "Emergency Call," Radio. Working in "Night Flight," M-G-M.

(Continued on page 87)



Stage Struck!

Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou in a scene from "The Morning Glory."

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It's Ruby's Turn Now

(*Continued from page 17*)

Guinan's were "awfully nice girls." And she isn't putting on an act. To Ruby, they were.

Ruby managed, somehow, to remain immune to the sinister and sometimes sordid atmosphere she breathed. She danced at Guinan's but she was never a part of it. I'll give you a typical incident.

One night there was a fight in the club, the reason for which remains a tawdry secret of the underworld. Guns were drawn. Hatred charged the air. Everyone in the place was filled with terror.

And Ruby? Well, Ruby was down in the grill room. She didn't know there had been a fight until the other girls told her about it later, for Ruby was always somewhere else when these spectacular events occurred.

Ruby worked at Guinan's—that was all. The life was never an actual part of her life.

And that, of course, was partly because of her family.

For Ruby had lots more fun telling her brothers and sisters about the celebrities that came to the club than she had stepping out after the show. Besides, she was too tired to do much stepping out.

Ruby's working day at the club began at twelve-thirty and ended at half past four in the morning. The rest of the morning and the better part of the day were the child's sleeping hours. She usually got up at five and told the family everything that had happened the night before.

It was one of those big, jolly, Irish families and with them Ruby felt much more at home than in the world of glittering tinsel in which she worked.

ONE day Ruby asked her sisters, "Guess who came in last night?"

Ruby couldn't wait for them to guess.

"Al Jolson," she said, with a note of due awe in her voice.

"Al Jolson!" they repeated.

Yes, the great Al Jolson had been to Texas' Club—the greatest entertainer in the world, the big shot of the theatrical business and—what's more—he had definitely noticed Ruby. He had asked who she was. It was all very exciting and thrilling and her sisters sat wide-eyed and listened as she told the story.

And that was how the romance began—the romance between the big entertainer and the little chorus girl.

Ruby was so thrilled to be seen in company with the great Al Jolson. For she had never overcome her awe of celebrities and a feeling of her own unworthiness.

She was so shy, so unsure of herself that when Ziegfeld asked her to star in "Show Girl" she told him she could neither sing nor act and that he was making a mistake in putting her in the part. But he patted her on the back and persuaded her to take the stellar rôle.

She suffered such torments that when she would look out into the audience and discover two heads together, people whispering and laughing, she was quite sure that they were laughing at her. In spite of encouragement from Ziegfeld she died a thousand deaths of self-consciousness whenever she stepped on the stage and finally, her nervousness was so great, she became physically ill and a doctor told her she must leave the show.

Ruby didn't want to be anything but just Al Jolson's wife, to shine only in his reflected glory.

But the executives begged her to work in pictures. The first offer came to play opposite Al in one of his films. Ruby refused that flatly. She knew Al was nervous when he worked and she thought the added worry of her would trouble him. Besides, now that she and Al were married she had no desire for a career.

They broke down her resistance finally and she consented to "Forty-Second Street."

Again she suffered from stage fright, although she was thrilled to meet the stars and asked for autographs like any high school girl. And still, as her popularity on the lot grew, she believed that it was just because of Al.

WITH the utmost sincerity she told me, "People hardly ever remember me. But they all know Al and it's fun meeting them through him."

You see? To Ruby there is no change. Their relationships are exactly the same. She does not realize what has happened.

But these are the facts. With the release of "Forty-Second Street" Ruby's star ascended. It was one of the smash hits of the season and Ruby became an instantaneous success. She was rushed into "Golddiggers of 1933" and other films are in preparation for her.

In the meantime—and even long before—Al's star had been waning. The novelty of his work in the first talkies having worn off, he is no longer the greatest entertainer in the world.

But the curious part is that Ruby doesn't know it. The beautiful part of the story is that Ruby still sees Al as the greatest entertainer and her picture triumphs are merely secondary to the glory of being Al Jolson's wife.

The important part of her life is being with Al.

She actually doesn't realize that he is answering the 'phone for *her* and waiting on *her* while she rehearses and has fittings, for Ruby is still the little girl in the night club who was awed when Al Jolson asked her name.

As his popularity with the public fades, his popularity with Ruby grows. In her heart he is the great one, she the lesser. She still thinks that it is only because she is Al Jolson's wife that anyone is interested in her.

And so, perhaps, Al is compensated.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 85)

GAYNOR, JANET: Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "Tess of the Storm Country"; "State Fair"; "Adorable." Next is "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

GIBSON, HOOT: Separated from Sally Eilers. Born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Hoot Gibson Pictures Corp. Starred in "Cowboy Counsellor" and "Dude Bandit."

GIBSON, WYNNE: Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Crime of the Century," Paramount; "Emergency Call," Radio. Next is "Her Bodyguard."

GILBERT, JOHN: Married to Virginia Bruce. Born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Starred in "Fast Workers."

GLEASON, JAMES: Married to Lucille Webster. Born in New York City, May 23. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M.

GOMBELL, MINNA: Unmarried. Born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway"; "Pleasure Cruise."

GRANT, CARY: Unmarried. Born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "The Woman Accused"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "Gambling Ship." Next is "Torch Singer."

GREEN, MITZI: Child actress. Born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM: Unmarried. Born in Staunton, Va., January 1, M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Life."

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER: Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "White Sister"; "The Barbarian." Working in "Strange Rhapsody."

HAMILTON, NEIL: Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Terror Aboard," Paramount; "Silk Express," Warner Bros.

HARDING, ANN: Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors"; "The Animal Kingdom"; "When Ladies Meet." Working in "Double Harness."

HARDY, OLIVER: Divorced. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Towed in a Hole"; "Twice Two"; "Fra Diavolo."

HARLOW, JEAN: Widow of Paul Bern. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Dust"; "Dinner At Eight." Working in "Hold Your Man."

HARVEY, LILIAN: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 19. Fox player. Co-starred in "My Lips Betray."

HAYES, HELEN: Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount; "Son Daughter" and "White Sister," M-G-M. Working in "Night Flight," M-G-M. Next is "Another Language."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn., November 8. Radio player. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement"; "Christopher Strong." Working in "Morning Glory." Next is "Little Women."

HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Crime of the Century"; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Born to Kill"; "Men Must Fight"; "Looking Forward." Working in "Strange Rhapsody."

HOLT, JACK: Divorced from Margaret Wood. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "When Strangers Marry"; "The Wrecker."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake." Working in "Stranger's Return," M-G-M. Next is "Chrysalis."

HOPPER, HEDDA: Divorced from DeWolf Hopper. Born in Holidaysburg, Pa., June 2. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Men Must Fight" and "The Barbarian."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. March 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise" and "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 24. Write him at Fox. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Secrets," U. A.; "Captured," Warner Bros. Working in "Berkeley Square," Fox.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Unmarried. Born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "Lucky Devils," Radio; "She Done Him Wrong," Paramount.

HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below"; "Gabriel Over the White House." Working in "Strange Rhapsody."

HYAMS, LEILA: Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1: M-G-M player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast" and "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Universal star. Starred in "Unknown Valley"; "The Open Road."

JORDAN, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Strictly Personal," Para-

(Continued on page 93)

A Remarkable Offer!



for EVERY WOMAN'S PURSE

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

A Glorious Feeling to your body IMMEDIATELY!

Would you like to have your skin feel soft and smooth as a rose petal simply by taking a most soothing pleasant bath?

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Just spread ZiP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, fragrant cream; smooth and mild; rapid and efficacious. ZiP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, and instantly removes every vestige of hair . . GIANT TUBE 50c.

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PERMANENTLY
DESTROY HAIR WITH
ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
Ideal for face, arms, legs and body. Simple and quick, it leaves no stubble and no dark shadow under the skin. Acts immediately. Large Pkge. $1.00
Treatment or FREE Demonstration at
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SPECIALIST
562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, (46th ST.)

AB-SCENT
DEODORANT
STICK
For economy and effectiveness, carry this handy deodorant in your bag. Eliminates perspiration odor.
25c
Also a smaller size in an attractive elevator container for 10c

You Can Get Anything You Want

(Continued from page 69)

mad ways. She knew him intimately and well. In her dreams she had been with him every day and night for months.

When Helen's friends learned she was seeing Charlie, that he was calling for her after the theater and taking her to supper, they were generous with well-intended warnings.

"LOOK out," they said, "he's fascinating. If you let yourself get too fond of him he'll break your heart. He's only marking time. The day So and So gets back from Europe you'll see that young man no more!"

The girl they mentioned by name was and still is considered one of the most glamorous ladies in New York. She's tall and slim. She's smart. And besides possessing the gay humor and the very ridiculous, nonsensical ways a man like Charlie MacArthur would adore, she is *distingué,* theatrically and socially.

Nevertheless, not for one minute did Helen give up her dream of having Charlie MacArthur for her own. Still his face hung before her. Night and day. Day and night.

"*And,*" says Helen "*dreaming of the two of us together I always saw myself as a person Charlie would like. And every day, because subconsciously I began developing the particular qualities I felt had attracted Charlie to me in the first place, I came a little closer to being that person.*

"I didn't see how Charlie possibly could prefer me when the other girl came back. But I knew he would. I knew he must.

"*I used to say to myself 'Charlie MacArthur's a free soul if ever there was one. Don't let your feminine desire for possession run away with you. You never could possess him. And he'd hate you for trying it. Be as self-sufficient with him really as you see yourself being in your dreams.*

"I was fortunate, really," she went on, "because Charlie's so frankly a free soul. I knew from the start that he never could be possessed. Other women rarely have this fact made so clear to them. So, too often it is through a woman's attempts to possess the man she loves that she loses him."

When Charlie MacArthur's other girl came home that autumn, important parties were given in her honor. Charlie, naturally, was asked to all of them. It sometimes happened Helen also would be among the guests. Other times she wouldn't be. The times she was were the worst in a way.

"I used to strain so, trying to be gayer, brighter, more brilliant than she was," Helen confesses. "And the more amused Charlie would be by the things she said, the more his laughter would ring out, the more desperate I'd grow.

"At last I woke up. At last I realized it never had been the tense, straining person I became at such times that Charlie had sought during the last few months. So I quit trying to be something and somebody I wasn't.

"It wasn't until Christmas that I felt I had Charlie's interest. And then only because he asked his other girl to take back a handsome dressing-gown she'd sent him, explaining he couldn't accept anything so valuable.

"She understood. She was a good sport about it. She sent him a little china dog with a ten cent price tag hanging about its neck and a note asking if this would be all right. It's upstairs on the fire mantel in Mary's nursery now. We're splendid friends now, Charlie's other girl and I.

"Charlie tells me he was afraid to accept that dressing-gown, afraid to do anything, for fear of spoiling things between us. But at the time, I assure you, he didn't let me know I was of any importance to him at all.

"I don't mind saying I'm still doing my best to keep Charlie MacArthur's interest. I'm fighting the battle every female creature must fight to maintain any appreciable degree of self-sufficiency. I've never made any attempt to possess Charlie.

"And if it hasn't always been the easiest thing in the world to hold my attitude, as Jimmy Durante would say, it's been worth while. I did get Charlie. And I've kept him now for quite a few years. . . ."

It was dreaming of herself and Charlie MacArthur together that helped Helen Hayes become the person with whom Charlie fell in love.

It was dreaming of herself and Charlie MacArthur together that helped Helen Hayes realize he was a free soul and that to attempt to possess him would be to lose him.

If you want your Prince Charming do as Helen did. . . .

1. Dream. Strong. Vividly. Constantly. And true.
2. Always see yourself in possession of your dream.
3. Never doubt that your dream will come true.
4. Become so obsessed with your dream that you will do everything in your power towards its fulfillment.

It is interesting, to say the very least, that a French school of psychology should invest auto-suggestion with almost limitless power.

It is inspiring, again, to say the very least, to see how many of the motion picture stars have made their day dreams come true.

But, to my mind, one of the most amazing things of all is the case of Colleen Moore and her first dolls' house.

Colleen Moore's gorgeous big dolls' house is rated, I believe, next to the

Queen Mary's dolls' house. But long before Colleen began collecting miniature services of Sévres china and tea sets of silver, miniature Hepplewhite chairs and Sarouk rugs she had another dolls' house. Less famous. But no less prized by Colleen. This first dolls' house was made from a blank book with a stiff card-board cover, the kind children use in school.

Over the cover of this blank book is pasted a colored photograph of an exterior. On the first page comes the hall. (If I'm not mistaken the stairway with a trim maid polishing the treads appeared in an advertisement for floor oil.) Then come pages arranged to represent a living-room, a dining-room, a library, a kitchen, and a maid's room and bath. Following, on what any fool could tell is meant to be the second floor, are a master bedroom, an upstairs sitting-room, a nursery with toys galore strewn all over the blue wallpaper floor, a boy's room, designated as such by the photograph of a boy scout hanging on the green wallpaper wall, a young girl's room and several baths. The last two pages are covered with full page illustrations of a very grand and formal garden and a swimming-pool such as even Hollywood has yet to see.

Mrs. Moore having preserved this blank-book which Colleen converted into a paper doll's house, there can be no doubt about the early age at which Colleen's absorption in houses commenced.

ALWAYS," she says, "I saw myself grown-up, presiding over a lovely home. Sometimes being breath-takingly elegant.

"Clothes and beaus and all the other feminine interests intrigued me from time to time but my passion for houses and my conviction that one day I would have a long low house with sloping lawns, charming gardens, a tennis court, and a sunken swimming pool never left me.

"I'm sure I have no idea how I thought I was going to attain this dream. No boy I ever knew had any prospects that would have led me to believe he could give me anything of the kind.

"But knowing a thing is going to be yours has nothing to do with reason. It didn't in my case in any event. It was just knowing. . . ."

Through her screen success Colleen has attained her dream house. Her house itself is outstanding even in Bel Air, a development comprised only of beautiful estates. Colleen has, too, all that goes with the home.

Undoubtedly the day Colleen started to dream of a beautiful house she started herself on the road to fame and wealth. As she says herself:

"I'm inclined to believe that it was my dream of this house that fostered my other dream of becoming a movie star. There were any number of times when I was discouraged and tired, when it would have been easy to give up a career and settle back as a wife. But my dream of my house so obsessed me that it never was possible for to



"Aren't you unusually rough tonight, Percival?"

"Sorry, dear boy, but I really am annoyed, you know."
"Of all things! Why?"
"You borrowed my FILM FUN *and forgot to return it."*

AND let that be a lesson to you, too, gentle reader. Always have your own copy of FILM FUN on hand and you'll run no danger from infuriated wrestlers, athlete's foot, pyorrhea, or the seven-year itch.

Not that we claim any medicinal qualities for the screen's only fun magazine, but it'll keep you so busy laughing at the antics of Hollywood you'll never have time to think of your troubles. Try this laugh tonic today. Dash up to the nearest newsstand and ask the dealer—when he stops laughing over his own copy—for the latest issue of

FILM FUN

THE HOWLS OF HOLLYWOOD!



Darling,

YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Recolor your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the shaft—and colors the hair where nature does . . . Notox shades duplicate nature's own—and *keep* their even shade just as permanently as natural color no matter how much you wave or wash your hair or expose it to the sun.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Or buy it, if you prefer, at any smart shop. Resent a substitute—no *like* product exists.

. . . *Send for booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and for name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write to Sales Affiliates, Inc., Dept. 60, 33 West 46th Street, New York.*

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX
COLORS HAIR INSIDE WHERE NATURE DOES

to do anything that would postpone my attaining it.

"There's no doubt in my mind that you can have anything you want. If you'll only:

1. "Want it enough.
2. "See yourself having it.
3. "Never stop believing you'll get it.
4. "Become so enthralled with the idea of possessing it that you can't stop working and planning towards it."

Psychologists tell us that we forget nothing, that all our lives we are influenced by the sights, smells, and sounds we experience in our formative years, in our childhood and even in our infancy. It doesn't matter that we aren't aware of remembering these influential experiences. There is scientific proof that these memories remain in our subconscious minds to color our entire lives.

Some people do remember these experiences, however. For instance, Travis Banton, Paramount's famous costume designer, remembers vividly the experience which gave him his dream of working with fabrics, colors and line and creating glamor and romance in women's clothes.

IT all happened in Texas when Travis was a little boy, seven years old. . . .

His mother and father were going to a great ball given in honor of visiting celebrities. There had been talk of this occasion for weeks and weeks. All the women of the family had huddled in his mother's bedroom the day her gown came home from the shop in a big white box and mists of tissue paper.

Although it was almost nine o'clock the lights in his nursery were left on the night of the ball. He was waiting for his mother to kiss him good-night. She was to stop in just before she left so he might see her in her gown.

His mother was so very beautiful. Her gown of soft blue chiffon might have been fashioned from a piece of Spring sky. It caught at her slim waist with crushed velvet. And on both of her smooth white shoulders were great bunches of forget-me-nots.

He had been told in advance that he must not throw his arms about her with his usual vehemence. So while she came across the room he just sat there, saying nothing at all.

"You see," Mr. Banton said, "you're so lovely you even take that little rascal's breath away."

Pleased, smiling, Travis' mother bent down to kiss him, to push his hair back off his forehead. She smelled divine. In fact, long after he was left alone he wiggled his nose like a puppy dog will to catch his fragrance lingering there in the dark.

The day I saw Travis Banton in his office at the Paramount Studios a dozen sketches of gowns the stars of this company will wear in future productions lay on his big desk. There was the whirr of the sewing machines in the work-room down the hall.

"That gown of my mother's gave me my dream or whatever you want to call it of doing this sort of thing," he said, nodding at the sketches.

"So in memory of that gown I designed one of the gowns Marlene Dietrich wears in 'Song of Songs' the same way. Only Marlene's gown is violet, with violets on the shoulders."

TRAVIS BANTON'S family did not remain in Texas. They moved to New York when he grew older. He must be educated to follow in the footsteps of his father's family. His grandfather had been a judge. His uncle, also Travis Banton, was a well-known New York district attorney.

Travis was sent to Columbia University. The law school there is famous.

"But," he says, "even while I was doing other things and apparently being educated for another life entirely I saw myself doing the sort of things you find me doing today.

"Actually, subconsciously I had become a designer long before I went from Columbia to the Art Students League and from the Art Students League to the New York City School of Fine and Applied Arts and acquired the technical knowledge that I had to have to put my ideas into effect.

"I never saw myself a judge, sitting in judgment. I never saw myself a district attorney, eloquently prosecuting some poor devil.

It's a far hail from being a little boy in Texas with a family determined you'll enter law or politics, even going so far as to educate you for such a career, to becoming a famous designer of motion picture stars' clothes. But Travis Banton made it. Because he, like the others:

1. Dreamed. Strong. Vividly. Constantly. And true.
2. Saw himself in possession of his dream always.
3. Never doubted his dream would come true.
4. Did not pick his dream out of the air but concentrated upon the dream that came to him of its own accord.
5. Became so obsessed with his dream that he had to work and plan at all times towards its fulfillment.

Helen Hayes . . . Harold Lloyd . . . Colleen Moore . . . Travis Banton . . . They dreamed, all of them. And their dreams came true.

There is no reason in the world why your dream should not come true too.

YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT! IF YOU WANT IT ENOUGH!

It doesn't matter how far removed you are from your dream. No one in the world could have been further away from the things they dreamed about than Joan Crawford was when she worked at Stephens' College, waiting on table, carrying heavy trays.

In the September issue of MODERN SCREEN you will learn how Joan as well as several other famous motion picture people bear out this exciting and inspiring theory of the power of autosuggestion. Don't miss it!

Bob's Big Brother

(*Continued from page 25*)

stage had him! Had him for good.

As a member of the Playcrafters, he was soon taking the lead in such plays as "Pals," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Robin Hood." After he took the name-part in "Robin Hood" he was a school idol—along with being yell leader, and along with half a dozen other activities.

And, was Joe tickled?—Joe, whose sacrifice had made it all possible. "Go on, kid, you're terrible," he growled fondly, after the fashion of big brothers. "Now, me, I'm a *real* actor." For an actor Joe was! Mack Sennett in those days had a habit of ordering everybody in his studio into cop uniforms and sending them out before his cameras, to save the price of extras. The prop department was no exception. Joe became a Keystone Cop. Then Sennett learned that he had nerve, and he got a boost in pay doubling for Billy Bevan, at that time a featured comedian. A little later he was a featured comedian himself, playing juvenile leads opposite Alice Day. Not only that, but the studio thought that he showed promise as a comedy director. He had a great future ahead of him, everybody told him. Joe could hardly believe his ears. It was the end of the rainbow!

"Gee, not only Bob's going to be a success, with his education but even *I'm* going to be a success!"

BOB graduated, with honors, from the white high school on the hill overlooking the river and the trainyards. He was starting up.

At about the same time, Joe started down.

At the studio he was ordered to take a lay-off. With his mother and his kid sister to take care of, and Bob's future, Joe couldn't accept it. His brand-new five-year contract was torn up, as a result, and he was fired.

There's a saying in Hollywood: "If they know you need a job, you don't get it."

He ended up in the port of missing stars, Poverty Row, playing in quickies with Addie McPhail, Fatty Arbuckle's wife. Then he was in a "Mike and Ike" series which failed. Next he was at the Darmour Studios, of which you have probably never heard, with Alberta Vaughan. . . . The end of the rainbow, it seemed, was a little farther on, after all.

And what was happening to Bob? When he graduated from high school in 1926 his teachers urged him, because of his brilliant record, to go on to college. Bob might have been able to do it, working his way through, but he said no.

"Please go, kid," urged Joe.

"Nope." Bob shook his head. "Look, Joe," he explained, "if I go to college, I'll go just for the dramatics. Well, I can get dramatics without going to college." He got a job in the Farmers



Many "B.O." (body odor) victims these hot, muggy days

SUN HOT, humidity high, thermometer soaring. We perspire freely—it's Nature's way to cool us off. But watch out for "B.O." (*body odor*)! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You'll like its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent—its creamier, more abundant lather that purifies and *deodorizes* pores, stops "B.O."

Awakens skin beauty

Complexions thrive on Lifebuoy's pure, bland lather. Gently it washes away pore-deep impurities—freshens dull skins to radiant health.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.



A new lipstick gave her more

NATURAL APPEAL!

LIPS of lovely shape . . . but somehow unattractive. Never "sweet enough to kiss" simply because she spoiled their beauty with a *painted* look. It wasn't until she tried a new lipstick that her lips glowed with natural, appealing color . . . without a trace of paint!

Keep *Your* Lips Kissable

End that painted look that comes from ordinary lipsticks. Give your lips the fresh, natural color that Tangee Lipstick brings! This amazing lipstick brings out your full natural color . . . and cannot possibly make your lips look painted!

Tangee isn't paint. It's a scientific formula that changes color on your lips. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it is the one shade of rose for *your* complexion!

Use Tangee for alluring lips . . . fresh with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.



Tangee Creme Rouge

Use Tangee Creme Rouge for perfect summer make-up! Cheeks glow all day with natural looking color . . . even in swimming. For Tangee is waterproof. Greaseless . . . cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base *protects* your skin.

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. MM-8
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Rush Tangee Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Lipstick, Rouge Compact** and **Creme Rouge.** I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

Name_____

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City_____ State_____

and Merchants National Bank, in downtown Los Angeles, at $65.00 a month. Nights, he took small parts at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, working without pay, for the experience.

Bob hated his dull work in the bank. How he hated it! An actor, an artist, he needed freedom, color, excitement, and the dull routine of pulling totals on an adding-machine drove him frantic. But he was supporting Joe, now; paying back some of his debt to his big brother. He would not quit—and so he compromised. He moved the family to Pasadena, so that he could be closer to his beloved Playhouse, and got a job there in a bond broker's office. The financial crash ended it, but a friend got him into the collection department—the Misery Department, Bob calls it—of the North American Building and Loan Company.

He went on acting, nights, at the Playhouse. If only he could get to be an actor who was *paid* for acting! That way, he would be able not only to support Joe and Moms and Arnette, but to do what he wanted, as well. . . . They say that, if you want a thing badly enough, it will come to you. Gilmor Brown, the director of the Playhouse, heard that the Moroni Olson stock company, playing small towns up and down the coast, needed a juvenile. He put in a good word, and Bob got the job.

But, much to Bob's amazement, he found that it wasn't quite as simple as all that. When his contract with the stock company ended, he was right back where he had started. He had to find a job all over again. Joe took him around to the Hollywood casting offices. (How well Joe knew those offices!) The story is that Bob had never worked in pictures before he landed his contract at Metro. That is not quite true. As an extra, wearing a leopard-skin, he "carried a spear" at Universal. But his attempts to break into the films were unsuccessful. He failed, and it hurt him. Hearing that a bank job was open at Carmel-by-the-Sea, three hundred miles north of Los Angeles, he surrendered. He would go back to the banking which he hated.

JOE, saying little, drove him north in the rattletrap old car known affectionately as "the crate." The car got as far as King City, a few miles south of Carmel, and broke down. While it was being fixed in a garage, Joe laid his hand on Bob's shoulder. "Kid, you don't want to work in this bank, do you?" he asked, gently.

Bob shrugged.

"Look," Joe went on, in his quiet voice. "You've failed once, and it's got you licked. I've been failing for years; I know how to take it better than you do. Let's turn around and drive south again, and have one more try at the movies?"

"What'll we use for food?"

"I can always get extra work."

"Oh, Joe—"

"Come on, kid. Don't quit. For my sake. Let's turn around."

They turned around, and drove the three hundred miles back to Hollywood, a total of six hundred miles without sleep. It was the turning point in Bob's life, there is no doubt of that.

He immediately signed up with an actors' agent, and, immediately, the agent got him tests at Paramount, Fox, and M-G-M. Two weeks later he was walking the deck of a luxurious liner, bound for Honolulu on his first location-trip. . . . Behind him he left Joe, who knew how to take failure—Joe, who had never been on a location-trip as anything but an extra—Joe, without whose courageous decision to turn around, at King City, we might have no Robert Young on the screen today. And the rest of Bob's story you know. After "Black Camel" he followed through with "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "The Wet Parade," and "Unashamed." And more recently, "Today We Live" and "Hell Below."

But what of the rest of Joe's story? What of Joe's future? If nothing succeeds like success, in Hollywood, it is also true that nothing fails like failure. "Joe Young? Oh, yes; he plays extra parts." To Hollywood it's simple. He's a failure, and that's all there is to it. . . . Hollywood may have forgotten Joe, but Bob hasn't. No. Bob hasn't forgotten that, but for him, Joe might now be a leading comedy director. Bob hasn't forgotten, when they tell him that Joe hasn't the trained voice and the stage-developed technique required by the talkies, that Joe might have had them if he hadn't given up his education to let him, Bob, have one. Bob hasn't forgotten that he would not be where he is today unless there had been Joe. Bob hasn't forgotten—although he has never betrayed it by word or sign—that his big brother has a broken heart.

And now young Bob is married—to a lovely girl named Elizabeth Henderson. That couldn't have happened, either, if it hadn't been for the chance Joe gave Bob. The chance to have a career, to earn a very fine income, so that he *could* marry the girl he loved when she came into his life.

And so the story has a happy ending. Of course, the ending comes with a surprise twist which O. Henry would have loved, but that's life. Joe planned for the glorious day when he would be able to give the family a nice home, a car, and money in the bank. He has given those things to the family—through Bob.

But that's not the end of the story. If you think it is, you don't know Joe. Bob does know Joe, and so he's giving him something better than money. He's giving him encouragement and faith. He's giving Joe what Joe gave him, that day at King City. He's getting him a chance to play stage parts at the Pasadena Playhouse. He's getting him to take voice lessons. He's coaching him at home—passing on to him the lessons which he himself is learning daily at the studio. . . . If you want a thing badly enough, it will come to you, they say. So don't be surprised if, a couple of years from now, you read a story in Modern Screen entitled, "How Joe Young Rose to Stardom from Over the River and Across the Tracks."

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 87*)

mount; "Bondage," Fox. Next is "Hide in the Dark" and "Three Came Unarmed."

JOYCE, PEGGY HOPKINS: Divorced. Born in Norfolk, Va., May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "International House."

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings." Working in "Flying Devils."

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in Dulwich, Eng., November 23. Free lance. Starred in "The Mummy," Universal; "The Ghoul," Gaumont.

KENYON, DORIS: Widow of Milton Sills. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany. Working in "The Public Be Sold," Radio.

KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "The Silk Express"; "Gold Diggers of 1933." Working in "Madam La Guimp," Columbia.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: Unmarried. Born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Call Her Savage"; "Bondage."

KNAPP, EVALYN: Unmarried. Born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Air Hostess"; "State Trooper."

LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "The Masquerader," U. A.; "The Warrior's Husband," Fox. Working in "I Loved You Wednesday."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, Eng., July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Sign of the Cross." Next is "White Woman."

LAUREL, STAN: Divorced. Born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Towed in a Hole"; "Twice Two"; "Fra Diavolo."

LEE, LILA: Divorced from James Kirkwood. Born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Face in the Sky," Fox.

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings"; "The Silver Cord." Working in "Flying Devils." Next is "News Reel."

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write hm at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: Married to William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "From Hell to Heaven"; "Supernatural"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "She Made Her Bed."

LOUISE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Our Betters."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hot Pepper," Fox; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Next is "Her Bodyguard."

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont. August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Topaze," Radio; "The Barbarian," M-G-M; "When Ladies Meet." Working in "Night Flight."

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Grand Slam," Warner Bros.; "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Captured," Warner Bros.

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "I Cover the Waterfront," U. A.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight." Next is "The Cat and the Fiddle," M-G-M.

MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKee's Port, Pa., May 3. First National player. Featured in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Gold Diggers of 1933"; "Heroes For Sale."

MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzonne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount; "Warrier's Husband," Fox; "The Girl in 419," Paramount.

MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Tonight Is Ours"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Next is "Chrysalis."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "A Lady's Profession"; "International House." Next is "Every Man for Himself."

MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Kiss of Araby"; "High Gear," Goldsmith. The Man Who Dared," Fox.

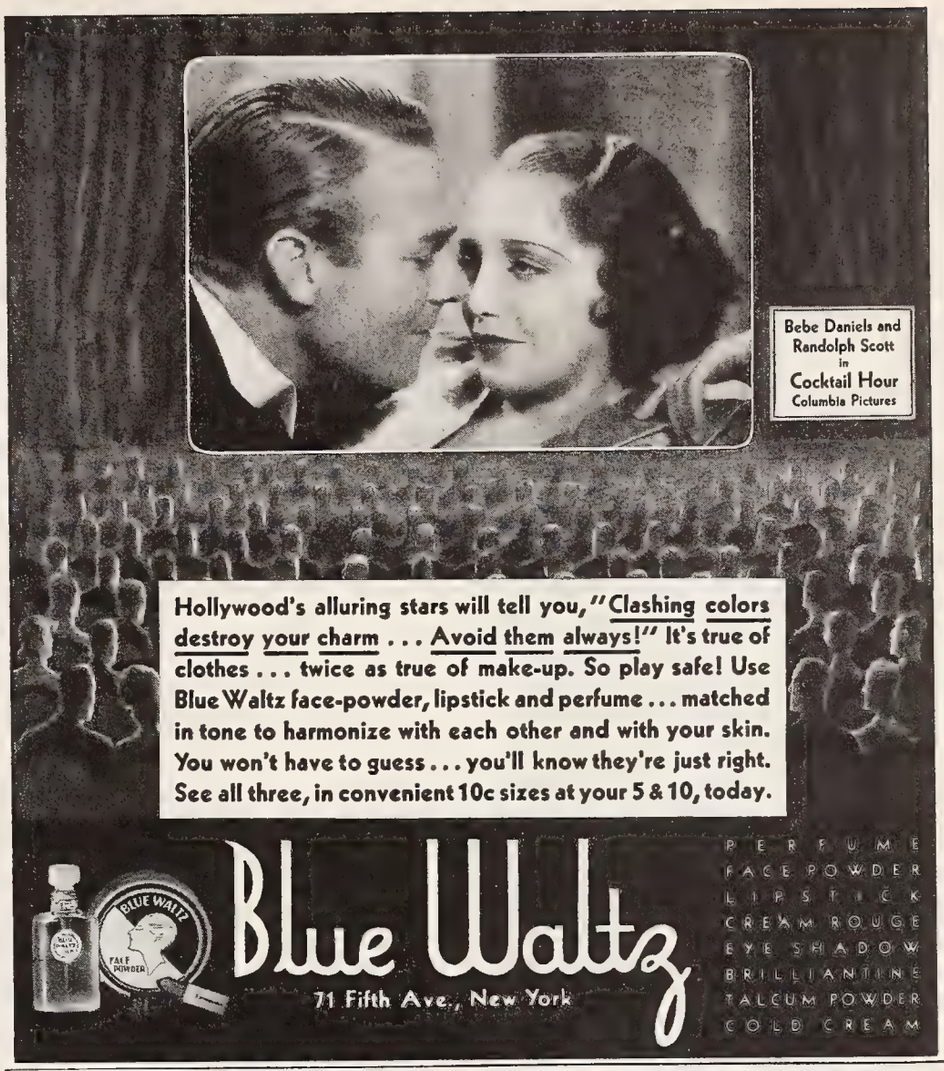
MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, Eng., May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus"; "Trouble in Paradise"; "Evenings For Sale."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "King of the Arena."

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Married to Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Working in "Morning Glory," Radio.

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Whistling in the Dark"; "Clear All

(*Continued on page 114*)





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69 Murray Street, New York City

Revealing the Life of Irene Dunne

(*Continued from page 45*)

Dunne her devoted husband, her two healthy, attractive children, her charming home, her life of comfort and security.

"Joseph Dunne," the neighbors used to say, "is a good provider."

THEN, without warning, everything changed. Slowly at first. Then swiftly. Joseph Dunne didn't laugh as often as he had before. And when he did laugh it wasn't the same at all. Ailing, he no longer found it so good to be alive.

When the doctor ordered that the library be converted into a bedroom so that his patient would be spared the stairs, every member of the Dunne household sensed the danger ahead. But not one of them showed him their fear. They made gay plans for the future. And while they watched him fail until he was a shadow of the man he once had been, they talked of all the things they'd do together when he was well again.

This was the very least they could do for him.

It was a Saturday night, while his wife was engaged upstairs, that Joseph Dunne called Irene to him. She slipped her hands between his hot and wasted ones.

"I want you to be a good girl," he told her. "Promise . . ."

"I do promise, Daddy," she said. "Gladly!"

"Life," he went on, "will be more difficult for you because you won't be . . . well, plain. But with your promise, I'm well content."

That was all. But for that moment in the other's eyes both read the inevitable truth.

The next morning, early, Irene was awakened by her mother crying. She jumped out of bed and flew downstairs to her father's room.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she called. But never again was Irene Dunne to hear his reassuring, "Here, Daughter!" While she and her mother had slept he had left them.

She gathered him in her strong young arms. "Daddy! Daddy!" she called again and again. She felt she must bring him back, that he mustn't be allowed to escape them like this.

Then her mother came and sent her away.

And the next day with her mother and her brother, Charles, she took the train for Madison, Indiana, where her grandfather lived.

ADELAIDE DUNNE decided to sell the St. Louis house and remain in Madison. She felt she would be happier there. Next to the big house in which her father, a prosperous shipbuilder, lived, there was an old brick house which she would renovate. And Irene would go back to Loretta Academy as a boarder until she finished.

Life without Joseph Dunne would be a poor thing. But not materially poor. His insurance was adequate to taking care of all of them for some time.

Gradually, very gradually, Irene felt enthusiasm for the Academy parties to which the boys from a neighboring school were invited, for amateur theatricals, for the summers she spent in Madison with her mother and her brother and her maternal grandfather, for the moonlight canoeing parties on the Ohio.

Sometimes, for a week or even two, there would be a crush so thrilling that Irene would wonder if she really wanted a career after all. But the crush would end and her ambition would soar again.

She took an examination for Public School Supervisor of Music and Art and, passing with flying colors, was given an appointment by a school in East Chicago.

"I'd rather," said Adelaide Dunne, pausing in weeding her garden, "that you'd stop with our relatives there. You can pile your hair high on her head, my dear, but you're still too young to be entirely on your own.

"I don't mean to hold you back. But I know how your father would feel if he was here . . ."

So Irene went to stay with relatives, the Wallace Burnetts, who had a house in Irving Park. It was here she learned of the year's scholarship being offered at the Chicago Musical College, tried for it, won it, and resigned her school appointment.

Eduardo Sacerdote, Madame Melba's accompanist, played for her audition.

"By his sympathetic attitude he helped me tremendously," Irene says. "He made me lose my fear of the faculty sitting around, waiting to pass judgment.

"I sang 'Villanelle' by Delaqua. It's a coloratura thing every girl studying dotes upon. There are lots of trills in it. Singing it you feel you're really making quite a showing."

IT was while Irene was living with the Wallace Burnetts that she had her first real love affair. I do not know that the Burnetts disapproved of her young man. I do not know that they ever met him. But I do know that he did not call at the house.

Every morning, driving slowly, he would pass the Burnett place and whistle. Then he would stop at the corner under a big tree and wait. And Irene would come hurrying . . . Then, sitting close together in his little runabout, they would drive into Chicago, he to his job, Irene to her school.

Young people in their 'teens with a natural attraction for each other do not recognize anything so superficial as social barriers. They know only that when they are together the blood in their veins runs warmer and faster and

that day and night and sun and rain have new magic.

Was a career worth its cost, worth the sacrifice and application it demanded if it ever was to be more than a second-rate, weak sort of thing?

Irene thought not.

Then the letter came from her brother, Charles, fourteen now. It brimmed over with his excitement over his first long trousers which had been ordered for his graduation in June.

It was a very brief letter. Obviously Mrs. Dunne had forced Charles to sit down and write his sister. However, it reminded Irene of her responsibility. It brought her up sharp with the fact that there was more to the world, even to her little world, than a certain exciting young man sitting close beside her in a funny little runabout.

A large part of Joseph Dunne's insurance had gone to educate her, to pay her tuition and board at the Loretta Academy, to support her now while she availed herself of her scholarship instead of earning money as Supervisor of Music and Art in that East Chicago school.

What of Charles? There must be high school for him. And then college. As their father had planned . . .

So gradually Irene quit seeing that young man. She got up earlier in the morning. By the time he went whistling past the house she was on the commuters' train. Thus she avoided the temptation of running to meet him which might have proven more than she could resist.

And if giving him up filled her with a sweet, dark melancholy it made her work harder.

The following summer, back in Madison, Irene was the center of interest.

"So," family friends said over their afternoon teacups, "Adelaide Dunne's daughter is training for the stage! Fancy that now . . .

"Mark my words," one after another would insist, "with her looks and her personality and her voice she'll go far!"

One evening the vice-president of the American Steel Foundries, whose grounds adjoined Irene's grandfather's, dropped in. Irene sang "The Shadow Song" for him. And obviously he was impressed with her, as a person, and as a singer.

"Next month," he said, "our company is having a convention in Atlantic City. You must appear and sing that very song . . ."

He turned to her mother and her grandfather seeking their permission. His mother and sister would be there, too, he explained. And so it was agreed Irene might go.

THEY stopped at the Marlborough-Blenheim.

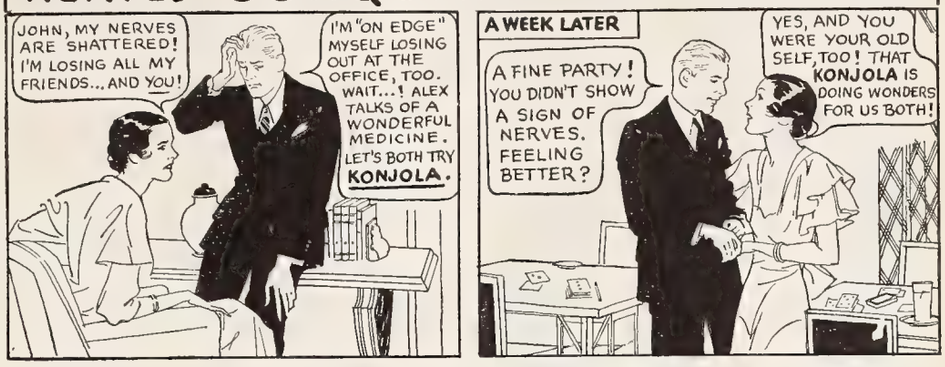
The afternoon she was to sing she called the hotel drug store.

"A bottle of pure glycerine for Room 418, please. Right away!"

With a room of her own, she felt very adult. Planning to drink glycerine before a performance (as great singers do) she felt very professional.

In the bathroom she tipped back her head and raising the bottle to her lips,

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America's Wonder Medicine

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Konjola is a special mixture of 32 different ingredients, 22 of which are Nature's own roots and herbs. Not one is a habit-forming drug. Its function is simply to mix with the foods in your stomach and help your own system throw off health-destroying poisons...If you are nervous, irritable . . . If you perhaps suffer from some disorder of the liver, stomach, or bowel...it seems plain common sense to



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JIM TULLY! He has written for MODERN SCREEN a story about that amazing girl, Barbara Stanwyck. The story will be called "Come Back, Barbara!" It is a plea to her to return to Hollywood—to abandon or terminate quickly this stage tour with her husband Frank Fay. Why? Mr. Tully tells you—together with many astounding things about the two of them. DON'T MISS THIS STORY!

And—ANITA LOOS. She will tell you about Marie Dressler's early love affairs. Perhaps you didn't know Miss Dressler had 'em? Well, she did—and the story will also give this beloved actress' "Advice to People in Love." WATCH FOR IT—SOON!

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she took a mouthful. She coughed. She gagged. She gulped one glass of water after another. Frantically. Still that vile taste clung to the walls of her mouth. *By mistake they had sent her castor oil!*

She told her friend and chaperon. Her friend and chaperon told her son. Her son told his best friend. And he told someone else.

"It very nearly ruined my performance," Irene Dunne said. "When I stepped out on the balcony of the music room where the convention was assembled, feeling none too happy, it seemed to me that every face raised to mine wore a knowing smile."

Every face raised to her's wore a knowing smile. Until she began to sing . . .

There were palms banked behind her. A string orchestra played her accompaniment. Her cream lace dress was youthful and unaffected and charming. And her naturally musical voice, trained now, delighted everyone. While she sang there was utter quiet. But when the last note of "The Shadow Song" died away the applause sounded like the roar of the sea outside.

IN New York City, faced now with the necessity of earning a living, Irene took a room with friends, the Pfaffs. She and Rosemary Pfaff had studied together.

Through them, Irene obtained a part in "The Beggar's Opera"—for two weeks

She rehearsed in a revue which never opened. And spent the next six months looking for work.

Her clothes began to grow shabby. Now there was only one suit left fit for interviews with managers. One silk blouse. One trim pair of shoes.

The most difficult part of all was keeping the letters home cheerful. And being her father's daughter she couldn't do anything else.

"Bad breaks, one time or another, are everybody's lot," she wrote her mother. "Perhaps it is better to have mine now, and have them over with."

Then Irene got a good break. She was engaged to play the secretary in the prologue of "The Clinging Vine" and to understudy Peggy Wood.

The play was successful. Irene looked forward to a profitable engagement.

Then one morning the telephone rang. It was the Henry Savage offices calling. Irene was requested to report at the theater at once, to rehearse in Peggy Wood's role.

That evening the programs at the Knickerbocker Theater enclosed a little printed notice. Owing to the death of Miss Peggy Wood's father, her understudy, Miss Irene Dunne, would appear.

In her dressing room, Irene was ready—and calm. She knew the part.

"Curtain, please, Miss Dunne," came the cry.

With steady hands Irene turned the knob of her door.

"Don't be nervous. Take it easy!" they cautioned her.

The audience applauded—patronizingly. "We'll help the poor gal a bit," they seemed to say.

Irene resented this. She caught at her first line to read it well. She moved across the stage with life and youth and grace. She'd make them forget their patronage.

And when the final curtain fell the applause meant only one thing . . . that in the future the name of Irene Dunne must be reckoned with.

The following week when Peggy Wood returned the management asked Irene to go on tour in the role they now were convinced she could play.

Delighted, Irene telephoned her mother to ask if she would like to go too.

"It won't be easy," she explained. "There will be one night stands. But, if you think you'd like it, I'd love to have you."

The alacrity with which Mrs. Dunne agreed to join Irene amazed her. Or was that all? Sheltered and protected all her life, Adelaide Dunne loved the novelty and excitement of touring and the theater.

AFTER "The Clinging Vine," there followed, in Atlanta, Georgia, a light opera season. Half of the orchestra and many members of the company were from the Metropolitan.

The season, financed by the Coca Cola people, was very social. *The* people in Atlanta gave dinner parties and then took their guests to the play. And often enough, afterwards, fascinated at being permitted this intimate view of the theater, these select little parties would visit backstage.

One evening there was an unusually attractive young man in the group to which Irene was introduced. She marked him immediately he came into her dressing-room. He was lean and straight and tall. He had crisp sandy hair and level blue eyes. He had a background and future which endeared him to the mothers of all the debutantes, this young man. And the way he had with him endeared him to the debs themselves. But no one had caught him yet. He wasn't ready to marry and settle down.

In Irene Dunne this young man saw an exciting interlude . . .

Irene and this young man proceeded to see a great deal of each other. There was supper and dancing at the roof gardens. On Sundays there were drives into the country, his long low car skimming over the miles.

During the past year Irene had worked unceasingly, taken little or no time out for pleasure. She loved this beau telephoning, sending flowers, appearing backstage every night after the final curtain. If she suspected he wasn't to be taken seriously—and she undoubtedly did, for she is an exceedingly wise young woman—it didn't worry her.

"For I'm not taking him seriously either," she told herself.

Then one morning he didn't call at the usual time. And it was waiting for his telephone call, nervous, impatient, unable to settle down to anything, that Irene had her awakening. Irene realized she was falling in love.

(*To be continued.*)

Behind the Scenes with Jean and Clark

(*Continued from page 14*)

sure—and dependable. All the time."

"What would you think of Clark as a lover?" I asked.

"He'd be great," said Jean without any hesitation. "The type that doesn't always want to be mooshing about with you. But if you did get sentimental he'd break down and meet you halfway. However, he's in love with his wife and my big yen at the moment is for a Duesenberg car, so I don't think we'll get together *this* year."

At this instant up hove Clark.

"Well," said Jean loudly, "now I'll have to be pawed over by that big lummox Gable for an hour. If I get a chance I'll bite his ear off!"

EVERY day at tea time either Clark or Jean treats the company to tea and cake. While on a picture Jean scarcely eats anything, because she has an idea that food instantly makes her fat and can change her contour in the length of time it takes to swallow it. If she allows herself an infinitesimal cookie at tea, she swears that it can be seen in the following shot.

Jean has a "double" who is not on the payroll at M-G-M. It is her mother. Jean's nickname for her is "Angel." "Angel" generally shows up at the end of the day to take Jean home. They adore each other and are so much alike in appearance that any of Jean's fans would know her mother instantly if they should meet her. She has the same natural silvery blonde hair as her daughter and exactly the same features.

Incidentally, Jean rarely uses slang, except when she is scrapping with the gentleman she sometimes calls "Roughneck Gable." This is only one of her numerous pet names for Clark.

Both Jean and Clark are very agreeable to allowing strangers on the set while they are working. However, it is a studio rule for the guide always to ask the stars before they show visitors on the set.

One day during the shooting of "Hold Your Man," Jean had had a very exacting morning. She had been working with a bad case of the flu and was worn out. The guide came in and asked her if she minded having visitors.

Jean, very weary, said, "Well I don't know. How many are there?"

"There are six of them."

"Six!" said Jean wearily.

"Yes," answered the guide, "but they are all very small."

Jean laughed so heartily that she couldn't refuse his request. When the guide came back he had six little Japs in tow.

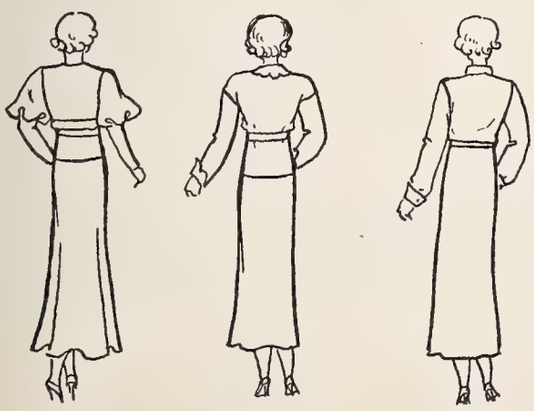
THE Gable-Harlow set is noted for having no "yes" people. Everybody "no's" everybody else, making a very healthy atmosphere. Sam Wood, director, wields no blacksnake, but he gets what he wants by asking for it in a tone as gentle as he would use in asking for a cup of tea at a church fair.

Clark and Jean appeared together for the first time on the very stage on which they are now working. The picture was "The Secret Six," and the popularity they each enjoyed later might have had something to do with the public's desire to see them together again.

Jean is probably today the world's ideal of exactly what a siren should be. Her name has grown to be almost a synonym for sex. And in this—as in a few other weighty matters, I fear the world is wrong. Jean, as a type, is what I would call a mental tom-boy. Her attitude toward me is one of frank comradeship. She'd rather laugh than flirt any day. She'd rather be comfortable in old clothes than alluringly dolled up. She likes men better than women, I think. Women will always be a little resentful of Jean because of her striking beauty, and perhaps she senses this. Men are drawn to her, not only for her beauty, but for her unfailing comradeship and wit—and this she likes. A vampire she certainly is not, and does not want to be.

But when the cameras start to grind —particularly when she's playing opposite Clark Gable as in "The Secret Six" and "Red Dust"—it's different.

Just wait till you see some of those scenes I watched in "Hold Your Man!"



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What's Wrong with Hollywood Love?

(*Continued from page 24*)

most of the Peggy Hopkins Joyce romances. She has sought so much publicity (she, too, was reported interested in Jack LaRue) via the romance route. All the world loves a lover—but certainly not a lover who is using love as an excuse to get her name in the paper.

Thus there is around Hollywood love a cloud of cynicism you could cut with a knife. The question is asked over and over again. "Is this romance on the level or is it just for publicity?"

THERE'S another way in which romance is put to political use. Remember that in Hollywood there are many more women than men and every man is able to do something to further a girl's career. Once Bill Boyd said to me, "Dorothy and I don't go to parties because we're apt to quarrel if we do. Foolish little girls make a play for me not because they like me, not because they even know me, not because of anything but that there might be a chance for them to play a lead in one of my pictures. And men make a play for Dorothy because she is attractive and beautiful. But no matter how much in love you are the aftermath of this is bad and a doubt stands between the two people in love. Dorothy and I had rather stay away from parties." Thus you can see how it is possible for a scheming woman to step between two real sweethearts. That's been done before in other towns, but in Hollywood the women scheme in a more deadly fashion than anywhere else—since the stakes are so much higher. And if they win they win so big.

Yes, every man in Hollywood can do a favor, so when a girl is interested the man is doubtful, doesn't know whether it's real interest or "good business." That's why nice boys like Joel McCrea play the field.

One of the loveliest romances in Hollywood at the present time is that between Myrna Loy and Ramon Novarro. Those who saw the meeting said it was love at first sight. Of course there were "those who saw the meeting." It happened on the set and there are plenty of witnesses to every Hollywood love encounter and it's not only the 150 reporters who report it. It's the people of Hollywood who do the gossiping. So, instantly, the Loy-Novarro romance was broadcast.

Thus far it has thrived. It is in its early stages and is very genuine. Ramon has never been "the ladies' man" type. There have been very few romance rumors about him because he has led a rather cloistered life, but now these two seem to be in love. The list of their mutual interests is long—both enjoy music, both love quiet and composure better than the usual round of Hollywood revelry. They differ in religious beliefs but Ramon is a liberal Catholic and Myrna has a religion of her own. While Ramon is in Europe, Myrna has leased his beautiful modernistic house.

So it would seem, somehow, that this was a romance that would endure. Everything, apparently, is for it—nothing against it except the fact that the scene is played in Hollywood. It will be interesting to watch what happens. I do not want to put a printed blight upon it, but we have seen that Hollywood is a bad town for romance.

Now here's another important obstacle that stands in love's way. All of the people in this amazing town have careers—and a careerist is selfish. He thinks first of himself. He must in order to have a career, but love should learn the meaning of sacrifice and there have been only a few girls in pictures who, when it was necessary, gave up their careers for love. Ann Dvorak is one of the very few. But, ninety-nine times out of a hundred that career comes first.

I'M going to tell about Hollywood's latest romances and then let you—in the next few months—watch and see for yourself what happens. There are Wera Engels and Ivan Lebedeff. Their coming together was one of those strange Hollywood tangles.

It seems that Gary Cooper liked Wera and was taking her out places when the Countess de Frasso returned unexpectedly. Gary was taken up with Wera so the Countess began to be seen places with Ivan Lebedeff. One day the four of them met in the Brown Derby. Wera and Ivan were introduced. Then Gary began being the Countess' escort again and Wera and Ivan—perhaps to console each other—began being seen everywhere.

Other romances for you to keep your eye on are those of George Raft and Marjorie King; that handsome Randolph Scott and Virginia Gaye (she's Sari Maritza's manager); Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice, Grantland Rice's daughter (and they say they are secretly married. That's what Hollywood says); Helen Mack and William Janney; Ralph Forbes and Martha Sleeper; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Benita Hume.

Hollywood has already watched and commented upon Jean Harlow as she went around with Howard Hughes, Jay Widden, Jesse Lasky, Jr.; then Gary Cooper with Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, the Countess, and now—his new flame—Lilian Harvey; Clara Bow going with Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming, Gary Cooper, Harry Richman and, at last, marrying Rex Bell which, so far, has been grand; Norma Talmadge in love with Gilbert Roland and now George Jessel.

So love comes and goes in Hollywood because love isn't given a chance. If you're seen three times with the same man in Hollywood you're rumored engaged. But there's more than that—

there's the political jealousy. When anybody is close to an important and famous star there are always dozens of others who are trying to oust the favorite to become close themselves. When Alice White was a big star and Cy Bartlett was the steady boy friend dozens of people were trying to influence her against him, telling her he gave her bad advice, that he was a handicap to her career, that he was not working for her best interests, etc., etc., etc. Some of these people who told her these things might have been sincere but most were trying to oust Cy in order to stand in well with a famous star. Does it remind you a little of old-time court intrigue? That's just what it is like. Incidentally, Cy and Alice have split and now Alice is going around with John Warburton.

A few people have found real and lasting romance in Hollywood in spite of all of these menaces. A few couples have remained in love both before and after they were married, but they are people who have definitely set out to beat the game. And for the most part Hollywood is no place for the steady flame of love.

You may envy the stars their beauty, their money, their fame if you want to —but don't envy them their romances. True love just doesn't have a chance!

Katharine Hepburn's Style Secrets

(*Continued from page 31*)

The curving seams, the long pointed cuff on the sleeves. There is nothing *usual* about this suit. It's swagger but not masculine. How's that? It's due chiefly to what I like to refer to as the "Stomacher girdle" on the skirt and those flaring seams. The diagonal seams on the front of the jacket that appear to be pockets are in direct line with the cuffs. Please note because it's such small details as this that give you that arresting, *individual* appearance.

The white wool sweater is buttoned right up the front and is boldly collarless. Don't try this if a moon-shaped face has been wished on you as it has on me. It's altogether too severe. On Katharine, with her strong facial contour, it's a happy complement.

The shoes are her favorite kind. Plain pumps and in this case, combining black with white and perforated.

"You wouldn't believe it," Katharine wrinkled her nose at me—she does that when she smiles. "But I'm an unconsciously practical person. Unconsciously, because I didn't set out with the fixed purpose of *being* practical. It just worked out that way. Togs like mine last on and on. Dry-cleaned, brushed, a few new accessories, and they step from one season right into the next. Simple things do that. With very few changes they can be adapted to almost any vogue in fashion.

"Anyway, *smartness* is secondary. An outfit should be *becoming* first. If it's your style, then stick to it!"

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S wardrobe is tailored, yes. But there are no square, mannish lines. No flat-heeled, prosaic oxfords.

Let's glance at that wool suit a moment with its dark gray jacket and skirt of lighter gray. Metal clips fasten the jacket instead of buttons, and observe that flattering surplice swing to the front closing. No collar, though. The high neck of the rose and dark gray printed blouse is given more emphasis that way. Pale gray gloves, wrinkled at the wrist, and black kid street pumps add a nice note. And that jaunty overseas cap—same shade as the jacket—is knitted in a square. Then the ends are caught together at the top by a metal ring.

Katharine's hats are always amazing and either cute as punch or awfully daring. "Indeed I like brims! And when I wear a large hat it *is* large, but of late my headgear has been running to berets and Alpine caps."

There is one of the latter among her accessories shown on page 31. It's bright blue ostrich cloth, turned up in back, and with a rakish cockade of beige feathers on the side.

And isn't that an amusing head-adorner—that brown jersey contraption that is nothing more than a very swanky, modern variation of the old stocking cap? It's a gay touch with the brown alligator bag (very good again!) and the clever shoes and the kid gauntlets.

Speaking of hats—fezes and chechias may come and go but the droopy brimmed felts go on forever. Tie a sprightly scarf around your throat, pull on the old felt and get into a white cotton coat like Katharine's . . . lo and behold! You're positively swagger! I know it doesn't look like cotton but it is—that coat. A smooth, leather-finished kind that's easy to launder and distinctly "snappy."

THAT raincoat—heavens, how did it get in among these things! It's more or less a relic of my childhood. Resembles a nurse's cape, doesn't it? But I wouldn't part with it. Not for any of these cellophane slickers. Now this coat is one of those indispensables. Fits in for a hundred purposes, for street, the beach or any sport. . . ." And very capably fits in, too— a great swishy coat of natural linen cut like a smock. The collar is a high round turn-over on the order of a child's. And does it do elfish things to Katharine's green eyes! Light coats are, of course, *the* latest over dark dresses. She wears hers over a black linen dress. A plain little dress with patch pockets and a white buckle on the belt. Her open-work sandals are also black linen.

"And what kind of costume does she choose to 'dress up' in?" I hear you

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ask. I asked her that, too. She smiled—and showed me. It was a gown so captivating in cut, so astoundingly simple that you couldn't quite believe it. Where did it begin? The first surprise is—you don't slip into it. *You button it on like an apron!* And thereby save your new hair wave. It buttons on the side in back with crystal crosses. Very long, very form-fitting, and the front swirls right up around the neck and goes into a twist across the back. "I'm extremely fond of white crêpe for evening. All my formal things are either white or wine-colored. This dress has a white quilted jacket to go with it. Short, you know. And with Schiaparelli's tray shoulders. I'm having the dress copied in gingham, too. That apron arrangement is the best thing I've discovered in years. So convenient . . ." Katharine went across to her dressing table. "No jewels, you see. I never, never wear them. Not so much as a fancy pin. Just don't happen to care for them on myself." I glanced at her hands. Shapely hands they were, freckled and characterful, with merely a hint of natural polish on the nails. That is one of her antipathies—ruby tinted fingernails.

"I used to wear nothing but green during the day. All shades. But now most of my things are gray or blue." Her French flannel suit, for example. It's a lovely light shade of gray. Four patch pockets, no less, and link buttons to close it. A suggestion of a rolled collar takes away that air of studied tailoredness. So does the dark blue sweater of blistered material. It's skin tight and small buttons perching on the shoulders provide the only trimming.

She can—and frequently does—wear a brighter than bright blouse with it too, made of cotton toweling. In a red, white and brilliant blue plaid, it's one of those things you can squirm into for many occasions. The short flaring sleeves and the choker collar are new notes. Katharine tops her white shorts with it often and wears it also with a white skirt and that white cotton coat.

Star material, they've called this young Hepburn person from the first. She has a way of departing from the ordinary that thrills you. A beautiful bit of the eccentric, if you like. For those hours when most women select peach or white or pale pink, Katharine selects—flame chiffon! A very high-necked nightgown that has long ends of chiffon cascading down the back. And the negligée is water-striped in flame, blue and white. A plain bedroom ensemble, minus fussiness, that has a completely feminine accent.

A fascinating wardrobe—Katharine's!

Object Lesson in Good Manners

(*Continued from page 74*)

greeting Bebe and Ben and Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Bebe's mother, would say: "What? Isn't the little grandmother with you?"

And Bebe would answer "No, we left her in California. We miss her frightfully, too, as you may imagine."

Whereupon everybody would begin talking about Mrs. Griffen instead of talking about Bebe's thrilling trip.

Not knowing Bebe very well, I waited for her to resent this, to bring the conversation back to her affairs, to grow a little bored with this constant talk of her grandmother. But nothing of the sort happened. Bebe continued to talk about her grandmother with interest and animation and enthusiasm. The more I listened, the more surprised I became. And then it dawned upon me that, with all due respect to Mrs. Griffen and the personality she undoubtedly is, that it is Bebe who has emphasized her color and her importance.

For instance, Bebe told one friend: "I left Grandmother home because I must work while I'm away. And I know from experience how it would be if she were along. She would have to see everything. She'd have to go to every famous restaurant, see every famous sight.

"I'd never get her away from Paris until she'd seen the markets at dawn and sat up on a high stool at the farmers' bar and had her big thick bowl of onion soup."

"And at Versailles," said Bebe's friend, "you'd simply have to get a special permit to see the Pompadour and Dubarry apartments. She'd never rest otherwise."

"You know she wouldn't," Bebe laughed. "And if Ben and I got tired—and we would get tired long before she did—she would shake her head at us and wonder, out loud, what our generation was made of that we always must go home and sleep."

Mrs. Daniels stood beside me. "Bebe has spoiled my mother," she said. "Anything she wants to do is all right with Bebe. And it is equally true that anything Bebe wants to do she condones.

"I'll never forget some years ago when Bebe first flew across the country. I was frantic with fear. I literally hung on the telephone. My mother was put out with me.

"'You may as well get accustomed to Bebe flying,' she told me. 'I see no use in being old-fashioned. It won't be long before everyone will travel that way, before the sky will be dark with planes.'

"She knows, you see, how Bebe admires her. And not for anything would she allow Bebe to discover her old-fashioned in any respect!"

IN that sentence, I think, Mrs. Daniels sums up the equation between grandmother and granddaughter perfectly. Knowing Bebe admires her, knowing Bebe sees her as a colorful, alert personality, old Mrs. Griffen lives up to Bebe's picture of her.

And, by the very same token, old

people are allowed to feel that they are dated and passé and boring, if not actually in the way, soon begin to think of themselves as all of these things and to act all of these things.

It is all very well to teach children to curtsey to those older than they, to address older men as "Sir," and so on. But in doing this it is important to watch out that we do not alienate them from older people, that we do not discourage the possibility of warm and friendly relationships.

Bebe Daniels has the happy faculty of understanding those who belong to other generations than her own. She seems to know instinctively that she must journey practically the same road they have journeyed. She leads them to talk of their experiences as she would if they were seasoned travelers who had been to the cities and countries she was about to visit for a first time.

Besides all of this, Bebe never makes the mistake of assuming that in thirty years she has learned more about everything than others have managed to learn in fifty years or seventy years. She undoubtedly does know more about some things. But it is the things about which she *doesn't* know more she discusses with older people. And so she learns all sorts of things and is enriched.

The day of Bebe's and Ben's party I watched Bebe talking to a woman at least twice her age. It wasn't at all the polite, touch and go conversation you might expect between a young woman of thirty and an older woman of sixty-five. Because this older woman felt the warmth and sincerity of Bebe's interest, because she sensed that Bebe wasn't talking to her merely to be polite, she, in turn, was warm and interesting. As a matter of fact, she was delighting Bebe with her love story, telling her how her husband, then her suitor, had called every Sunday afternoon to take her driving in his spick and span Victoria surrey, how she always had pretended to read while she sat waiting for the crunch of the wheels on the gravel carriage-road.

And I thought how much better Bebe's attitude is than a more conventional adherence to the law which demands we respect our elders. And again I regretted I had not been a more precocious child, that years ago when my grandmother, Princess Louise Murat, had taken me to the Villa Cyrnos to visit the Empress Eugénie, I hadn't been quite so bored. I still can see myself now making a pretty curtsey when I arrived and another when I departed. In the meantime, I sat stiffly on the edge of my chair concerned only with the sweet brioche served with tea and the length of time my grandmother was likely to stay. I was only five or six. But had I been helped to see these two chattering old ladies as romantic figures who had lived colorful lives, I would have a far more vivid picture of the Empress Eugénie today.

A FRIEND who went to Bebe's and Ben's tea party with me also had been at the reception they had given in California a month or two previously to honor the artist, Dario Rappaport, who had painted Bebe and Barbara and done another canvas of the grandmother. And she told me how truly delighted Bebe had been that even more enthusiasm was shown the portrait "Little Grandmother," than was shown the portrait of her and Babs. The story of that is rather amusing:

Rappaport was painting Bebe and Babs when the grandmother arrived for a visit. Mrs. Griffen's grand old face, with its alive dark eyes—what a subject for a portrait! Rappaport simply *had* to paint her. He forgot beautiful Bebe and adorable Babs. Was Bebe piqued? Not at all. She was delighted—and amused. At Rappaport. And at her grandmother—who acted oh, so blasé about it all. But she wasn't, really. How could anyone be blasé about being painted by an artist who has done such famous personalities as Mussolini, Pope Pius XI and Georges Clemenceau? And who would choose oneself, in preference to one's beautiful granddaughter and great-grandchild? Well, the portrait was painted. Rappaport will exhibit it in Europe and then return it to Ben and Bebe.

All of which continues to point to the fact that it is largely because of Bebe—because of the way she presents her grandmother to her large circle of friends and acquaintances—that Mrs. Griffen is considered one of the most interesting personalities in the entire film colony.

So I repeat that while I do not doubt that Mrs. Griffen is an amazing woman for her years and quite as individual and colorful as she is reported to be, I most decidedly do question whether she ever would have become the personality she is today if Bebe hadn't had understanding for her and found her charming in the first place.

Plenty of families have surprisingly active grandmothers. But they regard them as great trials. Though they may pay surface respect, they wish from the bottom of their hearts that these older ones would settle back into their years and not insist upon projecting themselves into the lives of others.

I complimented Bebe on her charming attitude towards older people. She laughed.

"It's pleasant to be told such things, of course," she said, "but I couldn't bring people older than I am nothing but a superficial respect and courtesy. I couldn't bear just to go through motions with them, so to speak. They know too much that I want to hear. They've failed or succeeded at solving many problems I still face.

"Fundamental issues change very little with the years, I find."

I left Bebe that afternoon determined to do more than teach my little Ghislaine to make charming curtseys and address older men as "Sir," to do everything in my power to give her something of the same feeling for older people that Bebe has.

For I'm convinced that once an emotional or intellectual basis is right, the surface gestures of good manners will pretty well take care of themselves.



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The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 76*)

ing enough of the right kind of dry wood to make a proper bed of coals isn't my idea of outdoor sport. Let them as wants to, do it, but I think it's a bloomin' nuisance.

"After your charcoal fire has burned down to the place where it is just a level bed of coals it is fit to be introduced to the steak, not before. Now, you place two iron bars or pieces of iron pipe on the fire. Sprinkle your steak with plenty of salt, and rub it in well. Then put the steak into a wire broiler with a long handle and place it on the iron bars. Some people scoff at this iron bar idea and plank their steaks right down smacko onto the live coals, but I confess this is a little too primitive a method for me. It is too much trouble to scrape off all the charcoal mess after the steak is done!"

"How do you know when the steak *is* done?" we interrupted hastily, that being a point which we have seen baffle many an ambitious outdoor steak broiler. Mr. Young looked at us pityingly for a moment, evidently suspecting we were not quite bright.

"YOU take a sharp knife and cut into it somewhere and *look,* to see whether it's done or not," he explained patiently. This, of course, is unthinkable when you are broiling a steak in a nice, temperature-controlled oven and accounts for the fact that we never thought of it ourself.

"Roughly speaking," said Robert helpfully, "a two-inch steak—and your steak should be that thick—will take about 20 minutes cooking on *each side* if you like it moderately well done, 15 minutes cooking on each side if you like it medium rare and 10 minutes on each side if you like it practically raw.

"Now, when your steak is done, you cut it into thin slices and eat it in rolls which have been split and buttered at home, or between slices of toast made by holding pieces of bread on forks or forked sticks over the charcoal fire."

"What else do you like to have to eat on one of these steak parties?" we asked, as Robert paused to relish mentally one of those steak sandwiches he had so graphically described.

"Either potato salad, or potatoes roasted in the coals. To roast potatoes you want to use medium sized ones and bury them in the red hot embers. At the end of half an hour or so stick a fork into one and if it feels soft on the inside the potato is done. Either sweet or white potatoes are swell roasted this way. And, of course, roast corn is excellent, too."

"We've heard about it, but how do you go about it?" we wanted to know.

"Some people roast corn by peeling off all the husks, impaling the corn on a pointed stick and holding it over the fire, turning it so that it sort of toasts on all sides. But I prefer corn which has been roasted in the embers with some of the husks left on. It takes from 10 to 20 minutes to roast the corn properly, depending upon the heat of the fire. And you want to be careful to surround the entire ear with embers so that the corn will roast evenly on all sides."

"AND what other foods do you want to have along?" we persisted.

"Oh, the usual trimmings—pickles, olives and a lot of sandwiches to fill in any chinks that may be left. Cucumber sandwiches go great with steak and another favorite of mine is a variation of the usual club sandwich which is better for picnic purposes. And say, I once had baked bean sandwiches! Were *they* good! Ever hear of them?"

No, we hadn't, but we made up some in our test kitchen, adding a little of this and that and they were everything Robert claimed for them.

"There are lots of people," he continued, "who just can't feel they've been on a picnic if they don't have hard boiled eggs in some form. If they are stuffed, with anchovy paste added to the stuffing, I like them a lot. And, of course, you must have something to top off with. My vote is for a hefty wedge of chocolate cake with a marshmallow icing, and some oatmeal cookies to munch on then, or later."

"And what do you like to drink on a picnic?" we questioned.

"Coffee, of course," replied Bob without a second's hesitation. "You can either take it along in a thermos bottle or you can make it, but it must be made *right.* The only way I've ever discovered to make really satisfactory coffee outdoors is to have the coffee itself all measured out beforehand and tied up in little muslin bags with a foot or so of string left hanging from the neck of the bag.

"You should allow a slightly rounded tablespoon of coffee for each cup of water and plan on two cups of coffee for each person. Then you bring the water to a boil over the fire and drop the coffee bag into the boiling water, tying the string up so that you can yank the bag out by it after the coffee has steeped for five or ten minutes, depending on how strong you like it. Then you throw the bag away and drink coffee free of grounds which is *sumpin'* on a picnic.

"If you don't bring along cream, provide evaporated milk rather than condensed milk as some folks don't like their coffee sweetened. And then, don't forget the sugar.

"AND when your food is all consumed, the evidences of the feast have been cleaned up and disposed of and the moon comes up, throw a lot of wood on your charcoal fire and sit around and talk and sing, basking in the firelight and the memory of the grandest meal you've ever eaten!"

And there, you would-be-picnicers is Robert Young's description of the per-

fect picnic. There really is little we could add to that except the reminder to be sure to take along plenty of paper plates and paper napkins, paper spoons and forks and drinking cups, including the new "Hot Beverage Cups" for your coffee. All of these can be lost, or burned or thrown away and they make the clearing-up-after-the-feast an immensely simpler job. If you want to make your paper service attractive, choose all of these accessories in matching colors.

We haven't room to give you any recipes this month but we have them, all printed in a special Robert Young Recipe Folder, ready and waiting to send to you when you have filled out and mailed in that coupon on page 76. Besides the recipe for that yummy chocolate cake with mocha marshmallow icing you see pictured, you will receive recipes for the sandwiches and the anchovy eggs mentioned by Mr. Young and some delicious oatmeal cookies! Incidentally, we have found these recipes suitable for lots of occasions besides picnics, especially the cake which is simply the last word in chocolate cakes! Be sure to send for them, whether you are contemplating a picnic or not—you'll find them all splendid help in planning many a summer menu. So mail in your coupon at once.

Janet's Finest Interview

(*Continued from page 27*)

yearns to be a siren, to play the type of thing that Garbo does.

"I really don't mind so very much," Janet said, "what people write *about* me but I do object to being quoted as a fool. I do *not* want to play siren rôles. I know that I could never do the sort of thing that Garbo does, not if I live to be ninety. I also know that I can never again play the 'Seventh Heaven' sort of thing. You see, I know, now, that there is no 'Seventh Heaven' and my knowing it would show through.

I BELIEVE that I have made a pretty exact chart of what I can do and what I cannot do. Even when I was a child and used to give imitations of girls on the screen I'd always imitate Mary Pickford or, at my most daring, Norma Talmadge. Gloria Swanson was always a great favorite of mine, still is, but I always knew that she was too exotic for me to copy.

"I know that I shall have to find stories that will keep pace with the growth of a woman. *You mustn't outgrow stories.* No one remains forever young and *no one should want to.* The trouble with staying always a 'Size Sixteen' as a magazine recently called it, is that you remain a size sixteen mentally and emotionally, too. There is nothing more pathetic than a woman who has felt and suffered and thought trying to *be* a girl who has never felt or suffered or thought anything. She never fools anyone. *I'm not going to try to.* And this is the real reason why I was so anxious to have Henry Garat play opposite me in 'Adorable'. I wanted a man of a certain sophistication, a certain grown-upness to sort of bring me up!"

Janet's childhood has been described as "touching."

Janet said: "Every childhood is touching because it is untouched. But mine held many sterner things than school plays and girl friends. Sickness, and worry about money and the necessity of growing up and doing something."

Janet's love for Jonesey, her stepfather, has also been described as "touching." One pictured a desolate child weeping because a beloved playmate had gone on a journey.

Janet said: "Death is an adult experience. It makes an adult out of you. It did out of me. You can't touch the hand of death and be just a weeping child any longer—"

Her supposed romance with Charlie Farrell was touched with mysticism and evasion, a thing of starlight and song. Janet doesn't mention names when she talks. She is too wise, too shrewd, too grown-up for that.

But she did say: "There are two kinds of love, I believe. There is first love and that comes to you only through the emotions. It is a dream, a song heard far away. There is no *thought* to it, thinking doesn't enter into it at all. There is no conscious planning about it. Marriage doesn't seem to be the natural culmination of it, because marriage is planning and thinking ahead. And then it leaves you, eventually, because it has never been quite real. You never really touch it with your hands. And it leaves you without bitterness *until you grow old enough to realize that first things never come again.*

THERE is second love, or I hope there is. There are probably several kinds of love, really. I am not one of those who believe that there is only one love in a lifetime.

"We all have many different friends, for instance, and we give them different things of ourselves. Each friend evokes a different reaction. Loves are like that, too—we may love one man one way and another man quite another way—second love is apt to last longer, I believe. It is more apt to be based on sound, substantial things. Common tastes and interests, common friends and plans and ambitions. It is durable. It is not—a dream."

Janet lives, now, with her mother, in a rented house in West Hollywood. She keeps a cook and a chauffeur and, when she works, a studio maid. She has a large library and reads, mostly, the classics, books of travel and biography and metaphysical subjects. She has, too, a fine musical library and when she is



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working she spends an hour or so every evening with these two libraries. Janet doesn't look into the future. She says that most of us live too much in plans that may never come true.

She said, "Of course I want, rather vaguely, happiness. But what is happiness today is unhappiness tomorrow, very often. Once I thought that success, stardom, an assured income was happiness. I find that the struggle is not in attaining a success but in *staying there.* And for what success gives you with one hand it takes away with the other.

"I have no personal life at all, for instance. There isn't any use in my trying to have a personal life while I am working. I really should not have a home of any kind, at all. I should go from the studio every night to a professional trained nurse to be massaged and soothed and put to sleep. That is all I am good for, all I want.

"In between pictures I like to go away, to Palm Springs, on little trips, wherever I feel like going at the moment. You can't have a home, you can't have marriage, you can't have any shared life on such terms as these. I've found that out.

"Of course I hope to marry again, some day. *I hope I have a baby.* No woman should go through all of life without that supreme experience. But, on the other hand, I am not really domestic. I may as well admit it. I could never be satisfied to lead a purely domestic life, managing servants, talking about the baby's diet, playing bridge afternoons, going to matinées, things like that.

"I don't *know* what I want—that's the honestest truth I can tell."

* * *

Then, again, I said to Janet "All of this you have been through—what has it done—has it broken your heart?"

And Janet smiled and said, "I don't believe hears *break* any more, do you? They are too elastic . . . perhaps they bruise a little . . . or a great deal . . . So that they never quite heal again and always give out fragrances that are stronger . . . and warmer . . ."

In a Hollywood Beauty Shop

(*Continued from page 72*)

a pedicure and you." Put it to music and you've got a swell theme song.

MAYBE you can get Sib to "do" you and maybe you can't. But we won't bother about favorite operators, because they all know their business.

So first of all you're led into a big beautiful booth with long mirrors and the first operator appears to give you a hot oil treatment. She's blond and pretty. She puts the oil on your hair with a special contrivance so that it flows equally all over the hair and then—with you looking like a skinned rat—she massages your scalp.

Maybe just as she's about half through you remember that you've forgotten to call your hotel to see if there are any messages. You might comment on this to the hot oil expert. Instantly she has rung a bell and in the flash of an eye a telephone is plugged in at your booth and the telephone girl gets your number.

Then the oil is washed out of your hair and you are given an expert shampoo, with hot and cold water and—the only plain thing about the place—a good old lemon juice rinse.

Will you have a fingerwave or a marcel? I once knew a girl who changed from fingerwaves to marcels because the dryers made so much noise that she couldn't hear what was being said in the next booth! Plenty of Hollywood gossip eminates in just this way, for if you listen closely you'll undoubtedly hear Miss Movie Star becoming cosy and confidential with her manicurist and telling her just why she left So-and-So's party the other night. And maybe, if your ears are very sharp, Marlene Dietrich's low voice will waft your way and you'll know just how she feels about Josef Von Sternberg or trousers—or Maurice Chevalier.

This all comes with the wave—and its part of the fun of being beautified in Hollywood.

Well, suppose you say you'll have a marcel. An operator comes into your booth, squints at you professionally, and says your hair should be very flat on top—the shape of your head demands it—and that you had better have a slight fingerwave first and then have it gone over with the iron. So the finger-waver arrives, parts your hair where it has never been parted before, and sets it, flat on top, and a low wave on the side. She doesn't put any waving fluid on it because you're to have a marcel afterwards.

NOW you're taken out into a big room with lots of other women and placed under a dryer. Maybe you want to read the magazine that is thrust into your hands but maybe you'd prefer to watch Madge Evans chatting—as much as she can above the noise of the dryers—with Anita Page.

When you're sufficiently dry, you're put into another booth, much larger than the first, where you are awaited by three operators you haven't seen before. All are blond and pretty.

One works on your hair, going over the finger wave with the hot iron, another busies herself with your hands, while the third takes your feet into her lap and proceeds to shape and paint your toenails exactly as your finger nails are being shaped and painted. Hollywood's favorite nail color was dark red for a while, but the fad changes almost daily. You can have your choice. No matter what you say you'll get three coats of polish—and that's

grand for it lasts and lasts forever.

Now that that is done, a tight net is put over your hair and a scarf over that and you're led into still another room. This one is rather dark and you are told to stretch out an a high couch. Presently another expert arrives and for an hour you can give yourself up to the luxury of the best facial you ever had. I'll bet that you'll drop off to sleep no matter what's being said in the next booth.

You said you wanted the works, didn't you? Well, then, after your eyebrows are plucked by the expert eyebrow plucker in exactly right lines for your face, still another girl administers the false eyelashes. This is a ticklish process. For each individual false hair has an end dipped into a glueish mixture and that end fastened to your own eyelid, so that the false lashes can be brushed into your own short ones. This will last for about three weeks or so. And while many of the stars have beautiful long lashes of their own, several do indulge in the put-on variety.

Now the woman who has given you the facial returns and carefully scrutinizes your skin, deciding just exactly what shade of rouge, powder and lip stick you should have. In a very short time the powder base has been applied, rouge, powder and lipstick have been put on and your eyebrows lined.

The marcel expert now returns and takes the scarf, net and pins from your hair. She brushes it out and with a few deft turns of her fingers pats it close to your head and arranges it gracefully at the back of your neck. A bright light is flashed on and you may now have a good look at yourself in the mirror.

You are transformed! That tired and harassed girl who entered the shop is gone and in her place is a well groomed, young, rested and chic girl. Your hair gleams. It hugs your head in the correct mode. Your cheeks have just the right flush of youth. Your mouth is red and inviting. And your skin is soft and line-less. Of course, your hands look perfect. As for your toes—well, you'd better go right out and buy yourself some sandals to be worn without stockings, so you can show them off, too.

And now you know exactly how you'd feel if you spent an afternoon in a Hollywood beauty parlor. Eight operators have had a hand in your metamorphosis. Exactly four and a half hours of your time has been spent there. It's been well worth it, as you realize when you look at yourself.

Whatever Became of Them?

(*Continued from page 57*)

mond begged to play it—offering to do it for nothing to be back in the studio atmosphere again.

He did the bit—the studio paid him for it, of course—and it turned out to be a magnificent piece of tragic acting.

Until a recent studio shake-up left Warner Brothers topsy-turvy he has been a writer and supervisor there and very successful, too. The men stars, as a matter of fact, fare better when their race is run than do the women. The men, as a rule, can turn to some other studio job. The women either can't or won't. Now Raymond has become production official of the new Twentieth Century Pictures Company, headed by Joseph Schenck and Darryl Zanuck.

And some of the stories about the women would break your heart—stories too cruel to tell. Many of those you have asked to know about must be left out of this article.

Not so long ago a studio official was entertaining some out-of-town theatre owners. A group of girls was called in to dine and dance with the men—to be female gigolos, in fact—paid to smile, to dance, to make themselves amusing and called for this purpose, as one would call for a bootlegger's wine list.

WHEN the poor, tawdry little girls filed in the official was amazed to see among them a former star whose name had once shone from the theatre marquees that the men being entertained had owned; whose salary had once been enormous and whose beauty great. She was still proud, still held her head high and when he offered to "lend" her some money and send her away she shook her head. She would earn enough she said, the only way she knew how. Of course, I cannot tell you her name although you remember it well. Poor profligate, thoughtless girl—she was always too generous when she had money.

The Motion Picture Relief Fund's account books could tell many a sad story. A former screen siren, almost as great, in her day, as Theda Bara, is being cared for by this Hollywood charity organization, as are many, many others. But this is a gallant group and those in charge of the disposition of the funds never reveal the names—except to the board of directors—of those being cared for.

Marguerite Clark has had a happier time of it. She is married and living in Louisiana with her husband, a social registerite of New Orleans—a wealthy and respected citizen. When he first married her his friends, in that closely knit Southern society, did not know whether they would admit an actress into this group or not. But cute little Marguerite did not try to force her way in. She made no effort—other than the necessary gestures courtesy demands—to "crash" New Orleans society. As a result, they came to her. She is now definitely "taken up" and a part of the inner of inners.

Betty Blythe has not fared quite so well, until recently. She has been living on the outskirts of Hollywood playing, whenever an opportunity came her way, very small bits and sometimes no



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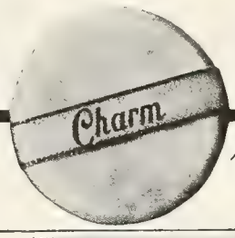
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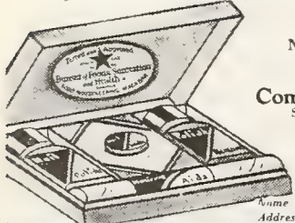
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more than extra parts. Recently she has had a few fairly good roles and she is ardently hoping for a come-back.

Carmel Myers is married to a wealthy lawyer and is the mother of a grand baby. She is very contented with her life. That goes for Bessie Love, too.

In New York you'll discover some of your old screen favorites on the stage—Dorothy Gish (and Lillian, too, of course), Madge Kennedy, Nazimova.

Evelyn Brent is touring in vaudeville. Aileen Pringle is still in her Santa Monica home working at the studios when opportunity presents itself.

Katharine MacDonald has lent her name to a successful beauty business and gets into headlines occasionally when she has intermittent trouble with her husband.

Mary McLaren, Katharine MacDonald's sister, has had a very tough break—no money, no jobs. But Esther Ralston, when her beauty shop failed, went to England and returned triumphant to Hollywood with work in a British picture, "Rome Express," to her credit. And little Jackie Coogan—imagine calling a seventeen-year-old youngster an old timer—is in his second year in a California college.

There—I think that covers the most persistent requests except those whose names I can't mention—those stars who are still so proud that they could not bear to have the fans who once loved them know that they are living in poverty—or worse, dependent upon charity.

Thinking Things Over

(Continued from page 61)

What will happen to the new alien talent? There is Henry Garat, who played with Janet Gaynor in "Adorable." There is Lilian Harvey, the lovely blond English girl, with her great background of success in Germany, whose work in "Congress Dances" was so unutterably charming. She will be with John Boles in "My Lips Betray"—and I am wondering what Hollywood will do to her? There is Brian Aherne, whom I saw on the stage with Miss Cornell in the Browning play. He will appear with Dietrich in "The Song of Songs"—the old Sudermann novel. There is the girl called Heather Angel, playing in "My Dear," who will possibly play opposite Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square." There's Diana Wynyard whose superb performance in "Cavalcade" none of us is likely to forget, and who has been given an entirely different role in "Reunion in Vienna" with John Barrymore. And Elizabeth Allan and Dorothea Wieck, with her measured beauty and her touching performance in that greatest of German pictures, "Girls in Uniform." What's going to happen to all of these?

And what about Francis Lederer whose role in the stage play, "Autumn Crocus," has publicized him as the first of the matinee idols of the last ten years?

HERE we have an aggregate of charm, talent, good looks—all imported. I have wondered for some time why the importation is necessary. In some cases, of course, it is. "Cavalcade," an English picture, English to the backbone, demanded British players. "Berkeley Square" will, too. And no one else could play it as Leslie Howard, who originated it on the stage, will play it. But as a general rule I wonder if we haven't enough talent and charm and good looks among our own people. I wonder, too, why the majority of foreign stars tremendously successful in their home-made pictures fail so signally in ours. There are names of real lustre from which the newness hasn't quite worn off, which we are not hearing as much as we did some months ago: Tala Birell, for instance, Wera Engels, Gwili Andre.

Some of these other new importations will, of course, be successful. But others will depart, more quietly than they arrived. If, however, the American public sets up a demand for the foreign stars, then they have something which our stars have not. What it is, I don't know. After all, the test is the box office and the waiting crowds. But we are pretty fickle and once the foreign, or for that matter the domestic star, has arrived, he or she has to work to stay there. I feel that only authentic talent should remain. A resemblance to a star already successful is not enough. A story which is suited to a Dietrich, say, and is given to a newcomer who might possibly look or speak as Dietrich looks and speaks is not enough. This is all too rubber stamp.

Rubber stamping is the curse of the industry. I have sat through pictures which, with a change of title, a very slight change of story, and a change of players could easily be the picture I saw last week. This cycle business is really distressing. Because one producer makes money on a war picture, a business picture, a secretary and boss picture, a banking picture, a columnist picture or what have you, the others rush to duplicate that success. Naturally there are very few plots in the world. And the same situations can be taken and given the twist which makes them new. But generally the producers don't bother to give that twist. The old way brought in the audiences so it's good enough for them. But it does get monotonous, doesn't it?

We are living in as exciting an era as there has been in the history of the world. Things change overnight. My own generation has seen a world constantly in flux. I'm not so very ancient but I have seen the arrival of automobiles, motion pictures—silent and talking—radio, airplanes, wars and ru-

mors of wars. I saw the earliest of the motion pictures and I defy people to say that the industry is still in its infancy. The years don't count. The progress does. Only the other night on my own little screen I witnessed a picture produced in about 1917. It was called "Hearts Asunder." Clara Kimball Young was the heroine, Vernon Steele the hero, and Montague Love the villain. It was appalling. The acting was perfectly atrocious, and the lighting, the make-up and the photography equally so.

I THINK there is a pendulum swing. I think that simplicity and adherence to really basic human emotion is entering into the motion picture. And I think the public is becoming more intelligently critical.

Take, for instance, something erroneously called the private lives of the players. They have, of course, no private lives. Even Irvin Cobb's celebrated goldfish has some privacy at night. But it isn't so with the screen actors. They haven't any privacy at all. They are completely surrounded by a sea of rumor.

Back in the very early days it was bad business of the innocent ingenue to procure a divorce. It was bad business for the hero to be sued for breach of promise. It was almost worse if it were discovered that he were married and had six children. Then came a time in which, while wives and children were still taboo for the handsome lead, divorces and scandals didn't matter much and the audiences flocked to the theatres out of curiosity. Especially was this true in the case of the girl who played the now demoded "vamp" or the gentlemen who enacted the heavy, the *bona fide* villain. There aren't really any actual vamps or villains any more. The current crop of pictures for the most part show the villainess with a heart of gold and the villain with one to match it. But I do think that the pendulum is swinging here again and that the audience and reading public is getting pretty sick of scandal and divorce and the rest.

If they get sick enough, it is bound to affect the box office. And it looks as if the producers had seen the handwriting on the wall, for the contract which little Bette Davis just signed stipulates that she shall neither divorce nor separate from her husband for a space of three years. Of course, there has always been a so-called morality clause in all contracts but I can't say that in many cases it has been taken seriously.

I am not one who believes Hollywood to be immoral. Nor am I one who feels that divorce was probably originated by motion picture actors and actresses. On the contrary, we have plenty of this and that in all walks of life, social and otherwise. It is merely because the Hollywood scandal and the Hollywood divorce has been so publicized that they seem to stand out like a couple of sore thumbs. As a matter of fact, it looks very much to me as though the people who make our pictures are rather idealistically and wistfully domestic at heart. This must be true, otherwise why would they bother to get married, once, twice, three and four and five times? It looks very much as if they hoped some day to find a marriage which, like a good vaccination, will take.

RECENTLY there has been an epidemic of divorces and separations. Joan Crawford and young Fairbanks are divorcing; Janet Gaynor, to the tune of newsprint and trumpets, has divorced Lydell Peck. Marian Nixon has freed herself from Edward Hillman. Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson have called it a day. Thelma Todd and her husband. There have been others before them, there will be others after them. I can't see that it is anything to get very excited about. Marriage and unmarriage and remarriage is their business, not ours. Their only real contact with us is on the screen and we are their audiences, not the critics of their emotional lives.

It does appear, however, that we are growing a little tired of the washing of soiled linen in public. And I think the industry is realizing this. Personally I cannot feel that any one has any right to say to another human being, "you can't play in my particular backyard if you divorce your husband." If I had a contract which insisted upon my staying married, I would doubtless yearn for freedom immediately, so perverse is human nature. But the fact remains that scandal and domestic upsets are not good publicity. They are bad publicity. And it looks as if the world were growing sentimental and single-standard again. For if Hollywood sets fashions in beauty and in clothes, it is now setting fashions in domesticity and there's a new crop of Hollywood babies, depression or no depression.

Yes, things are changing. To figure in a murder or suicide, a divorce suit, an alienation or breach of promise suit, a wild party or what have you, is no longer considered box office. To stay married, to have children, and to comport yourself like a rational human being seems to be the best bet yet. It is now included in your contract! But I still maintain that, although I for one shall be charmed if Hollywood as a scandal mill disappears from the newspapers, I believe that human nature cannot be arranged by contract and that there is just as much emotional excitement in every other profession. But while the man in the street can beat his wife with impunity (and a horsewhip) the actor cannot.

Fair or not, public opinion is changing. Public opinion wants more reality in screen stories and less reality, so to speak, in the lives of the stars. I have felt for a long time that the average motion picture star is not the most envied of human beings but the most unfortunate. For not one of them is able to lead his or her own life, be it good or bad. It is the price you pay for being in a very real sense the servant of the hydra-headed, the changeable, and the sometimes very cruel public. For the public gives with one hand and takes away with the other. Or that's the way it has seemed to me while I was thinking things over.

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P.S. Don't miss "Juramentado," a complete novelette in the latest issue — about the man whom bullets couldn't stop!

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 18*)

quack of quacks, Count Cagliostro—and Casanova, and the Borgias and Manon Lescaut—and the stories of the Bible? And Falstaff. Personally, I think Robert Emmett O'Connor would do very well as Falstaff, or perhaps Charles Laughton — but O'Connor ought to be given a chance in some big role. The operas, too, would make good movie fare—"Rigoletto" and "Aida."

Yes, there is an endless source of film material buried in history books, but would we moderns go for them—that's the question.

A young newlywed has something to say about Hollywood love. (And there's a lot more said about it on page 22)

TERESA PATRICELLI of Seattle, Washington, knows what *she'd* do:

Hollywood romances still come tumbling down in spite of all denials. What do you think the fans think of all those happy love-bird marriage-divorces? One by one, through the mill they go. Now, if two people are *really* in love and the movie center is wrecking to happiness—the best and only thing to do is to leave all careers hanging—go far away—start over again in a simple life—have children and be happy. This life is so short—why waste it on naught but unworthy thoughts and troubles?

(*But that, you see, completely leaves out a very difficult factor—ambition. But read Miss Albert's story on page 22.*)

Now for some personalities

WILLARD LEONARD of Riverside, Ill., writes:

Someone once said, "Every hero becomes a bore at last." Likewise every celebrity becomes a pain in the neck. The public has tired of seeing constantly in the paper that Garbo speaks or Garbo is silent or Crawford changes her head-dress. That is why I speak cautiously and hesitatingly about the loveliness, the wholesomeness and the semi-obscurity that is at present Sylvia Sidney's. She has not yet fallen the prey of nation-wide popularity campaigns. She ranks with Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton and a few others who realize that if "grief be dumb," sorrow and misery are best expressed on the screen by silence. They don't have to go about shrieking to show they are suffering.

(*Watch for her in "Jennie Gerhardt" Mr. Leonard.*)

HOPEFUL of Albany, N. Y., adores Kay Francis:

That was a swell article about Kay Francis in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN. I have been anxious to read a nice article about Kay as she is my favorite actress. I can go to see her in all her pictures over and over. I think she shows in her lovely countenance the wonderful character Faith Baldwin says she is. Why don't they team her with her husband, Kenneth McKenna?

(*Mr. McKenna seems to be more interested in directing. By the way, Kay's next pictures will be "Mary Stevens, M. D." and "Strange Rhapsody."*)

P. D. Q. of Quebec, Canada, has been noticing lesser players:

You asked some time ago about secondary players. I often like them better than the stars! The only trouble is that the cast of characters is flashed on the screen so swiftly that one cannot identify them. But there's one chap I always watch for. I believe his name is Allan Jenkins. He played the blasé prisoner in "I Am a Fugitive." He also played Warren William's side-kick in "The Mind Reader." I like Russel Hopton a great deal, too. And—is it Ruth Donnelly? She was Mary Brian's mother in "Hard to Handle" and William's secretary in "Employees' Entrance." (*Yes, that's the name.*) I thought Diane Sinclair was a lovely ingenue in "Washington Masquerade." But I haven't seen her since.

SHORT BITS FROM HERE AND THERE

RENA of Rochester, N. Y., has fallen for Henri Garat. "If they are going to produce 'The Merry Widow' why not have that dashing Frenchman for the Prince?" she asks. D. E. of New Jersey would like to know the name of the young actor who played Joey Marryot in "Cavalcade." (*His name is Frank Lawton, D. E.*) DORA MOLIE of Montreal admires Charles Laughton and wishes to know if he is going to film "Henry VIII." (*Yes, it is being filmed in England—for Gainsborough Pictures.*) CHARLOTTE LYNN of Nassau, Wis., asks for the correct pronunciation of Colbert. (*The "o" is long and the "t" is silent, Charlotte. Like this: Cole-bear. Each syllable accented equally. Yes, Claudette was born in Paris. Her real name is Caucho'n.*)

As for newcomers, PANSY BRADY of Baton Rouge, La., sends in a rave for Onslow Stevens. MILDRED ROGERS of Rector, Ark., sends one for Dick Powell. And umpteen people send raves for Mae West, who bids fair to become America's next sweetheart. Ralph Bellamy has a host of staunch admirers. DOLLY FROM DOVER writes, "Won't someone please say something nice about him?"

MILDRED MEES of Jackson Center, Ohio, is sweet enough to say that she is very pleased "to find how promptly the latest news of Hollywood appears in this magazine and the articles

are detailed so carefully." (*Thank you, Mildred.*) T. J. of McKeesport, Penna., "likes movie reviews best when they don't give away any of the plot" and scolds us for being a bit careless in that respect. (*Very sorry, T. J. Didn't mean to spoil your fun.*) MARY W. of Pittsburgh thinks "our pages always are so nicely arranged—and who is one to thank for that?" (*Our art director, Mary W., to whom we showed your letter—and he says thank you very much.*)

ELVIRA G. of Waterbury, Conn., says she could read a whole magazine of movie gossip and that, although we give her quite a bit, it isn't nearly enough. (*We try to give you each month just as much good gossip as there is. But, after all, the magazine won't stretch.*) And then, GRACE of Boston, Mass., would like the magazine to contain nothing but fashion and beauty articles. "They have helped me so much," she writes. "But sometimes you don't tell quite enough. Or show quite enough pictures. I admit I'm clothes-crazy—but so are lots of girls, I think, and your articles (as far as they go) are extremely helpful to poverty stricken budget-clothed young girls."

Well—we think we had better stop and commence planning a magazine full of gossip which is also full of fashion news. Meantime, cheer us along in our task by writing to us. Address The Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Who's Going to Win Jack Holt?

(*Continued from page 65*)

her way of living—and disappeared from all local revelry.

For years it worked. All that the local gossips knew was that the Holts went around with the more formal Los Angeleans who are a social clan unto themselves and that Jack was admitted to clubs where no other actors were accepted. The Holt marriage was an outstanding success in a town of many marriage failures—a protracted success—apparently. And then out of a cloudless sky came the divorce!

SANE, kindly, a splendid wage-earner—a handsome man and a trained athlete in the pink of condition. That's Jack Holt. Why on earth should any woman want to give him up after seventeen years of married life? The mystery behind this question has at last set Hollywood tongues wagging about the Holt menage. The general impression is that Jack has stayed too young—that he simply had to break loose. Yet he is a marvelous father with a great pride in his fourteen-year-old son, Tim. The boy has turned out to be a remarkable polo-player and just recently Jack, who, next to his children, loves his polo better than anything on earth, resigned in the boy's favor.

"I can't afford both of us playing," Holt explained, "so I just umpire now—but it's no sacrifice because the kid is good and I get a great kick out of watching him play."

Oh, no! The Holt domestic smash is not due to any lack of interest in the children on Jack's part. Incidentally, Betty, aged twelve, is with her mother while Tim has moved in with father—*and* the polo ponies.

"It's pretty tough," said Jack, "to break up after so many years, but it just had to come. My wife's friends are all in San Francisco. She has never liked Hollywood nor been happy here. The picture people she finds uncongenial—perhaps that's why I have not seen more of them."

Did I detect a note of wistfulness in his voice as he said it? I believe I did! Without Jack's saying so, I got a strong impression that here was a man who for some reason had come to think too little of himself as a personality—who had been schooled by some outside influence to regard himself purely as a money-making machine.

"I'm a dull fellow," he said with that rather lost little smile of his. "There is really nothing exciting nor interesting about me or my future. I'm a steady money-maker—but my romantic side—well, there just isn't any such thing."

I wondered! Some day, and perhaps in the near future, a woman is going to contradict that statement sharply. She, whoever she may be, is going to make Jack himself realize what a charming person he is. For what has really happened in Holt's divorce is that suddenly, without any blare of trumpets, one of the handsomest men in Hollywood has been thrown into the open love-market!

FOR years Jack has been shut up behind a high hedge of matrimony, of domesticity. But physically he is the same handsome giant who married Margaret Wood. Magnificently preserved, with a stunning body which carries clothes remarkably well, there is not a line in his strong, well moulded face. I am uncertain of Jack's age, but I can truthfully assert that in the bright sunlight he doesn't look a day over thirty-three or four—a fascinating age to any woman when the man has fame and charm to his credit as well. Jack Holt has great poise, an air of quiet strength and a sudden brilliant smile which one feels could do much damage among feminine hearts—and may, now that it is free to operate! More than all, Jack Holt is probably the most thoroughly and completely *masculine* handsome man in the Film Capital. He is a he-man of the heroic type, and—he's fair game now, girls! What is to become of him—a man like that can't be allowed to go to waste!

And let me give you a tip about him, girls. Jack likes to ride. You *must*

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CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

brush up on your riding. Jack likes to eat—real food. No jellied nonsense, but roasts and English dishes. Steak-and-kidney-pudding is his favorite. Jack likes good clothes and he notices, with unerring taste, what his women acquaintances have on. But above all, ladies, *don't try to fool Jack!* You *must* be sincere with him. You must never pretend to know all about some subject that interests him, for sure as fate, he'll catch you up on it. To be in the running you will have to be that almost non-existent thing, an Honest Charmer!

Of course studio rumors have already begun to fly, even though a day or two ago Holt was regarded as bearing a sign reading "Private property—Trespassers will be prosecuted by law." Fay Wray's name is out of the running—her own happy marriage puts her in the discard. But the gossips have murmured Lillian Bond and Genevieve Tobin as possible prospects, although both ladies coyly deny the rumors. A beautiful society girl from Pasadena indiscreetly got a lift in Jack's car to the Riviera Club and tongues promptly wagged. But Jack denies it all.

"I'm free," he assured me, sadly. "I have no plans about marrying again—that's nonsense!"

Holt is hurt by the divorce. Anyone who could have seen his kind brown eyes during our last talk would know the truth of that. He's hurt and a little lost. But there's no sense in his planning never to marry again, for most surely some girl is going to plan the exact opposite!

Lillian Bond may possibly make those plans, despite her denials. Certain observers during the last picture in which she played opposite Jack, declare the love scenes had a curiously realistic flavor. And the beautiful Lillian certainly made no drastic attempts to keep out of Jack's way.

Furthermore, Jack has been reported as making very favorable comments lately about English girls. Lillian *is* English, isn't she? Then there is a persistent rumor of an English girl—a society woman, who has taken his fancy. To me it seems more likely that Jack would choose an Englishwoman because of his personal tastes—horses—walking—and afternoon tea which he drinks regularly in the true British fashion.

However that may be, it is certain that with his freedom, we are going to see a new Jack Holt blossom out, and if he needs any help, well, Hollywood is full of pretty teachers who are willing and able to help him learn!

If Connie Bennett Quits

(*Continued from page 15*)

is apparently now just getting wind of the fact, although the company actually came into existence *three years ago.* I am not free to divulge the names of the other people who are also in this company with me, but I can tell you the purpose back of it.

AT the time I had the idea of the company, I did not actually plan to produce pictures. I wanted it primarily as an organization to buy stories and titles which I thought I might do at a later date. You see, it has frequently happened that there would be a popular story or a show on Broadway which I felt would make good screen vehicles for me.

"But when I would approach a studio executive with the idea, there would be a lot of hemming and hawing . . . and so much delay that by the time they actually got around to getting the story some rival producer would have it sewed up. So I figured that it would be smart, as well as a protective move, to have the Bennett Productions purchase the stories I was seriously interested in, and when my studio actually got around to wanting it, I could deliver the property.

"Of course, there was the element of a financial loss in this if it should happen that the studio did not later want the story . . . and I found I could not dispose of it to any other producer. But I flattered myself that my judgment in regard to stories that would make good movies was sound . . . and I was willing to take the risk.

"For the past two years story purchasing was the sole activity of the Bennett Productions, and probably would have continued to be—if I had not returned home about three weeks ago to find Henri practically packed up and ready to take off for Bali to make a motion picture in technicolor!

"Believe me when I tell you that this was as much of a surprise to me, as it must have sounded to you just then. When I got over the first shock of realizing my husband was about to set off on a four months' expedition, I finally got around to asking some practical questions.

"Henri explained that for several months he had been working on this original idea of a novelty film made in Bali with technicolor. It is true that other novelty films have been made in that locale . . . but never with the charm of natural color, and never I am sure, with an idea as interesting and different as Henri's.

"Far into the night we sat up talking over this scheme, and the more I heard of it, the more enthused I became. Henri explained that he had not wanted to bother me with the details of the affair until it was all straightened out, and he and his assistants were ready to embark.

"'Yes, but what about the backing . . . who is going to produce the picture for you,' I wanted to know. Then is when he sprang the surprise of surprises that he had obtained financial backing from a film company in France! 'Oh, no you don't,' I said. 'We have a

perfectly good film company of our own lying around here. You say the film will not cost much to make, and from what you have told me about it, I think it is a natural. Why not produce our own film under our own banner?'

"The upshot of that business conference was that my manager wired the French producers that Henri would not be able to accept their production offer.

"UNDERSTAND," continued Connie, "that this is in no sense a 'family experiment.' I have the reputation of being a pretty fair business woman, and this film is being produced with the idea of *profits!* In fact, everyone concerned with the backing is so enthusiastic that we are going to be on the lookout from now on for novelty stories and different angle stories which Bennett Productions will continue to produce.

"But also understand *this*: I never expect to star Constance Bennett, the actress, under the producing banner of Bennett Productions! I'll even go farther than that . . . I wouldn't take the greatest story in the world, the finest cameraman, the most artistic director, and *Greta Garbo* . . . and finance a feature-length production! Not Mr. Bennett's little girl! In other words, I would never buck Hollywood at Hollywood's own game. There are too many dangerous ins and outs . . . too many pitfalls . . . too much money involved. Let me explain:

"Novelty films such as we will produce can be made from a financial investment of from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars. That is a lot of money, of course, but it is nothing compared to the hundreds of thousands of dollars which go into the most casual program production made in Hollywood. There is always a tremendous market for good novelties. They can very profitably be sold for a lump sum to a good releasing organization without all the agreements and clauses of percentage which would have to be a part of selling a star's independent production.

"As though this were not a sufficient reason . . . I do not believe there has ever been a really successful woman producer! There have been a few men who could buck the business end of this intricate movie game . . . notably Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. But as for the women producers . . . well, I for one, would have to see their books and all those little black and red ink entries before I could be convinced that any one of them has made a success as her own producer!

"No . . . for the short duration of the rest of my career upon the screen, I am going to let someone else put up the money and backing for the pictures made as starring pictures by Constance Bennett."

I said: "Then it is true that you are planning to retire soon, Connie?"

Peter Bennett spoke up: "We going away on a boat soon, Mommie?"

Connie laughed: "Not soon enough for you to get excited about. And now I suppose I might as well say my say about that retirement story. The truth of that matter is simply this:

"When I returned to the screen three and a half years ago, I gave myself five years of a career in Hollywood. I said: 'By that time, my girl, you should have made yourself enough money to be independent for life. You will probably have enjoyed the height of whatever degree of success you are going to know. I will give you five years . . . by that time, hot or cold, you quit!' Well . . . nothing has happened in the meantime to make me want to swerve from that original idea. As I figure it now, I have about another year and a half before the camera . . . in other words, the end of 1934 should see the finish of my career as a movie star. Of course, women have been known to change their minds . . . but right now I don't see any reason why I should change mine!

I WANT to travel and I want time to enjoy Peter's growing up days. Besides, Henri has been very patient with me and my long working schedule. Though he never complains, I know that he has not always been happy under his own working conditions in this country. He is too submerged under my reputation. In Europe it is different. Over there Henri is recognized as an excellent story idea man . . . and an equally good director."

Personally, I had little trouble in doubting Connie's remarks about Hank. Two years ago when he was making "foreign versions" on the RKO lot before he went to M-G-M in the same capacity, I had spent one entire week with Hank as he made a $50,000 French version of a film that had cost RKO $350,000 to make the American version. I saw both of those productions of the same picture . . . the American and Hank's, and without understanding one word of French, I can truthfully say I enjoyed it more!

"But," continued Connie, "when Henri submits a story in Hollywood, what happens? Someone in authority sees his name on it and thinks 'Just another foreign idea.' Half the time they don't even bother to read the idea. I believe that for the future safety and happiness of my marriage, I cannot give more than five years to my own movie career. After that it is only fair that Henri should have his turn in the producing companies of Europe where he is recognized as Henri de la Falaise . . . and not Connie Bennett's husband.

"Just by way of proving that it is not true that I am planning to produce my own pictures, I'll let you in on a little secret:

"I have recently signed a contract for what I believe will be the last year of my career, with another producing company. The signing of the contract will be announced in a few months . . . as soon as I am legally free of my RKO agreement. If that doesn't prove that Bennett Productions is *not* going to produce Constance Bennett pictures, then I'll give up. But it doesn't mean that Bennett Productions won't be *very* interested in some nice, new novelty ideas which we hope to make."



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Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 10*)

You don't know what kind of a diet? You don't know what kind of exercises? Well, that's what I'm here for. Write and ask me. And, while you're waiting for my answer (and sometimes I do get behind with my mail, for which I offer apologies all round)—while you're waiting, if I do keep you waiting, just remember that the fattening foods are the starches, the sugars and the fats: potatoes, bread (anything made with flour), rice, butter, cream, olive oil, sweets, nuts, cheeses. Beans and peas and corn are weight-building vegetables. Live on the leafy green vegetables, lean meats and not too much of them. Green salads, fruit juices and tomato juice. Eat a normal amount of these things—but not one spoonful more than you need to keep your body functioning properly. If you get headaches and feel unable to do your daily work, you're overdoing the diet.

Exercise, I am convinced, is much better for you than a diet, anyway—*unless* your heart is weak or you have some other physical ailment which prohibits it. If you are very, very fat, of course, you must diet and exercise, too. But excess poundage of even twenty or twenty-five pounds can be knocked off with faithful, regular exercise. Begin slowly—five minutes. (I have some swell exercises that are quite a bit of fun to do.) The next morning, do the same simple exercises a bit faster—more strenuously. The third morning, ten minutes—slowly. Increase sensibly to a half hour work-out: Then, add to that a half hour of dancing by yourself—to the radio. Or tennis or golf. Jumping rope is good. Try to find some other over-weight soul to exercise with you.

If you're too thin, you can have more fun. Get just as much sleep before midnight as you possibly can. Do exercises, too, but gentle, relaxing ones Lying in bed and stretching—slowly and fully—is simply great to make you relax. Take walks to stir up your appetite and bring the blood to your cheeks. And add to your regular food plenty of rich milk, olives, nuts, cheese and simple, light desserts.

BUT maybe diet isn't your worry——at least, not a particular worry. Perhaps there's something harder to bring back to beauty than a figure. A skin, for example. Well, to bring a skin back to beauty, you must diet and exercise, too, you know. Giving up sweets will chase blemishes away. Giving up rich sauces and dressings will banish oiliness. Cutting down on your coffee ration (and cigarettes, incidentally) will clear up that muddy, yellow look. Tomato juice—lots of it—and green vegetables will bring roses to your cheeks. Abstaining from too-acid foods (which thin people *always* seem to adore) will banish that withered look from your skin.

Then, if you are sure you're really following a sensible, remedial diet—and if your skin is *still* nothing to brag about—look about and see what beauty preparations you need to put on the outside of yourself. Perhaps a simple change in cleansing your skin will do wonders for you. If you live in a district where the water is hard, take to cold cream cleansings. Not one application of cream, remember. Two.

An aging skin will be grateful for tissue cream patted in every night and left there to do its good work all night long. In the morning, don't use soap. Rinse with warm water. Then slightly cooler water—and so on, until you have the water real cold.

I have a new recipe for lotion for summer time. Whether you want a tan or not, this is good. You won't get burned if you put it on and it cuts down the percentage of freckles very appreciably. Mind, it's a preventive measure—not a cure. But it just occurred to me that the summer isn't over and you might be interested. One can make a huge quantity of this lotion for about a dollar and a half.

Now—hair. How many of you noticed my little account of a helpful booklet on the care of the hair which I had in this column last month? The treatments in that booklet, if followed carefully and patiently, will do wonders for oily hair, dry hair, falling hair, or just generally sad and discouraged hair. And hair reacts so quickly when it is treated kindly! Figures may be difficult and skins may be stubborn, no matter how hard you work at them.

My final word in fighting discouragement is this: find the very nicest thing about yourself. Don't tell me there isn't anything, because I know better. It may be nicely shaped fingernails. Pretty ears. Good shoulders. Shapely hands. I don't care *what* it is. Play up to that. *Start* with that and go on from there. Many a famous movie star has started with one single beauty and willed the rest of her body to correspond with it. *Will* that you will be beautiful—or attractive, or glamorously different. If you haven't much money or if your days are burdened with many cares it may take a long time. But be satisfied with a little progress each month—each year.

In addition to the beauty aids mentioned above, Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads, for acne and for the removal of superffuous hair.

There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. Drop a note to Mary Biddle, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll willingly help you.

No Time for Sleep

(*Continued from page 41*)

Crosby manner," he complied. For *hours*. The place was going crazy! The news leaked out to a rival establishment across the street "that the great Crosby was putting on a song-alogue" and all the customers moved over to get in on the free entertainment. The manager, overcome with the sudden rush of business, put out a sign: *"Bing Crosby singing inside tonight!"* in order to catch any stray night owls who weren't already jammed into his place. Bing's *own* business manager started to worry. "Bing, you got contracts . . . exclusive . . . you're violating the clauses . . ." But the voice carried on. His manager signaled . . . hinted and all but broke open the fire-axe box. No avail. Finally the aid of Mrs. Crosby was enlisted. Just one little sentence: "Go on and croon, Crooner!" was all she said. And that ended *that* big night!

Some men sing for money and others for fame. Bing Crosby sings because he loves to sing. I've seen him pout for hours at a party because the hostess was scared to ask him to strut his stuff.

NEXT to singing, he likes to play golf (which he does in the 70's); kibitz at bridge; throw cards in a hat and eat—in the order named. If none of these interesting diversions are at hand, he wiles away the time ribbing Jack Oakie whom he has renamed "Poison Oakie."

Of Oakie he says: "When I heard that Jack was thinking about building a home out in Toluca Lake where we are building, I went to him with a check for $10,000 which he could cash if he would stay out of the neighborhood! He turned it down. He said that he had been offered $12,000 not to settle in Beverly Hills and that he was going to try Bel Air before he accepted any offers!"

Oakie doesn't rest much between acts, either. He spends all his available time on the set and in Hollywood drawing rooms giving imitations of the *voice*. Unknown to most, however, Bing is entirely responsible for the gag. He has coached Oakie almost to the point of perfection . . . including whistling and "You-whoing!"

Though he prefers to present a slightly toughened exterior to the world, he is really as sentimental as a valentine. His reaction to hard luck stories rates but one description: sucker! He believes everything anyone tells him no matter *how* much it costs . . and it always costs him plenty. He has never been known to turn down a call to do a show for charity.

Since his arrival in Hollywood he has appeared on programs for "Starving Armenians" . . . "Devastated Chinese" and "Beer for Moochers" movements. An animal or a household pet in distress can give him doldrums.

Though Bing Crosby doesn't know the meaning of the words: Spare Thyself . . . he actually seems to enjoy night work . . . he is absolutely chicken-hearted about the hours put in by the people who are working for *him!* Servants who have prepared a large dinner are never expected to remain late and prepare one of those famous Hollywood midnight snacks!

This consideration has earned for him the reputation of working for the people who work for him! *This* reputation, however, seems to bother him no more than any of his others!

Though he enjoys and accepts any sort of invitation from a stag to a formal dinner party, his favorite entertainment is a corn-beef and cabbage buffet with six or eight of his pals. At these affairs he is an excellent host . . . even if he *has* been caught running around in his stocking feet!

Strangely enough, he is a radio bug. Even listens to his own imitators! One in particular he thinks is a honey . . . swears he has to listen twice to figure whether it is a record or an imitator. He likes the music of Abe Lyman and Phil Harris—but Guy Lombardo leaves him cold. Other preferences include: Movies . . . Mae West singing . . . women in black evening gowns . . . Wesley Ruggles as a director . . . contests for holding your breath under water and football players! He does not care for affected women (in or out of the movies) . . . New York . . . temperament or cold weather.

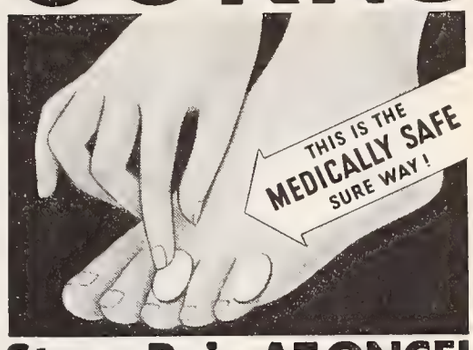
This would not be a real Crosby story without some reference to his now-famous liquor "reformation". He is vastly amused at the horde of stories with almost evangelistic trend which paint him as a "former sot" saved. He insists he has *not* been saved . . . which is only partially true. The difference lies in the fact that Bing's drinking used to be regular and expected. Now it comes as a "surprise"! Which is the latest word on reformation.

His combined salaries place him among the first ten of America's highest paid entertainers. But he doesn't make a show of affluence. He is really *grateful!* He won't allow his manager to hold out for more than a reasonable salary. He doesn't want all the receipts. Just a fair percentage. He practices: "Live and Let Live," and this includes even those movie producers!

HIS plans for the future are vague. They include two more Paramount pictures this year—thirteen weeks on the air in the Fall . . . and maybe a barn-storming trip next Spring.

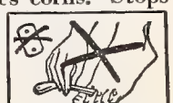
In the meantime, the Voice will remain in Hollywood for a while—during which time he will: become a father, shoot a flock of good golf, pitch as many cards (consecutively) into a hat as Dick Arlen (which would make him the winner because Dick has to give him a handicap) and get in a little sleep if possible! And sing some more.

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Other stories in this number include: *The Morning Glory* with Katharine Hepburn, *Heroes for Sale* with Richard Barthelmess, *Strange Rhapsody* with Kay Francis, and *The Mayor from Hell* with James Cagney. Think of it: between the covers of this latest issue are 12 stories of the new talkies, all generously illustrated. Buy your copy today. It's like seeing a dozen big movie hits!



Screen Romances

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 93*)

Wires"; "Scrappily Married." Working in "Lady of the Night."

MILJAN, JOHN: Married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale. Born in Leeds, So. Dakota, November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Whistling in the Dark"; "Made on Broadway"; "The Nuisance." Working in "Lady of the Night."

MIX, TOM: Married to Mabel Ward. Born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Terror Trail"; "Rustlers Round Up."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hell Below"; "Made On Broadway"; "When Ladies Meet." Working in "Night Flight." Next is "Another Language."

MOORE, COLLEEN: Married to Albert Scott. Born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. M-G-M player. Featured in "Power and the Glory," Fox. Next is "Beauty," M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Oliver Twist," Monogram; "Gabriel Over the White House," M-G-M.

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Sailor's Luck," Fox; "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M; "The Nuisance," M-G-M.

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Road to Heaven"; "Humanity"; "Power and the Glory."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Flesh"; "Gabriel Over the White House."

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Radio. Featured in "Blondie Johnson," Warner Bros.; "The Infernal Machine," Fox; "Tomorrow at Seven," Radio.

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," First National.

McCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Co-starred in "Rockabye"; "The Silver Cord." Working in "Bed of Roses." Next is "Three Came Unarmed."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Rackety Rax"; "Hot Pepper," Fox. Next is "I'll Be Hanged If I Do."

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Life," M-G-M; "Auction in Souls," Tiffany.

NISSEN, GRETA: Married to Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Rackety Rax," Fox; "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia; "Melody Cruise," Radio.

NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Face in the Sky"; "Pilgrimage"; "5 Cents a Glass."

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son Daughter"; "The Barbarian." Next is "The Cat and the Fiddle."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "From Hell to Heaven"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "College Humor." Next is "I'm No Angel" and "Every Man for Himself."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "The Conquerors" and "The Great Jasper." Working in "It's Great to Be Alive," Fox.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Sailor Be Good," Radio; "Supernatural," Paramount; "Tomorrow at Seven," Radio.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Robber's Roost"; "Canyon Walls." Working in "Life in the Raw." Next is "The Last Trail."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cohens and Kellys in Trouble," Universal; "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M. Working in "Tugboat Annie."

PAGE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "The Big Cage," Universal; "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winifield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hell Below"; "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "Strange Rhapsody," M-G-M.

PICKFORD, MARY: Married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married" and "Out All Night," Universal. Working in "Professional Sweetheart," Radio. Next is "Scrappily Married," Universal.

POWELL, DICK: Divorced. Born in Mt. View, Ark., Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street"; "Gold Diggers of 1933."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Married to Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Lawyer Man"; "Private Detective." Working in "Double Harness," Radio.

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Undercover Man"; "Pick Up." Next is "Midnight Club" and "Chrysalis."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Ex-Lady," Warner Bros.; "Zoo in Budapest," Fox. Working in "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Silver Dollar"; "The Little Giant"; "Big Shot." Next is "The Kingfish."

ROGERS, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Featured in "5 Cents a Glass."

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Forty-Second Street"; "Broadway Bad"; "Gold Diggers of 1933," Warner Bros. Working in "Professional Sweetheart," Radio. Next is "Rafter Romance," Radio.

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Too Busy to Work"; "State Fair."

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JULY AND AUGUST

Why Not Send Them a Birthday Greeting? Their Studios' Addresses are on page 82.

Madge Evans	July 1
Charles Laughton	July 1
Ricardo Cortez	July 7
Irene Dunne	July 14
James Cagney	July 17
Richard Dix	July 18
Phillips Holmes	July 22
Joe E. Brown	July 28
Clara Bow	July 29
William Powell	July 29
Myrna Loy	August 2
Anita Page	August 4
Hoot Gibson	August 6
Ann Harding	August 7
Charles Farrell	August 9
Dorothy Jordan	August 9
Mae Clarke	August 16
Colleen Moore	August 19
Joan Blondell	August 30
Fredric March	August 31

RUB, CHRISTIAN: Married. Born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Free lance. Played in "The Silver Dollar," Warner Bros.; "The Road to Heaven," Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Murder in the Zoo"; "Terror Aboard"; "Melody Cruise," Radio. Next is "Mamma Loves Papa."

SALE, CHIC: Married to Marie Bishop. Born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Lucky Dog," Universal. Next is "Full Speed Ahead," Columbia.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Va., January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Murders in the Zoo"; "Supernatural"; "Sunset Pass." Next is "Man of the Forest."

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Butterfly"; "Pick Up"; "Jennie Gerhardt." Next is "Chrysalis."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Tonight Is Ours"; "A Lady's Profession"; "Song of Songs."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Ladies They Talk About"; "Baby Face."

STARRETT, CHARLES: Married. Born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "Our Betters," Radio.

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Born to Kill"; "White Sister"; "Looking Forward."

STUART, GLORIA: Married. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "The Girl in 419," Paramount. Working in "It's Great to Be Alive," Fox.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married"; "Out All Night." Next is "Scrappily Married."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Lilly Turner"; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Mary Stevens, M.D."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Scarlet Dawn." First National; "Style," Reliance. Next is "Mama Loves Papa," Paramount.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Perfect Understanding," United Artists; "The Infernal Machine," Fox; "Goodbye Again," Warner Bros. Working in "The Wrecker," Columbia.

TODD, THELMA: Separated from Pasquale de Cicco. Born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Sneak Easily" and "Fra Diavolo," Roach; "Mary Stevens, M.D.," Warner Bros.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "Gabriel Over the White House." Working in "Night Flight"; "Lady of the Night," and "Stranger's Return."

TOOMEY, REGIS: Married to J. Kathryn Scott. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "She Had to Say Yes," Warner Bros.; "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Clear All Wires"; "The Nuisance," "Dinner at Eight."

TRACY, SPENCER: Married to Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Face in the Sky"; "Power and the Glory." Next is "Shanghai Madness."

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Unashamed," M-G-M; "A Bedtime Story," Paramount. Working in "Disgraced."

VELEZ, LUPE: Unmarried. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Half Naked Truth" and "Phantom Fame," Radio; "Hot Pepper," Fox.

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "She Done Him Wrong." Next is "I'm No Angel."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: Divorced from Bobbe Arnst. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man"; "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "So This Is Africa"; "Diplomaniacs."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Paterson, N. Y., August 28. First National player. Featured in "Employee's Entrance," Warner Bros.; "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Picture Snatcher," M-G-M

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Mind Reader"; "Gold Diggers of 1933"; "Goodbye Again." Working in "Madame La Guimp," Columbia.

WILSON, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Radio player. Featured in "Lucky Devils"; "Scarlet River." Working in "Professional Sweetheart." Next is "Speed King."

WILSON, LOIS: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Devil Is Driving," Paramount; "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "So This Is Africa"; "Diplomaniacs."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "King Kong," Radio; "Tampico," Columbia. Working in "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia.

WYNYARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Men Must Fight" and "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M.

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Zoo in Budapest," Warner Bros. "Heroes for Sale," Warners. Working in "Lady of the Night," M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Henderson. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "Hell Below." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

YOUNG, ROLAND: Married. Born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "A Lady's Profession" Paramount; "Pleasure Cruise," Fox. Next is "She Made Her Bed," Para.

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PTEMBER 35

O

ENTS

MODERN Screen

LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE



WHY NOT CLARK GABLE AS MAE WEST'S SCREEN LOVER?

NIGHT FLIGHT



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BARRYMORE
HELEN HAYES
CLARK GABLE
LIONEL
BARRYMORE
ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
MYRNA LOY

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Takes Pains Washing a Sweater
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and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl values her sweaters so highly that nothing could induce her to wash one hurriedly or carelessly. And everybody notices how grand and clean and soft her sweaters look!

Wouldn't you think she'd take an equal amount of trouble to keep from having dingy, grayish-looking teeth? They're the only teeth she'll ever have!

Her teeth look noticeably uncared-for because her gums are flabby and tender. She has "pink tooth brush."

What about your own teeth and gums? Are you sure, when you smile, that your teeth are sparkling white? Are your gums hard and healthy?

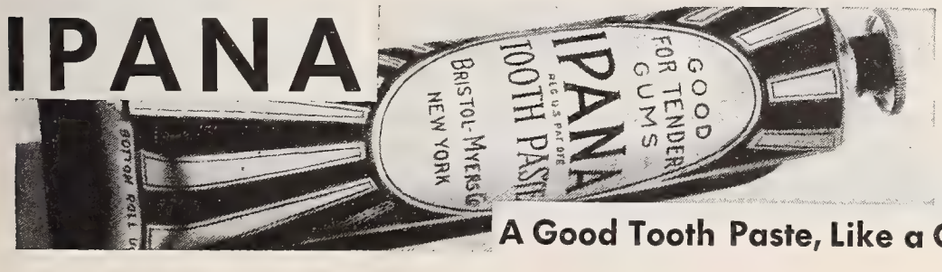
It's no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common complaint. Modern foods are too soft to exercise our gums—to give them active, healthy stimulation. Naturally they become soft and tender—betray a tendency to bleed.

And not only may "pink tooth brush" dull the teeth—but it may open the way for gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To be rid of it—clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time squeeze a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and lightly massage it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana stimulates and tones the gums.

Thirty days with Ipana and massage, and your teeth will be brighter, your gums harder. Get the Ipana-and-massage habit—and you won't be bothered by "pink tooth brush." Start today!

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AUG -8 1933

MODERN Screen

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The sex-appeal lad is severely threatened. Will his fighting spirit pull him through?

HOLLYWOOD'S SADDEST DIVORCE.....Carter Bruce 13
The break-up of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks

WHY NOT CLARK GABLE AS MAE WEST'S SCREEN LOVER?..... 14
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MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SONG OF SONGS"

A Rouben Mamoulian Production with Brian Aherne, Lionel Atwill, Alison Skipworth, from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon.

One of the world's great stories comes to the star who can make it live..."The Song of Songs"—the Love of Loves—blindly sought through tragic amours by a woman too feminine to grasp true happiness.

Paramount Pictures

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town!

REVIEWS —a tour of today's talkies

[• Recommended. • • Specially recommended. Brief reviews on page 78.]

- •• Berkeley Square
- • The Best of Enemies
- •• Captured
- • College Humor
- Disgraced
- Don't Bet on Love
- Flying Devils
- From Arizona to Broadway
- Gambling Ship
- • Goodbye Again
- • Her Bodyguard
- • Hold Your man
- •• I Loved You Wednesday
- •• Lady of the Night
- Man of the Forest
- Mary Stevens, M.D.
- •• No Marriage Ties
- •• The Power and the Glory
- The Rebel
- • Song of Songs
- • Storm at Daybreak
- •• Voltaire

THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox)

EXTRAORDINARILY fine. This picture could be recommended for its daring treatment alone. It could be recommended for the performance of Spencer Tracy. You shouldn't pass up an opportunity to see it for *any* reason!

The story is, briefly, the life history of a hated and muchly-feared railroad man. But the manner of telling the story is what you will remember. First, the death of the man . . . second, the life of the same man. With a series of exceptional "flashbacks," Director William K. Howard tells of the suicide of the man's first wife . . . his re-marriage . . . and the tale ends with the suicide of the man because his own son is having an affair with the second wife.

Spencer Tracy gives a performance that will mark him as one of the greatest actors on the talking screen. Colleen Moore is a little disappointing, but Ralph Morgan stands out. There will be a great deal of comment about this picture . . . so we advise you to be well posted. The little folks won't go for it, though.

VOLTAIRE (Warners)

VERY entertaining. George Arliss' last picture under the Warner banner is one of his best. The film has charm and enjoyable comedy . . . and Arliss' portrayal of the great writer of the eighteenth century is delightful and, as always, flawless. Although he remains the center of the picture, Reginald Owen's performance as King Louis XV is outstanding. Alan (*Continued on page 8*)

Warren William and Joan Blondell in "Goodbye Again." From the successful stage play, you know. And one of the most hilarious, crazy and delightfully insane comedies the screen has ever had.



Jean Harlow keeps her stockings lovely looking this way

Official in all the biq studios..

Wardrobe director of the M. G. M. Studio, Joe Rapf (shown making a personal check of Luxable costumes), says: "We have found a way to save on the costumes! By using Lux on all washable garments—heavy and sheer fabrics alike—the color is protected. Besides being safe, economical and quick, Lux restores the costume to its original state of newness and beauty."





"Yes, indeed, you can tell my girl 'fans' that I'm a fan for Lux," says this M. G. M. star now appearing in the glamorous all-star production, "Dinner at Eight."

Why don't **you** *follow her easy* **Lux** *method?*

"I'm awfully fussy about the way my stockings fit," says fascinating Jean Harlow. "That's why my maid has explicit instructions to wash them—and my underthings, too—with Lux. Never rub, never use ordinary soap or hot water. Stockings *do* look so much lovelier washed the Lux way—and they keep their beautiful *fit*."

***YOUR* STOCKINGS** can fit flatteringly, too, like Jean Harlow's, if you care for them the Hollywood way—with Lux! It's especially made to preserve the elasticity in stockings—that's the quality new stockings have that lets them stretch—then spring right back into shape. When elastic, they can stand sudden strains, too—aren't apt to break into runs so often.

With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing, no harmful alkali such as ordinary soaps often have to weaken elasticity, fade color. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

LUX

TRUST TO LUX

(*Continued from page 6*)
Mowbray as Counte de Sarnac, the King's right hand man, also does some fine work. Doris Kenyon is lovely as Madame Pompadour and Margaret Lindsay is adequate in a small rôle. A thoroughly entertaining picture for the whole family.

BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox)

TRIUMPH. Hollywood agrees that this will be considered one of the ten best pictures of 1933. Hollywood also admits that Leslie Howard *is* "Berkeley Square" . . . and that without him it would be a hodge-podge, indeed.

'Tis a tough story . . . this idea of having the hero step from the twentieth century to the eighteenth, but Howard carries the audience with him perfectly. The idea is briefly this: A young man is consumed with the idea of living in "the jolly past," getting his inspiration from a room hung with pictures of his famous forebears. Suddenly his wish is granted. Of course he takes his twentieth century language and customs with him . . . and the results will give you some real laughs. One little item will suffice: They didn't have bath-tubs in those days.

Heather Angel, in a very difficult rôle, does very well . . . as do Valerie Taylor and Irene Brown. You'll have to see this one to appreciate Leslie Howard's true artistry. The kids will neither understand nor enjoy it.

NO MARRIAGE TIES (RKO)

SWELL. If you want speed, laughs, and some of the swellest lines ever to reach the screen, this is your best bet. Richard Dix is another swaggering, but perfectly likeable character (did you see him in "The Great Jasper"?) as the ad man whose slogans are catchy, but not always honest. He meets Elizabeth Allan, a struggling artist, in a speakeasy . . . and it's a friendly relationship with no ties. A pretty client (Doris Kenyon) *almost* leads him to the altar . . .





(Above) Elissa Landi and Victor Jory in "I Loved You Wednesday." Very sophisticated—and quite good. (Below) Jean Harlow and Clark Gable will thrill you—make you cry—and make you laugh—in "Hold Your Man."

(Above) Bing Crosby, of the crooning Crosbys, Lona Andre and Richard Arlen. Wouldn't you like to see Crosby as a professor? Oakie is in it, too.

LADY OF THE NIGHT (M-G-M)

GOOD drammer. This one is particularly noteworthy because of Loretta Young's super-swell performance. She is really something to rave about as the gal who seems to be a target for all the tough breaks in life. She experiences poverty, death, reform school, jail—and when a gangster (Ricardo Cortez) offers his apartment, she experiences that, too. Franchot Tone, a young attorney, captures her heart, and it's real love for the first time. To save him, she kills a man . . . there's a trial . . . and a happy ending.

It's an engrossing yarn, and although Cortez and the rest of the cast, including Una Merkel, give excellent performances, Loretta remains the shining star of this film. See it, but better leave the kiddies at home.



GOODBYE AGAIN (Warners)

TERRIBLY funny. One of the funniest, craziest, goofiest and most infectious comedies to hit the screen in many a day. Largely responsible for the laughs is Hugh Herbert, who is so funny and so foolish that you'll hold your sides from the agony of an overdose of laughter. He is the rather insignificant husband of Genevieve Tobin, whose weakness is the brilliant author (Warren William). She believes she is his inspiration and refuses to be convinced otherwise. Joan Blondell is William's secretary.

Not a pretentious pix, but mighty swell entertainment, with one humorous situation following another in rapid succession and witty lines galore! The Misses Tobin and Blondell do creditably. (*Continued on page 92*)

You can't go wrong if you say "Let's go Tonight to see one of these great WARNER BROS. PICTURES"



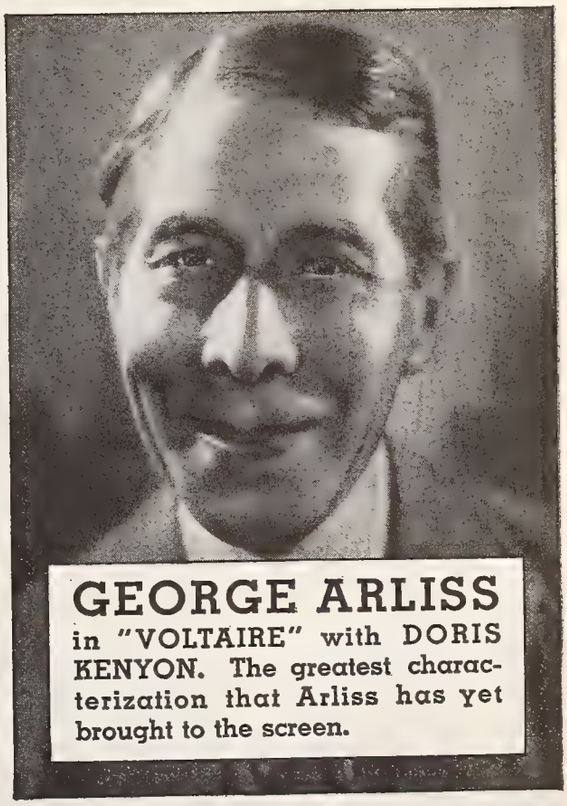
"CAPTURED!"
with LESLIE HOWARD. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas. A dramatic surprise you will never forget!



"MARY STEVENS, M.D."
with KAY FRANCIS . . . LYLE TALBOT . . . GLENDA FARRELL. The passionate pilgrimage of a woman doctor . . .



"GOODBYE AGAIN"
B'way's sensational stage success with Joan Blondell, Warren William, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford, Hugh Herbert.



GEORGE ARLISS
in "VOLTAIRE" with DORIS KENYON. The greatest characterization that Arliss has yet brought to the screen.

AND WATCH FOR **EDWARD G. ROBINSON**, KAY FRANCIS, GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN **"I LOVED A WOMAN"**

"HOW MUCH?" "WHEN?" "WHAT KIND?" "HOW?" FAMILIAR BEAUTY QUESTIONS! THIS DEPARTMENT ANSWERS THEM



Leila Hyams—quiet, gentle and dignified—knows the value of good judgment and moderation in beauty problems.

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

THE things you tell us are all very well," someone wrote to me the other day, "but you don't tell *enough*. How much . . . when . . . to what degree? These are the things we want to know. For instance: I have been using oil on my hair to cure dandruff. I have kept up the treatments, faithfully, for a considerable time. But I still have dandruff. And my hair is very oily and unpleasant looking most of the time. Something must be wrong. I know the fault is my own—I don't do it properly, or I overdo it, or I omit some important part of the treatment. But I don't know just *what!* Can't you be more definite about things?"

Well, I'll consider myself bawled out. I'll try to be more explicit about things. Starting right now—in this month's article. But before I begin, let me offer one blanket suggestion: for goodness sakes, use your common sense! If you read here some advice that sounds appropriate for your needs—and try it—and it doesn't work out—well, then, for pete's sake, try to adapt to your own needs that *part* of the advice which you can profitably use.

People have actually asked me how much cold cream to use to cleanse one's face! I'll refrain from sarcastic comments and tell you how I clean *my* skin which is a fairly typical sort of skin. You know, a tendency to oiliness down the middle of the forehead, over the nose and on the chin, and drier on the cheeks and neck. I use cold cream—not cleansing cream—since my skin isn't particularly oily all over. I slather on a goodly quantity first with my fingertips. A very light touch for the first application, because one doesn't wish to grind in the day's accumulation of dirt with the cream. Then I remove that application with tissues. Use plenty of tissues. They're cheap. Don't neglect the neck—front and back. Now apply cream a second time. Take a little more time over this application. Sort of mess around with it. Slap under your chin with the backs of your hands. Tap lightly but firmly with the cushions of your fingers on the fleshy part of your face. Smooth around the eyes very, very gently with your fingertips. Iron out any incipient wrinkles in your forehead. By this time, your skin should begin to have a tingly sensation. You should have color in your cheeks. After a few minutes, remove all excess cream.

WHAT you do after a cream cleansing depends entirely on your personal preferences and the needs of your particular type of skin. I like to wash my face with bland soap and warm water. This is good for skins which are not excessively dry. Use your hands to work up a lather. Rinse plentifully. Warm water first. Then cooler. Finally, have the water very cold.

Excessively oily skins may use the soap and water method, or, better, a brisk slapping with cotton soaked in astringent. (It's nice to keep your bottle of astringent in the ice box—when it's ice cold, it feels so grand.)

Excessively dry skins had better finish off with a little very mild tonic—witch hazel will do nicely. This takes away any possible greasy feeling that may be left. Some dry-skinned people prefer to let it go at two cream cleansings. That's quite all right if you are careful to remove every last trace of the cream. If you make use of a tonic, you should put a little tissue (*Continued on page 96*)



ANN LEAF



PHIL COOK



CRUMIT AND SANDERSON



THE GOLDBERGS



STOOPNAGLE AND BUD



BERT LAHR



ARTHUR TRACY

THE THINGS THEY'D RATHER *FORGET*

Behind the laughter and nonsense of Stoopnagle and Budd . . . what sad memories linger? Behind the melodic jollity of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, what bitter thoughts? What are the things Bert Lahr would rather forget? And the mother of "The Goldbergs"?

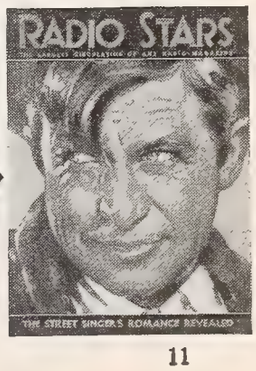
RADIO STARS asked them—and they replied, with stories and experiences that will make them your friends more than ever, which is RADIO STARS' purpose—to make your radio favorites actually live for you. RADIO STARS is the forth dimension of radio—the fascinating reporter of the air. Try it this month, and see for yourself how much more entertainment you'll get out of your radio set hereafter!

The September issue, now on sale, includes in addition to "The Things They Would Like to Forget," "The Romance of the Street Singer" (which reads almost like fiction), and interesting slants on Jeannie Lang, Little Jack Little, "Sherlock Holmes"—and many many others.

RADIO STARS

The Fascinating Magazine of Radio Personalities

September issue • 10 cents • on sale now





GET WELL SOON, CLARK GABLE!

Retakes on "Hold Your Man" with Jean Harlow, when he was in desperate pain, only aggravated his condition.

By WALTER RAMSEY

CLARK GABLE is very, very ill.

This is not an alarmist story.

MODERN SCREEN is not prophesying that "Clark Gable will never make another picture!" We have, however, investigated in a very careful way, his present and probable future physical condition—and the truth is:

It may be months and not "a few weeks—" as Hollywood is predicting—before Clark Gable will be able to face the cameras again.

There were many in the film colony who were quick to say, "Gable is leaving the cast of Joan Crawford's 'Dancing Lady' because he doesn't like his rôle. That business about being 'sick' is just a stall!" But it wasn't a stall! Clark Gable isn't bluffing—not *this* time. He is still dangerously ill at the moment this is being written.

On page fourteen is a feature that asks you a question: Would you like to see Clark Gable as Mae West's screen lover? It's an idea that MODERN SCREEN is sure would please the fans and—well, the question is put up to you all to answer. This severe illness of his makes all the more interesting the question, "What will he do when he returns to the studios?"

Those who saw him hobble about the M-G-M lot a few days ago, in a painful effort to say good-by for a long vacational recuperation, were all too well aware of his condition. The trouble, which at first attacked his back, has now spread to his legs and leaves him almost paralyzed.

It all started on a recent hunting expedition in the High Sierras. As you all know, Gable is a great lover of outdoor sports. Every moment he is free from the studio, he plans an outing trip, either hunting or fishing. Generally, these little vacations have turned into parties, with sometimes Wally Beery and his wife, Dr. Franklin Thorpe and his wife, Mary Astor, and many others going along with Clark and Mrs. Gable.

But on this particular expedition, Clark and Dr. Thorpe decided to go alone.

CLARK has often said to me, "Sometime, I'm going on one of these hunting jaunts with just a pal—with no women to tell us to 'be careful, to keep away from deep gullies and steep cliffs, to keep our socks dry'—and generally treat us as if we were a couple of small kids on a lark." This, then, was to be the great chance—just Clark and the doctor alone.

It was great stuff, the first few days. No one to remind them to do this and that, no one to watch them. They had quite a lark just doing the things they had always wanted to do—get up when they got ready, stay out hunting as far into the night as they cared to, and to the devil with the "dry socks" and all the other feminine last words!

One day, after a particularly hectic hunt, they returned to their camp dead tired. They had waded across streams and were steaming with perspiration—and they were tired. So tired, in fact, (*Continued on page 92*)

Gable, dangerously ill, cannot—must not—work for some months

HOLLYWOOD'S SADDEST DIVORCE



. . . It has come! The break-up between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. A sorrowful—but inevitable—conclusion to thirteen happy years



Wide World

Mary has tried to smile—but there were tears behind that smile. She has tried to deny—but her denials carried no conviction. So at last, she tells the truth. (Right) Last Christmas, when Doug returned from his world tour, Mary and Doug, Jr., met him in Hollywood. How different it was that later time when Doug came back!

By CARTER BRUCE

SOMETHING that can never be replaced—something fine and strong—has passed from Hollywood.

Pickfair, the royal home of the colony, the castle of Queen Mary and King Douglas, has been placed on the market for sale—and with it has gone the marriage that has meant so much to Hollywood.

True, Hollywood has produced sad stories, but to us, the passing of the great Pickford-Fairbanks romance, and all it stood for, is the saddest in the most famous divorce town in the world. Mary, Doug and famed Pickfair are a legend to the rest of the world. The legend is falsified. The bitterness of reality has taken its place.

Hollywood has reluctantly suspected the true state of affairs for months. Doug's frequent jaunts around the world alone—his recent headquarters in London—Mary's sadly beautiful face; all these facts have contributed. But the legend persisted. The actual break wasn't possible to forecast until Doug's latest trip to Hollywood.

Upon his arrival then, he went immediately to play golf rather than greet Mary at Pickfair! So hurt was Mary at this slight, she took the next train to New York. A chastened Douglas followed by airplane to overtake his broken-hearted wife. This might have brought lasting reconciliation, if Doug had remained home, but he returned to London.

From there came the usual reports of his name linked with that of a rich and titled woman.

In Hollywood, Mary tried valiantly to smile away the gossip—but the smile had no heart behind it. At last the rupture could no longer be denied and Mary stated:

"Divorce from someone you love as dearly and tenderly as I have loved Douglas for sixteen years is an almost unbearable thought. I love my husband—but I can no longer refuse to face the facts behind his long absences."

Douglas may marry again and Mary may eventually find another happiness, but Pickfair (and all it has stood for) has passed into new and unknown hands.

Thus one of the real high spots of Hollywood's fame has crashed. The world has good cause to grieve.

Why not CLARK GABLE as

. . . What do you think of the idea? These two top-notch box office people in the same picture! Here is your chance to do your bit toward getting the sort of pictures you want. Read this story carefully—and obey directions!



THE other day a group of us were sitting in the editorial office of MODERN SCREEN, when suddenly one member of the staff began that old, old cry, "What's wrong with the movies?" Naturally, we all yelled back, "Nothing; they're swell!"

But that didn't hush him up. "What I think," he persisted, "is that the people who go to the movies night after night—the fans, I mean—don't have enough to say about the type of movies they like. Suppose that everyone of us here in this office could turn movie executive for ten minutes. What would we do?" He looked across the office at a girl. "What would you do if you were a movie executive?"

She didn't wait a minute to answer. "I'll tell you what I'd do," she said. "I'd have Clark Gable and Mae West play together in the same picture."

"Terrible idea," somebody shouted. "Mae West represents the Gay Nineties and Clark Gable is as modern as next summer's hat."

"It's a swell idea," somebody else put in. "Why, those two were made to co-star. They're the two most vital people on the screen."

"But they're working for different studios," the office wet-blanket put in.

"That doesn't matter," we all yelled. "Studios are always loaning stars. They trade back and forth."

I'm telling you that we all sat there for one solid hour talking about this grand subject and then somebody had the best hunch of all. "Why don't we put it up to our readers? After all, they are the fans, they are the people who go to see the movies. They know what they want—and what they don't want."

And that's how a swell idea was born.

Not for today or tomorrow, of course not. That's out of the question, for those mean old Hollywood medical men are shaking their heads over Clark just now. They're saying he must take a prolonged vacation. (Read the story on page 12, if you haven't already done so, and you'll know why.)

But when he comes back . . . say, wouldn't he and Mae be the team to set the country on its ear? Provided, of course, Mae hasn't been taken in tow by those same medical wise-guys. She's at the top of the ladder today, you must admit, which means her bosses may try to capitalize her popularity. They may try to work her as they have other box office bets.

But they won't succeed.

Want to know why? Because Mae is an old hand at this dizzy business of entertaining the public. She's no super-ambitious chit out of a finishing school with nothing on her mind but getting her picture in the magazines. She's that freak in the show business, an actress who is also a business woman.

You can't imagine her as a business woman, can you? But she is. New York learned it when she took her different shows through an amazing lot of ups-and-downs that would have floored the great Flo Ziegfeld himself, until the theatrical sharks with whom she did business learned they couldn't deal off the bottom when they played in a game with Mae.

So she isn't going to work—unless the picture is suited to her. Her present contract, unless our keyhole peepers are wrong, takes her from picture to picture at her own leisurely speed. And Mae's speed, as you well know, is what she chooses to make it.

Now some more about this idea of ours. We've decided

MAE WEST'S screen lover?



there are a lot of people in this world who might be happier if the bottom of their pocketbooks didn't show through the long green so often. So-o-o-o-o-o, out of the kindness of our hearts, we intend to make it worth your while to vote for this Gable-West idea.

SOMEWHERE hereabouts you'll find all the glittery details, details that instruct you in the art of winning prizes for relieving your mind. Ladies and gentlemen, how *can* you lose?

And now, if you're still with us, what can you do with that money? Don't be silly, of course there's *something* you can buy. How about that lovely pair of pajamas you swooned over on High Street last week, or that ship-shape bridge lamp you didn't get as a prize at the club?

CONTEST RULES

1. First prize will be $50.00; second, $25.00; and five third prizes of $5.00 each.
2. Contestant may submit as many entries as he chooses. The ballot below may be used, or a replica of it.
3. Contestant shall vote "yes" or "no" to the question "Would you like to see Clark Gable and Mae West together in a picture?" In addition, they shall give their reason for or against in twenty or fewer words.
4. No employees of Modern Screen or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.
5. In case of ties for any prize, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Send all entries to Contest Editor, Modern Screen Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City before midnight, Sept. 15, 1933.

If you like the scheme, say so. If you don't, say so. On paper, of course. If you give us your reason for or against it in twenty words or less, you've got a chance to win any one of seven different awards. The best reasons why you would *or* would not like to see Clark Gable and Mae West together in a picture will win the prizes. The first prize is $50.00. Second prize is $25.00. And the next five entries picked by the judges will receive $5.00 each.

For your convenience we've printed a tidy little ballot at the bottom of this page. Use it, if you wish, or send us your vote and reason on your own stationery.

Get your vote in early. It must be mailed before midnight, September 15, 1933. And remember, the best reasons win the prizes. Prizes announced in our December issue.

I { would / would not } like to see Clark Gable and Mae West together in a picture.

....
Name Address City and State

Reason (20 words or less).....

.....

.....

BLASTING THE



DIETRICH MYTH

Her fame has cheated you out of knowing the real, lovable Marlene!

By PETRA CUMMINGS

IT was a certain gentleman—we'll call him Mr. B.—who told me so much that has never before been printed about Dietrich, the screen's fallen angel with the divine legs. And after he had told me these truths, he looked at me quizzically and said:

"Your readers won't want to read what I have to say about Marlene. I'm sure they're much happier hanging on to those exciting, if slightly distorted, opinions, they've picked up about her in their magazine reading. Do you actually believe that they'll thank you for telling them that all those purple-spotted romances with Von Sternberg, Chevalier, Francis Lederer, or Brian Aherne, which are feverishly reported from time to time by enterprising Hollywood journalists, are groundless? That they are more apt to be creations of the journalists' sun-stroked imaginations than the ungilded truth?

"Let me give you an example of the situation as it really stands. When Rudolph Sieber, Marlene's husband, was last in America to pay her a visit, Marlene hurried east to meet him. While here, they both stayed at our home in Larchmont. One day we were calling on a famous American theatrical producer and his wife. Marlene was in marvelous spirits, for her husband had just given her a stunning emerald ring, which she was proudly exhibiting to everyone who came into the room.

"The producer, an unpleasantly jealous husband, was even then openly discussing his plan to start divorce proceedings against his own wife, one of New York's most beautiful and charming former show girls. His outrageous suspicions and unfeeling treatment of her were making juicy gossip for Broadwayites.

"Jokingly, but with malicious intent, this jealous husband suggested that he wouldn't be so anxious to give his wife expensive gifts in view of the intriguing stories of her devastating influence on men. He was referring, of course, to the tales of Marlene's conquests in Hollywood. 'Are you such an innocent,' he demanded of Sieber brutally, 'or are you above being affected by rumors?'

"Turning on him quietly, Sieber responded, 'I would be a fool to be jealous. Marlene and I are in love, and we understand one another perfectly. If we didn't, our marriage couldn't continue. But Marlene is an international star and that means that she will inevitably be talked about. And that means also that we are forced to be apart a good portion of the year. Of course she has friendships with other men—why shouldn't she? But they have nothing to do with our relationship and never will. We trust one another, and there are no poisonous doubts in our marriage!'



Wide World

With little Maria—a picture taken in Berlin. How could this wholesome, talented youngster thrive in the atmosphere with which her mother is supposed to surround herself?

SO you see, my lady," continued my informant in a deprecating voice, "there's no imminent scandal in that marriage. And my wife and I have had many other signs of the secure quality of that relationship. For we know Marlene intimately, and she hides nothing from us. She's admittedly, ardently, and perhaps permanently in love with Rudolph!"

Mr. B. raised a warning finger. "You still have time to ask me to stop before I blast any more illusions about Marlene. The other things I can tell you about her will contradict your preconceptions, and those of your readers, just as forcefully as the down-to-earth facts about her marriage." He was grinning at me now.

"Really, my dear," he said, "you're making a mistake to disillusion them! Think—you are about to destroy that glamorous dream picture of Marlene as the strange siren of a thousand unpredictable moods—the beautiful puppet who, they've been led to believe, can only be brought completely to life through the hypnotic influence of Von Sternberg. Don't you think they'd much rather go on believing in that Trilby-Svengali myth, whether they approve of it or not?"

But I didn't agree with him. I believe that the revelations of Marlene's character, as they were given to me in various conversations with those who knew her so well and who are yet so removed from the whole motion-picture atmosphere, will illuminate her personality for you.

NOW, another gentleman—a musician of importance, who we'll call Mr. A.—lived with the Losch's, Marlene's family, in that cloudy past when she hadn't any ideas whatever about a film career. He remembers her as a plump, awkward, often dowdily dressed girl of seventeen or so. A typical daughter of one of the upper class families of the old (*Continued on page 89*)

"WILL YOU EVER FORGET HOW SWEET SHE WAS IN THAT SCENE?"





"THIS IS ONE PICTURE YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE."

"YOU *Must* SEE PILGRIMAGE"



"THE TAXICAB INCIDENT HAD ME ROARING."

The new season's biggest thrill . . . talked about by everyone who's seen it . . . and you'll rave too. "PILGRIMAGE" . . . burning story of three great loves . . . a picture too big for words to describe. Be sure you see it . . . so ask your theatre manager now when he plans to show it. "PILGRIMAGE". . . triumph of Fox Films, new leader in Motion Picture Entertainment.

FOX



"MY DEAR! I THOUGHT I WAS HARD-BOILED BUT—



"WE JUST SAW 'PILGRIMAGE' . . . DON'T MISS IT!"



Portraits

Loretta Young's career as a free lance player is on. Having completed "Midnight Mary" for M-G-M, Loretta is considering a tempting invitation to make a film abroad. Or she may do a picture for Twentieth Century Productions. Sister Sally Blane reports that social activities across the Big Pond are humming.

MADGE EVANS

WARREN WILLIAM

WARNER BAXTER

Madge Evans is one of the busiest girls in pictures. Recently she was called back from a San Francisco vacation because the studio wanted her for a picture—"Bride of the Bayou," which follows "The March of Time." Madge dances exquisitely. She's still romancing with Tom Gallery, Zasu Pitts' ex. (Opposite page, left) Warren William has just finished "Goodbye Again" with Joan Blondell. He is working in "Lady for a Day" at Columbia—they've borrowed him from Warners. He chartered a thirty-foot sailboat for the summer. Called it "Common Sense." He and Mrs. W. live on the highest hill in the Los Feliz district. (Opposite page, right) Warner Baxter, after "I Loved You Wednesday," did the leading male role in "Paddy" with Janet Gaynor. His next is "The Tale of Two Cities"—and his chance to do this fulfills a life-long ambition. He's planning a home in Bel Air.



Photograph by
Clarence Sinclair Bull



Photograph by John Ellis



Photograph by Otto Dyar





Photograph by Jack Freulich

Ginger Rogers can rattle off Pig Latin faster and more proficiently than anyone you ever saw. She's still going places with Lew Ayres. And the "places" include all the late spots of Hollywood. You will see both of them in "Don't Bet on Love." Ginger has completed "Professional Sweetheart" in which she plays a radio star who is ballyhooed as America's Purity Girl—and is expected to live up to the title. Her next film is "Rafter Romance."



Katharine Hepburn still has the largest collection of insane hats in Hollywood. They're even insaner than Lil Tashman's—and just as smart. No other woman could wear 'em. They say Katie is simply magnificent in "Morning Glory." Her next will be "Little Women" in which she will, of course, play Jo. Katie has suddenly discovered tennis and goes at it with characteristic vigor. She still stops in the middle of the road in front of the studio to read her fan mail.







Culver Service

(Left) Barbara and Donald Cook in "Baby Face." (Right) With her husband, Frank Fay.

GIVE US BACK BARBARA

By JIM TULLY

A HEARTFELT PLEA BY ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S FINEST WRITERS

WHEN the ancient Psalmist wrote that God made men and women a little lower than the angels, he surely had the loyalty of the latter in mind. But even so, some women can be as loyal as the angels. Witness Barbara Stanwyck's loyalty to her husband, to his detriment, and her own.

We have at present the spectacle of this greatly gifted actress abandoning her career in Hollywood to travel about the nation with her husband in a second-rate musical comedy. We also note in the advertising, that her husband's name is placed on a level with, sometimes even above, her own. To one who knows the envies and jealousies of the theatrical profession, the loyalty of woman can go no further.

Frank Fay, Barbara's husband, is a highly intelligent and versatile actor. He lacks, however, that great fundamental, without which no player can long remain in the front rank—*emotion*. Without this quality there would have been no Bernhardt, no Duse, no Stanwyck. It is the cement which holds all hearts together, the language which can be understood in all weathers and all climes.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay have long been my friends. But there are times when friends must face one another honestly and say what is in their souls.

Frank Fay owes a tremendous debt to life. It has given him a numerous following. He holds the world's record of fourteen weeks continuous playing at the Palace Theatre in New York. No vaudevillian has ever surpassed this achievement.

But, I say this kindly and without malice . . . the man of great talent married a woman of genius. For the little Brooklyn orphan that was Ruby Stevens is destined to go

to far and beautiful places in the land of the emotions where few others find their way.

She is by far the greatest American actress ever to appear on the screen—and—given equal parts with Garbo—and *proper understanding*—she will surpass the Swede. Unlike most actresses in Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck is a bud that has never quite been allowed to burst into full bloom. A child from the streets of Brooklyn, she is as much at home in a palace as Emily Post. Her nonchalance and poise might be offshoots of long generations of culture and breeding.

With the exception of Garbo, this girl's nearest rivals in Hollywood are quite synthetic—the pale ghosts of beautiful and shallow women walking without feeling through rôles as synthetic as themselves.

Old Doctor Johnson long ago said that Oliver Goldsmith touched nothing he did not adorn. The same can be said of Barbara Stanwyck. She has exalted, for at least a moment or two, the very tawdriest rôle she has ever played on the screen.

America, of the emotions, is a barren land. Its finest artists are cramped to make moronic holidays. One is tempted to ask Sam Goldwyn why he does not "borrow" Barbara Stanwyck from Warner Brothers, at any sum they name, and place her in the leading rôle of Zola's "Nana." He would thus immortalize himself in screen history as the man who made it possible for one of the world's few great film actresses to come into her own.



Culver Service

Hollywood smiles at Barbara's loyalty to Frank —smiles without understanding. Here you see them backstage at "Tattle Tales," their New York show. In the billing Frank's name was first.

Frank Fay should send his wife back to Hollywood, and be content that she remain there. Though she may believe that wherever he goes she must go, her husband has a greater duty to fulfill. He is robbing the screen and its millions of devotees of that which is rare indeed—a great actress.

There are those who might disagree with me—who feel that a woman's first duty is to her husband, and that her career comes second. I hold that a great gift should be shared with millions instead of one . . . that the eagle should roam in the far azure, and allow birds of weaker wing to fly above the meadows.

Hollywood, which too often admires the superficial, has smiled at Barbara's loyalty—without understanding. She is a one-man woman in a five-man town.

A KNOWLEDGE of the forces which formed Barbara will do much to explain her position as a wife and actress. Like all supremely great emotional actresses, she was early imbued with suffering.

Starved for affection during her girlhood, she lavished her whole heart on her wandering and often inebriated bricklayer father. Later on, she transferred this tremendous affection to the man she married.

There is perhaps no tale in all the annals of human tragedy more pathetic than Barbara's. Her mother, soon to bear another child, was pushed from a street car in Brooklyn by a drunken stranger. Her mother died. The stranger was never found.

Four little children, and a more or less shiftless father were left behind to face the years unaided and alone.

The father, in desperation, went to the Panama Canal, to work as a bricklayer. The four children lived wherever they could. Barbara for a time, stayed at a home which also housed a young maniac. The scar which he inflicted upon her with a knife can still be seen. Her two older sisters, as if a Hand were guiding them, taught Barbara to dance and act. They, too, are long since dead of tuberculosis, but not before they taught their brilliant young sister the fundamentals of the majestic career she was to make.

At thirteen, Barbara worked in a telephone office. The boss spoke rudely to her, and Barbara promptly told him to go to some land that is hotter than Alabama in August. Just when she thought she was fired, the man gave her a raise.

When a half dozen years went by and the four children had been passed about Brooklyn as barren as a contribution box, the father wrote a letter from Panama. He was returning to America—to establish a home for them.

Only those who know the agonies of a homeless childhood can ever quite deeply feel how happy the children were. For weeks they planned and dreamed. Their father was coming home. There was a younger brother, and the three girls pinched their ever scarce pennies to dress him as something proud for their father to look upon.

EARLY at the dock, the ship still miles at sea, the patient and pathetic children waited. Barbara, the ever maternal, held her brother's hand. Since the beginning of time, no childish hearts beat faster.

As the passengers left the ship, the four children huddled together, and peered into the mass of faces.

Finally the Captain approached them, "Children," he said, "your father died, and was buried at sea!"

With but little education, and hardship too long endured to record here, the little Irish girl that was Ruby Stevens, learned to be a typist. On this one thing the whole course of her life was to swing. Going to a music company, that had advertised for a typist, she was told that the company was putting on a show. Instead of getting work as a typist, she went into the chorus.

Later she took the last name of a forgotten English actor from a theatre program. Henceforth she was Barbara Stanwyck.

Appearing in Night Clubs as an entertainer, then, as the years passed, in melodramas such as "The Noose" and "Burlesque," she achieved an ephemeral New York fame. Then she met and married Frank Fay.

They reached Hollywood together. He was then the big shot. To his everlasting credit, he tried hard to induce the producers to give his wife the chance he thought she deserved. He even offered to pay her weekly salary, of more than a thousand dollars, without her knowing it.

At last, Barbara got her chance.

Fay's particular talents, though excellent, were perhaps too sophisticated for the screen. He returned to the stage, and took his genius wife with him.

But surely now he will encourage her to return to the films. They are sadly in need of her.

There is a niche which she alone can fill.

Barbara—return to Hollywood. Frank will understand.

COME TO THE COCOANUT GROVE





All these pictures are by Scotty, MODERN SCREEN'S exclusive cameraman. He took them on the opening night of orchestra leader Abe Lyman's return to Cocoanut Grove. (Above) The crowd, dancing to Lyman's music. (Left) Eddie Cantor with Lyman. (Right) Harold Rosson, Jean Harlow, Irene Jones and Johnnie Weissmuller. What, no romances? (Below, left) Harold Lloyd and the missus, greeting Lyman. (Below, right) Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, Bob Abbott of the Boston textile Abbotts (he's Joan's Boston boy friend) and Helen Hayes.









Behind the scenes on "Hold Your Man." Clark: "We had dinner with Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur last night. Swell people." Jean: "Yes, grand! . . . Hot, isn't it?"



During a nerve-frazzling scene for "The Narrow Corner." Patricia: "I think you're a very conceited young man." Doug, Jr.: "Well, do you know what you are? A fresh little brat, that's what!"

DON'T LET MOVIE LOVE SCENES FOOL YOU

THE final fade-out—a sizzling hot movie clinch—has ended. The boy and the girl, holding hands in a back row a moment ago, leave the theatre, where, for an hour or so, they have been held in a dream of romance and glamor.

They stroll out into the glare of the brightly lit lobby—and they look at each other. In the darkened movie house they had been in another world. Here, it is different.

He looks at her. She's rather pretty, yes, but just an ordinary girl, after all, in an ordinary sports dress. Not smart. Not glamorous. Quickly his mind races back to the picture they have just seen and he thinks, "If *you* were only like Joan Crawford. . . . And I guess I'm expected to make love to you. After that picture! . . ."

But don't imagine that he's doing all the thinking. She looks at him and sees, not the hero of her dreams, but her own boy-friend she's known for ever so long. She's used to him. She thinks, suddenly, how ordinary he is and inaudibly she sighs to herself, "Oh, if he could only make love like Clark Gable!"



The director of "Morning Glory" is probably saying, "Mr. Menjou, could you hold Miss Hepburn a little more toward the camera? . . , There—that's O. K. Shoot!"



"Mary Stevens, M. D." as portrayed by Kay Francis, is doubtless wondering fondly about husband Kenneth MacKenna, while being made screen love to by Lyle Talbot.

Have you ever had this happen to you? Think back to last night's movie. Be honest with yourself. Don't you know just how this couple I've just described feel?

I know that thousands of young men and women throughout the country grow dissatisfied with their sweethearts after seeing ardent screen moments enacted on the silver sheet and wish with all their hearts that they could for a moment at least know that exciting, glamorous love the camera records. For certainly, after witnessing Gable crush the leading lady to his manly breast with the suave and sure technique for which he is noted, the kisses of the boy friend seem amateurish. When *he* tries that big sweep-'em-off-their-feet stuff the kiss is very apt to land somewhere in the vicinity of the tip of the nose.

It looks so easy on the screen. But don't let it fool you. Instead of pining for Gable, be thankful for your own boy friend for, if he had as many rehearsals as Gable he'd probably do quite as well in intimate moments.

By KATHERINE ALBERT

I'M going to tell you the inside story of film love-making, and when I'm through I'll bet you won't think the boy friend—or girl friend—is so bad.

I watched Katharine Hepburn and Adolphe Menjou do those big moments in "Morning Glory." Adolphe is an old hand at sophisticated screen love-making, but in order to hold Katharine just right and give just the correct angles to the camera, they rehearsed six times. Who couldn't be good with that many tries?

No, there's not much glamor in screen love-making while it's being done. You see it in the theatre and think it's pretty swell, but to the actors it's all in a day's work.

For instance, you will probably thrill at the tender moments between Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Patricia Ellis in "The Narrow Corner." If I tell you a secret, will you promise not to let anybody know I told you? Those two actually disliked each other all during the making of their picture. (At least *your* boy friend is



Myrna Loy, playing in "Night Flight", with William Gargan, is expected to be just as professionally ardent as she was in Novarro's "The Barbarian." And Myrna's said to be in love with Ramon!



"Hold Miss Hopkins a little tighter, Mr. Tone," calls King Vidor, director of "Stranger's Return." And Vidor is crazy about Miriam. And Franchot is thataway about Joan Crawford.

sincere.) But you should have heard Patricia and Doug sounding off about each other! I'll admit the situation was trying. The company went to Catalina on location, but the wind howled so incessantly that production was held up. And nothing can make actors more cross. For hours they sat around waiting for the weather to calm down so they could make love to each other.

Patricia thought Doug was conceited—and told him so. Doug thought Pat was a fresh brat—and told her so. It was neither real nor lasting dislike, mind you, just actors' nerves. And such clashes of temperament happen every day in Hollywood.

Now here's another situation. In "Stranger's Return," Franchot Tone makes violent love to Miriam Hopkins while the action is being directed by King Vidor. But here's the angle on that one: King shows Franchot just how to hold Miriam in his arms, yet King is in love with Miriam and takes her to most of the smart parties in the evening when the day's work is done. And Franchot is, as you know, rather that way about Joan Crawford.

Speaking of Joan, I'll tell you a funny one that happened to her. A lad named Lester Vail was her leading man in "Dance, Fools, Dance." The director introduced them.

"Miss Crawford, may I present Mr. Vail?" he said.

THEY smiled, shook hands quite formally, and murmured the usual things one murmurs after an introduction. Exactly two minutes later the camera was busily recording a hotter-than-hot love scene between these two!

I've told you how Pat Ellis and Doug, Jr., felt about each other. Going 'way back into film history, there is a marvelous incident concerning Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle. When these two co-starred they worked up a little nifty of a feud and battled through every foot of film. Love scenes? Oh, gosh! Aileen, just to annoy Lew, used to eat onions before every intimate episode. Can you imagine making convincing love to a girl who has just made her lunch on nice, fresh green onions? But convincing love Lew did make, because it was part of his job.

(*Continued on page 99*)

Meet Victor JORY

...Who is slated for stardom by Fox and, they say, is wanted as leading man by Garbo herself!

By WALTER RAMSEY

HE'S the only actor I know who could possibly play the role of John the Baptist in "The Pilgrimage Play"—and rate as a light-weight champion.

He's the only actor I know who, by the remotest stretch of the imagination, could play both the charming, delicate leading role in "Berkeley Square" (made famous by Leslie Howard) and get rave notices the next season playing the fast-talking columnist in "Blessed Event" (made equally famous by Lee Tracy)!

He's the only actor I ever knew who lived in Pasadena and who "wouldn't live in Hollywood on a bet"!

Meet Victor Jory, a very likeable gentleman, and quite a handsome fellow, too, who generally does his clever histrionics at or near that huge studio out in the Fox Hills but, secretly, is being groomed for a jump to the Culver City factory where ('tis said) he will don a bit of make-up and emote opposite M-G-M's Garbo! The great Garbo, rumor hath it, has had her eye on Mr. Jory since her return.

Not bad! for a young fellow who only landed in these parts nine short months ago—after having had quite a struggle since his birth thirty years ago in Dawson, Alaska.

But let me say seriously: *(Continued on page 86)*



Victor Jory has no patience with this high-hat nonsense of being seen in the right place with the right person. He's very genuine, as you'll discover. (Right) With Loretta Young in "The Devil in Love."





Photographs by Scotty, Modern Screen's Exclusive Cameraman

The Vendome is owned and being run by Billie Wilkerson, who is also the owner of a Hollywood trade paper, the Hollywood Reporter. (Above) Jack La Rue, in English army dress uniform, Billie Wilkerson himself and Joan Bennett. (Above, right) Kenneth MacKenna being Scotch, it seemed only fit that he and his wife, Kay Francis, should come to the party in kilts. (Right) The old fashioned lady (except for her shoes) is Virginia Cherrill. The wooden soldier talking to her is Cary Grant—of course you know they're that way.

COSTUME PARTY . .









(Above) And let us introduce the hostess herself, the Countess Frasso—and her boy-friend—or is it ex?—little Gary Cooper, formerly of Helena, Montana. Whether they're still flaming or on the outs is not known—but anyway she invited him. (Above, left) Fredric March. Doesn't the telephone look funny in conjunction with those quaint clothes? (Left) Mildred Lloyd, the Countess de Frasso (she received the guests in this costume—just for a gag—changing later to the costume shown above) and Harold Lloyd.

. . . When the Vendome, the new Hollywood restaurant, opened, Countess Frasso gave a costume party for the stars. More than a good time was had by everybody

(Right) Fredric March, his wife, and George Cukor, director. Freddie had a grand time simulating the mannerisms and gestures of the Henry the Eighth period. Henry probably looked like that before he got old and fat.





(Left) A slightly corpulent but nevertheless smiling Billy Haines. With him is lovely Lilyan Tashman—gone brunette for the evening. (Below, left) Jack Oakie wore his customary white trousers and sweat shirt—bowing to the festive occasion by deigning to wear an old-fashioned hat. (Below, center) Gene Raymond looked most effective as a courtier of the Empire period. His natural platinum hair came in very handy, didn't it? That's Mrs, Jesse Lasky with him, Effective, isn't she? (Below, right) And gorgeous Fay Wray was simply fascinating as a Gay Nineties girl. Incidentally, the Vendome, where the party was held, promises to be one of the most popular of all Hollywood restaurants before long.







EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 2, NO. 6 HOLLYWOOD, AUGUST, 1933 NEWS SECTION

MARION DAVIES ELECTED TO FILM POST OF HONOR

Ronald Colman and Mary Pickford also Victorious

When the votes were counted, Marion Davies discovered herself to be the new president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund of America. Ronald Colman and Mary Pickford serve as the two vice presidents.

And now that the balloting is over, the newly-elected officers are about to start a campaign to make general the practice of contributing one-half of one per cent of the movie player's salary to the fund, which takes care of unfortunate Thespians.

Rumors of Divorce for Carole Lombard and Bill Powell!

People always wondered how long it would last—that marriage between Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. For a time, they seemed ideally happy. Then there came rumors of little rifts. "Aha!" said Hollywood, "I told you so!" Even then, the Powells managed to patch up their quarrels and get along well enough. Now, however, comes the news that Carole will spend her vacation in Reno.

Richard Dix and Wife Announce Separation

Richard Dix and his wife, the former Winifred Coe, married less than two years and recently the parents of a baby girl, have parted. The separation virtually took place last April, but they had agreed to keep it a secret until it became legal. Incompatibility was given as the reason.



Acme

GLORIA SWANSON AND HUSBAND MICHAEL FARMER ON THEIR WAY FROM PARIS TO AUTEUIL TO SEE THE TENNIS MATCHES



Acme

HOOT GIBSON, SHOWN HERE WITH JUNE GALE, SAID TO BE HIS LATEST FLAME. NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH AT THE LOS ANGELES AIR RACES

GIBSON CRASHES FROM AIRPLANE

Star of Westerns Narrowly Escapes With His Life

Hoot Gibson narrowly escaped death when his plane fell from an altitude of two hundred feet during a race with Ken Maynard at Los Angeles recently.

"Hooter," as the hero of Westerns is known to his pals, was hurled from the plane's cockpit and landed on his face. He is suffering from severe cuts and bruises.

Male Population Increases With Crop of New Babies

With the arrival of the Crosby and Gargan heirs, the population of Hollywood has become better balanced. Until recently the young ladies had it pretty much their own way, but that is fast being changed.

Gary Evans Crosby (called after Hollywood's Gary Cooper) is the name of the sturdy youth whose father is that famous crooner, Bing; while young Gargan is to be William, after dear old Dad.

Little Gary is trying out his crooning proclivities on the nurses at the hospital, and reports are that he's a "natural" when it comes to singing the blues in throaty, dulcet tones.

Flashes from Here and There

The death of Fatty Arbuckle in New York where he was making a come-back picture was a sad blow to the many who loved him.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., recently ill with pneumonia, will recoup in Switzerland.

Clara Bow is still struggling to lose weight for her next picture. She has seventeen pounds to go.

For the first time in eighteen years, Fredric March got together with his whole family—Bickel, his real name is, you know—in Racine, Wisconsin. Wife Florence Eldridge accompanied him.

John Barrymore, Dolores, Baby Dolores and Baby John have gone on a three months' cruise to Alaska in Big John's yacht, the Infanta.

MORE CONTRACT NEWS; SOME OLD FAVORITES RETURN

Gish Come-back; Chaplin to Make Another Silent

There is a very pleasant noise around Hollywood right now. It is the noise that fountain pens make when they're signing on the dotted line.

One of the dotted line-signers is none other than your old friend Lillian Gish. She is allied with RKO now and will make a picture in the near future.

Then that splendid actor, Paul Muni, has signed a five year contract with Warner Brothers. He will make not over two or three pictures yearly. The first will be "America Kneels," a sort of American "Cavalcade."

And here's a grand picture you can look forward to in the near future: Walter Winchell has sold to Twentieth Century Productions the story of his gossip-grabbing, keyhole-peering life. It will be made into a musical, with Winchell's peregrinations through the New York night clubs as a theme.

And—more good news—Charlie Chaplin is going to make another picture. It will be a silent, with sound synchronized in.

Mary Pickford has, temporarily at least, abandoned the screen and will join the ranks of producers. She has chosen a story called "War Horse" as the first of the Mary Pickford Productions. She is trying to get Gary Cooper for the lead.

Furthermore, here's news of that cute little precious, Baby Leroy. After "A Bedtime Story," Paramount got busy drawing up a contract for him.

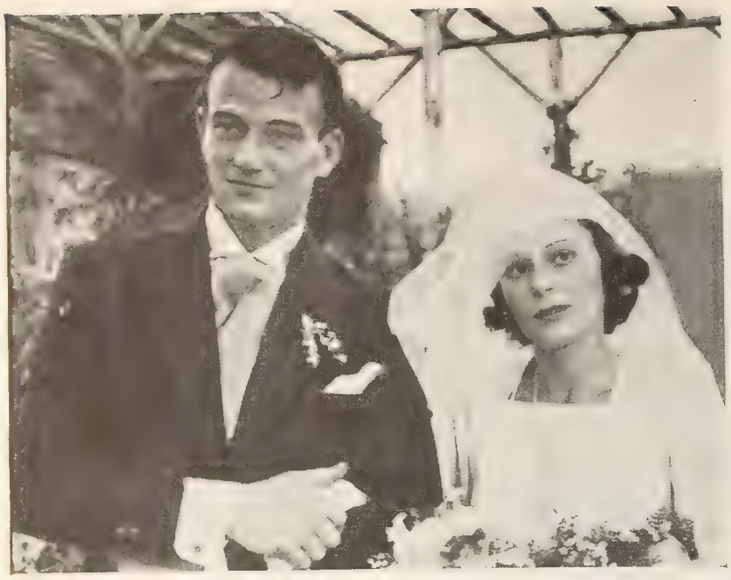
Twentieth Century has secured Connie Bennett under a long-term contract. Loretta Young, too. And negotiations are under way to sign Elissa Landi, Constance Cummings and possibly Clara Bow and Maurice Chevalier.



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NORMA SHEARER WAVING FROM THE TRAIN AT EUSTON STATION, LONDON, ON HER WAY TO FRIENDS IN GLENEAGLES, SCOTLAND

. . . What's this about La Gaynor? . . .
And La Bennett? . . . Joan telephones
Doug long distance . . . And other news



J. B. Scott

(Above) When that sturdy depicter of he-men, John Wayne, married Josephine Saenz, local society girl, in Hollywood recently, Loretta Young (right) was bridesmaid. Doesn't she look lovely?

What every fan should know . . . !



J. B. Scott

WEDDING BELLS FOR JANET?

THE so-called insiders have, for the past week or so, been telling Hollywood that the next big wedding to watch for would find none other than Janet Gaynor and Winnie Sheehan, head of Fox production activities, walking the straight 'n narrow aisle. However, those of us who have looked into the tip have come to the conclusion that, at least, the story is a bit premature.

Janet has about another six months or so (under the California law) to wait before her divorce from Lydell Peck will become "final." How then can these two be married "sometime in late summer"? That is, unless they resort to the protection of a Mexican wedding, which would not be recognized in California until the entire year had elapsed.

Those close to the couple are varied in their opinion. Some believe that there is a chance that the wedding will be performed "sometime in the future," while a greater proportion are quick to discount the rumors. It looks as though it might be anybody's guess—but if it does happen sooner than we anticipate, don't forget: you saw it in MODERN SCREEN first.

• Can you imagine Bing Crosby turning down four grand for one week at the local Paramount Theatre on a personal appearance idea . . . just



Acme

Left to right: Mrs. Wesley Ruggles (Arline Judge) with Master Charles Wesley Ruggles; Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston) with Richard Ralston Arlen; Mrs. Woody (Helen Twelvetrees) with Jack, Jr.



J. B. Scott

Our cameraman caught up with Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland at the Los Angeles Air Races and Connie doesn't look too pleased about it! Why is Gilbert wearing a wedding ring? Mystery!

so he could be within hailing distance when that important phone call came telling him that his wife, Dixie, was having that blessed event at last? There's a born father for you!

● No sooner had Doug Fairbanks, Jr., stepped off the boat, terminating his European vacation, than he was rushed to the Doctor's Hospital in New York City suffering with a bad case of pneumonia. One hour later his mother, Mrs. Jack Whiting, was at his bedside aiding the two nurses already in attendance.

When, a few hours later, Mrs. Whiting made the statement that "Joan Crawford had already put through three calls from California," the rumors started to fly. (1) Joan will drop everything and hurry to the bedside of her former husband. (2) This will serve to bring the estranged couple back together! However, close friends of Joan in Hollywood were busy refuting the stories. They said, in unison, "Joan will not rush to New York and this will have no effect whatever upon her decision to go through with her divorce."

The latest development in Doug's condition is to the effect that he has just about licked the old demon pneumonia, but the doctors still maintain that he must be very careful or a relapse might result.

● Boy, howdy! You should have seen the creation that Estelle Taylor wore to the opening of the stage play "Twentieth Century!" Did it stop the crowd? Listen: bright red-and-green plaid with mittens to match! The onlookers gave her quite a thrill with their cheering when she stepped from her car. And at each intermission she continued to steal the show. It was rather too much in the way of dazzle, but it got over in a big way.

GRETA'S SECRET STAIRWAY

The story to the effect that Greta Garbo has demanded, as a part of her new contract, that she have a private stairway to her dressing-rooms, has caused a great deal of squawking at M-G-M this past week. We have a slight hunch that when the studio carpenter gets finished with that little job he will, no doubt, be set to work immediately on several other private stairways.

The Great Garbo can have some things that other stars are refused—but *stairways?* A loud and unanimous "No!"

● When the studio had finished reading "I'm No Angel," written by Mae West for her next Paramount picture, they first covered their heads to hide the blushes (you know what caused them if you've ever read Mae's snappy brand of literature), and second, sent for two capable scenerio writers to work with Mae in preparing the story for the screen. We have a hunch that they are also instructed to "clean up" the yarn a bit for public consumption. Hot or cold, however, it goes into production soon. Will you be in line when it shows in your town?

JACKIE COOPER'S OPERATION

● You really should have been in the hospital room to fully appreciate the line that Jackie Cooper pulled when he went there a few days ago for a slight operation. The nurses explained that they must prepare him for the operation. Jackie turned to his new Daddy and said, "Why don't you have all these dames leave the room, Charlie, and let's you and me attend to these little details."

● Jawn Barrymore and family are doing big things up in Yosemite Valley. In spite of the fact that the road to the Big Trees was still closed on account of snow, The Profile, wife and kiddies chartered mules and rode in anyway. Jawn says he wants to sleep under one of those giant trees "just once."

● We were just about to take a bow for telling you, in advance of any other publication, that Sue Carol's next trip to the altar would be made with her current heartache, Ken Murray, when *this* had to happen: Sue is seen twice in the same week with Carl Laemmle, Jr. Now we don't know whether to take that bow or not, but if Sue and Ken go through (with our plans) we'll take it later.

● The other day, out at the Fox studio, a group of visiting Chinese delegates were watching Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter make scenes for "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." As usual, the group were anxious to meet La Gaynor, who, just at that moment, was relieved for an



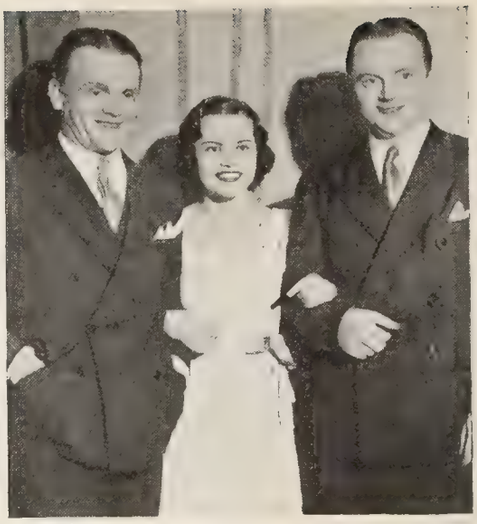
J. B. Scott

When Chester Morris' wife Sue Kilbourne, and the two youngsters, Brooks and Cynthia, returned from a vacation, Chet met them looking like that.



J. B. Scott

Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez at the opening of the play "Twentieth Century. The Weissmuller seems to be The Velez' permanent romance.



J. B. Scott

James Cagney and brother Bill Cagney with Gracie Murray, blues singer, at the Cocoanut Grove. Don't the two brothers look a great deal alike?

hour's rest. Some smart youngster from the company introduced them to Janet's double, and the delegates didn't know the difference. Honestly, she could fool anyone. The same hair, the same eyes, identical height and the same clothes. It was fun to watch the visitors beam and smile, though.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT CONNIE?

● Wonder what the Marquis will say when he returns from the South Seas to hear all the rumors that have been floating around town since his absence. Most of them concern his beautiful, blonde wife and her friendship for a certain tall, dark and handsome leading man. This same gentleman has been mixed up in the heart affairs of several other of our headline names. Wonder if he has a secret formula for his charm and all that stuff?

● The shadows have all disappeared. Durante is back in town! During his long string of stories about his New York experiences, Lee Tracy stopped him with, "Why, you sound just like O. Henry!" To which Jimmie yelled, "Wot? Do ya mean to tell me some other guy's been out here doing my stuff while I was in New York?"

● Did you know that the first passenger plane flown on regular schedule in the United States was owned by Charles Chaplin and his brother Sid? It was used on what was known as the Chaplin Air Line. This line was established on July 4, 1919, and extended over the twenty miles of Pacific Ocean which lie between San Pedro, California, and Catalina Island. The plane employed was powered by a single 150-horsepower engine and carried two passengers. The passengers were bundled up in rubber flying clothes to keep warm and dry. The fare for the one way trip was $25 or more than $1 per mile, as compared with the present rate of about six cents per air mile.

Arthur Burns, pilot of the Chaplin ship, is still in commercial aviation as pilot for one of the large air transport companies and now has over one million miles of flying to his credit.

● Paramount has a new idea for pictures. "Funny Page" . . . using all the famous characters from the Sunday paper cartoons. This will be great news to all the kids of the country, but there is one person who is even more overjoyed at the prospect. Charles Laughton, no less! "For years," said Charlie, "I've wanted to play the part of the captain in the Katzenjammer Kids. Now I am going to have the chance." What other actors, on the Paramount lot, do you want to see as some cartoon character: Tillie the Toiler, Boob McNutt, Andy Gump, and the rest?

P. S.: Send your suggestions to Paramount Studios.

● Stanley Smith, former Hollywood High School boy and erstwhile singer in Paramount musicals, has been hanging around Hollywood for months waiting for another break. About a month ago, he told us, "Well, I may as well go to New York and try the stage. There doesn't seem to be a chance for me around here." So he went, and as luck would have it, got a job for a Shubert show to start soon.

When Dick Powell got pneumonia, Warner Brothers were in a spot. A singer with looks was needed. Where was that young fellow Stanley Smith? A wire to New York took *three days* to reach him. At last he got the message. What to do? He finally discovered that Shubert had postponed the show's opening for a week—and so Stanley could take advantage of the break. Funny. He had to go away to New York to get a job in Hollywood.

● For the last few weeks, Hoot Gibson (separated from Sally Eilers) has been treating Hollywood to the sight of himself escorting a very luscious beauty. At first, it was impossible to find out just who the gorjus gal was and why. Now it comes out. She is none other than June Gale, the little heart-breaker who has just signed a long-term contract with Sam Goldwyn. You will get *your* chance to see her in two prospective pictures. In both the Eddie Cantor and Anna Sten films Miss Gale will strut her stuff and all that.

● A couple of our sweet old-fashioned gals have gone modern. Dolores Del Rio has bobbed her sleek black tresses and Miriam Jordan has bobbed both her hair and her name. From now on, she's "Mimi" Jordan. New types, no less, motivated all this shearing. Dolores' next will portray her as a vivacious Italian dancer of the ultra modern age, and Mimi's going in for pure and simple vamping.

LUPE IS STILL—ER, WELL, LUPE

● Lupe Velez evidently didn't behave any better in New York than she does at home. We hear tell that she went to one of the fashionable late spots one evening and first thing spied one of her boy friends (a gentleman of wealth, position and all that) dining with a lady of high social rating. In a grand rage, Lupe swept (dashed would be better) up to the table and shrieked, "Larry, you are a beeg liar. You tell me you stay home tonight and here you are with this little tramp!"

Hoot Gibson steps out—not with Sally . . . A new Hollywood racket



Leslie Howard has gone to London to do a play. Here he is with his wife and daughter arriving in Grand Central. Be back soon to do "British Agent."



Wide World

Ann Dvorak seems to find life as Mrs. Leslie Fenton eminently satisfactory. Here she is with Mr. Fenton, taking a walk down Hollywood Boulevard.



Wide World

When the small, slim and dark-haired hero of the Italian Air Force, Lieut. Tito Falcone, arrived in Los Angeles, Wally Beery was one of the first to meet him.

● What with Walter Winchell carrying the torch for Jack Oakie on that story about Jack being barred out of the Toluca Lake settlement, this latest addition to the story is funny:

It seems that Jack went out to the lake to swim (even after that "rib" story about being offered $10,000.00 to stay out of the district) and after diving in, came up with this:

"Hey, how about a movement to keep Toluca Lake out of Jack Oakie?"

● The reporters grabbed Norma Talmadge and George Jessel as they walked down the gang plank of the liner *Santa Lucia* a few days ago. The press is still pressing them for the details of the divorce, which the press "knows" is going to happen soon. Norma said, "I don't know when I shall get a divorce, but when I do I shall buy American. I can't discuss romance, because I am still a married woman." Mr. Jessel remained silent. How would you like to see Norma Talmadge on the screen again? The line forms on the right.

● Jean Harlow went to Chicago to take in the World's Fair, but she didn't even get to the fair grounds. Every time she poked her blond head out of her hotel room, she was mobbed. Adoring, idolizing eyes followed her everywhere. Little girls with their autograph books, older women with their questions, and men with their compliments. They just wouldn't let her alone. She tried to disguise herself under black tresses and smoked glasses, but to no avail. So Jean gave up and came home.

PICKFORD WHIM COSTLY

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars a day!

That's what a sense of poetry cost Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

Several years ago, when Mary and Doug were considering building a new home, they looked at a property desirable in all ways, save one. It lay to the east of the United Artists studios.

"I don't want it," Mary said. "I don't want to turn my back to the sun when I drive home at night. I want to go towards the sun."

Doug agreed. He's found there's generally some good reason for Mary's notions.

Within a year that property was sold to one of the oil magnates and it was black with wells which yielded that many thousands of dollars worth of oil every day.

"Nevertheless," says Mary, "I'm glad Douglas and I didn't buy it. Truly. We would have been multi-millionaires. But I doubt that we'd have been as happy. Inevitably our life would have been very different. And I have a feeling neither Douglas nor I would have liked that other life nearly as well!"

It doesn't matter now, does it?

● Evidently Ina Claire can have her pick of a prince or a millionaire if she decides to marry again. Tommy Manville. Jr., heir to asbestos millions, boastfully admitted that he was going to marry the fair Ina. In the meantime, however, Ina was reported to be laying in a trousseau, and the lucky man in the case was not Manville, but Prince Lichtenstein. Maybe Ina is up against that "title vs. wealth" problem.

● There's a new racket being pulled on the movie stars of late. The gag is for someone to order groceries sent to the star's home (or yacht) and then intercept the groceries just as they are being delivered. It has been worked successfully on several of our better people and so far two very blond young ladies have been arrested.

On the other hand, two brunette gals opened the home of a motion picture executive, who is traveling abroad, and ordered more than groceries. Expensive gowns, furs and all manner of high-powered lingerie have been delivered to that address since the executive left town. One of the girls wore a maid's uniform all day so that the doorbell could be answered with safety, while her confederate posed as "the lady of the house." Friends of the owner finally brought about their arrest and most of the loot was recovered.

● The latest news is, despite the rumors, that Claudette Colbert and husband, Norman Foster, are still that way about each other and no divorce is contemplated!

● Clarence Badger, well known director, who has had tough sledding lately, owes his big come-back opportunity to Clara Bow. Clara's cousin met Badger at a party one evening, heard the man's sad tale and immediately carried the story to Clara. In true Bow fashion, the famous redhead called on Badger in person and offered him the job of directing her next picture. Since then the Badgers, Clara and Rex have become fast friends. Almost every night will find the foursome deep in the throes of contract bridge.

● A nice gesture that Leslie Howard extends his old pal Gilbert Miller. Miller's the chap who gave Les his start on the stage and Les has never forgotten it. (Some do, you know.) Howard's journeying to London now to appear in one of Miller's plays, and he's doing it purely for the sake of friendship.

Jean Harlow practically mobbed . . . Clara Bow's nice gestures toward a friend

By

CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT



Gracie Allen speaking: "Oh, George, there yuh go!" . . . "Isn't George pretty?" . . . "My brother . . . my nephoo . . ." Oh, Gracie—you and your baby talk! How'd we live without it?







I WANT you really to know Gracie Allen and George Burns.

You have heard them over the radio. You have seen them in "The Big Broadcast," "International House" and "College Humor," and you have undoubtedly formed an opinion about this dizzy, goofy pair of nuts. But I want you to know them as they are—a charming, gallant, rather touchingly pathetic little couple—so very much in love with each other. For they have been through the heartbreaking misery of small-time vaudeville; yet now, when they are at the top of the professional heap, they remain as simple and unaffected as they were in those early knock-about days. There is something very fine about those two.

Now don't get me wrong. They are not the Pagliacci sort by any manner of means. George is very funny. He tosses off a smart crack a minute while Gracie laughs at him and—using her hands in that helpless, limp way—says, "Oh, George, there you go." She actually says it, for Gracie Allen, away from microphone and camera, is Gracie Allen. But she's so sweet somehow, with an earnest guilelessness that never fails to touch George's heart. She's so little, too. She walks in a cute, almost mincing fashion, and curls up in a chair with her feet tucked under her while he sits back and adores his wife.





Well, he should adore her. She's never let him down.

When they were playing around in vaudeville, they never knew from one minute till the next where they were going to be. "We were doing O.K." George says now, "but we just couldn't tell anybody where to write us."

So they used to lie about their bookings. George, the brains of the act, was very proud. He didn't want the other actors to know how near rock-bottom they were. So whenever one would ask him where they were to be, George would mention some theatre, quick. One day when they had finished a split week, an actor asked George, "Where are you playing next?"

"The Capitol Riverside," said George. That was the second grandest theatre—next in importance to the Palace.

Gracie's eyes danced. "Oh, George, the Riverside, how wonderful. When did you find out about that?"

"Today," George snapped and drew her aside. "We are not really playing the Riverside, Googy," he told her. "But when they ask me I just *can't* say we haven't got a booking."

Tears came to Gracie's eyes. "Oh, George, I thought you meant it. But I don't care, we'll get a good booking some place."

BURNS and ALLEN —meet them offstage!



. . . Meet Mr. and Mrs. George Burns and find out how charming, earnest and human they are. And how their love eased early hardships—and glorified their later successes

BUT that story had a happy ending. That night when they went to the theatre they found a telegram from their agent telling them that they were playing the Riverside next week. They went out and celebrated that night. George was pretty proud of himself and Gracie was pretty proud of her George, too.

The Riverside engagement led to a couple more good breaks and, at a theatre in Brooklyn, their ears were tickled by laughter and applause such as they had never heard. Yes, they were getting on. And each night they hugged each other with delight over their success.

"I guess we are doing O.K., Googy," George said, and there was even more proof of it when the booker came to George and told him he had a spot for them at the Orpheum. This *was* a triumph.

"There's only one thing," the booker said. "You've got a swell place on the bill—sixth—but you follow Ethel Barrymore. Think you can do it?"

"Think we can do it!" George repeated, throwing out his chest. "Can we do it! Oh boy, did you catch us in Brooklyn?"

"Sure," said the booker. "You were great, but don't forget you are following Ethel Barrymore."

"We can follow anybody," said George. And they celebrated that night, too. So now they were big shots—playing sixth—a marvelous spot—on an Orpheum bill. They opened matinee.

Ethel Barrymore played "The Twelve Pound Look," and the audience was made up of old people who had come to see Ethel once more before they died and young people who had come to see Ethel before *she* died, and the only thing that died was the act of Burns and Allen.

They followed Ethel Barrymore and they barely got a laugh. Humbled, miserable, they hurried into their dressing room and waited for the blow to fall. It fell. The manager came to tell them that they were to be moved up from sixth to second place. That doesn't mean anything to the audience. Only extremely vaudeville-wise people knew, in those days, what position on a bill meant—but to a vaudeville team, and a team as sensitive as Burns and Allen, it was defeat and disgrace.

For the rest of the week they couldn't bear to see the other actors. They sneaked into the theatre before the others arrived and waited until they had all gone, to sneak out again. They were too crushed and humiliated to face their fellow workers. And they had gone over so big in Brooklyn!

It is things like this that cement the affections of a man and a woman. Together they have known defeat, together they have known triumphs. Together they've played dingy little theatres both in the United States and in Europe. Together they have laughed and cried. And argued? Sure they've argued—but they've had a theatreful of people to arbitrate their quarrels.

There was, for instance, the time George wanted Gracie to say a line he thought was funny and Gracie didn't want to say it. The dialogue went like this:

(*Continued on page 111*)

FORECASTING



Emanuel Cohen, vice president in charge of production of Paramount pictures. He decides the destinies of those of your favorites pictured below. A quietly forceful man who shows every indication of putting Paramount pictures back on top.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE:

Gary Cooper return to his clean-cut, hundred-percent-American characterizations?

Marlene Dietrich more human—less glamorous?

Fredric March always in roles that demand the superb acting he can give?

Mae West—in more of the same?

Claudette Colbert return to the sort of modern, romantic drama she formerly played?

George Raft desert gangdom forever in favor of romance?

Carole Lombard as a human being instead of a mannikin?

Miriam Hopkins in more roles like that of the little princess in "The Smiling Lieutenant"?

Sylvia Sidney always in warm, human, down-to-earth pictures?

Maurice Chevalier playing lovable vagabonds rather than mythical princes?



Gary Cooper



Claudette Colbert



George Raft



Marlene Dietrich



Fredric March



Mae West

THIS is the second of a series of stories from the front offices of Hollywood—in which the future plans of your favorite stars are made known to the readers of MODERN SCREEN before, in some cases, they are even known to the stars themselves. Perhaps you are one of the small army of fans who write the editor of this magazine protesting against the bad breaks that have befallen your favorite—either in stories or direction. Again, you may be one of those who write very frequently to demand that a "typed" player be given a more varied run of characterizations. You people particularly will be interested in hearing about the future as predicted by the various men who hold the destiny of the stars in their control.

FOR years, the slogan for Paramount pictures has been: "If It's a Paramount Picture—It's the Best Show In Town!" At least it was back in the palmy days of such successful pictures as Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel"; William Powell in "The Street Of Chance"; George Bancroft in "Underworld"; Dietrich in "Morocco"; all the Clara Bow films; the sensational aviation pictures that began with "Wings" and, going still further back, into the glamorous days of the Paramount stardom of Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino and Pola Negri. Paramount was proud that her name stood for "the best show"—the most scintillating personalities and the finest stories.

Eighteen months ago, however, Paramount dropped her famous slogan from the billboards—dropped it deliberately because the company no longer believed in the boast; because her officials were ashamed of the slogan on such mediocre output. No longer was it ballyhooed from the house-tops.

One month ago the order went through to re-instate the "Best Show In Town" into the Paramount advertising!

Hollywood, in all its enthusiastic show of excitement upon seeing the first evidences of its once-great leader's come-back, was quick to realize and admit the reason:

YOUR FAVORITES

OUR SECOND FORECAST—FROM PARAMOUNT, THIS TIME. SEE IF YOU LIKE THESE FUTURE PLANS FOR YOUR FAVORITES



Carole Lombard



Miriam Hopkins



Sylvia Sidney



Maurice Chevalier

By WALTER RAMSEY

Emanuel Cohen, quiet, gentle-mannered Czar of West-Coast production, leader of the greatest come-back fight in the history of the movie industry. Once again you are going to see:

Gary Cooper as that long, tall, rangey, ill-at-ease and intensely appealing figure who first captured your affections.

Marlene Dietrich as a flesh and blood woman, a human being, and not that mask of inscrutable emotions which she became following her first success in "The Blue Angel."

George Raft as a figure of glamor and romance, much after the fashion of the late Rudy Valentino and no longer as a Tenth Avenue gangster.

Carole Lombard as an actress, not a mannikin.

Miriam Hopkins in more of her loveable characterizations, such as the princess in "The Smiling Lieutenant."

Fredric March always in a rôle worthy of his great talents as an actor.

Maurice Chevalier as a more human person, not as a series of singing princes from mythical kingdoms.

Sylvia Sidney, cast more often as a pathetically human little waif of life, in down-to-earth pictures.

Claudette Colbert in the type of rôle she used to play when she was teamed with Fredric March.

And, of course, Mae West in just as many of her own delightful stories as can possibly be made. Mae will continue with her method of bringing "humorous" sex to the screen.

THESE policies are indicated by no less an authority than Mr. Cohen himself, in a tone of pride and confidence for the future—in spite of the past season or two of what he calls "direly uninteresting" productions with just enough exceptions to emphasize the scantiness of the program.

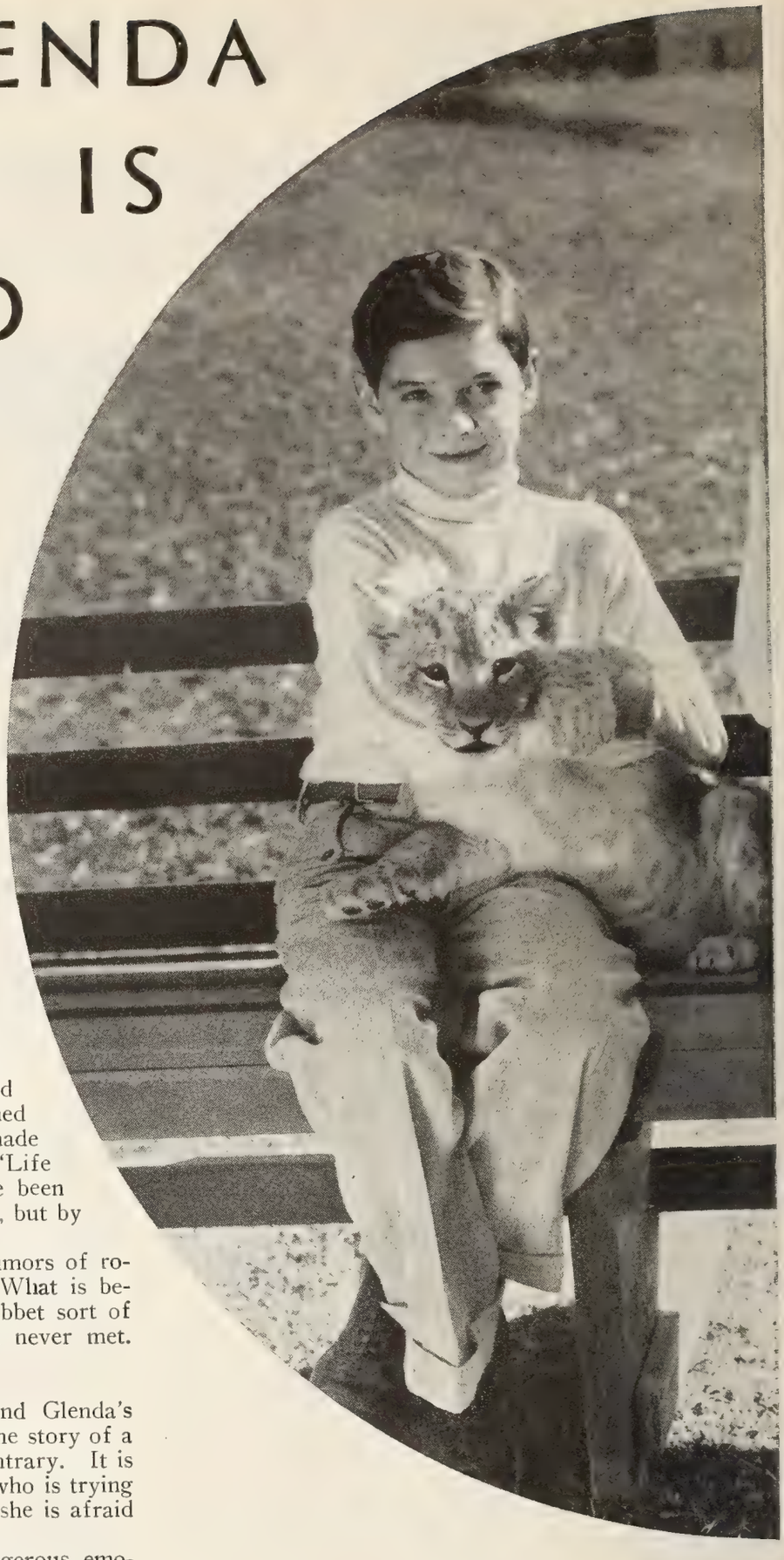
Whoever it was who made the original statement that there is no romance in big business had certainly never met Mr. Cohen. As he talked to me from behind his huge desk in the most luxuriously appointed office I have yet encountered in Hollywood, I realized for the first time the thrill and tempo of the life that goes on behind the make-believe drama of the movies. In his soft, sincere, cultured voice, he made me see that entire organizations (as well as individuals) can be imbued with the courage and heart that is so necessary for a come-back. He made me feel the great force of cooperation that has set a cold producing **organization** throbbing with new life and strength. Emanuel Cohen does not shout nor does he pound desks to emphasize his points. There is none of the former vests-and-pants executive about him. Every word he spoke, every technical set of figures and box-office reports he quoted, was colored with the man's personal power of conquest and success.

You may be asking at this point, "Who is this new crusader who carries such gilded names as Dietrich, Cooper, March, Raft, Chevalier and Mae West on his shield? Where did he come from and how did he earn the power he now wields so well? And in our answer we must bear in mind his own warning: "Keep everything you say about me as brief as possible. There is so much more of interest in our plans for the future."

Emanuel Cohen first came to the pages of Hollywood history when he started the Pathé News. This job, which he began immediately after his graduation from the College of the City of New York, required courage and foresight, and the results prove quite conclusively that Mr. Cohen has both. Pathé News became a powerful factor in the motion picture business, so powerful that Paramount engaged him for the purpose of building a newsreel for them. Thus was born The Eyes of the World—which made money in huge quantities until the advent of sound.

Talking pictures placed Emanuel Cohen in a tight spot. Fox had tied up the only equipment in existence for the making of sound pictures in the field. What was Paramount to do? Cohen's answer (*Continued on page 105*)

WHY GLENDA FARRELL IS AFRAID OF LOVE



ALMOST every day you hear a new romance rumor about Glenda Farrell.

One day you hear that she is madly in love with Allen Jenkins, a player at the Warner Brothers studio where Glenda works. The next day you may hear that the only man she really cares about is Jack Durant of the vaudeville team of Mitchell and Durant, an old friend of hers. And the next that her current boy friend is Gene Raymond, and that they are practically engaged to each other. If you believe that, you'll hear or read shortly afterwards that Glenda Farrell has shelved all her boy friends for Cary Grant. Then that she's going places with Irwin Gelsey, a writer.

These are only a few of the amazing and conflicting rumors that have been published about Glenda Farrell. Ever since Glenda made a sensational hit as the night club girl in "Life Begins," her friendships and romances have been discussed not only over Hollywood tea-tables, but by newspaper columnists everywhere.

What does it all mean? Why all these rumors of romances and near-romances about Glenda? What is behind it all? Glenda isn't a fickle, flippertigibbet sort of girl. A more reliable, genuine person you never met. Then why all these stories?

I'll tell you.

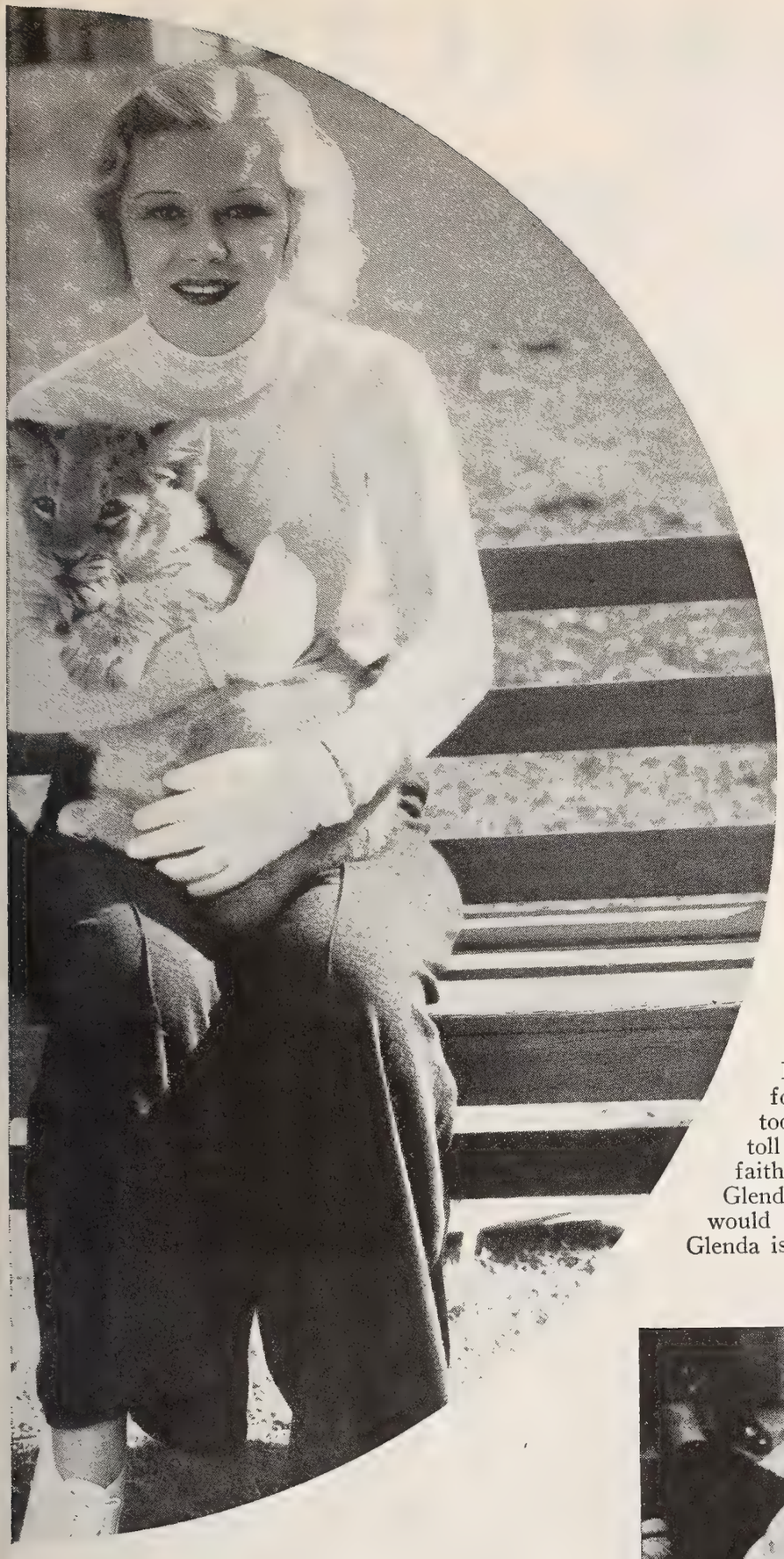
I happen to know the inside story behind Glenda's romances. The real story of Glenda is not the story of a woman who is playing with love. On the contrary. It is the bitter, agonizing experience of a woman who is trying to live at odds with her own nature because she is afraid of love.

Glenda is torn this way and that by dangerous emotional currents. Because she is a woman who would fall in love quite naturally, ardently, altogether wholeheartedly if she would only let herself. But she is afraid of love, terrified of letting herself care too deeply for anyone.

That may seem strange to you. Most women welcome love. Most women even seek it. Most women cannot conceive of complete happiness without love.

But there is a reason for Glenda's fear, a reason for her terrible emotional conflict. That reason strikes right at the very heart of the woman, and when you understand it you will understand her. It is the result of a tragic, disillusioning romance that happened to her while she was still in her 'teens.

YOU probably know something about Glenda's early background—how she was born in Enid, Oklahoma, and brought up "in a trunk." You know that she made her début on the stage at about the age of seven, playing



. . . Impulsive, over-generous Glenda—she was meant to love and be loved. But she doesn't dare. Because her first love treated her — and her young son, Tommy—so bitterly

By DORA ALBERT

such rôles as little Willie in "East Lynne" and little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." After that she traveled all over the country with stock companies. And so from childhood she was never a butterfly, but always a hard worker.

When she was sixteen the thing happened that was to change the whole course of her life. She was playing in San Diego in stock when she met and fell in love with an actor. She probably didn't realize that it was of any significance at all that he was out of work when she met him. She was heedless, reckless, impulsive and trusting. She saw love as a beautiful, romantic dream and idealized the man she loved. Perhaps some older person tried to warn her, but when has youth ever listened to the wisdom of age? And so, a year after she met him, Glenda and the man she loved eloped and were married. And again Glenda probably thought nothing of it at all, but the man she loved was still out of work when they were married.

Four years their marriage endured legally—four bitter, disillusioning, wretched years that took their toll from Glenda. They took their toll in lost illusions, in smashed ideals, in wounded faith. During all the time they were married Glenda's husband never worked. That in itself would be enough to wreck most marriages. But Glenda is naturally soft and (*Continued on page 98*)



(Above) Glenda and Tommy. Mother and son. He is the most important person in Glenda's life. (Right) With Kay Francis in "Mary Stevens, M. D." Glenda's latest film,

PICTURE

HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST ROMANCE



J. B. Scott

(Above) Miriam Hopkins and Director King Vidor are (at the moment) the most in-love couple in Hollywood. Here they are on the Boulevard. (Below) Andy Devine, Fighter Dizzy Dugan and Bob Armstrong at Armstrong's Ontario (California) battling arena.

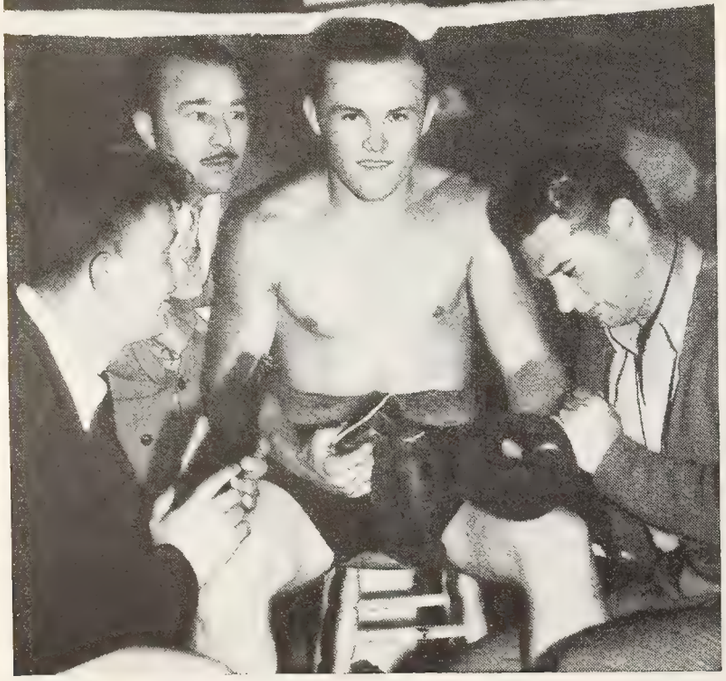
WHAT? MAE WEST IN JAIL AGAIN?



J. B. Scott

(Above) No, the West is just visiting the Los Angeles Jail. Being shown about by Chief Jailer Clem Peoples. (Below) This time it's an American girl—pretty Judith Allen of "This Day and Age," who has, they say, captured Coop's fancy.

BOB ARMSTRONG'S OWN FIGHT CAMP



J. B. Scott

GARY COOPER'S NEW FLAME?



International

NEWS...!

WELCOME HOME, DOUG JUNIOR!



Wide World

The young man himself (above) getting off the Bremen. He was very ill immediately afterwards with pneumonia. Better now. (Below) Before the Leslie Howards left for Europe, Mike Levee gave a party for them. Here's Les with Levee and Walter Winchell.

FAREWELL PARTY TO MR. HOWARD



Wide World

HELEN HAYES' VENDOME PARTY



J. B. Scott

(Above) Gene Raymond, Helen Hayes and the Robert Montgomerys at Helen's party to celebrate the opening of "20th Century, Ltd," co-authored by husband Charles MacArthur. (Below) All for the sake of "The Life of Henry VIII," Laughton's English film.

IT REALLY IS CHARLES LAUGHTON



Wide World

THEIR OWN PICTURE NEWS!

COULD THIS BE ROMANCE?



J. B. Scott

When the stars go on a vacation—they photograph each other! (Above) There's Gene Raymond photographing Raquel Torres on her tennis court. (Below) Ginger Rogers is taking that pose of Foster to give to wife Claudette Colbert.

THE BRENTS RETURN FROM EUROPE



Wide World

(Above) Just before Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent left the Berengaria—which brought them home from Europe. (Below) When Adrienne Ames can't find anything else to photograph, she takes pictures of her lovely home.

NORMAN DOES A JOHN BARRYMORE



"SHOOTING" HER NEW SWIMMING POOL



J. B. Scott

WHAT ABOUT LEW AYRES NOW..?





(Above) Lew and Ginger Rogers in "Don't Bet on Love"—Lew's last picture for Universal. He has signed a new contract with Fox. But this story proves that—had there been no new contract—Lew would not have been bitter. On the contrary—

By S. R. MOOK

I'M not through in pictures yet—not by a damned sight! If that's what you're driving at."

Lew fairly spat the words at me as we sat in his living-room recently. Universal had just announced they were not taking up their option on him. He had not then signed his new contract with Fox. I was wondering how Lew was going to react to Universal's announcement.

I've known him pretty intimately ever since he first got a break in pictures. I've watched him go from an unknown to the heights of stardom and then start on the road back, fighting every inch of the way—doggedly, determinedly—often not realizing just what he *was* fighting, but fighting all the same.

Two years ago when he first began to slip, an article came out hinting that Lew was no longer the biggest male draw in pictures, as he had been for the year following "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Common Clay" and "The Doorway to Hell."

Just that hint of a lessening of his popularity at the box office upset Lew for days. I had been up to his house and Lola Lane (his wife at the time) and I had been trying to reason with him all evening.

The next time I saw Lola she told me what happened after I left. "We went to bed. About two o'clock I awoke and Lew was gone. I got up and went to the head of the stairs. The fire was smoldering—not quite out—and Lew was sitting on the floor in front of the embers with an old blanket around his shoulders. He was the most forlorn, pathetic looking boy I've ever seen in my life."

But that was two years ago. Today he doesn't worry over things like that. He merely sets his jaw and says, "I'm not through in pictures, if that's what you're driving at. I used to worry over bad pictures. Now, I realize that all you can do is your best and if you land in a picture that isn't a box-office smash, or if you find yourself in a part that wasn't made for you—well, you have to take the bitter with the sweet. It's part of the game.

WHEN I first read that I was slipping, I wondered if I oughtn't to commit suicide. Today, whether I'm a big shot or not seems relatively unimportant. Naturally I want to be a hit in hit pictures, but if it isn't to be I won't tear my hair out. I understand more about this business than I used to. I used to think you had to be at the top or you didn't count. When I leave Universal I might get into a picture—one picture—that would be such a hit it would put me right back at the top. Or I might be in a lot of moderately successful pictures that would enable me to go on and on for (*Continued on page 113*)

Bad breaks have disillusioned him. But they've made him a finer person

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



A great

PHOTOGRAPHER'S

greatest portraits

George E. Hurrell

THE PICTURES ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES WERE SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR MODERN SCREEN BY GEORGE E. HURRELL





JEAN HARLOW—VENUS OF 1933



CONNIE BENNETT—SIREN WITH BRAINS



FAIRBANKS, JR.—A GOD TO HIS VALET



SALLY EILERS—IDEAL PROM GIRL



JOHNNIE WEISSMULLER—BRONZE GOD





HELEN HAYES—DRAMA'S FAVORITE CHILD





JOE E. BROWN AND SON—CLOWN AT HOME



YOU can get ANYTHING YOU want

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

YOU can have anything you want! If only you will set your dream upon it. . . .

This may seem an astonishing statement at a first glance, particularly if you haven't seen the previous articles on this subject in MODERN SCREEN, so I hasten to tell you that it is backed by the findings of one of the most advanced schools of psychology in the world which states:

"Every idea tends to undergo transformation into reality. He who imagines, can!"

For a long time we have recognized the influence our bodies exert upon our lives. We know, for instance, that our energy supply is controlled largely by our glands and that indigestion is often enough the direct cause of depressed spirits.

Now we must admit the equally great, if not even greater influence which our minds exert upon our lives. Now we must face the great power of autosuggestion that we may use it to our advantage and not to our disadvantage.

I repeat, as I have in the two previous articles on this subject, you can have anything you want if only you will:

1. Dream. Strong. Constantly. Vividly. And true.
2. Not pick your dream out of the air but concentrate upon the dream which comes to you of its own accord.
3. Always see yourself in possession of your dream.
4. Never doubt that your dream will come true.
5. Work and plan towards your dream's fulfillment because it so obsesses you that you cannot do otherwise.

Joan Crawford began dreaming when as a little girl of seven she used to invite the neighborhood children into her barn to watch her dance.

Little Billie Cassin dreamed of being "a lovely lady, with loads of soft, fine clothes." And what happened to Billie Cassin when she grew up? Why, she became Joan Crawford, of course. And Joan has the "soft, fine clothes" and a hundred other luxuries.

WIDE planks did for seats. At last the whisper came from behind the old green portiere hung on a piece of clothesline for a curtain.

"All right, Tommy. Ready!"

Slowly the green portière moved back. There on the improvised stage

. . . Don't scorn daydreams. They can bring you fame and fortune, love and happiness—whichever and whatever your heart desires

Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER

hung with other discarded portières of many colors, stood Joan, then known as Billy Cassin.

She was wearing her mother's petticoat of purple and green taffeta, a black feather boa which almost covered the top of her little gingham dress, and a Merry Widow picture hat resurrected from an old trunk in the attic.

All the little girls murmured admiringly, while the little boys stamped and whistled. Joan bowed and smiled, consciously gracious. Then she went over to an old phonograph standing on another grocer's box, to set the needle in the groove, and wait, tense, for the strains of "The Blue Danube" to begin.

At the first squeak she was off with a gliding motion, her raised arms swaying, the expression on her young, freckled face rapt.

Her audience sat quiet as mice. This particular costume intrigued them, made it seem like a real show. Besides, they knew from experience that the neighborhood *première danseuse* would brook no inattention. Indeed, when her Merry Widow hat wobbled uncertainly and a new boy had the temerity to laugh, all the other children looked frightened.

"That's no way to behave when a great dancer is performing, you rude, stupid boy," Joan scolded, halting in her waltz.

"Go on," the culprit defended himself, "you're no great dancer. You're just Billy Cassin!"

Outrage flamed in Joan's cheeks.

"I am not *just* Billy Cassin," she told him indignantly. "I'm a great dancer. In fact, Freddie Mathers, if you must know, I'm a premium danceroose. So there! You laugh again and you'll get out and stay out!"

WHEREUPON, having properly squelched him, she turned to the phonograph, replaced the needle at approximately where it had been when she had stopped, and finished her dance without any further interruption.

(*Continued on page 107*)









Hans Drier, Paramount designer, dreamed of doing sets like those for "Song of Songs" (sketched and pictured at top of page). (Right) Joan Crawford—and Mary Pickford—would they be as lovely as they are if there'd been no dreams?



. . . It takes a darned good writer to do justice to Lee—to catch the change of mood, the swift pace of his deft mind, the many sides of his personality. But Faith Baldwin succeeds perfectly in the task

By FAITH BALDWIN

WHEN Lee Tracy was in his third year high, he had a romance. But the object of it, doubtless an opportunist, took to running around with a rich man's son. Lee told her she shouldn't, really. And she asked him if he cared whether she did or not. Of course, said Lee, haughtily, he didn't care. So, being a practical girl she called his bluff and continued to run around with the r.m.s. . . . "And so," said Lee Tracy to me, gloomily, a good many years afterward, "I was through with all women. I'd make 'em suffer, I thought . . . love 'em, and leave 'em. . . ."

We laughed, looking at the photograph taken of him during that period . . . an austere and disillusioned face, and a very young one. Long pants; a definite check in the suit material; a collar about 'steen inches high; a cravat with a lot of extra material in it; and on his knee held prominently in one hand, a very large hat.

"What on earth's that?" I wanted to know, pointing to the hat, and Mr. Tracy looked at me reproachfully. "That," said he, "was a mighty fine panama, and the band on it cost a quarter extra!"

Lee Tracy has a sense of humor and a sense of direction, but I'm thinking that he slipped up on both in his third year high . . . this is a period when both humor and direction fail.

He was born in Georgia, although all trace of it has been effaced from his rapid speech. He left there at six; his father being a railroad man, the Tracys moved often. So he has lived in Kansas City and Louisville.

IF YOU MET LEE TRACY



(Left) Georgia was Lee's home at the time this was taken. (Right) Lee with Madge Evans and John Barrymore. Lee is ever generous in praise of people who have helped him. For instance, of John Barrymore who gave him some fine pointers for "Dinner at Eight."



During his junior year at high, the same year in which he decided women were all alike, he lost enthusiasm for study. He wanted to go to work. So his father, a wise man, put him to work in the railroad yards.

He had six months there, with a hard job and a tough crew. But he liked it. After that, he entered a military academy, and after his graduation had a summer in California, without going near Hollywood. Then came a period of trying to enlist in the RFC and not succeeding, and finally Union College, where he made up his mind to become an actor after considering and rejecting several other professions.

When Tracy was twenty-one, however, he entered the officers' training school at Camp Lee, and shortly after his commission was signed the Armistice was signed, too. So that was that.

HE then went back home, which, by then, was in Sayre, Pennsylvania. After a time he informed his parents that he had selected the stage as a career, with the upshot that a sensible and comprehending family agreed to back him for a year providing that at the end of the time he would return to school and study engineering if he had not succeeded.

But he did succeed.

His sense of direction told him that there wasn't much chance for the amateur along Broadway, that street of so many unknown soldiers. So he looked as experienced as possible and talked vaguely of this and that, with the upshot that he got a part finally, a few lines with a vaudeville act. When that folded he got another, touring the country, playing a full season, and then enlisted with a repertoire company. Bluff carried him through everything, the bluff of being a veteran and not a youngster whose heart must have thumped more than once and who must have often been shaking in his boots.

But he put it over in spite of his extreme youth.

Closing, he was again jobless, but he had had experience and after weeks of making the rounds he got a juvenile job with a stock company in Elmira. There he made his first comedy hit and realized that light comedy was to be his forte, from then on.

More vaudeville. More stock. His first road show and then, after a period of waiting, Broadway . . . beginning with "The Show Off" which ran a year, going on through several good small parts in other shows, and eventually that great hit, "Broadway," in which Jimmy Cagney was his understudy.

After that came "The Front Page," and Hollywood, where, after a period in which nothing much happened, Lee Tracy became an established and successful personality in pictures.

There's his sense of direction running through it all . . . his selection, not impulsive, of his professions; his realization of the pitfalls and obstacles facing the beginner in that profession. His avoidance of them, part bluff and part his astonishing energy and the rest hard work.

IT so happens that short of a railway accident, I never miss a Tracy picture. So I wouldn't miss meeting Mr. Tracy in the not-too-solid flesh, would I? I sat on a very elegant but not too comfortable green divan in the offices of M-G-M in New York and regarded him.

He has hair which is slightly sandy and just escapes being red. He has blue eyes.

He is lean. He wears his hat pushed to the back of his bean, as it were. He talks a lot, and fast, in a low voice. He has a one-sided grin. He uses his hands when he talks. He is utterly natural. I bet he freckles easily. He is an elegant listener, which is the greatest compliment one can pay an interviewer. He decries superstition and then admits that he once almost broke a leg getting away from a black cat.

He can't go black cats, he says. *(Continued on page 110)*


ROMEOS
and
JULIETS



How do you like these new talkie love teams? (Right) Little Dorothy Jordan and big Joel McCrea will adore each other cinematically in "Three Came Unarmed." (Above) Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Katharine Hepburn in a romantically costumed sequence of "Morning Glory." (Below) Young Richard Cromwell and a pretty newcomer, Judith Allen, will be make-believe sweethearts in "This Day and Age." (Opposite page) Arline Judge and Eric Linden. You'll see them in "Flying Devils." And (small picture) John Boles and Lilian Harvey in "My Lips Betray."







The Joe E. Browns and Helen Twelvetrees were both pestered by the new racketeers. No doubt the Arlens will be, too. Joe E. Brown allowed the racketeers in because he thought they were autograph hounds!



Baby Le Roy seemed a grand opportunity, but it turned out otherwise.

HOLLYWOOD'S

. . . Since babies have become one of the leading interests in the cinema town, a veritable host of racketeers have sprung up—with a new racket. Their arguments are astonishing—and so is their persistence. No cinema baby—nor cinema parent either—is safe

WHEN Hollywood went in for maternity, the hygienic and educational gangster descended upon the town.

The first foray found a fertile field. Many of them landed jobs in exclusive homes. And at good prices. What more natural, then, that a second brigade of self-proclaimed infant experts should flare forth?

By day and far into the night, the invaders knocked at doors and demanded speech with the young motherhood of Hollywood.

The new racketeer is a woman—well-gowned, seemingly well-informed, plausible, persuasive and above everything else, determined. Only a few men are permitted in the game and are used for what the psychologists know as "the double approach."

Generally speaking, the racketeering gentry of babyland work along identical lines. Each pretends to represent an educational or hygienic cult. Once the young and inexperienced mother is contacted, the visitor stresses the importance of the child to the community because of distinguished parentage, and sketches a beautiful future—providing the racketeer and her system assumes a directing hand.

HELEN TWELVETREES has an attractive home in fashionable Brentwood Heights. The lawns are shady, the gardens cosy, the view perfect and the climate strictly Californian. And she is the youthful mother of Frank Bryan Woody, Jr., aged six months.

"Ah," decided the lady racketeer as she walked along the gravel path toward the house, "it looks great and I don't know a better place for me to spend the summer. Besides, this girl has just signed a hot picture contract—nothing to worry about. If she don't know too much there's a lot I can tell her."

The same idea, however, was shared by many of the hygienic sisterhood, and for days, even weeks, the Twelvetrees' butler worked long past the union hours.

"At first, I talked with the callers," declared the young mother, "and tried to tell them my baby was fine and healthy—that the same nurse who reared me was caring for it. But they eyed me curiously, shrugged a condescending shoulder and said that inexperienced as I was, it would not be possible for me to know the least thing in the world about my child's health—that the nurse was naturally old-fashioned and therefore, incompetent.

"Even with their vast store of scientific infant knowledge, they said, it would require several months' residence in our home along with daily observations of the baby—and at what seemed a generous salary—before even they could determine its exact physical condition.

"Each caller knew of one hundred and eight different ways to rear a baby," continued Miss Twelvetrees, "but each was positive that a hundred and seven of them were wrong. There was but one way—the right way—her way. Each was willing even at great personal sacrifice, to make her home with me and save the baby.

"I listened to the body-builders, the muscle-developers, the mind-expansionists and the mental inspirationists. The no-clothes-body-breathers pooh-poohed the head-





The Lyons seem to have been one of the few couples not annoyed by the racketeers. The Harold Lloyds likewise. The Barrymores fared differently, however. John's reply to the racketeers was amusing.

NEWEST RACKET— "MOTHER'S HELPER"

By JACK HILL

covered-brain-breathers. Another sold a health-giving breath that came in tanks. At least ten offered intelligence tests."

Announcement that for a second time the stork was about to head for the Barrymores, drew a racketeering invasion to that section of Beverly Hills. But to John, infant rearing was an old story. One couple got in—their racket was new.

With an eloquent and impressive wave of the hand, the man informed John that the color scheme and decorations of the Barrymore nursery were all wrong. They could not be otherwise, he added, since the selection was made two years before on the arrival of Dolores Ethel. Such a color plan would be antagonistic to the new heir. There never was—there never could be, asserted the visitor, a correlation of spectrum between children of distinguished parents—always individualism. And Mr. Barrymore was inclined to agree. With delicate instruments, the scientist said he could determine to within 100 millimicrons of the true, par-length, prismatic wave of the baby's personal color choice—thereby keeping everything under control.

"And of course," went on the keeper and trainer of the vicious millimicron, "this would take weeks—perhaps months. Still, as a benefit to society, I would consider putting aside clients of lesser importance and undertake this important work. I must not be unmindful of the grave danger to this child—a child of genius—if exposed to antagonistic color waves—he might suffer psychological complexes and become——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the man of the Royal Family, "he might become—an actor. It's a Barrymore trait. I still think the color is right!"

AND did they get me—these infant advisers," said Joe E. Brown, smiling broadly. "Say, they were at our door before Mary Elizabeth and her mother got home from the hospital. I thought they were looking for autographs—you know me, so obliging—I let 'em all in.

"First, two women from the no-clothes union, bade me beware the purple and fine linen in which they were certain my kid was swathed. I told 'em the combination had worked out fine for young Pharaoh, and never once, so far as I knew, had any of the Rameses children found it uncomfortable, but they argued it wouldn't do for an actor's family. One woman studied me for a moment and then asked if any of my children had ever swallowed its silver spoon, on which point I hastily reassured her.

"Before the conversation got really general, it started out on infant diet. Then it became personal. The onion-juicers joined with the spinach-growers and laughed the raw egg cult to scorn. The vegetarians sniffed at the meat-rationists and the no-clothes lady butted in and told the soft-flannelers where to get off. I got into the game on a three-card draw with the suggestion that in view of the new three-and-two-tenths law, a pretzel would make a fine teething ring; but I didn't help. About this time I had to go to the theatre, and left 'em, so I'll never know how it finished. Each side had a couple of rounds and the rest were even. My wife is an experienced mother—she won't listen to 'em."

One genius with a decided foreign accent hounded the Daniels-Lyon menage. He waited on the porch of the Stuart Irwins. He also tried to accomplish something that even important stars and big-shot writers are not able always to do—see Irving Thalberg. The same gentlemen argued at the portals of Miriam Hopkins' home, besieged the Harold Lloyds, skirmished the Barrymores, pleaded with Miss Twelvetrees and trekked to Laguna Beach in quest of the Fredric Marches.

This entrepreneur of things youthful carried a suitcase and, given the least opportunity, displayed a lot of clay disks—masque impressions—which he claimed to have made from the faces of Europe's infant royalty. Such sculptural records were to be made monthly, and from them—at least so the masque- (*Continued on page 112*)

REVEALING THE LIFE OF

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE Dunne family lived in Louisville, Kentucky, when Irene was a little girl. Later they moved to St. Louis, Missouri, and Irene went to a convent school. The family were comfortably off—Joseph Dunne was a successful engineer. A big handsome man—and a wonderful father. He died when Irene was in her 'teens. It nearly broke her heart. But gradually—there was work to be done and a younger brother, Charles, to help forward in life—Irene recovered. She studied music at the Chicago Conservatory. Came to New York to get a job. And, after some lean months, got one in Peggy Wood's "Clinging Vine." She understudied Miss Wood—and one night the star couldn't be there. Irene played the rôle—so well that the producers sent her on the road with the show that summer. Then, there followed a successful summer season in Atlanta, Georgia. A gay season. Lots of parties. And at one of them, Irene met the most attractive man in Atlanta. They saw a lot of each other. Everyone told Irene that he'd had heaps of girls and never took any of them seriously. But that was all right with Irene. She had her career, after all. Then—one day—he didn't telephone . . .

Irene was resentful. She had not planned to take the young man any more seriously than she felt he planned to take her. "Girls as well as boys can have romantic interludes without losing their hearts," she had reasoned. "Quite as well." And even while she had said all this to herself she had been falling in love.

Later that morning when her young man did telephone at last she was extremely cool. She wouldn't be like all the Atlanta débutantes who went around mooning over him. He'd never know how she felt. On this score she was determined.

Her coolness brought him, post-haste, to her hotel.

"I had to come," he said. "You sounded so strange. What *is* the trouble?"

"Nothing," Irene told him with elaborate indifference. "Not a thing. Why you think anything the trouble is more than I can see."

But her eyes weren't indifferent. They weren't any more indifferent than his eyes. And in his eyes his heart hung.

Now their casual days were over. They were in love. They both knew it. They both counted only those hours which they spent together.

Her Atlanta engagement ended, Irene had to return to New York. He followed. Without her quiet loveliness he found his home city as barren as a prairie. In spite of all the intrigued débutantes. In spite of all the designing mammas.

In New York, with Irene between engagements, they were together from early morning until late night. They were going to be married. Then, suddenly, they weren't going to be married at all. The crush, young and violent while it lasted, began to wane. Irene started rehearsing for "The Prince Chap." The young blood turned back home.

Rehearsals for "The Prince Chap" were held on the New Amsterdam Roof. One morning Irene recognized Florenz Ziegfeld going up with her in the elevator. She was glad she was wearing a smart blue crêpe, that her small hat with its perky nosegay of garden flowers was ultra smart. Aware of Ziegfeld's eyes on her she turned



IRENE DUNNE

. . . Her stage triumphs . . . The advent of Dr. Francis D. Griffin —and domesticity . . . "Show Boat" . . . Hollywood successes —and the sweet sorrows of a long distance marriage



International

(Below, left) Irene at eighteen. (Center) During the St. Louis season—which Irene left flat for Dr. Griffin. (Right) With Doctor G.—one of the most understanding husbands on record. (Opposite page) Irene with her mother, Adelaide Dunne, during the early Hollywood days.





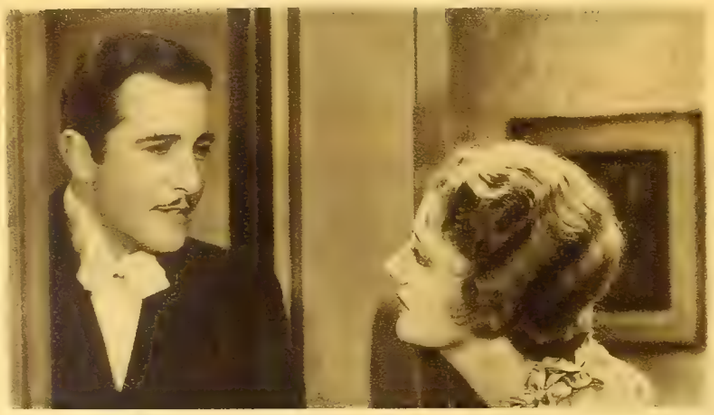




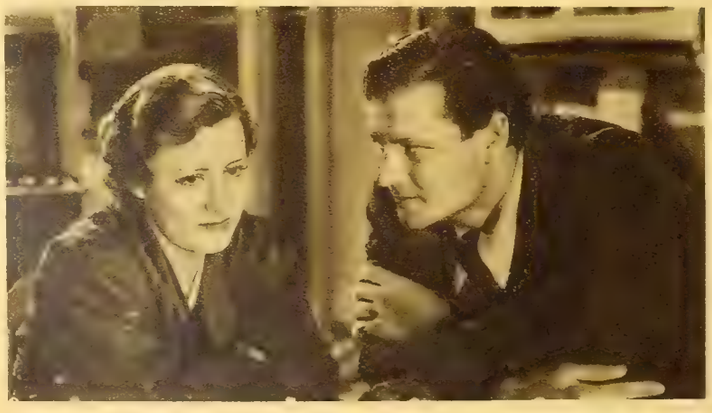
"Leathernecking" (above) was Irene's first picture—and a failure. Her second was "Cimarron" (below).



(Below) With John Boles in "Back Street." Irene had to argue RKO into giving her that picture.



(Below) With Joel McCrea in "The Silver Cord." Irene doesn't have to fight for stories now.



her best angle toward the famous girl-glorifier.

"Ziegfeld Offices," called the operator, bringing the car to a stop, flinging open the grille door.

Ziegfeld stepped aside for Irene to pass. He assumed any pretty girl in that elevator must be getting off at his floor. When Irene made no move to pass he looked surprised. Surprised and a little put out, too.

Ten minutes later a business-like young woman came up to the roof. Irene was sure she was Mr. Ziegfeld's secretary and that she was there to see her. She was.

"Did you just come up in the elevator with Mr. Ziegfeld?" she asked, coming over to Irene, marking the perky nosegay of garden flowers on her hat by which, it developed, she had been told she might recognize the right girl.

Irene nodded.

"He'd like to see you," the secretary said. "He's casting."

"Thank him," Irene said, "and explain I'm in rehearsal here."

"Nevertheless," she says, "I had a strong feeling that one day I'd be associated with Florenz Ziegfeld. But I did not dream of the great change that would come into my life in the meantime."

And little did Irene dream the evening friends telephoned to ask her to a party and she hesitated whether to go or remain home and study, dead set upon becoming as proficient in her French as a Parisienne, that the future pattern of her entire life rested with her decision.

It was the new red dress hanging in her closet which decided her.

"I'll go," she said.

SINCE her last crush had petered out she had been studying and working steadily. She was ready for gaiety again. As a matter of fact, this was probably what had prompted her to buy that dress the week previous.

It was a very simple dress. Very smart. Owning it made dressing rather exciting. Irene brushed her soft hair until it lay smooth and bright. Her quiet eyes were eager.

Later, in the famous Gold Ballroom, the dance music was perfect. It had swing and rhythm. Even going from one partner to another, even walking out to the dance floor, Irene must dance a little. And hum a snatch of whatever song they happened to be playing.

It was after a waltz when she was leaving the floor with her partner that she saw a tall, well-built young man, very dignified in his well-cut tail coat, coming towards them.

It was all very casual. There was nothing about it to warn her that in this moment lay her destiny.

"Irene," said her partner, "may I present Doctor Griffin?

"Doctor Griffin, Miss Dunne."

Irene smiled.

The doctor bowed.

Never, Irene decided, had she seen more level blue eyes. He was serious-minded, this young doctor. Of that there could be no doubt. But he had humor, too. His level eyes were washed by laughter.

"Could I have the next dance?" he asked, "or isn't that possible?"

"I'm sorry," Irene said. She was sorry. She liked this tall, fair New Englander. Tremendously. Immediately.

"What dance may I have?" he asked. He would pin her down.

"The third after this?" She quite intended it to be a question but her voice leaped out of control to make it a very eager, hopeful question. The tone of her voice said, quite plainly, oh dear, I do hope that will be all right!

"Thank you," he said, "I'll come for you." He had a nice dignity. And a friendly *(Continued on page 102)*

Believe it or not Lil's a Housewife!



Lil and husband Edmund Lowe and their two cute wire-haireds at the Tashman-Lowe beach house—a very efficiently run beach house.

By DENA REED



. . . "One of the best dressed women in Hollywood" she may be. But Lil loves her home and her husband and manages both to perfection

LILYAN TASHMAN, in private life, is as much a hausfrau as Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones who spends her days caring for her house, planning her meals and complaining that "a woman's work is never done."

I can hear your gasps and snorts. "Lilyan Tashman," you're saying, "one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, whose very name is synonomous with the last word in fashion. What has she to do with housekeeping? How can she find the time to do anything but look as if the latest Paris evening gown were poured on her!"

All of which is true as far as it goes. Reputations are hard to maintain in Hollywood, where the competition is keen, and Lilyan's style sense has remained unchallenged for many years. But this comes as second nature to her and requires a minimum of time and energy.

But she does "shop around" for things for her homes in Malibu Beach and in Beverly Hills. Her decisions are snap judgments, because she has as natural a feeling for color and decoration in her home as she has in the clothes she wears. But she is definitely a housewife. I have it on the excellent authority of Edmund Lowe.

And right under my own nose I saw how she does it. For, while Lilyan was making personal appearances at the Paramount last year, she talked, cut clippings from the newspapers, ate her lunch, fixed her make-up, posed for her portrait, *(Continued on page 87)*







Myrna Loy, off for a late summer week-end, provides herself first with the greatest essential—a top coat (left). Hers is the most serviceable of all—a black and white checked lightweight tweed. She carries a white linen bag trimmed with black and white checks. (Above, left) Upon arriving—with time for a swim before dinner—she changes into beach pajamas. She lets the red knitted sweater with turtle neck take care of the sun-back by the clever way in which it is shaped. The trous are red and white linen. (Above, right) Her bathing suit is perfect for swimming or sun-bathing. Black knitted jersey.

A late summer week-end . . . What to wear? What to take with you?









No sunburn on the nose for Myrna. (She has red hair, you know, and the delicate skin that goes with it.) When she braves the outdoors on her week-end, she wears a wide-brimmed leghorn with a kerchief top—by far the largest hat seen on the beach this season. But at tea-time (as you can see in the picture below the big hat) she appears in a fetching little turban trimmed with a band of flatly sewn piqué violets, which flowers again make the collar on the blue silk coat. Even white piqué gloves take unto themselves an edging of violets, just to show that they are all in the scheme of the costume.

Even when your hostess says, "Oh, we don't bother about clothes up here. Just bring anything," it is wise to take along an evening gown. You never can tell what might turn up! Myrna's gown is lovely enough to go anywhere, but being white and very simple as to cut, it fits nicely into the summer scheme. It is made of satin and has a train that drapes most gracefully from the high waistline and meets, at that point, the V ending of the very low back. Remember that a white summer evening gown is really an economy, for when winter comes you may always have it dyed some lovely color.

Myrna Loy chooses exactly the right things—as you can see here









Sunday morning—and a tennis date. Myrna's tennis dress is patterned on the simplest sort of a design in blue jersey. The upper half of this two piece model is fashioned after a polo shirt and a varicolored striped belt is attached to the skirt. For her spectator sports dress, she carries along that one of white crêpe, trimmed with green polka dotted silk and narrow pleatings set around the V neck, bow tie and sash belt. Her hat, this time, is of white stitched crepe with one of those large brims that are so smart and so soothing in the bright sunlight.

For Sunday evening, Myrna Loy has this mousseline frock, in her favorite color which she calls "Heavenly Blue." The trailing skirt is edged with a tiny band of pleatings, which also borders the high neckline. Rows of tucks in true Victorian manner are a part of the design and the long full sleeves carry out the picturesque nature of this becoming costume . . . Well, all good things come to an end, and when Myrna is ready to go back to town on Monday, she dons a crisp white linen suit and makes it utterly dashing by the addition of polka dot accessories.

To take "more than you'll need" is always a very wise idea





These four girls—Madge Evans, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow and Claudette Colbert—know the importance of smooth, shapely arms. For evening and for short-sleeved daytime frocks. Give your arms an occasional beauty treatment as you would your face. And exercise them to make them graceful.

Lovely Arms







Irene Hervey knows her ingenue stuff when she wears bands of rosebuds over the shoulders of a simple crêpe evening frock.

(Left) Helen Vinson's tailored suit with a pinched-in jacket—nice for fall. The vest and hat are made of brightly checked rabbit's hair material. (Right) This light beige wool coat of Marion Davies' is dashingly set off by the brown and beige plaid woolen scarf. The sleeves have shallow pyramid tucks which give shoulder breadth and the vagabond hat is made of crêpe in the same shade as the coat.

Patterns

TO ORDER PATTERNS AND PATTERN BOOK

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.

For back views, see page 88



973
994

2599



973 (dress) and 994 (coat)—Helen Twelvetrees' first fall suit—a lightweight plaid wool dress with a topcoat of plain color lined with the plaid. 973 and 994 in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 and 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

2599—Another good school or college frock for silk or woolen material. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust.

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP



Marion Davies is romantically attractive with a single strand of pearls and brilliantes loosely binding her locks. The long pearl at the ear adds an unusual substitute for an eardrop.

SH-H-H. This is a secret straight from the Hollywood front: Fall, 1933 is going to be the most glamorous season we've had in years and years. Who says so? Travis Banton, my dears. We are going in for trains in a big way. Especially the ruffled, frilly kind that make you think of Spanish rhumba dances. You should see the one on Claudette Colbert's new formal frock. It's six ruffles deep and swishes beautifully when she walks. The frock combines black organza and taffeta—the train being of the latter. "And," declares Claudette knowingly, "there can be no hot-cha numbers in this type of dress!"

No, *mystery* has replaced pep as the chief feminine allure. The new models simply ooze it. Even Mae West goes mysterious in her "dining out" costume. Mostly because of that hat. It's huge. It is the largest black hat you ever saw and it has the flattest of crowns. Her black gown is of tulle and gently falls to the floor in a demurely wicked line.

● The old-fashioned hook and eye is taking a prominent place on the fashion horizon this fall. Instead of hiding modestly under the folds of a placket, it now is used for adorning as well as practical purposes. The 1933-34 hook and eye is many times larger than its ancestors and of very elaborate design. Helen Twelvetrees has large white bone hooks and eyes running down the front of her black wool dress, and the effect is stunning!

● Bruce Cabot says there's nothing like a good zipper. He has his shirts made with a zipper attachment on the front, and the "missing button" problem that confronts most bachelors just doesn't exist any more for him.

● Adrian—and if you don't know by this time that he's M-G-M's style magician, you haven't been reading your MODERN SCREEN!—is advocating draped effects. A suggestion of them in skirts — softly draped bodices—swirls of *fringe* suspended from a low décolletage in back. One of the colors he is using most in his designs is *light peacock blue*. It's a glorious shade—particularly in the erect pile velvet that is due to be very popular.

Trust Adrian, of course, to pick ideas out of the air. And not only for fashions! In his lemon-and-lime colored workshop in the studio he has lovely white tulips made of *duck feathers*. Now it has become a fad: artificial flowers cunningly devised of feathers.

● It's a very chic note in ensemble effects — this matching compacts with your frocks. When Heather Angel powdered her nose at tea, every woman present strained forward with interest. The top of her compact was an exact reproduction of the blue and white plaid of her dress! She has another to match a blue and green striped frock and for formal wear there's a white and gold one to harmonize with her new evening gown.

● Tiny rhinestone ornaments seem to be the latest gasp for evening coiffures. The star and crescent prevail. And there's no need to restrict yourself to one—Lilyan Tashman wears two and sometimes three in her blond tresses. And Marion Davies! Just look at her with her fillet of pearls and brilliantes.

● Maureen O'Sullivan has gone quaint on us. At least for evening. She looks like an 1860 belle—and if you think Johnny Farrow doesn't like it! Maureen wears her hair a-top her head in tight little *(Continued on page 100)*

Fascinating fall creations, old-fashioned smartness renewed, and beauty tips

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay—to Help them in their Daily Beauty Contests

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!



She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.



Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.



Ralph Morgan and his pretty daughter, Claudia, lunching in their Hollywood garden after a hard game of tennis. Claudia's recipes—and Dad Morgan's ideas—are worth knowing for a luncheon.



Courtesy of the Borden Company

Sandwiches, of course, have an important place in lunch menus. The Modern Hostess gives you some new sandwich recipes.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

WE chanced to drop in at the Ralph Morgan domicile one morning just as Ralph and his attractive daughter, Claudia, were finishing a set of tennis.

"Set point!" called Mr. Morgan, "ready?" Claudia nodded and crouched back of the base line to receive the service. Ralph sent over a terrific serve which Claudia returned with a clean, powerful shot. But Ralph picked it up and dropped it, hatefully, just over the net, where it bounced twice before Claudia could reach it.

"You're an old meany!" sang Claudia cheerfully, losing as gracefully and graciously as she played.

Ralph walked over to us, wiping his brow.

"Oh, please don't stop!" we entreated. "It would be such fun to watch you."

Ralph shook his head. "I've had enough!" he announced. "Keen as I am about tennis, on a day like this the nicest thing about the game is how good it feels when you stop playing."

"Do stay and have lunch with us," invited Claudia. She had located all of the tennis balls and now sauntered off the court.

"Of course," seconded Ralph, "but I'm warning you, Claudia, if there isn't enough liquid refreshment to go 'round, I shall refuse to let our guest have a single drop."

Claudia laughed. "Father always wants quarts and quarts of something cold to drink after playing tennis," she said, "and he doesn't seem to care very much what it is—iced tea or coffee, lemonade, punch or what-have-you. But he insists on plenty of it. So I figure out what he can reasonably be expected to drink and then double the order for safety's sake."

"From way back somewhere," put in Mr. Morgan, "I remember a silly little jingle which goes something like this:

At tennis 'neath the summer sun,
Drinking water is not done
'Twill make you drive balls in the net
Losing thus both game and set!"

"Well, there's many a word of truth spoken in jest—as some one has remarked before," we contributed brightly.

"Yes," said Ralph, "and there's a lot of good advice in that jingle. A smart player does his drinking after, not during the game."

HOWEVER, scenting a good food story and with our nose to the wind, like a good bird dog, we refused to be deflected by discussions of athletic procedure. For, you see, we were approaching the luncheon table, set on the terrace beneath a huge umbrella, and even at a distance our trained eye had begun to pick out unusual details.

We descried, for instance, a carafe of what appeared to be fruit juices, *and* a tea pot. Our curiosity knew no bounds, you can imagine, until we discovered that the carafe did actually contain sweetened lemon juice, because Ralph Morgan wants plenty of lemon juice in his iced tea—in fact it's almost a half and half proposition with him. Claudia poured tea over the ice in his glass until he said "When." Then Ralph filled the glass up with sweetened lemon juice. Ever on the alert for a new taste thrill, we followed suit. And right here and now we heartily endorse the custom. Your drink turns out not to be iced tea, nor yet lemonade, but a very delightful combination of both.

Ralph and (*Continued on page 106*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCRENE Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for September, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

The Ralph Morgans make luncheon a feast—as these recipes prove

She protects her wave with JEAN HAIR NETS *and this is the* NET *result—*



Single mesh or double. Bobbed size or regular. In every hair shade, gray and white included.



JEAN WATER WAVE AND SPORTS NET

Here's another beauty hint—when you set your waves, especially after a shampoo, slip one of these water wave nets over your hair—and get really professional results. Excellent for night wear, too. In lovely pastels and hair shades.

EVEN when she sleeps she keeps her wave in place! That's how she manages to keep smartly groomed always—and to save money on her beauty bills besides! Try her trick of wearing these marvelous long-lasting nets. You'll never be without them again!

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BETWEEN YOU and ME

Come one—come all! This is your spot for discussing talkie matters that are pleasing or bothering you

Dear Friends:

I have been away on my vacation. You have probably been away on your vacations. Now we're all back at work—or will be very shortly. A much better time for making good resolutions, this, than New Year's. At least that's what I think. And I have made a few resolutions.

Yes—it's easy to guess what they are. They concern this magazine. I'm going to endeavor to make MODERN SCREEN a better magazine than ever before. I have some grand ideas for the coming months. For our stories and our pictures of the stars and for our departments. I want you all to keep me posted on your reactions to them. That's the only way I can find out whether or not you like them.

So—I'll be waiting to hear from you.

The Editor

Please address all letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Defense of Englishman

MARIE KEU of Sheffield, England, writes:

First, I want to say how much I enjoy MODERN SCREEN. We've nothing to come within streets of it here, so I've signed up as a permanent reader.

Now, I have something to get off my chest. Why will producers or directors insist upon confining English characters to two kinds. The cockney with his "Gor' blimey" and the super-refined gentleman with his so-called Oxford accent, a "very naice person, don't cher know."

I admit we have both types, but neither is the ideal nor average Englishman, any more than the gum-chewing "Oh-yeah-sez-you" youth or the gangster is typical of your American manhood, and we should welcome a more natural character by way of a change.

Everybody here is enjoying Ralph Bellamy's work. Indeed, he has established himself as a general favorite, for he is particularly attractive and, above all, an excellent actor.

All the Way from Java

R. M. SOEMARTONO of Djokjakarta, Java, asks a few questions:

In a recent issue you asked for criticism. Well, here you are! "Tarzan, the Ape-Man" was a success, but it would have been better if Johnny Weissmuller possessed a muscular body. (?) He is a good swimmer, of course, but there are men like George O'Brien who could *really* do Tarzan.

The Christians here were offended at "The Sign of the Cross." (*Why, R. M.?*)

What I should like to know is to whom is ex-mayor, Jimmy Walker, married? (*Betty Compton, New York dancer.*) And is Mr. Walker on the stage? (*No, not professionally, anyway.*)

Thelma Todd is married. I am glad to hear that. But Hollywood is not Hollywood if the divorce is long in coming. (*It has come.*)

Where's that team, Sammy Cohen-Ted MacNamara? (*Mr. MacNamara passed away about three years ago. Mr. Cohen is free-lancing.*)

That's all, Mr. Editor, and in advance, thanks for the bit of information.

Do You Feel the Same Way?

ANGELA LEWIS of Fort Wayne, Ind., is slightly disgusted:

You may think me narrow-minded, but if hating filth in pictures makes me that, I am glad.

I am a high school girl and an ardent fan, being an avid reader of fan magazines. I would be a much more constant movie-goer, too, if it were not for the fact that I have been embarrassed too often while attending so-called sex pictures with the boy friend.

Do directors think that injecting "dirt" into a film gives it box office appeal? There should be stories certainly, that give us a chance to believe there are some decent people in the world, that would not insult the intelligence of those of us who are modern yet clean-minded.

So, instead of starting a drive for bigger and better pictures, why not make it better and cleaner? I am sure it would meet with great response.

Barbara and Clark Teamed?

BEVERLY B. of St. Louis, Mo., offers a suggestion:

It will always be a mystery to me why Barbara Stanwyck does not get a better break in pictures. Why can't her producers find her a swell story? She certainly has many admirers who would appreciate it. Also, why not make Clark Gable and Barbara a team? With his personality and her beauty and acting ability, they would be a tremendous hit. I wonder if other fans feel as I do.

(*Speaking of teams, Beverly, how about Clark with Mae West? But better read the story on page 14.*) *Also, read Jim Tully's story about Barbara on page 24.*)

Glamor Versus Wholesomeness

MARIE GRIFFIN of Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

My friends, who, of course, may be prejudiced, testify as to my good disposition, and modesty (?) forces me to agree. I can stand disappointment and bad breaks better than most people. In fact, the only thing that makes me figuratively kick and scream, is that six-letter word—glamor.

Movie magazines declare, as early and often as possible, that Joan Crawford has glamor. Greta Garbo has glamor; Carole Lombard is loaded down with it; Marlene Dietrich exudes it and, even in her overalls, Katharine Hepburn radiates—what do you think? Right again. Glamor!

If picture producers would take time out to delve into the public's mind, they might be surprised to discover that more of us could care for fresh, honest wholesomeness (not to be confused with sacharrine sweetness) than all this "lacquered lady" stuff.

Madge Evans is distinctly among those present when a popularity contest is in order. So are Helen Hayes, Ann Harding and Irene Dunne. They are all attractive, honest-to-goodness human beings—like the girl next door or the very young matron across the street. Artificiality is as foreign to them as the French debt. There is nothing as desirable as naturalness, and I'll wager there are many picture fans who agree with me.

(*And now, gentle reader, what is your reaction to Miss Griffin's opinion? We should be very much interested to hear your opinions.*)

Praise for "Golddiggers"

A. L. of N. Y. C. writes:
I have just seen "Golddiggers of 1933." The whole cast does grand work! What a swell performance. The dancing, songs and beauty of the whole thing is a real treat. Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell as a team have the world beat.

A Versatile Actor Certainly! And He Gets Lots of Praise

M. B. of San Antonio, Texas, writes:
The very first time I saw Walter Huston, I liked him—in fact better than any other actor. I think that Huston can play any kind of character role. He can play the role of crook or saint with equal facility. Once I read in MODERN SCREEN that he likes to play baseball. I do wish he would play in a baseball picture or any other sport picture. You can't give us too much of Huston.

Are You a Booster for Them, Too?

H. P. of Pasadena, California, writes:
A few lines regarding some of the very best talent one can wish to see on the screen, Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Zasu Pitts and Will Rogers. Why can't we see more of these players? They positively portray life as we like to feel it should be lived. You know people that live as good and clean life, helping others at every opportunity surely should be mentioned. So give these four people a real boost, please.

Lots of Readers Like Them

B. B. S. writes:
Ever since seeing Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper in "City Streets" I have been patiently waiting to see them together again. Here's hoping producers take the hint and star them as I'm sure they will make an ideal starring team.

King of Them All

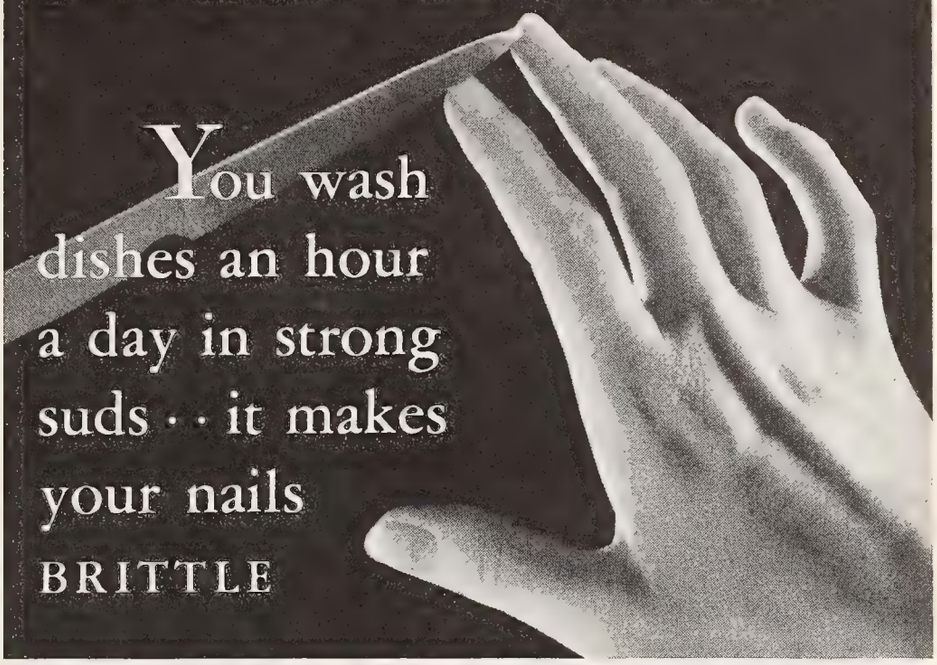
E. N. of Toronto, Ont., makes a plea:
We read a lot about the different actors, such as Clark Gable and Ramon Novarro, but very little of the king of them all, in my estimation, namely, Warner Baxter. Here is one actor, who besides being in the first line when looks and charm were given away, really enjoys and puts all he has in his acting. He seems to be at last getting a break. Hurray!

Short Paragraphs and Answers

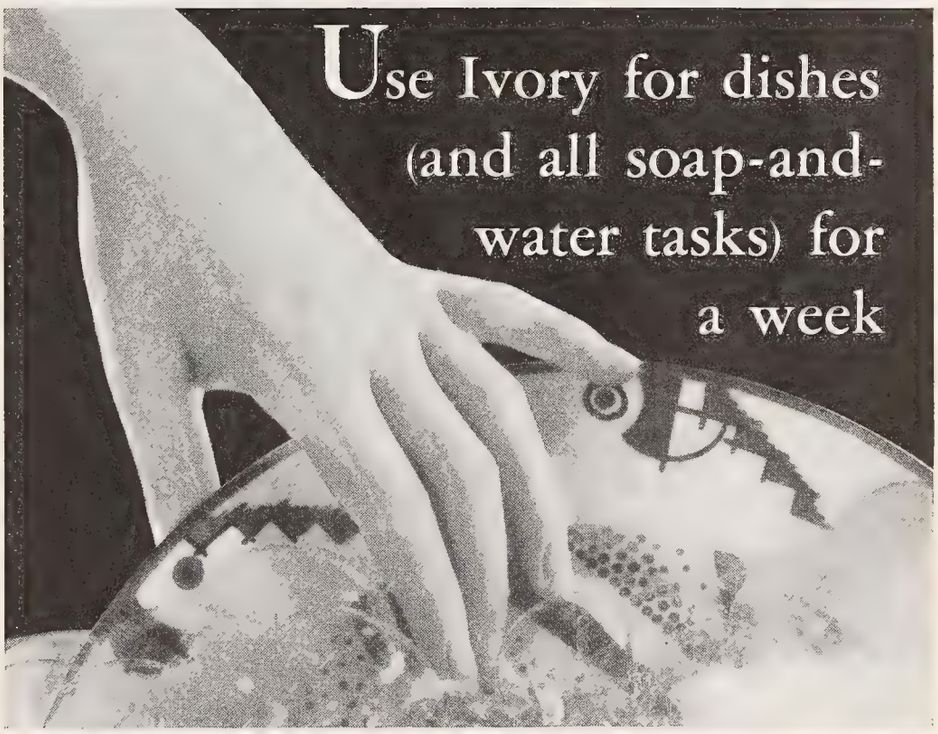
C. R. of Springfield, N. J., would like to see Fredric March and Joan Crawford in a picture together. JANET W. of Bethel, Conn., writes: "I'm so glad to see that someone has had sense enough to see that we're a bit tired of long, lanky glamorous ladies and smart enough to anticipate that we would appreciate a real, true-to-life, earthy per-

(*Continued on page 81*)

"*why do my* NAILS BREAK?"



You wash dishes an hour a day in strong suds · · it makes your nails BRITTLE



Use Ivory for dishes (and all soap-and-water tasks) for a week

· · then · · see the difference

No free alkali in Ivory to roughen your hands, break your nails, spoil your manicure—Ivory is pure. Doctors advise Ivory even for a baby's skin. And Ivory is so economical. 99 44/100 % Pure.

IVORY SOAP *SAVES HANDS*

DIRECTORY of PICTURES

. . . A sure guide to the best talkie entertainment. Read these short reviews before going to see that show and save yourself time and money

● RECOMMENDED ● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

● **ADORABLE** (Fox)— Janet Gaynor in a charming little tale of kingdoms, princesses and commoners. Henri Garat, the new French actor, is the perfect leading man. Janet and Henri do several delightful sing numbers and some excellent acting. **Very good—okay for kids.**

● **BABY FACE** (Warner) –Barbara Stanwyck as a girl of the slums who ruthlessly fights her way to the top until she hooks a bank president. He makes her wonder. . . . **Very good—but no interest for children.**

● ● **THE BARBARIAN** (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro as the sheik who captures the love of a beautiful English girl. **Exciting romance—but not for children.**

● **BED OF ROSES** (RKO)—Story of two girls just out of prison and what they do. Connie Bennett is more beautiful than ever. Pert Kelton is good in a Mae West role. **Good—send the kids to a Western.**

● **BE MINE TONIGHT** (Universal)—A foreign film (English speaking). Lots of excellent singing and a touch of "La Boheme." **Very good if you enjoy singing—children may like parts of it.**

● ● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox) — Reviewed in section starting on page 6,

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE BIG BRAIN (KBS-Tiffany)—George Stone in a yarn of a bootblack who by fair means and otherwise wends his way up as a big shot in Wall Street. **Fair—the youngsters will be bored.**

● ● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **CAVALCADE** (Fox)—Historical drama from 1900 up to present time about an English family and their servants. You will love this terrifically human story. **Excellent—okay for the children.**

● **CHRISTOPHER STRONG** (RKO) — Katharine Hepburn as a young girl flyer who falls in love with a married man (Colin Clive). They make a brave fight against their love. Unusual ending. **Very good—children won't like it.**

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia)—Murder, mystery and lots of blood-curdling excitement in a circus tent. **Good if you go for this kind of stuff—may be too scarey for children.**

CITY HALL (Wm. Berke)—Political drama. **Quiet but good—okay for kids.**

● ● **CLEAR ALL WIRES** (M-G-M)—An amusing story of a foreign newspaper correspondent who stirs up assassinations for news. It lands him in a tough spot. Lee Tracy is topnotch. **Good—for kids, too.**

● ● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—More adventures of these two families with Charlie Murray and George Sidney again as the respective fathers. **Very funny—kids will like it.**

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **DESTINATION UNKNOWN** (Universal)—Tale of a mysterious stranger who suddenly appears on a rumrunner lost at sea and guides it back. The curious effect he has on the twelve men and one woman on the boat makes the picture. **Very good—pretty dull for children, however.**

● ● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (M-G-M)—A sophisticated drama of exciting intrigues involving the invited guests at a dinner party. An all star cast with John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and others. **Excellent—but not good movie fare for children.**

● **DIPLOMANIACS** (RKO)—Wheeler and Woolsey. **Great for kids.**

DISGRACED (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount) —A gripping, powerfully realistic story of the horrors of war. Fredric March, Jack Oakie and Cary Grant do some very good acting. **Excellent—all right for the young folks.**

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warner)—Joe E. Brown in a very funny baseball yarn. **Good—the kids will love it.**

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy, and Betty Furness in a story. **Good—fair for children.**

EX-LADY (Warner)—Bette Davis and Gene Raymond go through daring experiments to achieve real romantic happiness. **Good—but dull for children.**

FLYING DEVILS (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **FORTY-SECOND STREET** (Warners) — A grand show. Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, George Brent and others are in it. **Excellent—kids will enjoy it.**

● **'FRISCO JENNY** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton as a tough gal of the old days whose son grew up to be her unknowing enemy. **Very good—but not for children.**

FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—A kidding of the famous "Grand Hotel" with Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames. **Very good—take the tots.**

● ● **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE** (M-G-M)—Walter Huston in a timely story of a president who saves the U. S. from impending disaster. Franchot Tone and Karen Morley add the love interest. **Excellent—okay for children.**

GAMBLING SHIP (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **GIRL IN 419** (Paramount)—A snappy yarn about a police hospital with Jimmy Dunn as head and Gloria Stuart as the unknown beauty brought to the hospital dying. **Good—exciting enough for children.**

● ● **GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—If you've seen "Forty-Second Street," see this. If you haven't seen "Forty-Second Street"—see this. Swell music, swell dancing. Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Warren Williams, Ruby Keeler, Guy Kibbee and others are in it. **Excellent—take the kids.**

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **HELL BELOW** (M-G-M)—Powerful drama of men and submarines with Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery and Jimmie Durante. **Excellent—kids will like it, too.**

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)—Dick Barthelmess does some fine acting in a tiresome and terribly depressing story of an ex-soldier down on his luck. **Depressing—not for children.**

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HUMANITY (Fox)—Ralph Morgan as a country doctor whose heart breaks when his son (Alexander Kirkland) goes into the profession for the money only. **Poor.**

● ● **I COVER THE WATERFRONT** (United Artists)—Speed, action, sex and plenty of laughs with Ben Lyon, Claudette Colbert and the late Ernest Torrence. **Excellent—but not for the kids.**

● **I LOVE THAT MAN** (Paramount)—Eddie Lowe is the man, with Nancy Carroll playing opposite. A snappy, entertaining yarn with fast-talking devil-may-care Eddie at his best. **Excellent—kids might enjoy it.**

● ● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **INFERNAL MACHINE** (Fox)—Chester Morris wins his girl (Genevieve Tobin) by real courage —and trickery. **Very good—okay for children.**

● **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE** (Paramount)—Lots of funny nonsense, blue gags and shapely legs. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Stuart Erwin, Sari Maritza, Edmund Breese, Burns and Allen and others are in it. **Funny and amusing slapstick comedy—take the kids.**

● **JENNIE GERHARDT** (Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney as the tragic heroine in a rather depressing love story. Donald Cook plays opposite. **Good of its kind—but children will be bored.**

THE KEYHOLE (Warners)—Kay Francis and George Brent in an amusing triangle of the wife, the wealthy husband and a detective. **Fair—kids won't be amused.**

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—Good Western. Ken Maynard as a cowboy who turns detective to track down a mysterious murderer. **Thrilling—take the kids.**

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR (Universal) —Unfaithful wives, murder and renewed love. **Fair—children will be bored.**

● ● **LADY OF THE NIGHT** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **A LADY'S PROFESSION** (Paramount)—Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as a couple of English aristocrats in America. They get mixed up, unwittingly, with a gang of bootleggers. **Very amusing—children will enjoy parts of it.**

LILLY TURNER (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton again in a tragic, self-sacrificing drama. A sordid, but different kind of triangle with a cheap sideshow background. **Entire cast very good, but story dull—not for children.**

● ● **THE LITTLE GIANT** (Warners)—Eddie Robinson turns comedian. As a former beer baron he and his pal (Russell Hopton) take up "culture." Mary Astor and Helen Vinson provide the love thrills. **Swell comedy—take the kids.**

● **LUCKY DOG** (Universal)—A very good looking Chic Sale without his beard and specs in a little drama of the strong friendship of a man and his dog. **Take the kids and go see it.**

MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—James Cagney and Frankie Darro in a yarn about a lot of tough youngsters in a reform school. Plenty of excitement and action. **Good—kids will like it.**

● **THE MIND READER** (Warners)—Warren William and Constance Cummings in a story all about the fortune telling racket. **Very good—children might like it.**

● **MURDERS IN THE ZOO** (Paramount)—Lots of horror in the zoo with Lionel Atwill, Charlie Ruggles and Kathleen Burke. **Very good—might be too scarey for kids.**

● **THE NARROW CORNER** (Warners)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ralph Bellamy and Patricia Ellis in a love triangle. Not much plot but some excellent acting. **Good—children will be bored.**

● ● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE NUISANCE** (M-G-M)—The irrepressible Lee Tracy as a shyster lawyer. Frank Morgan plays a gin-soaked Doc. Madge Evans is the clever girl detective for an insurance company. She forgets her duty when she meets the lawyer. **Good—for kids, too.**

● **OUR BETTERS** (RKO)—Constance Bennett as a disillusioned bride who becomes the sophisticated society queen of postwar London. **Very good—but not for children.**

● **OUT ALL NIGHT** (Universal)—An amusing comedy of a honeymoon at Niagara Falls with Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville. **Very funny—okay for kids.**

● ● **PEG O' MY HEART** (M-G-M)—Marion Davies in the familiar and beloved story. Onslow Stevens and Juliette Compton are in it. The dog, Mike, is excellent. **Very good—children will like it.**

THE PHANTOM BROADCAST (Monogram)—Ralph Forbes in a touching little story of a hunchback crooner. **Good—children might like it.**

● ● **PICTURE SNATCHER** (Warners)—James Cagney in a snappy comedy of an ex-jail bird who becomes the chief picture thief for a scandal sheet. **Exciting and funny—children might be amused by parts of it.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Drama of a mother who sends her boy (Norman Foster) to war to separate him from the girl he loves (Marian Nixon). **A woman's picture. Good if you like to weep.**

PLEASURE CRUISE (Fox)—Genevieve Tobin as a successful young wife who runs off from her depression-hit husband to enjoy a few new flirtations. Roland Young plays opposite. **Poor.**

THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—William Powell as a private detective who outsmarts some crooks and saves the girl he loves. **Some excellent acting but the plot is somewhat vague—not much in it for young people.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—Ginger Rogers as a radio entertainer publicized as America's "Purity Girl." Norman Foster is the Kentucky hick who believes all that's said about her. Zasu Pitts, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins are topnotch. **Very good comedy—take the kids.**

● ● **THE REBEL** (Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on pageg 6.

● ● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—Sophisticated comedy. John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard are superb. **Excellent—dull for children, however.**

ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Romance on a continental train with Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston. **Excellent melodrama—kids will like it.**

● ● **SECRETS** (United Artists)—Romantic story of the old frontier days with Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard. **Excellent—okay for kids.**

● ● **SHE DONE HIM WRONG** (Paramount)—Mae West in sizzling and uproarious Gay Ninties story. **Excellent—not for children.**

SHE HAD TO SAY YES (Warners)—Yarn of a girl who works in a department store. Loretta Young is the girl. **Fair—pretty dull for children.**

THE SILK EXPRESS (Warner)—Murder and mystery all brought about by a load of silk. Neil Hamilton with Sheila Terry opposite. **Fair—don't take the kids.**

● ● **THE SILVER CORD** (RKO)—A dramatic story of a mother's selfish love for her sons. Irene Dunne is the brave young wife of one of them who denounces the mother (Laura Hope Crewes). Irene and Miss Crewes do some superb acting. **Very good—but not for kids.**

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount)—A not-so-hot beer story, but a great cast, including Richard Arlen. **Fair—kids will be bored.**

THE SPHINX (Monogram)—Lionel Atwill as a phoney deaf and dumb philanthropist whose hobby is murder. **Good if you like mystery—better leave the kiddies at home.**

● ● **STATE FAIR** (Fox)—All about Will Rogers, Louise Dressler, Lew Ayres, Janet Gaynor, Norman Foster and Sally Eilers at the State Fair. **Excellent—kids will enjoy parts of it.**

● **STORM AT DAYBREAK** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE** (Paramount) —Miriam Hopkins as the granddaughter of a respected southern judge gets mixed up with some gangsters. **Very good—but leave the children at home.**

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—A good Western with action and thrills. **Go and take the kids—they will love it.**

● **SWEEPINGS** (RKO)—Lionel Barrymore as a self-made man whose children have had it too easy. **Good acting—children will be bored.**

● ● **TODAY WE LIVE** (M-G-M)—An emotional love triangle story of the Great War with Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. **Good—children might like parts of it.**

● **TOMORROW AT SEVEN** (RKO)—Swell mystery and murder story. Chester Morris does some excellent acting but Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh as hick cops almost steal the show. **Good—kids will like it.**

● ● **TRICK FOR TRICK** (Fox)—Two magicians in a murder mystery with lots of excitement. **Very good—take the kids if they like this kind of excitement.**

● ● **VOLTAIRE** (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND** (Fox)—A hilarious satire. About a mythical kingdom where the ladies do all the fighting while their husbands stay home and tend the babies. But when those Greek warriors arrived—. **Excellent—the kids will like it.**

● ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—A grand triangle with Robert Montgomery as the philandering husband. Ann Harding is the wife and Myrna Loy the other woman. Alice Brady (back again) is a swell comedienne. She almost steals the show. **Excellent—might be dull for the children.**

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Columbia)—Story of a young engineer who marries a spoiled society deb. She finds that life in the jungle isn't so exciting as the night life of Paris. **Good—a few thrills for the kids in the last reels.**

● ● **THE WORKING MAN** (Warner)—If you are crazy about George Arliss see this. Not up to his usual standard, however. **Good, but children will get fidgety.**

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 79*)

sonality. I'm referring, of course, to Mae West. I thought you'd like to know that there's one woman, anyway, who appreciates her. I know the men do." (*What do you think of the idea set forth on page 14, Janet?*)

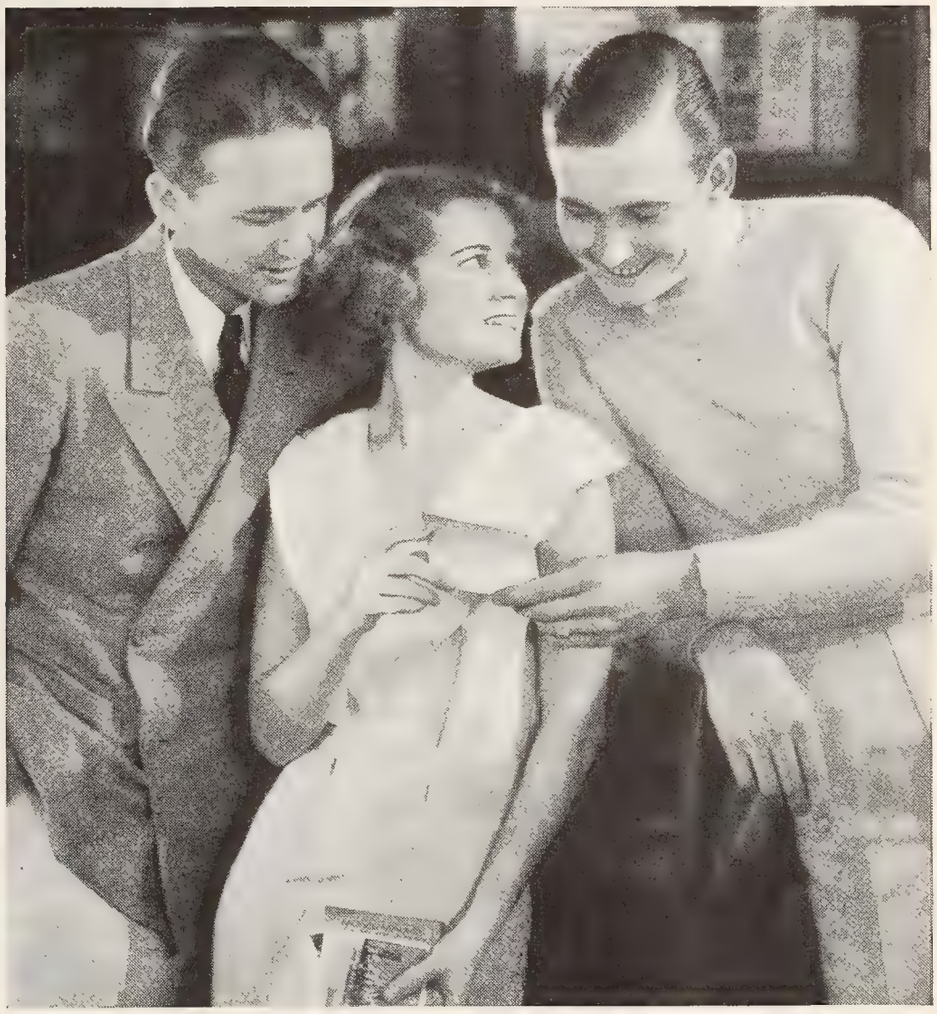
GEORGE JONES of Seattle, Washington, asks for more "male" pictures. "I mean—pictures like 'The Eagle and the Hawk.' The love interest in that—if you could really call it a love interest—was so slight that it was quite a relief. Yet there was enough in that picture to interest both men and women—at least it seemed so the day I went to the theatre. I don't think a love interest is nearly as necessary as producers seem to think."

LOUISE of Richmond, Virginia, wants to know if the historical film is returning. (*Perhaps, Louise. Garbo is making one—"Queen Christina." Edward G. Robinson may do a story based on the life of Napoleon. There's Arliss' "Voltaire," too. And Charles Laughton has done the "Henry VIII" picture in England.*)

DONALD DUNCAN of Memphis, Tenn., says, "Why can't Westerners always be as good as they should be? I like their action and excitement, but I often do resent the sappiness of their characters and the childishness of their plots. I don't see why they can't be adult entertainment instead of baby food."

L. S. of South Sioux City, Neb.: Douglas Walton was the actor who played Leonard, Jr., in "The Secret of Madame Blanche." H. V. of Wayne, Michigan: Richard Arlen was in our Gallery of Honor in the August issue. H. M. of Montreal: For information concerning the screen stars, see our Directory of Players—page 82. J. C. of Brooklyn: Ralph Bellamy is American. E. H. of Lancaster, Pa.: Marian Nixon and Sally Eilers are not sisters. J. and L. of Oneida, Tenn.: Yes, Janet really played the harmonica. And Dorothy Jordan is Dorothy's own name.

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THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Unmarried. Born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Working Man," Warners; "Song of Songs," Paramount. Working in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount.

AMES, ADRIENNE: Married to Stephen Ames. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "From Hell to Heaven," "A Bedtime Story," "Disgraced." Working in "The Avenger," Monogram.

ANGEL, HEATHER: Unmarried. Born in Oxford, England, February 9. Fox player. Featured in "Pilgrimage" and "Berkeley Square."

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The Island of Lost Souls," "The Song of the Eagle," "College Humor." Working in "Three Cornered Moon."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, England, April 10. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "The King's Vacation," "The Working Man," "Voltaire," Warners. Next is "The Life of Rothschild."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. RKO player. Featured in "King Kong," RKO; "Fast Workers," M-G-M; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Working in "Fog Bound," RKO.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia; "Night Flight" and "Strange Rhapsody," M-G-M.

ASTOR, MARY: Married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. Born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Little Giant," Warners; "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

ATES, ROSCOE: Married to Ethel Rogers. Born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. RKO player. Featured in "Lucky Devils," RKO; "What, No Beer!" M-G-M.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Murders in the Zoo" and "Song of Songs," Paramount; "The Sphinx," Monogram. Working in "Secret of the Blue Room," Universal.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Okay America;" "State Fair," Fox. Working in "In the Money," Universal.

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M and RKO star. Starred in "Reunion in Vienna," "Dinner at Eight" and "Night Flight," M-G-M. Next is "Cyrano de Bergerac," RKO.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M and RKO star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Night Flight" and "Stranger's Return," M-G-M. Working in "The Doctor," RKO. Next is "Bride of the Bayou," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Cabin in the Cotton," "Central Airport," "Heroes for Sale." Next is "Shanghai Orchid."

BAXTER, WARNER: Married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Forty-Second Street," Warners; "Dangerously Yours," "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox. Working in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

BEERY, WALLACE: Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Flesh," "Dinner at Eight." Working in "Tugboat Annie." Next is "Viva Villa."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Narrow Corner," Warners; "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Flying Devils," RKO. Working in "Fog Bound," RKO.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Rockabye," "Our Betters," "Bed of Roses," RKO. Next is "Free Lady," RKO.

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisdes, N. J., February 27. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Me and My Gal," "From Arizona to Broadway," Fox. Next is "Little Women," RKO.

BENNETT, RICHARD: Married. Born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had a Million." Working in "Big Executive."

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "No Other Woman," RKO; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount. Working in "This Day and Age."

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blondie Johnson," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Goodbye Again." Working in Footlight Parade."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox player. Featured in "Child of Manhattan," Columbia; "My Lips Betray," Fox. Working in "Only Yesterday," Universal. Next is "King of Jazz," Universal.

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage." Next is "Hoopla."

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at RKO. Featured in "Lucky Devils," "Emergency Call." Working in "Flaming Gold."

BOYD, WILLIAM: Divorced. Born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Oliver Twist," Monogram.

BRENDEL, EL: Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Too Busy to Work," "My Lips Betray," "The Last Trail."

BRENT, GEORGE: Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Keyholes," "Baby Face," "Lilly Turner."

BRIAN, MARY: Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warners; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount. Working in "Shoot the Works," Universal.

BROOK, CLIVE: Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, England, June 1. RKO player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox. Working in "Midnight Club," Paramount. Next is "The Family Man," RKO.

BROWN, JOE E.: Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "Elmer the Great," "How to Break Ninety." Next is "Son of the Gobs."

BROWN, TOM: Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Central Airport," Warners; "Hell's Highway," Universal. Working in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount. Next is "The Forgotten Boy," Universal.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. M-G-M player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount; "Never Give a Sucker a Break," M-G-M.

CABOT, BRUCE: Unmarried. Born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "The Great Jasper," "Flying Devils," RKO; "Disgraced," Paramount. Working in "Glory Commands," RKO.

CAGNEY, JAMES: Married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Hard to Handle," "Picture Snatcher," "The Mayor of Hell." Working in "Footlight Parade."

CANTOR, EDDIE: Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "The Kid From Spain." Next is "Roman Scandals."

CARRILLO, LEO: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Parachute Jumper," Warners; "Exile Express," Universal. Working in "Shoot the Works," Universal.

CARROLL, NANCY: Married to Francis Bolton Mallory. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "The Woman Accused," Paramount; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "I Love That Man," Paramount.

CAVANAGH, PAUL: Unmarried. Born in Chiselhurst, Kent, England, December 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," Warners; "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: Divorced from Lita Grey. Born in London, England, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLES: Married to Bebe Eltinge. Born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Fallen Arches," "Tarzan in the Wrong."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny," "Lilly Turner." Next is "The Female."

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

Why Not Send Them a Birthday Greeting? Their Studios' Addresses Are Given in This Department.

Myrna Loy	August 2	Richard Arlen	Sept. 1
Anita Page	August 4	George O'Brien	Sept. 1
Hoot Gibson	August 6	Neil Hamilton	Sept. 9
Ann Harding	August 7	Claudette Colbert	Sept. 13
Charles Farrell	August 9	Alexander Kirkland	Sept. 15
Dorothy Jordan	August 9	Greta Garbo	Sept. 18
Mae Clarke	August 16	Maurice Chevalier	Sept. 22
Colleen Moore	August 19	Paul Muni	Sept. 22
Joan Blondell	August 30	Fay Wray	Sept. 25
Fredric March	August 31	George Raft	Sept. 27

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. Paramount star. Starred in "Love Me Tonight," "Bedtime Story." Next is "The Way to Love."

CLARKE, MAE: Divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Fast Workers," M-G-M. Working in "Flaming Gold," RKO.

CODY, LEW: Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Undercover Man," "I Love That Man," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount; "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Working in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount. Next is "Torch Singer."

COLLINS, CORA SUE: Child actress. Born in Beckley, W. Va., April 19. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Picture Snatcher," Warners; "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: Divorced from Thelma Ray. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara," "The Masquerader."

COMPTON, JULIETTE: Married. Born in Columbia, Ga., May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "The Match King," Warners; "The Masquerader," United Artists.

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Baby Face," Warners; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount. Working in "Brief Moment," Columbia.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Starred in "Farewell to Arms"; "Today We Live," M-G-M. Working in "One Sunday Afternoon."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. RKO star. Starred in "Broadway Bad," Warners; "Midnight Mary," M-G-M. Next is "Torch Singers," Paramount.

CRABBE, BUSTER: Married to Virginia Held. Born in Oakland, California, February 7. Paramount player. Featured in "King of the Jungle," "Stairs of Sand." Working in "Tarzan the Fearless."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Today We Live." Working in "Dancing Lady."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "That's My Boy." Working in "This Day and Age," Paramount.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Paramount player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," "College Humor." Working in "Just An Echo." Next is "Too Much Harmony."

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Unmarried. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warners. Making pictures in England.

DAMITA, LILI: Unmarried. Born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Match King," First National.

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Forty-Second Street," Warners; "Cocktail Hour," Columbia.

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Peg O' My Heart." Next is "Paid to Laugh."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Parachute Jumper." Starred in "Ex-Lady." Featured in "The Working Man."

DEE, FRANCES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. RKO player. Featured in "King of the Jungle," Paramount; "Silver Cord," RKO. Working in "The Doctor," RKO. Next is "Little Women."

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, August 3. RKO star. Starred in "Bird of Paradise." Next is "Green Mansions."

DEVINE, ANDY: Married. Born in Flagstaff, Ariz., October 6. Universal player. Featured in "The Big Cage," Universal; "The Son of the Eagle," Paramount; "Disgraced," Paramount.

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Blonde Venus," "Song of Songs."

DIX, RICHARD: Married to Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO star. Starred in "The Great Jasper." "No Marriage Ties." Working in "Escape to Paradise." Next is "Monsters of the Deep."

DORSAY, FIFI: Unmarried. Born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Warners. Free lance. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," Warners.

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Tugboat Annie." Next is "March of Time."

DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Hold Me Tight," "The Girl in 419," "From Arizona to Broadway."

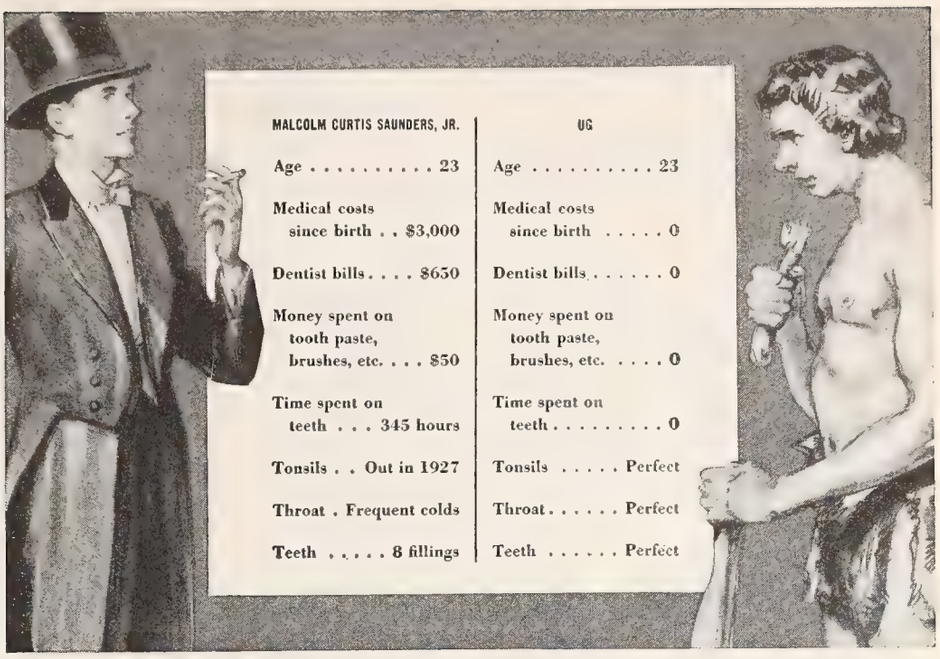
DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO star. Starred in "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M; "The Silver Cord," RKO. Working in "Lady Sal." Next is "Stingaree."

DURANTE, JAMES: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "What, No Beer!," "Hell Below." Working in "What a Liar."

DVORAK, ANN: Married to Leslie Fenton. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Three on a Match."

EILERS, SALLY: Separated from Hoot Gibson. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Sailor's Luck," "Hold Me Tight," Fox; "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "I Spy," British International.

(*Continued on page 91*)



What *Malcolm Curtis Saunders, Jr.* can learn from *Ug*

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

The debutantes would prefer Malcolm. So would we all. But Ug knew some things Malcolm doesn't. Ug never saw a dentist. Although he never brushed his teeth (!!) they were always firm and white.

At forty Malcolm will have to pay for some fancy bridge work, but at forty Ug's teeth were still strong, without even one cavity.

Ug, you see, ate hard grains, tough roots and raw meat and that hard chewing kept his mouth *naturally* healthy, his teeth clean. Alas, the young man of today exercises on golf links and tennis courts but doesn't know that he must chew to exercise his mouth, to make it keep itself healthy.

But at last we know what to do about it. Dentyne has exactly the right consistency to give the mouth the proper exercise. It makes the mouth keep itself healthy — and it keeps the teeth white. Every single day you should chew Dentyne. This is as important as any other daily health habit. And Dentyne is delicious. Here is an easy delightful way to keep the mouth healthy — the teeth white.

Chew delicious

Dentyne



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5,000,000 WOMEN

CAN'T BE WRONG

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Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



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Lashes that look long, dark, luxuriant and sweeping add a most exciting interest to eyes. A simple touch of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and eyes that are "just eyes" instantly become lovely, bewitching pools—enchanting, beyond words to describe. Five million regular Maybelline users know this secret. They also know that *genuine* Maybelline is necessary to *genuinely* alluring eyes. The reason being that Maybelline gives an entirely *natural* effect. In addition, genuine Maybelline is non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless and stimulating to lash growth. Five million women can't be wrong! They are also right in preferring the excellent quality of Maybelline Eye Shadow, Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and Maybelline Eyelash Grower. These famous Maybelline products, in purse sizes, are now obtainable at leading 10c stores.



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for delicately shading the eyelids to intensify the color and depth of the eyes. Pure and harmless, smooth and creamy, it may be had in Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Green and Violet.



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smoothly and cleanly lines the brows, forming graceful, expressive eyebrows. Of pure and highest quality composition. Black or Brown.



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Let's Talk About Hollywood

More news about the film city folks

THERE have been rumors circulating about Hollywood for some time that all was not so well with the domesticity of the Richard Dixes. Dix will neither confirm nor deny any of these reports, the reason being that he and his wife made a pact before they were married that they would never talk for publication on the subject of their marriage. Maybe that's not such a bad idea at that. It *is* a touchy subject.

Anyway, there doesn't seem to be much truth to the rumors, for the present at least, because as soon as Dix finishes his next picture (which, incidentally, will be his last for Radio) they're both sailing for Europe. So, so far so good!

EDDIE ROBINSON'S next flicker for Warners may be the life of that colorful personage, Napoleon. Writers are already at work gathering material for the story, which will deal with the romantic rather than the military side of his life. Now what we're wondering is: Who will play Josephine? Wouldn't Mae West be swell?

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., must have had quite an effect on His Highness, the King of Siam. The King has just become "the only Royal exhibitor in the world." The theatre he has built will seat about fifteen hundred guests and has luxurious appointments. Wonder if he has a Canadian Mountie for a doorman!

LUPE VELEZ says she "no like Johnny Weissmuller any more," but judging from actions, she's still crazy about the lad. The other eve at the Cocoanut Grove, Johnny was making goo-goo eyes at Rénée Torres, (Raquel's sister) and Rénée was returning the amorous glances quite obviously. Lupe saw . . . and whoopie! . . . in one wild dash she swooped down on Rénée's table and in a flow of Mexican lingo, told the gal just where to get off.

After that, Weissmuller behaved, but Rénée—hmmmm—she planned revenge. She called—and got—a date with Gary Cooper. But here's the rub: Gary has a manager (Jack Moss) who is just like Mary's little lamb. Wherever Gary goes, Jack tags along, and Rénée doesn't figure that kind of a date would do at all! So she's still waiting.

WHAT started out as a publicity stunt, turned out to be real romance in the case of Constance Cummings and Benn W. Levy. When Connie first landed in Europe, her ambitious Hollywood press agent immediately started circulating rumors of this romance which was purely a concoction of his own brain. Later, however, Connie and Levy met, and well, to make a long story short, they're married now, and honeymooning in that romantic spot, Venice!

Anita Page (very slim and blonde and beautiful) was dancing with Monroe Owsley at one of the late spots recently . . . unchaperoned! Y'know Anita seldom goes anywhere without her Ma. Maybe she's growing up.

LONDON is taking its bow as the new gay spot of Europe. With so many of our stars over yon, most any night club looks like a Hollywood rendezvous. One evening the following were reported dancing at one particular spot: Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Sally Eilers, escorted by Harry Joe Brown, Thelma Todd and Dennis King, Jeanette MacDonald and her fiancé-manager Bob Ritchie.

But the folks are managing to have a good time in Hollywood as well. Jay Whidden's opening at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica found Bill Hart (his first time in a night club for many a moon) at a table surrounded with blonde cuties. Billie Dove in a youthful print dancing frock and gloves to match, with her handsome new hubby, Dorothy Mackaill in a white starched chiffon creation smiling at husband, Neil Miller, Dorothy Lee and her football sweetie, Marshall Duffield and oodles of others. All having a swell time!

IT'S a new deal for George Raft over at Paramount. He signed a nice contract with a big boost in salary and his pictures are not to exceed five a year. (George would like even less.) Also, there will be no more of those meanie gangster roles. Raft is going to be the "big romance" hereafter.

ROMANTIC Notes: It's a mighty sweet romance between Frances Dee and Joel McCrea.

George Raft is giving Marjorie King a record-breaking rush . . . for him!

Mozelle Britton and Alan Dinehart ankled to the altar, culminating a romance of *six years!*

Dorothy Lee passed up a date with Marsh Duffield to go dancing with Nick Stuart one evening.

Raquel Torres confides that she and Charles Feldman will elope one of these balmy days.

Lottie Pickford makes her fourth trip to the altar. The lucky man is John William Locke of Pittsburgh.

THAT little bird, who does all the Hollywood whispering—even to telling on a member of his own bird family—has been at it again. The stork is the feathery gentleman under indictment.

It seems that he has placed the Robert Young's household on his schedule, which will please this popular pair no end. The Youngs were school chums, you recall, and have been that way ever

since Bob stuck the end of his wife's braid in the inkwell. Anything for a laugh, he probably figured at the time. At any rate, the youthful Youngs are looking forward to the event with much rejoicing.

BURNS (the famous other half of the Burns and Allen team) tells a swell story.

When they were doing their act in Europe, Burns wanted it to run for fifteen minutes, but the management had allotted them only eleven. There ensued quite an argument. In Europe they have a little stunt whereby when one act should be off the stage in a minute, a signal is flashed in the footlights which reads, "One minute to go."

After Burns and Allen had been on for ten minutes, there came the flash "One minute to go." But the team went right on and, in spite of the every minute warning, continued their act for fifteen minutes.

When they came off, the manager was furious.

"Listen—you," he screamed at Burns, "didn't you see the flash? What's the idea of playing over time like that?"

"Sure I saw the flash," said Burns, quick as a flash, "but I thought it meant that the act to follow was late and you wanted us to keep stalling for time."

On Garbo's return Supervisor Walt Wanger presented her with the cutest police pup. The dog is a son of Rin Tin Tin and for once Garbo was so pleased that she sat right down on the steps in front of all the cutters and prop boys and began whispering sweet Swedish nothings into the pooch's ear. The pup likes his new owner, but her famous name doesn't impress him much. There's royal movie blood in his veins, too.

THE New York studios—long deserted villages—are humming with activity now that Paul Robeson, the famous negro actor and singer, is knee deep in the making of "Emperor Jones." There is only one white man—Dudley Digges—in the cast and almost half of Harlem has been brought down to work in this grand Eugene O'Neill play.

The man who plays the king was chosen out of the extra ranks and is pretty proud of his acting abilities. But the other day he forgot his lines and one of his "subjects", an erstwhile friend, began kidding him. A near riot was caused on the set when the king threatened to get a first-class razor out of his dressing-room and take care of the subject in the time-honored manner.

They've also had trouble with Robeson's stand-ins. Seems that the first one they had didn't want to jump into a shallow pool. They argued with him for hours, but he no would do. So they told him he wasn't wanted any more and got another stand-in. The next day the first man was back begging for his job, declaring he'd go into the ocean if they wanted him to. But it was too late.

This is, by the way, Robeson's first picture. And he loves it.

(*Continued on page 97*)



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TAKE it easy next washday. Read a book while your clothes are soaking in Rinso suds. The dirt will *float* out by itself. You won't have to scrub. Just *soak* and then rinse for the whitest, brightest wash ever!

Clothes washed the Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. *You'll save lots of money.* The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—recommend Rinso. It's safe for the finest linens and colored things.

Economical, too. A box of Rinso lasts and *lasts.* It gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as puffed-up soaps, *even in hardest water.* Get Rinso at your grocer's today.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens —white or colors



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Guard your DRESSES
Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost You Both



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you *can* afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* if you want to save both your dresses and your friends. With Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO REGULAR
for use before retiring —gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.

INSTANT ODORONO
is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Meet Victor Jory

(*Continued from page 31*)

When Hollywood starts to rave about a new moom-picture actor *after* his first two pictures, it speaks rather well for that particular gentleman's future success. But when Hollywood commences to rave about a new hero *before* either one of his first important pictures are released — well, remember what happened to Clark Gable when he got the same treatment!

NOT that Victor Jory is "another Clark Gable"! Heaven forbid! But I'd be willing to lay you a tenner that when he plays opposite La Garbo (if he does) he will be the second actor (Gable was the first) ever to go through that experience with flying colors. According to the Hollywood legend, Garbo's leading men never amount to much after they finish in one of her pictures. Just watch our new friend Jory upset that theory. It's a wager that when you have seen him in "I Loved You Wednesday" or "The Devil's in Love" you will agree that he is capable of giving a good account of himself in *any* company.

When one has spent the better part of Sunday afternoon with this six-foot-one fellow piled to the guards with about one hundred and eighty-five pounds of solid muscle and topped off with a good looking face, one comes to understand that fifteen years of constant trouping opposite many of the greatest actresses of the stage, has left him with very little reason to be impressed, even by the most powerful star in the Hollywood sun. That he is confident was very obvious from the manner in which he talked, in the nonchalant way he had of exuding poise, without *pose!* Your original conjecture upon seeing him is that he would fit quite smartly into a dinner jacket, that he would ride an excellent polo pony, that he would make a charming extra man at a crowning event—in short, that he would fit into the category of: Handsome-Bachelor-About-Town-On-An-Errand-Of-Mercy.

Quite the opposite!

He has never given or attended a Hollywood party, nor does he care if he ever has that doubtful privilege. He almost never dons a dinner jacket, because the high collars get him down. He has never been on a polo pony in his life, as a matter of fact, he was as sore as the devil the day I saw him, all because he had been forced to ride a horse during the greater portion of the previous day! And he will never act the role of the "charming extra man," or "bachelor about town" because (you unfortunate people) he is happily married and has a perfect knockout of a two-year-old baby whom he idolizes!

Nor would he ever be much of a howling success at most of the Hollywood parties. He's much too frank and honest for the average run-of-the-Hollywood-mill to understand or appreciate.

I SHALL never forget the evening, not long ago, when our friend Jory invited a few members of the press to his little home in Pasadena for a friendly get-together. Just a bunch of the boys, understand, nary a sob-sister in the lot. After the boys had had a drink, most of us took time out to browse about among the thousands of books that line the walls of the Jory estate. Seven thousand in all! All of which makes it quite plain why there is no wall paper on the downstairs walls.

Victor is what looks to be a book lover. But listen to this: one of the men present picked up a book he had just read and asked Jory if he had enjoyed it. The host peered cautiously at the volume and, for the first time in Hollywood history, admitted to the gathering that he had never seen the book before. Later he explained that it was probably one of his wife's treasures, since it was written in French, a language about which Mr. Jory admitted he knew not one whit. This same writer wandered further along the shelves and finally chose another book, and again Jory admitted he hadn't read the volume! This happened eight times during the evening. All of which caused him to lead the laughs on himself. Really, he is quite an amusing stranger in our midst—no pretense—no grand manner. Very unique in these hills of Hollywood, to put it mildly.

And later on the same evening, after much coaxing, he recounted some of his adventures for us. A full and interesting life to date, believe me.

BORN in Dawson City, Alaska, during the big gold rush . . . then the jump to California—grade school full of pranks and punishment—Junior College at Fullerton, California, where he met his best pal, a chap named Fletcher, who is still traveling with him wherever he goes (right now Fletcher is playing small parts in all the Jory pictures), thence to the University of California where he and Fletcher lasted but nine months, when they were ousted, and as a result of the disaster decided to run away. This almost led them back to Jory's birthplace in Alaska. Luckily, however, he got side-tracked in Vancouver and took up boxing, won the light-heavyweight championship of British Columbia; fought nine fights in the professional ring, won them all, and quit without a cauliflower ear to prove it. Then came the yen for the stage!

He'll never forget the first job; it was in stock in the Empress Theatre in Vancouver. Got by entirely on his nerve by saying that he was an actor—lasted ten weeks and only spoke four lines in all that time! Then a jump to

Salt Lake City, and another stock job. Only this one lasted three years. Fletcher, still trailing with his pal, got a job in the same theater. After acquiring quite some polish in the profession and a bit of a name, he received the offer to become the stock leading man at the Denham Theatre in Denver, where he became the highest-paid stock lead in the country, then the *big* hop!

New York—where he made Broadway sit up and take notice of a young actor who could play "Blessed Event" one night and "Berkeley Square" the next and leave the audience limp in both cases.

It was while on his latest jaunt home to California—to visit his mother and to play John the Baptist in "The Pilgrimage Play"—that he received an offer from Fox. He signed a contract nine months ago and today rates as a coming box office bet if there ever was one. He had but small roles in two unimportant pictures to start with: "Handle With Care" and "Infernal Machine," but his work brought favorable notice to such an extent that he has been given the two most coveted parts on the lot.

Warning: You'll probably never find him mixed up in a Hollywood scandal—you will never read his love life—you will never see an informal picture of him at the Cocoanut Grove or at the polo matches. But if you're looking for a swell actor—and a regular guy—take a good look at him now. Remember him! 'Cause it's my personal hunch that you'll be hearing a lot from our friend, the versatile Mr. Victor Jory.

Lil Tashman—Housewife

(*Continued from page 67*)

entertained hordes of visitors, chose handkerchiefs for her husband, and planned his evening. I thought the place a veritable bedlam, but Lilyan remained calm and unruffled. She did everything in post haste and yet with expert thoroughness. She has a faculty for doing five things at one time and doing them well.

"Of course I'm a housewife," Lilyan said. "I inherited a love of beautiful things and orderliness from my parents who were of German extraction. I *love* beautiful things and I know that you can't have them unless you're an orderly person.

"I admit that I've a cook, a waitress, a personal maid, a chauffeur and a gardener. But they must be superintended. When I engage servants I explain their duties very fully and they can say right away whether the work will be too much. It isn't, or they wouldn't stay with me, and they do it well, because they see that I know what it's all about. To keep house properly, you have to know as much about it with the best servants as you do without any."

HERE is the way Lilyan works: When she is appearing in a picture, she rises at seven and the first

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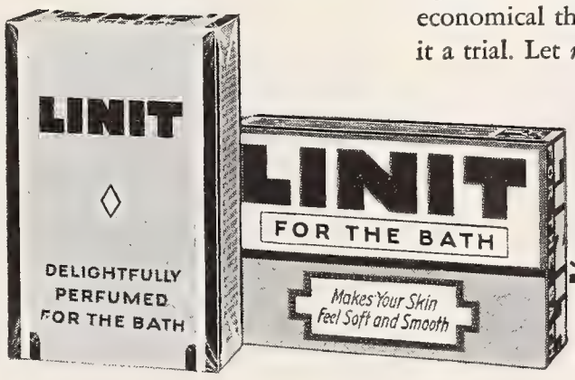
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thing she does after she is dressed is to write out a menu for that evening's dinner. She writes down how many guests there are to be and what china and linen are to be used. Then she makes a list of the things she must order herself.

During her lunch hours Lilyan's personal maid phones home to inquire whether any important calls have come. These Lilyan phones back while she is eating and so a large part of her private and social business is disposed of between the hours of twelve and one.

After the studio day is ended, Lilyan goes home and she always tries to be there between the hours of five-thirty and seven-thirty—the time when many of her cronies are having cocktail parties. Lilyan has found that she can do a tremendous lot of things during this time.

"For instance, I may have ripped a lining in a coat that I haven't worn for three months and my maid naturally wouldn't know about that unless I gave it to her. There is also time to look over the table, to put the finishing touches to it and to arrange the flowers before dressing."

Lilyan likes small dinner parties of ten or twelve rather than the large ones of twenty or thirty prevalent in some Hollywood households.

When I asked Edmund Lowe what his first big break was, he answered, "I guess marrying Lil. She thinks of so many grand things. For instance, when we don't have guests we have 'surprise nights,' usually twice a week. Lil will say to me in the morning, 'Tonight will be surprise night.' That means I'll have any one of my favorite dishes—lamb currie, roast beef, a Spanish dish, or corned beef and cabbage."

I had seen how efficient Lil was about managing her husband's wardrobe. In the midst of the interviewing the clipping, the sketching and the entertaining that day at the Paramount, Eddie dropped in to tell Lil he needed some new handkerchiefs. "What do you think of these, darling?" he asked.

"How much?" Lil had demanded.

"Two-fifty each," said Eddie.

"With or without monograms?"

"Without. Three dollars with monograms."

Lilyan felt of the handkerchief and handed it back. "That's too much for this grade of linen," she had replied. "You shouldn't pay more than two-fifty *with* the monograms. Where have you been looking?"

Manlike, Eddie named a lot of smart shops but omitted the best linen house in New York.

"Forget about it," said Lil. "I'll manage to go down after the show."

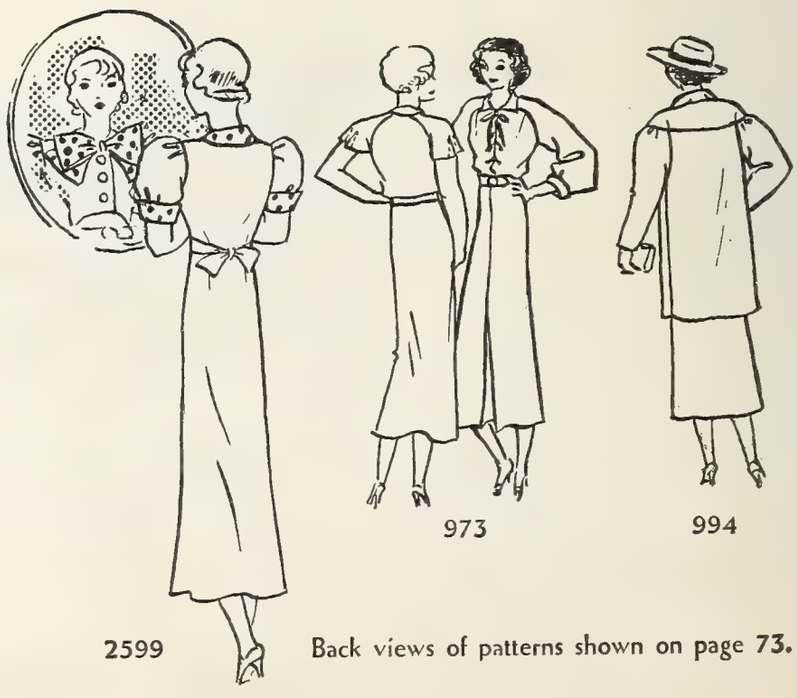
Eddie had left sighing with relief.

AND Lil herself—!

"As long as I've known her," one of Lil's friends told me, "I've never seen her look anything but picturesque. Once after the two of us had been at the beach all day, I was bemoaning the fact that I had to get into an evening dress and go out to dine. I thought it would be great fun for us to run in on Lil again before dinner. Well, as soon as we were announced Lilyan came down looking fresh as a daisy. She hadn't had time to change and I guess I expected her to be in an old nightgown. What do you think she was resting in—yellow linen lounging pajamas, a red satin kerchief around her head and large wooden beads and earrings!"

So there's a tip for you. Be a housewife, but never look it.

Besides being an expert housewife and hostess, to say nothing of handling a first-class movie career, Lilyan finds time to travel every year, to attend art exhibits and to keep "collecting things." And hubby Edmund Lowe is willing to wager that his house will continue to run like clockwork and that his wife will still find time to buy his ties and see that his collar buttons are in his shirts, because fundamentally, Lilyan Tashman, actress and sophisticate, could give Mrs. Smith a run for her money!



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Back views of patterns shown on page 73.

The Dietrich Myth

(*Continued from page 17*)

Kultur regime in Germany. Several of her male relatives were officers in the German army. Frau Losch, Marlene's mother, with whom the musician still corresponds, was a gentlewoman of culture and intelligence.

"When I first went to live with Frau Losch," Mr. A. told me one day, "my knowledge of Marlene was pure hearsay. There was frequent mention of a very good-looking daughter who was studying to become a professional violinist at the Leipzig Conservatory. But since the *other* daughter living at home was not good-looking, according to my standards, and since I was always having ambitious mamas tell me about their talented daughters, who later turned out to play the violin like fish wives, I didn't lose much sleep over the prospect of meeting a musical prodigy and a beauty.

"At last the much-discussed daughter returned home for the Christmas holidays. It was true—she was luscious and lovely. But hers was the good, wholesome German 'hausfrau' kind of beauty—nothing mysterious or exotic about it. But soon I discovered something else about her. She had an amazing attraction for men. They were continually falling in love with her. Yes, it was Marlene.

"I don't know what it was about Marlene, for she never consciously invited these infatuations. And although she was charming to look at then, she was not striking. Neither was she unusually brilliant. Yet she had an eagerness for life and knowledge that set her apart from most of the nice stodgy girls one met socially in Berlin. And, looking back on it all now, I realize that she had another rare quality that invariably draws men. Quite unconsciously she made them talk about themselves, about their work.

THAT winter," continued Mr. A., "Marlene decided to stay in Berlin and study violin with me. She was eager to learn and worked like a beaver. She was good but she didn't quite have the stuff that makes a concert artist. I considered hers merely a mediocre musical talent—and told her so.

"She accepted my verdict gently and reasonably. She wasn't angry with me. Even on that shameful occasion when, in a fit of impatience, I snatched her violin from her hands and practically broke it over her head. I was terribly sorry a moment after and naturally expected Marlene to strike back, or at least weep. She did neither.

"I could have gone down on my knees to ask her forgiveness. For, besides being already on the verge of falling in love with her, I recognized in her a great generosity of spirit and a great understanding.

"Soon after we had that serious talk about her musical career, she decided

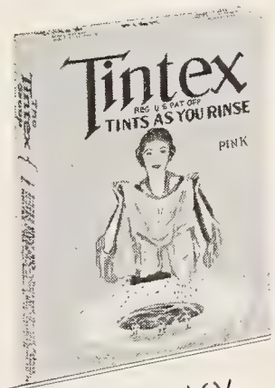
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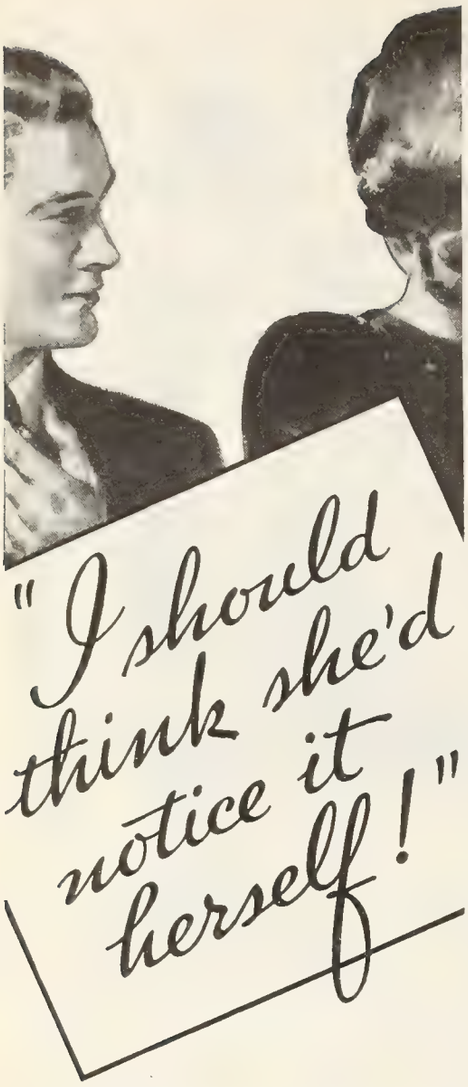


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A MAN has a perfect right to feel resentful when he meets a pretty girl, only to discover that she is lacking in a certain personal nicety.

"How can she help noticing it herself?" Underarm perspiration odor is so apparent to others, we wonder how the victim can be unconscious of it.

It's all the harder to excuse when you think how easy it is to avoid.

Just a little half minute applying Mum to the underarms when you dress—that's all you need for *sure all-day* protection.

Use Mum any time. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration—just prevents ugly odor. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS USE, TOO. As a deodorant for sanitary napkins, Mum gives an assurance that women appreciate.

to try her luck in the theatre. Probably through the suggestion of some young playwright or actor. First she played small parts with Max Reinhardt's company; then she received a bit here and there in musical shows or films. But her success was negligible really until she came over here to America.

My musician friend paused, lost in recollection. "You know," he said, "that current story about Von Sternberg discovering Marlene is all wrong. It wasn't Von Sternberg, it was his wife who first saw Marlene, was struck with her personality and her resemblance to Phyllis Haver, whom Sternberg had originally desired for the lead in the 'Blue Angel.' She persuaded her husband to consider this girl.

SO she came to America, and I lost track of her for several years except for occasional reports from her mother. When I read of her success, I took it for granted that, as those things go, our friendship was at an end.

"Then, one morning here in New York about two years ago, she burst into my life again like an avalanche. I was rehearsing a Beethoven quartet in my studio, and we men were sitting around in our shirt sleeves. Suddenly the door flew open and, before I could rise or put down my violin, a vision of feminine glory had swooped down upon me, pummelling me like an affectionate cinnamon bear. When I came to again, Marlene was saying in a surprised voice, 'You are not even glad to see me? Why should you be so astonished? Isn't it natural that I should want to come to see you?'

"It struck me then that nothing—not fame, not money, not adulation—could ever change the essential Marlene. At heart she was still just a simple, sentimental German girl, impulsive and good-natured, who liked nothing better than to drop in on her old acquaintances and talk over old times. It was only accident that had made her a world-famed celebrity instead of a bourgeois housewife and mother."

I repeated that incident to Mr. B.

"That sounds exactly like Marlene," he said. "She's terribly sentimental about old friendships.

"When she sailed this last time for Europe, my wife and I took her down to the boat. Naturally we expected the passageway to her cabin to be heaped with going-away gifts. We even suggested that we take charge of the hundreds of farewell telegrams and cables she would receive. 'That's foolish!' Marlene told us. 'You will see that there will be no gifts or messages. Perhaps two telegrams.'

"There happened to be three! And Marlene, the most seductive woman on the screen today, was as radiantly happy and excited over these three messages as a little country bumpkin over her first letter from a city beau. 'See,' she said, 'friendship is precious and rare. But these three,' she showed us the telegrams, 'are friends whom I can depend on till Gabriel blows his horn!' "

Mr. B.—apparently reading my thoughts—winked knowingly. "No use," he said, "I couldn't tell you who they are, that would be betraying a confidence. But you can rest assured that they weren't romances. At least not the kind some people would like to pretend exist between celebrities.

"Perhaps you are right in wanting to tear away the veil of legend that obscures the real Marlene. Well, if you are, here's another false idea you can blast.

"The true Marlene Dietrich is as little like the drowsy magnolia screen personality of 'Morocco' or 'Shanghai Express' as I'm like Gary Cooper. Why, she's got more energy than a batch of month-old puppies. She never wants to go to bed. She thrives on an average of four or five hours sleep a night and, during her brief vacations, she thinks nothing of staying up three nights in succession. After one of her visits to New York, my wife and I are ready for a sanatorium.

"Her idea of a fairly active evening is to take in two or three movie shows, a night club, and end up at Harlem. The next morning she'll be down at my office before nine—just about the time I'm feebly pulling myself out of a feverish sleep.

"And here's another point, if you're looking for facts to contradict some of those elaborate Dietrich fictions." Mr. B. was obviously launched on his favorite topic. "Marlene isn't the moody, melancholy creature she's so often painted—bewildered at America, unable to understand American ways.

"The only strain that has in any way saddened her since coming to the United States is those continual kidnapping threats. She's mad about little Maria, and I don't blame her. A more charming, talented child I've never met.

AS for this business about Marlene being a dreamy, impractical creature who cares nothing about money, who's willing to give it all up—the power, the wealth, the fame—in order to return to Germany and 'be free again' . . . The sob sisters have written dozens of stories to illustrate this phase of her character. Bunk! Hooey!"

Mr. B. excused himself to answer the 'phone, leaving me to meditate on the problem of celebrities as they seem and celebrities as they really are. I must have looked very doleful when he returned.

"Have I disappointed you?" he asked. "Was I too brutal? Have I mangled the glamorous mystery of Marlene?

"Truly though, I think the genuine Marlene—the vivacious, kindly, sentimental, but very practical titan of energy—this sturdy German wife, with a deep affection for her husband and an overwhelming devotion to her child, is much more vital and human than the fictitious smouldering passion-flower whose haunting eyes have seen too much. Don't you?"

And I was inclined to agree.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 83)

ELLIS, PATRICIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 20. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "King's Vacation," "Picture Snatcher," "Narrow Corner."

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "International House," Paramount; "Hold Your Man," "Stranger's Return," M-G-M. Working in "What a Liar," M-G-M.

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight," "Made On Broadway," M-G-M; "The Mayor of Hell," Warners. Next is "March of Time."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: Divorced from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Starred in "Narrow Corner," "Captured," Warners; "Morning Glory," RKO. Next is "Mark of Zorro," U. A.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: Married to Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe." Next is "Mark of Zorro."

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Vallie. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Starred in "Tess of the Storm Country."

FARRELL, GLENDA: Married. Born in Enid, Okla., Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Mary Stevens, M.D.," Warners; "Today Is a Day," Columbia; "Gambling Ship," Paramount.

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "He Lived to Kill," Columbia; "Goodbye Again," Warners. Working in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount.

FOSTER, PRESTON: Married. Born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Elmer the Great," Warners; "City Hall." Working in "The Man Who Dared," Fox, and "Rafter Romance," RKO.

FRANCIS, KAY: Married to Kenneth MacKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros star. Starred in "The Keyhole," "Mary Stevens, M.D.," Warners; "Strange Rhapsody," M-G-M. Next is "Red Meat," Warners.

GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "White Sister," "Hold Your Man," "Night Flight." Working in "Dancing Lady." Next is "Two Thieves."

GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me." Working in "Queen Christiana." Next is "The Painted Veil."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. RKO player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake," Paramount; "Emergency Call," RKO; "Night Flight," M-G-M. Next is "Headline Shooters," RKO.

GAYNOR, JANET: Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair," "Adorable." Working in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

GIBSON, HOOT: Separated from Sally Eilers. Born in Tacoma, Neb., August 6. Write him at Hoot Gibson Pictures Corp. Starred in "Cowboy Counsellor," "Dude Bandit."

GIBSON, WYNNE: Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Emergency Call," RKO; "Her Bodyguard," Paramount.

GLEASON, JAMES: Married to Lucille Webster. Born in New York City, May 23. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Clear All Wires," M-G-M.

GRANT, CARY: Unmarried. Born in Bristol, England, January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "Gambling Ship." Next is "I'm No Angel."

HAMILTON, NEIL: Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Terror Abroad," Paramount; "Silk Express," Warners. Working in "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount.

HARDING, ANN: Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO star. Starred in "The Animal Kingdom," "When Ladies Meet," "Double Harness." Next is "Beautiful."

HARDY, OLIVER: Divorced. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Towed in a Hole," "Twice Two," "Fra Diavolo." Working in "Tickets for Two."

HARLOW, JEAN: Widow of Paul Bern. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Dust," "Dinner at Eight," "Hold Your Man."

HARVEY, LILIAN: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 19. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray." Next is "My Weakness."

HAYES, HELEN: Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "White Sister," "Night Flight." Working in "Another Language." Next is "The Old Maid."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn., November 8. RKO player. Featured in "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory." Next is "Little Women."

(Continued on page 93)



Posed by professional model

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

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But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

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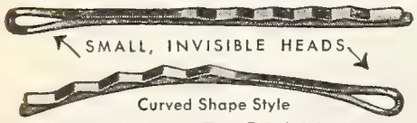
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Get Well Soon, Clark Gable!

(*Continued from page 12*)

that they lay down to take a little nap—without changing their damp clothing. They slept for hours. Night came on. When the men awoke it had already turned cold. They "came to" with a sharp feeling of cold and dampness. But after the fashion of men, away from the influence of the Little Women, they paid scant attention to a slight cough, a cough that got deeper and deeper, obviously foretelling a cold in the lungs. "What was a cold?" they asked each other. But when another day dawned, and they were in no condition to resume their hunting, they decided to return to Hollywood—recover quickly—and come back for another tussle with the mountain lions.

BY the time Clark reached home, he was suffering from severe pains in the back. He went to bed. The pains struck lower and lower. By the next day his legs were in such bad condition that it was almost impossible for him to move them.

It was perhaps the worst thing he could have done—but the director called him for retakes on "Hold Your Man" . . . and Gable went to the studio. He limped onto the set and, by the greatest will power, forced himself to go through some added scenes with Jean Harlow. The strain of such excruciating pain (you may be able to pick out those scenes when you see the picture) gave him a great battle as he tried valiantly to appear to walk naturally while the camera was grinding. After the final scene had been made, he collapsed and had to be rushed to his home in an ambulance.

Specialists were summoned. X-rays were made.

It was discovered that, besides his recently contracted illness, Gable was suffering from an inflamed appendix. It was decided that his physical condition made the necessary operation impossible. He might not be able to stand the shock.

"Don't let my legs stop you, Doc," smiled Clark. "Let's have that operation now."

"Your condition," replied the doctor, "will have to be improved almost one hundred per cent. before you can stand that operation. You don't seem to realize how serious your case is."

Clark didn't smile any more. These were words not to be laughed away. The studio was notified that their greatest male box-office attraction must take a prolonged lay-off. At the end of a few months he would return to Hollywood, have another physical examination, and then, if his health would permit, the operation would be performed.

And so Clark, with Mrs. Gable and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sherman, have just left for Lake Louise. It is hoped that Gable will find such relaxation and freedom from studio worries there that he will be able to return to Hollywood a number of weeks hence in a condition that will permit an operation, an operation that should have been performed before you read this.

The whole film colony was shocked to learn of his illness, and a great proportion of them are sending out a prayer for his speedy recovery. We, too, wish him every bit of luck he deserves . . . and hope that he will return to Hollywood soon in the best of health and spirits.

Fight back, Clark, we know you'll beat the game as you always do!

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 8*)

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount)

You'll like it. Never has Marlene Dietrich looked so beautiful, nor has she expressed so much animation and sincerity in her acting as she does in this age-old story, "Song of Songs!" No doubt the separation of La Dietrich from her director-boss, Von Sternberg, was a good move. Her new leading man, Brian Aherne, does not fare so well. As the sculptor who refuses Lily's love because it will cramp his style (a difficult role, yes) he is positively nil. Lionel Atwill, as the Baron who marries Lily and makes a lady of her, runs a close second to Dietrich. Alison Skipworth earns a flower or two in a mean role.

The scene in Aherne's studio where Marlene poses à la nude for a statue is . . . ah, rather disconcerting, but beautiful. You'll probably want to see it because of Dietrich.

HOLD YOUR MAN (M-G-M)

Good. A swell entertainer with that hotcha pair, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, teamed again. Perhaps not as good as "Red Dust," but a pretty good dish at that. There's plenty of S. A., tears, laughs and drama. Harlow and Gable are swell. We meet them first doing a lot of love-making. Then Jean is sent to a reform school . . . for just that thing . . . and Clark is sent up for something he didn't mean to do. They reform, get married and it's a straight and narrow ending. You'll enjoy it. Dialogue is smart and breezy

(*Continued on page 94*)

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 91*)

HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Son of the Eagle," Paramount; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Looking Forward," "Dinner at Eight," "Strange Rhapsody."

HOLT, JACK: Divorced from Margaret Wood. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Tampico," "The Wrecker."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake." Working in "Stranger's Return," M-G-M. Next is "Chrysalis" and "Design for Living."

HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 24. RKO star. Featured in "Secrets," U. A.; "Captured," Warners; "Berkeley Square," Fox. Next is "The Lady is Willing," Columbia.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Unmarried. Born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "She Done Him Wrong," Paramount. Working in "Wild Boys of the Road," Warners.

HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Strange Rhapsody." Next is "Ann Vickers," RKO.

HYAMS, LEILA: Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

JOLSON, AL: Married to Ruby Keeler. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," U. A. Next is "Wonder Bar," Warners.

JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Universal star. Starred in "Unknown Valley," "The Open Road." Working in "Gordon of Ghost City."

JORDAN, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. RKO player. Featured in "Strictly Personal," Paramount; "Bondage," Fox. Working in "The Doctor," RKO. Next is "Hide in the Dark."

JOYCE, PEGGY HOPKINS: Divorced. Born in Norfolk, Va., May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "International House."

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. RKO player. Featured in "Sweepings," "Flying Devils."

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in Dulwich, England, November 23. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Starred in "The Mummy," Universal; "The Ghoul," Gaumont.

KEELER, RUBY: Married to Al Jolson. Born in New York City. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933." Next is "Footlight Parade."

KEENE, TOM: Married to Grace Stafford. Born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "Scarlet River," "Son of the Border," RKO; "Sunset Pass," Paramount.

KENYON, DORIS: Married to Arthur Hopkins. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Voltaire," Warners; "No Marriage Ties," RKO.

KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "The Silk Express," "Gold Diggers of 1933," Warners; "Lady for a Day," Columbia. Working in "Footlight Parade," Warners.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: Unmarried. Born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Call Her Savage," "Bondage."

LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Starred in "The Warrior's Husband," "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox. Working in "I Am a Widow."

LARUE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 4. Paramount player. Featured in "Farewell to Arms," "Woman Accused," "The Story of Temple Drake."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The Sign of the Cross," Paramount. Next is "White Woman."

LAUREL, STAN: Divorced. Born in Ulverston, England, June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Towed in a Hole," "Twice Two," "Fra Diavolo." Working in "Tickets for Two."

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. RKO player. Featured in "Sweepings," "The Silver Cord," "The Flying Devils." Working in "The Glory Commands."

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: Married to William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Supernatural," "The Eagle and the Hawk," Paramount; "Brief Moment," Columbia. Working in "She Made Her Bed."

LOUISE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, January 9. RKO player. Featured in "Our Betters."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "I Love That Man," Paramount; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M; "Her Bodyguard," Paramount.

(*Continued on page 114*)

BILLY SAVES THE FAMILY REPUTATION



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MADAM, the millions of Lifebuoy users *know* that it agrees with the skin. Lifebuoy lather is creamy, gentle—yet it *penetrates* pores. It washes out every speck of dirt—leaves your skin fresh, clear, glowing with health.

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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 92*)

and the supporting cast, including Dorothy Burgess, Guy Kibbee and Stu Erwin is perfect.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox)

Great sophistication. Elissa Landi dances her way from Paris to South America and back to Paris. In Paris she has an affair with sleek-haired Victor Jory, who doesn't let a wife (Miriam Jordan) interfere with his pleasures. In South America, Elissa meets Warner Baxter and it's love.

There are some extremely amusing scenes when the foursome meet in a speakeasy. The dialogue during these sequences is witty and brittle and veddy smart. Landi displays some real acting talent, although in the first half of the picture her leaping and bouncing about is a trifle ridiculous. The others, not to forget Laura Hope Crews, are grand. Really good entertainment.

CAPTURED (Warners)

Little epic. A gripping war story with most of the action taking place in a German prison camp. Hundreds of prisoners thrown together in a dungeon. Among them we meet Lieutenant Allison (Leslie Howard) whose thoughts and dreams are of the girl back in London (Margaret Lindsay) whom he met and married in six days. Comes his pal, Digby (Doug Fairbanks, Jr.). When Howard learns it is Fairbanks his wife loves, he makes it possible for the men to escape and for Digby to go back to the girl. This costs him his life.

Doug gives an unusually good performance. Paul Lukas also deserves praise. He enacts his rather small part with charm and sincerity. Howard's performance is a little too restrained.

STORM AT DAYBREAK (M-G-M)

Very good. As indicated by the title, this is a fast-moving, highly exciting and vigorous drama with such capable actors as Walter Huston, Kay Francis and Nils Asther giving strong, convincing performances. The story opens in a Hungarian town at the beginning of the World War. Nils Asther, a Hungarian officer, falls in love with Kay Francis, the wife of the town's mayor (Walter Huston). Comes the war and the Armistice—and the mayor, discovering he has lost his wife to his dearest friend, gives his life to clear their way to happiness.

Perfect performances are given by everyone in the cast. Phillips Holmes enacts a drunken scene that is a knockout. Eugene Pallette and Louise Closser Hale are good. This has action!

THE REBEL (Universal)

Beautiful but dull. This Universal picture that was filmed in Europe is noteworthy for two things . . . its glorious, breath-takingly beautiful scenery of snow-capped mountains, waterfalls and woods, and the return of lovely Vilma Banky. The story is not so important. It concerns the Napoleonic invasion of the Tyrol in 1809. Luis Trenker is the Tyrol rebel; Victor Varconi, a French commander. Both are in love with Vilma Banky, a Bavarian girl.

MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount)

Good western. A good outdoor melodrama with lots of action, comedy and a cast that includes Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey and Vince Barnett—and a family of mountain lions. A fight over water rights constitutes the main theme of the story. It's a good western. Kids will go for it.

THE BEST OF ENEMIES (Fox)

Hilarious. This is another beer picture . . . just foaming with fun. Frank Morgan (he's swell) and Joe Cawthorne are the peres of Buddy Rogers and Marian Nixon. The picture opens with the good old beer days of yesterday and ends with the return of them thar days. And all the time Morgan and Cawthorne are carrying on their battling. Buddy and Marian furnish the heart interest, and Greta Nissen does a little vamping.

HER BODYGUARD (Paramount)

Funny. Snappy number about a musical comedy star (Wynne Gibson) who employs a bodyguard (Eddie Lowe) to ward off a couple of other chaps who are on the make for her. Naturally, this is a made-to-order role for Lowe and he makes the most of it. Alan Dinehart and Edward Arnold are the two unpopular sweeties, although their dough comes in handy, and Johnny Hines and Marjorie White furnish some delicious comedy (especially Hines). Besides all this fun, there's music and pretty girls to boot. Plenty of pep and entertainment to suit anybody.

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)

Fair. This should have, and could have, been better. The story concerns a young lad (Lew Ayres) who has the horse-racing mania. He promises his gal friend (Ginger Rogers) that he'll reform, but the day of the wedding finds him set for Saratoga as the honeymoon spot. The wedding is off and Lew goes to the races alone. He cleans up, but a blonde cutie almost cleans him with a breach of promise suit. It's just fair.

MARY STEVENS, M. D. (Warners)

Only fair. Too much story, which is pretty weak in spots, drags this one down to an average rating. Kay Francis as the M.D. gives a smooth and convincing performance. She is in love with Lyle Talbot, with whom she has gone through medical school, and also is associated with him in business. Talbot marries Thelma Todd, for political

reasons, and Kay reveals to her nurse (Glenda Farrell) that she is going to have a child. She goes abroad . . . the child dies . . . and Kay is about to commit suicide when duty interferes.

COLLEGE HUMOR (Paramount)

Spotty but good. This flicker skips lightly from melodrama to pure nonsense and sideways to musical fantasy. You'll laugh heartily one minute and yawn from boredom the next. Dick Arlen carries the heavy stuff as the football hero who disgraces himself and is expelled. That gives Jack Oakie, the goat of the campus, a chance to bring in the heroics. Bing Crosby masquerades as a professor, but of course he's just a crooner after all. And he's great. Mary Carlisle furnishes the sex appeal.

DISGRACED (Paramount)

Very bad. There is little to recommend in this age-old story of the pretty-but-poor mannikin who falls for the rich man, believes his tale of marriage and attempts to kill him when he fails to keep his promise. Her father (a cop) finishes the job and the gal tries to take the blame. Helen Twelvetrees is colorless. Bruce Cabot, Adrienne Ames and Ken Murray are okay. William Harrigan gives the best performance.

FLYING DEVILS (RKO)

Fair. A so-so yarn about four daredevil flyers in a carnival air circus. Outside of a few air thrills, the story is rather dull and uninteresting. Arline Judge, the wife of Ralph Bellamy, falls in love with Eric Linden. During a stunt performance, Bellamy tries to kill Linden, but Bruce Cabot intervenes and he and Bellamy crash instead. This sequence provides a little suspense. There are no outstanding performances and the dialogue is very bad.

GAMBLING SHIP (Paramount)

So-so. A mild comedy with a gangster flavor that is harmless enough. Cary Grant is the big shot New York gangster bound for Los Angeles. On the train he meets Benita Hume and Cupid gets to work. Benita also is a racketeer, but both try to conceal their true identities. In Los Angeles, Grant takes a partnership in a gambling ship. Jack LaRue is operating a rival boat and the shooting begins. In the end, LaRue is drowned and Grant and Hume ankle to the altar. Glenda Farrell and Roscoe Karns offer a little comedy.

FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY (Fox)

Not so hot. This is the picture Will Rogers turned down, and no wonder. It's pretty old stuff. Joan Bennett, who starts out after a bunch of crooks who have cheated her brother, just doesn't belong in this flicker. Jimmy Dunn, as the head of another band of crooks, also deserves better fare. Herbert Mundin's comedy helps a little, but even he is wasted. Nothing in it for kids.

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Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 10*)

cream on your face and throat at night and leave it on overnight. If you are getting on for thirty—or over thirty—you should use a tissue cream, anyway.

Now—I want to bring up a little matter that has been in the back of my mind for a long time. In the back of your minds, too, if I can judge by the letters I receive. I have been asked if "all these beauty preparations you recommend are not often fakes." Or if not fakes, very much over-rated, over-priced concoctions which, when analyzed by the trustworthy chemist, would turn out to be nothing more than plain old-fashioned vaseline, witch hazel, castor oil—or whatnot—plus a little perfume. Well . . . let me tell you exactly how I feel about this.

In the first place, if you buy a well known, well advertised beauty product, you can be sure it isn't a fake. It may not perform all the wonders that the advertising copy-writers say it will. *But it will do good work.* It will keep your skin clean, smooth, soft and white. Or it will help banish dandruff and tone up your scalp—whatever it may be designed to do. It isn't a fake. There *are* fakes, yes. Cheap fakes—and expensive fakes. Beware of them. Buy reputable products with reputable, well-established names. You won't go wrong.

Now, the other point: namely, when analyzed, won't these much-lauded products turn out to be the same old one-two-three? Are they simply made up of ingredients which cost very little and which you could buy yourselves and put together just as well?

I'LL answer that question, too. Naturally, every cosmetic in the world can be reduced to a few simple chemicals. But—*it's the way they're put together that counts.* You don't pay simply for so much vaseline and perfume, so much witch hazel and rose water—you pay for the skill with which these simple ingredients are blended together to do the work you want them to do. I admit that some expensive beauty products are no better than corresponding inexpensive beauty products. I admit that one often pays part of the asking price for the jar or bottle in which the beauty product is packaged. But, after all, isn't that a matter for our good sense—and pocketbooks—to decide for us? If it gives me a psychological benefit—and lovely luxurious kick—to pay five dollars for a box of powder that comes in an exquisite box (and, of course, the powder must be exquisite, too), then that's my business—or yours—isn't it? The five dollar box of powder is more exquisitely perfumed. It comes from a house with an exclusive label. And the container is beautiful. Those three items cost money. Nobody is forcing me to buy—but they're there if I want them.

I don't recommend—no beauty adviser worthy of the name—would think of recommending a high priced product that *is* high-priced simply on account of the three attributes mentioned above. I always try to recommend the best article in the most reasonable price field there is. For certain needs, you must go up a little—and enter the higher priced field. I think it always pays to buy *good* things. Good clothes, good shoes, good cosmetics. I am here to help you learn what the good *reasonable* beauty preparations are—and what the good, but more *expensive* beauty preparations are.

I think it is about time that I returned to the person who started all this discussion, don't you? I mean the girl who seemed to be having hair trouble.

The best I can do for her is ask a few questions. Did she warm the oil before using it? (She should.) Did she really massage it into the scalp and not just pour it on? Massage is imperative. Move the scalp around—not your fingers. Do this while the oil is warm. Also, rub the oil along the length of the hair. Then wrap the head in a hot towel. If you can, leave the oil on all night. Give it half an hour, anyway.

Then, when you shampoo, start by rinsing the oil—as much of it as you can—out of the hair with warm water and a hand spray. Or get under the shower. Then give it three washings. Remember—melt the soap down to a liquid first, or use a liquid shampoo. Then get back under the shower to rinse your hair—or use the hand spray again. And rinse lots and lots—get every bit of soap out. You can tell when it's out by rubbing the palm of your hand hard against the hair. If the hair squeaks, it's free of soap and clean.

Massage your scalp again while the hair is drying. Toss the hair about and give it gentle pulls. That's good for the scalp, too. Dry your hair in the sunshine—it's good for the color.

One thorough treatment and shampoo like that every week should get oily, dandruffy hair back into condition in a month, I should say. If you see dandruff appearing between shampoos, use a tonic.

In addition to the beauty hints given above, Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads, for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know about some delightful new manicure-accessories—including a platinum finish for nail-tips, drop a note to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Let's Talk About Hollywood

(Continued from page 85)

We must say Alexander Kirkland went back to his home town well armed. Just before leaving, he made a round of all the studios, press agents' offices, fan magazine headquarters, etcetera, and gathered all pictures of himself posed with Hollywood stars (female). He put them all in a large album, and what a gallery! Ann Harding, Joan Crawford and Peggy Hopkins Joyce were some of them. That ought to make the home town folks sit up and take notice of their young protege.

IF there ever was an American story, it is that most famous of all, "Little Women." And still, with her characteristic nonchalance, Hollywood has given the directorial job to George Cukor, an Hungarian, the scenario job to G. B. Stern, an English woman, and the camera work to that ace flicker-shooter, James Wong Howe, the little Chinese genius.

OLIVER HARDY and Stan Laurel, that comedy team of which there is none better, are both free, white and twenty-one (or thereabouts) once again. Laurel's wife just sued him for divorce a couple of months ago, and now Babe Hardy takes his grievances to court. It seems that the Mrs. had a habit of going off on periodical sprees that not only worried him a lot, but cost him a lot of dough.

When told that, "Brian Aherne held out for years against the movies," there are those clever wags who quip, "He should have held out forever!" All this, mind you, after the wags had seen our friend in his first attempt (opposite Dietrich) in "Song of Songs!"

GUESS those kids, Lil Tashman and Eddie Lowe, will never grow up. All summer they've been living at the beach and every Saturday night, without fail, they trot down to the pier and take in almost all the concessions. They howl and shriek till they're hoarse on the roller coaster, eat hot dogs by the score (anyway Eddie does) and come home around midnight toting kewpie dolls, ham shanks and whatnots. Can ya beat it? And them grown up and all!

MOVIE stars are not shaking their shekels around as freely now as in former years. The depression, bank holidays and an earthquake or two has forced even the thoughtless player to put away something for a rainy day. And fame is so fleeting.

Takes the cases of Agnes Ayres and Mary Nolan. A few years ago, these young women received four-figured salaries each Saturday. Today, they are making personal appearances in neighborhood movie houses in and around New York for the tidy little sum of $75 for two days work.

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Why Glenda Is Afraid of Love

(*Continued from page 45*)

sentimental and generous. She might have gone on making excuses for her husband indefinitely, if something had not happened that was even more threatening to her happiness and peace of mind.

Glenda's husband didn't want children. He didn't love them or understand them and Glenda did. Glenda wanted a child more than anything in the world. For Glenda is a real woman of tremendous emotional depth, and her life would have been incomplete without a child. And so this strangely assorted two had a son, Tommy. Glenda adored that son. But though the boy was flesh of his father's flesh and blood of his blood, he didn't care a tinker's dam about Tommy.

"GLENDA," I asked her once, when she told me that she would never let his own father see Tommy again, "is that fair to him?"

"Yes," she said, and her eyes were bitter, "when you know all the circumstances."

Glenda is not a bitter, vindictive woman. How terribly, wretchedly hurt she must have been to react like this, only someone who has met her can understand.

"It's hard for me to realize," I once confessed, "that anyone could care so little for a child as Tommy's father must have."

"You don't know," she said in her throaty voice. "There are some people who don't understand children and don't care for them at all." And underneath the throb of that voice was a story of such heartache and pain that I wondered how Glenda Farrell could ever again pretend gaiety.

But still I went on arguing with her. "Sometimes people say things in moments of anger which they don't mean—hasty, reckless things that they wish they had never spoken. Perhaps he only pretended that he didn't care for Tommy."

"Yes, people sometimes say things in anger that they don't mean. But when they show that they don't care for children . . ." Her voice drifted off, as though she could not bear to discuss this thing that has hurt her so much.

If Glenda's husband had struck her physically, I think she might have endured it better than to have him show how little he cared for their son. For when he did that he struck at the very heart and soul of the woman.

Their marriage couldn't endure after that. The man's own father told Glenda to stop enduring this humiliation, and to cry quits to a hopeless marriage. For her father-in-law and mother-in-law adored Glenda, and they could not bear to see how wretched she was. There was a hurt look in her gray eyes as though she had suffered almost beyond human endurance.

There was a divorce, and Glenda was given the custody of Tommy.

I have told you that Glenda will never let Tommy's father see Tommy. When you realize what a grand sport she usually is, you know how terribly, brutally hurt she must have been by the man who had promised to cherish, love and protect her. But though Glenda has her mind made up to this—that his father will never again lay eyes on Tommy—she is also fair. It is characteristic of her that she doesn't tell anyone the name of the man she was married to, because he is trying to make a fresh start, and she wants to do nothing that might hurt him. No one will know from Glenda the name of Tommy's father. She has renamed the boy Tommy Farrell.

THE marriage took from her more than a simple toll of four years, more than the love with which she was so profligate. It took from her the faith she had had in men. She is naturally trusting, and it made her afraid to trust people lest she be betrayed. She saw how love had given the man she loved the power to hurt her and so she became terribly afraid of love. She would never again let herself care so deeply for any man. She would live on the surface of her emotions, presenting a smiling face to the world, but guarding her heart from love.

Deprived of her faith in men, terrified of ever letting herself fall in love again, there were only two channels open to a woman of her energy and emotional nature. One was to throw herself heart and soul into her work. She did, and made a glowing success of it. But in addition, love of some sort is vital to a woman like Glenda. Since she was afraid of man-and-woman love, only one thing remained, to lavish all her love on Tommy, her son. She would be both mother and father to him, both provider and pal. She would work for him, pray for him, slave for him. A man whom you loved might turn around and hurt you. But a child like Tommy would give you back adoration for adoration.

And so Glenda's maternal feeling for Tommy became the all-consuming thing in her life. He is ten years old now. He is the light of her life, the apple of her eye, the key to her heart. She has brought him up tenderly, and with wisdom. She is his pal as well as his mother. Just to show you how she has thrown herself heart and soul into this relationship with Tommy, I want to tell you a little incident that seems very touching to me. When Glenda had to leave Tommy a few months ago to go with the "42nd Street Special" to New York, she asked him what she could bring back for him when she returned. Now Tommy happens to be going

through a "Tarzan" stage. He wants to be like Tarzan in his own way. So he looked at his mother quizzically and said that there was one thing he wanted —a loin cloth of leopard skin. He looked a little skeptical, as though he felt that Glenda wouldn't be equal to getting one for him. But Glenda was equal to that. She made it her job to be. When she was in New York she went around asking all her friends where she could get a loin cloth of leopard skin. It was Jack Durant who came to her aid and finally got one for her through a wholesale dealer.

Though it was perfectly natural that for years Glenda should have diverted all her love into this one channel—her love for her son—the love between mother and son is, after all, only one kind of love in a woman's life.

GLENDA, as you have seen, had deliberately steeled her heart against that kind of love. She continued to meet men as pals. But oh, she would never let herself care deeply again.

She was trying, oh so hard, to live on the surface of life.

And here is where Hollywood's jumbled story of Glenda's romances fits in.

Glenda "went places" in Hollywood. Went with several men. Allen Jenkins was one of them. Jack Durant was another. Cary Grant (before he became Virginia Cherrill's own special beau) was another. Glenda was just having a good time. She liked all of them—in a friendly, unemotional sort of way. Besides—as the studio said—it was good for her, professionally, to be seen in gay places with attractive gentlemen.

But why did she say, a few months ago, "Allen Jenkins is the head man in my life now"? And why did she say later, "Jack Durant is head man"? Was she playing the studio game?

I'll admit that I am sorely puzzled. But this I do know: her friendship with Jack Durant has been a wonderful friendship. They have spent many gay, informal hours together at the beach and at the various night places. When she wants a friend and a pal she can trust, Glenda turns to Jack Durant. It *may* be Jack who will win her disillusioned heart. . . .

Personally, I think that she will marry again, maybe Jack Durant, maybe someone else. And I also believe this: As Glenda Farrell's love was lost by one man through his treatment of Tommy, so will the man who wins Glenda win her finally through Tommy. He will have to be someone who loves Tommy and by inference, other children, almost as much as she does. But in the meanwhile the bitter conflict in Glenda's heart must go on. She must continue to be a woman at war with herself, because she is a woman who was made for love and who is afraid of it.

Don't Let Them Fool You

(*Continued from page 30*)

Sometimes, of course, romances actually occur on the set. Ramon Novarro usually falls in love with his co-stars. You remember how crazy he was about Garbo? Recently, during the filming of "The Barbarian," Ramon seemed to fall *really* in love with Myrna Loy. Now Myrna and Bill Gargan are carrying on for the camera in "Night Flight." The question is, does Myrna love Ramon? Does he love her—or was it just a crush for the duration of the picture? Or is Myrna still devoted to the man whose name can never be told—her first love? Quite an interesting situation there!

It's fascinating to watch Clark Gable at the arduous task of screen love-making. Clark is one of those amazing lads anyhow—all things to all men—and women. For the girls who like it, he flashes the old sex-appeal grin, and they think he's all romance. But Wally Beery knows him as a big, two-fisted guy who likes to hunt and fish and ride horseback. He's a man's man out of doors, and a ladies' man in the drawing room. But let me describe a scene between him and Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man."

The lights are rolled in place while Clark's stand-in boy and Jean's stand-in girl remain there chatting about how hot it is, and when do you think Sam Wood will consider calling lunch.

While this is going on Clark is talking to an electrician about a new gun he has just bought, discussing its merits with quite as much ardor as any love scene has ever inspired. Jean is powdering her nose and brushing back her hair. At last the lights, the camera and the microphone are ready, and a call goes out from the assistant director for "Miss Harlow, Mr. Gable."

THE two lovers stroll on the set and as the final adjustment is given to all the mechanical paraphernalia of picture-making, Gable says:

"We had dinner with Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur last night. Swell people."

"Yes," says Jean, "grand!"

"Hope we finish early tonight," says Gable.

"So do I," says Jean. "Mother is giving a little party and I want to look half way decent and not keep dinner waiting an hour."

There is a pause.

"Hot, isn't it?" asks Jean.

"Very," answers Gable.

And now the director calls "O. K. Ready!" And the big love scene begins. They've already rehearsed, so they just run through it once for camera angles. Gable leans over to kiss Jean.

"Is that O. K. for you?" the direc-

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tor turns to ask the cameraman.

"Mr. Gable is casting a shadow on Miss Harlow's face," the cameraman says. "Can he stand back about six inches?"

Clark stands back. "O. K.?" he asks.

"O. K." says the cameraman.

"Lock 'em up," says the director. "This is the take."

"Quiet!" shouts the assistant director. "Quiet!" shouts the prop boy. "Quiet!" shouts the grip. "They're turning," says the sound man. "Up to speed," says the cameraman.

The assistant cameraman steps in front of the ardent lovers, holds up a blackboard with the scene and "take" number on it, and snaps two sticks together. And then Clark Gable leans over Jean Harlow and, murmuring softly, "I love you," the passionate lovers embrace.

Would you really like that?

AND have you ever—of course you have—been hideously fascinated during those scenes when the wicked villain pursues the heroine with his unwelcome attentions? Seduction scenes are always terrifically exciting.

I shall never forget seeing the seduction scene in "The Story of Temple Drake" made. Now you'd think that a seduction scene would be as easy as falling off a log, wouldn't you? Just let the seducer rush in, let the seducee utter a few mild screams, and fade-out. But wait a minute. It's really not that easy.

In "The Story of Temple Drake," Jack LaRue was supposed to walk through a rustic door into the corncrib where Miriam Hopkins was, take three measured steps toward her as she edged away, and then fade-out. Well, I give you my word, it took them exactly six and one-half hours to film that scene. In the first place, a very high class artist (you knew he was high class because he was high paid) had drawn dozens of sketches of Jack and Miriam from every angle. This was, I believe, to put the director in the mood. But on that hot, uncomfortable set with lots of farmyard mud and squawking chickens picking their way about, I can't imagine anybody being in the mood for seduction.

Eight times, as Jack stepped before the camera, he was told to move a couple of inches to the right, or a couple of inches to the left. "You're hiding Miss Hopkins," the director would tell him. And not even in a moment like that must the feminine star's face be hidden.

Of course, many times, co-stars do fall in love with each other while they are working on a picture. And there is the very tragic story of the star (it wouldn't be fair to tell her name) who was madly in love with her leading man, did love scenes with him all day long while knowing all the time that he was in love with another woman. You can imagine what heartbreak that was. For, synthetic as those love scenes were and many as were the bored professional eyes that watched them, he was touching her, taking her into his arms, kissing her. How she bore it I'll never know.

Certainly at the time Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor were at the height of their success (before their respective marriages to others) they were in love.

Jack Gilbert adored Garbo during the filming of "Flesh and the Devil." And during that time it was only before the camera that the aloof lady showed him any warmth.

But did you ever notice that very, very seldom (I can't think of a single example right now)- do screen lovers who have played together many, many times marry. I can understand that, can't you? The studied, carefully-planned-out, part-of-the-day's-work romance takes the glamor away.

So be satisfied with the boy friend as he is. He may not be any too suave, but at least you know that his gestures are spontaneous and no director is telling him how he should kiss you.

Hollywood Charm Gossip

(Continued from page 74)

curls that escape over her ears and down the back of her neck. And her new evening dresses have the off-the-shoulder neckline which is always intriguing.

● Another note on headdress: In spite of the craze for shorter hair, Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins have let theirs grow long. Sylvia has her hair waved loosely and knotted in back. Miriam twists hers in a soft loop.

● Irene Dunne stepped off the train from New York recently in the trickiest little beret that she had actually crocheted herself out of pearl gray crêpe paper. (That's a new kind of yarn that has just made its appearance. It's very inexpensive). For less than a dollar Irene made the beret plus a snappy-looking bag and a cunning little boutonnière—all in gray. So arm yourself with a few cents worth of this new yarn and a crochet needle, and you're set for your fall accessories!

● Boutonnières will have a place in the lapel of your tailored suit this fall. Instead of the customary gardenia or camellia, the wild out-of-doors field flower, such as the buttercup or daisy, will be more popular. They make a colorful spray that lends pep to the average severe fall suit.

● It's always good taste to have your shoes and hat match. Frances Dee looked particularly chic the other day while shopping on the Boulevard in a tailored checked sport costume with

black kid pumps and a novelty kid turban of the same color.

● Cheers—at last we can pull out those old doilies with the wide crocheted borders that grandmother made for us, and that have been tucked away in our chests all these years. All the old-fashioned things are coming back—isn't it true? Even the elaborately embroidered doilies are okay. Joan Bennett entertained at a luncheon recently that was the very essence of old-fashionedness. Her individual doilies for the table were white with oodles of crocheting—and the table was laid with black milk glassware. Quaint and very attractive.

● Hollywood hostesses are going in more and more for "theme" luncheons. One must have a *scheme* these days around which everything is planned. For instance—Irene Dunne gave one of the smartest luncheons of the season when she returned from New York a short while ago and her "motif" was early harvest. Luscious fruit poured out of a golden cornucopia in the center of the table. An Italian cut-work luncheon cloth was underlaid by a purple cloth and the glassware was rich purple etched with gold. Her menu followed the general purple and gold combination. The first course consisted of halves of beautiful brandied peaches floating on tiny islands of grape gelatine. Then came stuffed egg-plant and green peas and crisp pattie shells filled with creamed sweet breads. To top it off Irene served a delicious peach mousse.

● Here's an idea to keep your hands from getting numb while holding a glass of cold beverage. At a recent beer party, Alice Brady handed out mittens to her guests. They went over big.

Another idea is to have raffia cups just large enough for the glass to slip into. They extend about half way up the glass and keep your hands from freezing, as well as the beverage from dripping on your clothes. These cups are very attractive in bright colors.

● Gary Cooper has a huge beer tray that he has placed among his rare collections. On this tray are the inscriptions of all his friends during the "beer hysteria"—and some are rather *glowing!* Some kind of a trick writing fluid was used that worked beautifully.

● Your "charm" sleuth happened to ring up Joan Crawford around six the other evening and what was Miss Crawford doing? Why Miss Crawford was in the kitchen making blueberry muffins! It was cook's night out and Joan reigned supreme over the pots and pans. So she indulged in her favorite recipe:

2 cups of flour
4 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup berries.

Sift the dry ingredients together thoroughly and add the blueberries. In another bowl mix the egg, milk and melted shortening, then pour them into the dry ingredients. Mix well. Fill greased muffin tins ⅔ full and bake in a hot oven about twenty minutes. They're grand.

● Madge Evans had a joke neatly turned on her when the "Louisiana Lou" company came back from location in the south. For six weeks they had been "shooting" shrimps, shrimps, SHRIMPS. So Madge gave them a shrimp supper! She had them in the cocktail, creamed and in the salad—but the funny part was that the company hadn't been able to eat any sea food all the time they were in the bayou country because it was too hot. And photographing shrimps had not spoiled their appetite for them!

Incidentally, Madge's hostess gown on that occasion was extremely cute. It was blue and white polka dot satin with windmill pleated sleeves that were lined in red. A sash of red crepe looped in front and tied in the back. Madge's sandals were also red.

● Have you heard of the modern three-way davenport? Carole Lombard has one in her modernistic room that is designed in such a way that it can serve as three separate chairs or, by placing two-thirds of the combination together, it acts as a very comfy chaise-longue—and when the three unite it looks for all the world like a most sumptuous davenport.

● Ash trays are always interesting. Miriam Hopkins has some porcelain ones shaped like seashore shells. They are very unique and attractive. She also has a larger shell, with a base, that serves as a fruit bowl or, filled with gay flowers, makes a very dainty centerpiece on a luncheon table.

● When Sally Eilers came home from Europe and stepped into her bedroom for the first time, you could hear her delighted "ooooh!" all over the house. Reason: Mamma Eilers had redecorated her room in Sally's absence. Done most of it herself, too! The white hook rugs on the deep green carpet were her doing. And in front of the perfume table—a charming thing all crystal, and green and white organdie—was a smaller oval-shaped rug, white with a green lamb embroidered in the center!

● Mrs. Edward G. Robinson has hit upon a scheme to make any husband *want* to stay home. She has furnished a room for Eddie G. that is completely and entirely his. Indian rugs, plenty of shelves for papers and pipes, a comfortable old-fashioned Morris chair disguised in plaid cloth, a fascinating collection of mugs. It's a man's paradise. And just to complete the picture there is an enormous cabinet that not only includes a victrola and radio but a projection machine! It seems Eddie showered her with so many presents at the time of "Little Caesar's" birth that she wanted in some way to reciprocate. So she fixed up this room. And gave him a beer party, using those fine old mugs. Edward G. was delighted.

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Revealing the Life of Irene Dunne

(*Continued from page 66*)

warmth—a very sincere warmth—besides.

Too many times when you really talk to a man he becomes less attractive than he promised to be.

However this was not the case with Francis D. Griffin of the New York Dental Association. After the first dance Irene liked him better than ever.

He asked for her telephone number and she gave it to him.

In the car on the way home Irene's friends teased her.

But Irene smiled and refused to commit herself. Francis Griffin might never call her at all. Indeed he didn't call her for three weeks. Then one morning Rosemary Pfaff, with whom Irene was rooming again, knocked on her door.

"Telephone, Irene. A Doctor Griffin."

He wanted Irene to have dinner with him that night. He suggested he come for her fairly early and they drive up the Hudson. It was March but there was spring in the air.

He drove a low blue car. And he drove it well. You had no fear he was going to bash into the car ahead, that he wasn't going to brake it neatly when he rounded curves.

They arrived in time to watch the sun spill its fire on the swift Hudson before it dropped behind the hills on the Jersey shore. Then they went inside to the table he had reserved.

"Did it matter to you when I didn't call you?" he asked Irene.

"Yes," she answered honestly. "I was surprised you asked for my number if you didn't mean to use it."

"I didn't telephone," he told her then, "because I knew you were the girl for me and I didn't feel I was quite ready . . . So . . . I stayed away. As long as I could."

"I liked him, too," Irene told me. "Ever so much. More than ever after that drive and dinner. Like many New Englanders—he was a neighbor of Calvin Coolidge's in Northampton—he finds life a serious business. But he's never—well—heavy about it."

TOGETHER Irene and Francis Griffin rediscovered New York City. They found the streets from the end of which you could best view the sunset. Late afternoons he was through at his offices and Irene was through rehearsals and study for the day.

Her next engagement would be in St. Louis. With a summer musical repertoire company similar to that in which she had played in Atlanta the summer previous.

The St. Louis engagement would take her away from him. That wouldn't be desirable, goodness knows, except that away from him she might be able to think more clearly. At his side she wanted only what he wanted, even if she had wanted something diametrically opposed to this a few minutes previously.

"It's better for both of us that I go away for a bit," she told him that night they dined together before he took her to the train. They both had been strangely silent all evening. "It will give us time to think, time to make quite sure."

"I need no more time," he said quietly.

It was very hard to walk through the train gate, to leave him. But if she didn't turn around, if she kept right on, one trimly shod gray foot in front of the other, her eyes on the porter's scarlet cap, she soon would be on the train. And since she had not gone through the gate until the very last minute the train would start almost immediately. Then there would be nothing she could do about it. She would be on her way.

"By July first," laughs Irene, "I was back in New York. Shopping for my trousseau. While my mother planned the details of our wedding at an uptown church and the reception which followed at the Plaza.

"We were married on July sixteenth. Not being superstitious I wore green. Green chiffon. And a large hat with a crushed apple green velvet bow."

Only a few Dunnes and Griffins heard Irene make her vows in her steady, soft voice, heard Doctor Griffin make his vows quietly but obviously gladly. It was later at the Plaza reception that all their friends gathered round to whisper they never had seen a lovelier bride, to nibble on little cakes rich with marzipan, and brush away the silly tears people always shed at weddings. One of Irene's school friends caught her orchids, silvery white like an angel's wings.

They sailed, Irene and Doctor Griffin, on the *Berengaria*. While the busy, puffing tugs nosed the great ship out into midstream they stood together on the top deck. They were off. To another world. To another life. And they stood hand in hand.

In Paris they lived near the Bois and one sentimental afternoon they laid roses on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, roses red as the blood he had spilled for his country. For the home they would make together they bought—in a little shop on the old Rue St. Antoine—dessert plates which had belonged to an unhappy queen.

In Switzerland the blue of Lake Lucerne spread below their high dormer windows. Here they bought fine linens and embroideries. For a song.

In England they lived, very grand indeed, at the Carlton. They dined with friends in Mayfair. They rode in Hyde Park. They found old Sheffield candelabra to light their dinner table through the years that were to come.

Then they came home. To adjust to everyday life and find it anything but prosaic, quite as glamorous in its own way as their honeymoon had been. After Doctor Griffin had left for his office Irene would do her ordering, give instructions for the day that her household might run smoothly. Then she would go to her piano. She would continue to study. That had been agreed upon.

Curiously enough, considering how ambitious and busy Irene previously had been she was content. From time to time offers came to her from producers casting new productions. She had no interest in them.

Then one night she, Doctor Griffin and a party of friends went to see the new Ziegfeld production of "Show Boat." Irene sat through it in a trance. The music bewitched her. It was as if all her life she had been waiting, studying, serving an apprenticeship, that one day she might play a role like Magnolia.

A week or two later, unbelievably enough, she was offered the role of Magnolia in the road company of "Show Boat."

"And that offer really frightened me," Irene said. "Because I couldn't bring myself to give it up."

She went to Doctor Griffin that night when he came home.

"I want you to be happy above all things," he said affectionately. "You've turned down everything else that has been offered you, apparently without a qualm. So now, seeing how strongly you feel about this, I wonder if I have the right to influence you, one way or the other."

"Show Boat" opened in Chicago and, for part of the time, Mrs. Frances D. Griffin became Irene Dunne again.

"And now," Irene told me, "my husband is as enthusiastic about the things I do, over any success I have, as I am. More so, sometimes.

"It isn't pleasant being separated as often as we are. Neither of us pretends it is. But we are together as much as possible."

FROM Chicago the "Show Boat" company went to Boston. There they closed for the season. On next to the last night Ziegfeld was in the audience. In the second row on the aisle, he sat. To watch all of them and choose those he wanted for the company when it opened again the following September.

There was tremendous excitement backstage. Some gave better performances than usual that night. Others, too nervous, gave performances below their standard. Irene Dunne never played a more colorful, glamorous, romantic Magnolia in her life.

At the end of the last act, taking her bow, she caught Ziegfeld's eye. He nodded. That was all. But later a note came back, making it final. By all means he wanted her for Magnolia the following autumn.

"And," he added graciously, "I also must thank you for one of the happiest evenings I've ever spent in the theater."

This note, needless to state, is one of Irene's most precious possessions.

After a summer on the golf links and at the shore Irene was more than ready to work again.

"It was," she told me, "while I was playing Magnolia in Baltimore that Hollywood became interested in musical pictures. There were always rumors that scouts from the studios were in the audience. But I never paid much attention to this until the night William LeBaron of RKO came back-stage. He had, it appears, had reports on me and he had come to see me for himself."

A month later Irene was under contract to RKO. Doctor Griffin had said he could manage for a little while.

Adelaide Dunne who had come out west with Irene, posed with her for the Hollywood reporters..

And Irene wished the serious husband she had left behind in New York might be there too. There was nothing that would not be better with him at her side.

It was several days before she was asked to report at the studios. Had she started to work at once she might not have gotten so miserably home-sick.

During the day, before her mother, she fought back her tears. And exerted herself to seem happy and interested. Even enthusiastic. But there was no pride to forbid her crying herself to sleep. Morning after morning she awoke with wet lashes, exhausted.

When Doctor Griffin didn't telephone she was wretched. When he did call, after he had hung up, it was almost worse. Irene wondered whatever had possessed her to leave him, even to consider motion pictures.

But there she was and by this time her first picture, "Leatherneckers," a musical version of "Present Arms," in which she played with Benny Rubin, Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Ken Murray, was under way. When it was over she planned to ask for her release and travel east as fast as the first train would carry her.

However as things developed she did nothing of the kind. "Leatherneckers" turned out to be a very bad picture. And at the same moment the vogue for musical productions, the market having been flooded with too many bad ones, ended.

"What are we going to do with Dunne?" the RKO officials asked one another. "We brought her out to do musicals and we're not making any more of them. But she's under contract."

Under such circumstances Irene couldn't leave. She might have renounced a successful career to go home to her husband but she couldn't return a failure. She is softly spoken and quiet eyed but she has surprising strength, unlimited courage and undying determination.

Another thing. They were testing girls for the role of Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron." And here was a role Irene wanted to play in the very worst way.

The studio executives were horrified the day she asked for this plum part. She quite upset the conference at which, politely and with considerable beating about the bush, they were trying to decide what was to be done with her.



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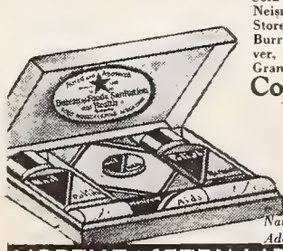
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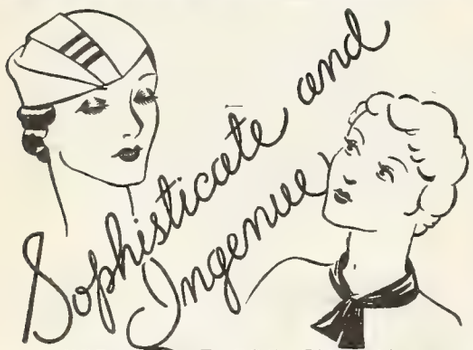


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"You've tested practically everyone else in Hollywood for the part of Sabra," she told them. "You've spent a fortune testing people. Why not, at least, give me the same chance you're giving utter strangers, utter outsiders?"

The test, they informed her gravely, would be a difficult one. She must play the three ages. Sabra as a young girl, as a woman, and as a grandmother. But, magnanimously, since their gravity didn't appear to terrify her in the slightest, they agreed to let her try.

She went home jubilant.

"I'm going to play Sabra," she cried, running to Doctor Griffin who was out for a visit. "I'm going to play Sabra."

Then, little by little, he got the whole, right story from her. That was Saturday. She was to take her test on the following Monday.

HE saw how intensely she felt about this, how desperately she wanted the role. And he wished from the bottom of his devoted heart there was something he could do that would help her towards it.

All day Sunday Irene worked on the dialogue and the business.

"You go play golf," she implored him. "You love it so. After all, my dear, this is your holiday. You must not spend a day indoors, cooped up with a ranting wife."

But Doctor Griffin only smiled and shook his head. There might be something he could do to help and he was determined to stay and do it. They closed themselves into their room. He sat on the bed, her audience, while she tried a line or a bit of business first this way, then that.

"And," laughs Irene affectionately, "for a man who hadn't wanted his wife to go on with her career, he cooperated with more enthusiasm and intensity and sympathy than you might believe possible."

The next morning Irene was at the studios early. The wardrobe mistress brought her the three sets of clothes that had been made for the Sabra Cravat tests and, over the week-end, altered to fit her.

Irene looked the clothes over carefully. Those planned for Sabra grown older didn't please her at all. They weren't the clothes she felt Sabra would wear. The hat especially seemed all wrong.

"Do something for me," she told the wardrobe mistress. "There's a woman who works in the sewing-room upstairs, a woman about sixty, well built. She wears just such a hat as I think Sabra would wear. Ask her if I may borrow it for this morning. Tell her I will be very careful of it.

They brought the hat. The woman had been delighted to lend it.

Irene took it from them with a happy little cry. She was like a little girl receiving the very doll she had admired in a shop window. She knew just how she wanted that hat to sit on top of her head.

A fortnight later Doctor Griffin left for New York with a vicarious sense of accomplishment. Irene was going to play Sabra all right. And he felt that sitting on the bed that Sunday, serving as her audience, making suggestions, he had helped her get it. Irene herself was certain he had.

They worked on "Cimarron" for sixteen weeks.

"And," says Irene, "through all those weeks Richard Dix showed me an understanding and cooperation for which I always shall be grateful."

In their trans-continental telephone conversations between midnight and dawning when, for the same toll, they could talk twice as long, Irene and Doctor Griffin planned how she would come to New York when the picture was completed,. be there for the premiere. He would give a party for her.

But these happy plans never materialized. When "Cimarron" was completed the RKO officials, aware they had a brilliant new star on their roster, knew well enough what to do with Irene Dunne. Things were very different now. They rushed her into other productions, into "Consolation Marriage" and "The Symphony of Six Million."

After the New York opening, excusing himself from his friends, Doctor Griffin went into a room alone and called Irene across three thousand miles. His voice that night was so deep she could scarcely hear him. That was how she knew how proud he was.

Irene also had to fight for a chance to play in "Back Street." The company executives didn't think she was the type to play the leading character in this story. So again she took a screen test and proved to them, conclusively and for all time, that she wasn't a type put an actress.

Then something happened which made her wonder how she ever had concerned herself over any of the comparatively insignificant worries that had beset her during the last several years. She was preparing to go over to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to star for them in "The Secret of Madame Blanche." The next day she was to sit in conference with Adrian about her costumes. She went to bed early. So she would be rested and have a clear mind. Early the following morning her telephone rang.

She wasn't alarmed. She had no idea of the hour. She thought it must be her husband calling. But it wasn't Doctor Griffin on the wire. It was her brother, Charles, who was in New York at this time. Doctor Griffin was in the hospital with a burst appendix. They couldn't say exactly how serious it might be. They were operating.

Up and down, up and down the room Irene walked for what seemed to her an eternity. No member of her household could help her. Her husband was over three thousand miles away, in pain, and in danger.

Several hours later, at eight o'clock, she put through a call to the hospital.

"Is he in great pain?" she asked his nurse.

"Well, of course, Mrs. Griffin, you understand in a case like this . . ." came the noncommital, evasive answer.

"Tell him I've called," she said. "Tell him I'm coming—right away."

At the airport they reported flying conditions were not good.

That night when "The Chief" pulled out of Los Angeles Irene Dunne sat huddled in a drawing-room facing three frightful days and nights.

At Grand Central, Charles Dunne met her. He took her luggage to her hotel that she might go directly to the hospital. In spite of the early hour they permitted her to go to Doctor Griffin immediately.

No one had told him she was coming. He was surprised. When he saw her standing in the doorway he looked unbelieving for a minute and then his serious face broke into a smile.

"He was glad I'd come," Irene explained, "yet upset because I'd had that frightful trip.

"However it was worth that trip just to be there, to see for myself that he was out of danger. I had been afraid to believe the last few wires, afraid they were sparing me while I was on the train and there was nothing I could do."

SHE waited at the hospital all day. She sat there beside him even while he dozed. Then at nine o'clock, when hospital lights go out, she went to her hotel.

The next morning she ordered the morning papers sent up with her breakfast tray. To her utter amazement her own face looked up at her from the front page of a tabloid. "In Town," the picture's title read. Then, underneath, "It is expected Irene Dunne is here to ask for a divorce."

She jumped from her bed, leaving, her breakfast untouched. She must be the one to take Francis Griffin those pages. She hoped he would not credit one word they said. She believed the understanding, the bond between them was too great for him to give such malicious rumors any consideration.

When she reached the hospital there were newspaper men in the corridor. A photographer tried to catch her as she went in.

She went straight to her husband's room. She had come to comfort him against the wretched, inexcusable injustice of this laughable attack. But in the end he comforted her. He laughed at the ridiculous story that was in the papers.

"Now I'm sure you're a movie star," he told her, a twinkle in his eyes.

Five days later she had to leave him. "The Secret of Madame Blanche" was about to go into production. Adrian had made all her clothes on a model which he had had built to her exact measure.

Doctor Griffin was well on the mend. She was sure of that. When he was able to be up and around there was his work waiting for him. Together they would climb, he in his chosen field, she in her's. There would be interludes in between when they would manage to be together. There would be holidays when he would come to California and they would sail off to Honolulu or stay at home and golf. There would be little stolen trips to New York between productions.

And so it goes . . . Since "Madame Blanche," Irene has made "The Silver Cord." Her next will be "Lady Sal." And there will probably be many more.

Unless all signs fail they'll live happily forever after. It isn't so much the number of hours married people spend together when all is said and done. It is rather how close they are during their hours together. Besides, away from the studios, away from her work, Irene is first and last Mrs. Francis D. Griffin. And that's the way it must be. That's the way it's been ever since the world began.

And the Dunne girl knows it.

Forecasting Your Favorites

(*Continued from page 43*)

was to set about inventing his own. Not only that, but he had to manufacture it as well and train men in the new technique. Mr. Cohen's answer to the challenge was:

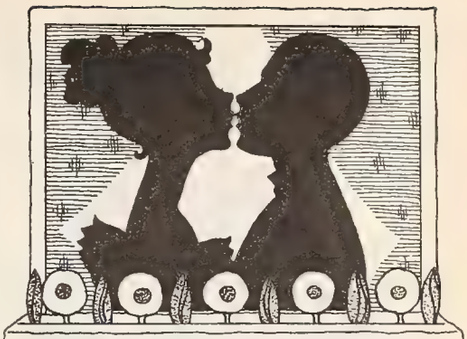
"The eyes and ears of the world."

Success again! The Paramount Newsreel made a great deal of money and Emanuel Cohen was sent to England to start Paramount News of Great Britain. It was while there that he was called back to the United States for conferences on the feature product of the studio. He thought he would merely have to investigate and suggest and then return to England where he had great plans in progress. Paramount heard his suggestions and immediately placed him in charge. That was a year ago. Already, it's "The Best Show in Town." Hollywood is listening to its new genius.

"It seemed to me," he began, with the determined enthusiasm that marks everything he says, "that our first task was to revive the spirit and confidence of our whole personnel from gateman to star. In a series of conferences, we inaugurated a new idea of team-work, the thought of working for the *public* rather than for the studio, and a demand that everyone be honest with himself and the company. We demanded no-men to replace the old order of yes-men.

"We made it imperative that every person connected with a future picture at Paramount should *want* to do his job and do it well. No more rush jobs—using a director not in sympathy with the story and a cast that was dissatisfied with its lot.

"Personally, I am an advocate of the star system. I believe that this business is founded upon personalities and that everything else is secondary. For this reason, I came to the conclusion that each successive picture should *build*, and logically, towards a certain goal for each player. That is what we



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are attempting to do at the moment. I also believe that the millions of fans love best those stars who are human, who can make them laugh and cry in stories that are not too sophisticated, too smart. I have the feeling that the public still likes the triumph of virtue over evil. Not that the glamor of Miss Dietrich, for instance, isn't interesting and exciting, but I believe her fans would love Marlene even more if her roles were more human.

"When Miss Dietrich returns in the fall, she will make several, but not all of her pictures with Mr. Von Sternberg. Never again will a single director continue with a star in several successive pictures. The point of view is too monotonous. In 'Song of Songs,' Marlene displays a new quality. She will evince it again.

CHEVALIER, on the other hand, instead of assuming a new tempo will return to his first love roles similar to the famous part he had in 'Innocents of Paris.' The public has never forgotten that Maurice of the old happy days. I think they will be happy to have him back again.

"Gary Cooper will also return to his success of the past, the type of role he portrayed in 'The Shopworn Angel.' Why Gary has been shoved from one sophisticated part to another is quite beyond me, when it is all so apparent that his rangey, typically American characterization was so marvelous and popular. We shall set him in a variety of backgrounds, war, underworld and adventure. Won't his good, old American wholesomeness be appealing once again?

"George Raft will never play a gangster again Here is a shining example of a star who has been too typed. Raft's next picture will be a distinct departure from this. He will do the life of that great dancer, Maurice. Odd, isn't it, that George Raft's dancing ability has never been taken advantage of cinematically before?

"Mae West—will continue to be Mae West. Miss West writes her own stories, she creates her own character and knows that she can play it to the greatest advantage. Her success was a bit of a surprise. We didn't expect her brand of humorous sex to catch on as it did. At this time, however, there is hardly a star in Hollywood who can boast of such a terrific appeal to the public. We shall see more of Mae West.

"Cary Grant will continue along the lines he has been working on, the romantic fellow with a dramatic touch.

"We think that we have found at last the best type of comedy for Jack Oakie. He will be featured in many biggest pictures."

At this point Mr. Cohen paused to smile. He was quite apparently thinking of those first hectic days of his stay at the Hollywood studios. He said, "I really believe this is the first time in our history that every star on the lot knows what he or she is going to do for at least nine months in advance. I think this will prove to be the principal reason for our success in what we call 'the rebuilding' of our studio. I am not satisfied, not by any means. But we shall continue to strive for greater quality and better entertainment in the future. In a way, I'm glad that I haven't become satisfied. When I do, I have promised myself that I will quit, because I shall know then that I am slipping!"

Mr. Cohen extended his hand in saying good-by, a really sincere gentleman of Hollywood. I presume he has more genius and courage than anyone will ever know, unless they watch Paramount continue to give the world "The Best Show in Town." Emanuel Cohen is one of the few who will never tell you that himself. An honest, unassuming and soft-spoken gentleman if ever there was one.

Good luck, Mr. Cohen, in that great task that you have started so well on the way to success. May you still be at the helm when Paramount returns to its old place in the movie sun, the top.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 76*)

Claudia are partial to jellied bouillon and have it frequently. This particular day it was jellied chicken bouillon topped with a tiny spoonful of snowy white, salted, whipped cream and sprinkled with a bit of finely minced parsley. You can make similar bouillon by adding one and a half tablespoons of dissolved gelatine to 4 cups of chicken stock (or canned chicken broth) and flavoring it with about half a teaspoon of celery salt and a quarter teaspoon of table salt. After the soup has set you beat it up with a fork before serving it. Garnish with parsley, as described above.

With the bouillon there were sandwiches—and such sandwiches! Cut neither thick nor thin, the bread was crustless and, we suspect, home-made.

WHY is it," asked Ralph Morgan, reaching for his 'steenth sandwich, "that ninety percent of all the sandwiches in the world seem to be made with ham, chicken or cheese!"

"What *do* you favor in the way of sandwich fillings?" we asked Claudia.

"Ham, chicken and cheese," she replied in perfect imitation of Ralph. "Only I like to think up different seasonings and combinations. For instance, that sandwich you're eating now is made of *grated* cheese and minced watercress. And those triangular ones are made of cottage cheese, celery and minced ham."

"And I suppose these oblong models," interrupted Mr. Morgan, "are also made of *ham*, only colored brown."

"No, no daddy," soothed Claudia,

"those really are unusual. They are mushroom sandwiches."

"Well," replied Ralph, helping himself to another sandwich, "I guess I'm like some people are about music—I don't know anything about it, but I know what I like."

"You know lots about salads, though, my dear!" declared Claudia. "You should taste his tuna fish triumph."

"Served with hot rolls or biscuits!" cut in Ralph eagerly. "And sweet butter and cream cheese. My idea of a perfect summer supper is a chicken or fish salad, served with hot, crisp rolls and potato chips and a side dish of some vegetable, preferably corn on the cob."

"There's still another combination he's particularly keen about," vouchsafed Claudia. "That's jellied veal loaf and potato salad. It really is marvelous, either for lunch or supper. The loaf is made in layers—sliced hard-boiled eggs on the bottom, then a layer of chopped pimento with a sprinkling of finely minced parsley, then a layer of meat and next a layer of chopped green pepper. A veal aspic is poured over the whole business and you let it set in the refrigerator. Then it is served in slices, topped with a dab of mayonnaise colored a pale green—just to be swanky!"

"So far you haven't even mentioned desserts," we said. "Don't you ever eat them?"

"Why, of course we do!" replied Claudia. "If that father of mine will ever stop eating sandwiches you'll know."

And we had, for when the sandwiches had been reduced to a negligible number, crystal glasses of delicately pink fluffy clouds, blanketed beneath a golden sauce, were brought out. We thought at first that it was some sort of strawberry concoction, but soon found we were going wrong—it was rhubarb.

"How on earth do you get a rhubarb whip to look like this?" we asked.

"The rhubarb is colored after it is cooked," Claudia informed us. "I suppose it would taste as good if it were left in the natural, rhubarb-green state, but it certainly wouldn't look anywhere near as attractive and I think it's important for desserts to look attractive, don't you?"

INDEED we do, and every one of the foods for which we are giving you recipes this month can claim the dual virtues of being as attractive as they are delicious. Two of the sandwich recipes we are giving you here. The "unusual" Mushroom Sandwich recipe and recipes for Ralph Morgan's special Tuna Fish Salad. The recipes for Jellied Veal Loaf and the Rhubarb Sponge with Golden Sauce have been printed to make up this month's Modern Screen Recipe Folder. You may have these free, by filling in the coupon on page 76 and mailing to us.

TWO MORGAN SANDWICH RECIPES

½ cup grated American cheese
1 finely chopped hard-boiled egg
½ cup minced watercress
¼ cup salt
¼ teaspoon prepared mustard
3 tablespoons mayonnaise

Mix together all the ingredients and spread between slices of buttered white or wheat bread.

1 cup cottage cheese
¼ cup chopped celery
½ cup minced ham
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon minced chives or minced scallion tops
2 tablespoons cream

Rub cheese through a wire sieve. Blend with the remaining ingredients. Spread between slices of buttered white or rye bread.

You Can Get Anything You Want

(*Continued from page 57*)

Joan was poor. By her own admission she was far from glamorous or beautiful. She grew so fast she was all arms and legs. She had freckles. But there was that dream. In it she was a lovely lady with loads of soft, fine clothes. She lived in a house famous for its beauty. She had many servants. And many dogs. She drove in a fine car. Important people were her friends. And all of these things she had attained through her dancing.

Any number of times Joan might have become discouraged and forsaken her dream. There was Stephens College where she worked for her keep and tuition. She hated it.

Nevertheless, in spite of adverse conditions, she saw herself always as the important person of her dream. And consequently she came to have the manner of an important person.

I don't mean that Joan went around with her head up in the air. Or that she was snobbish in anything she said or did. Nothing as silly as this. These things wouldn't constitute an air of importance in the first place. It was just that Joan had a nice, quiet pride. And it was this pride which, from the beginning, recommended her to the Dean.

The night Joan ran away and someone snitched it was the Dean himself who followed her to the station.

"Why did you run off like this?" he asked, overtaking her just before she boarded the train.

"Because," Joan announced dramatically, "I can wait no longer to be on my way where I'm going."

He understood. He didn't try to keep her at school after that. But he did



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influence her to go back with him temporarily, that he might write her mother she was coming, and that there might be no doubt regarding her departure.

Home again, awaiting the chance to go on the stage which she was sure would come, Joan worked in a department store. Her hours were long. Her wages were small. Most of her money went to her mother. A pair of stockings meant scrimping and saving. But always Joan managed to put a little aside against that day when her opportunity would come and she would need a few extra dollars.

You know, of course, how she had the courage to join the pathetic little road show which finally came along. In it she danced her way to the Winter Garden in New York City. And at the Winter Garden she danced her way into motion pictures.

It was in Hollywood I saw her . . to mark how in every respect the dream that little, long-legged, freckled-faced Billy Cassin dreamed has come true.

Today Joan is, in truth, "a lovely lady, with loads of soft, fine clothes."

"How in the world," everyone asks, "has Joan Crawford in a few brief and busy years managed to become the gracious lady it is supposed to take generations to produce?"

The answer is simple. *Joan hasn't become the person she is today in a few years. She became this person in her own mind years ago when she was a humble little girl living in the Middle West. When she began to dream. . . .*

IT is inspiring to see how many of the motion picture stars have made their dreams come true.

But, to my mind, the most amazing thing of all is Harold Lloyd believing as he does that it is his dreams that have put him where he is today and made him what he is today.

Harold has proven himself practical, shrewd and wise. Everyone in Hollywood, stars, directors, writers, producers, and financiers, quote him. Harold Lloyd says this. Harold Lloyd thinks that. You hear it everywhere. Less than two decades ago he was a poor little boy in a small Ohio town. Today he is many times a millionaire.

"It's curious you should talk to me along these lines just now," Harold told me. "Very curious . . . I've been considering this very belief in auto-suggestion as a premise upon which to build one of my next pictures.

"Always, you see, I've believed that you can have what you want if you want it enough . . . if you'll see yourself having it . . . if you'll feel yourself having it . . .

"Always I've seen myself as a man of importance. And always I've seen myself as an actor.

"I don't know how I originally reconciled these two things, I'm sure. For all the actors I knew as a program boy in the local theatre, and all the actors I worked with later on in little stock companies were poor enough.

"Nevertheless, I saw myself as an actor. And I also saw myself as a man of affairs, a financier of a sort. I can't explain it. But that's exactly how it was, right from the beginning."

When Harold was trying to get started in motion pictures, sharing a small room with his father who had come to California with him, two prominent directors did all they could to discourage him. Not because of any animus. Because they really didn't think he had a chance. They told him bluntly that he was the last person in the world to get anywhere as a comedian.

But Harold was not dissuaded. His dream was strong. He saw himself as an actor. He saw himself as a comedian. When you know a thing is one way you can't be made believe it is another.

In his dream Harold found courage.

After he became a film star it was the same way. Grauman was showing his pictures and giving Lloyd and Hal Roach, with whom he was associated at this time, about eight hundred and fifty dollars for a two weeks' run. Grauman is California's master showman. It lends productions prestige to be shown at his theater. Almost anyone else would have been well pleased with this arrangement. But not Harold. He and Hal Roach leased another theatre, an unimportant little theatre down-town, and put Harold's next picture in it. Everyone held up their hands in horror. Lloyd, they said, must be out of his mind.

The first Harold Lloyd picture shown in that unimportant little down-town theatre brought Harold and Roach not the eight hundred and fifty dollars Grauman would have given them, but fifteen thousand dollars. The second picture they showed there brought them thirty-five thousand dollars. The third picture fifty thousand. Everyone shook his head in amazement. Lloyd, they said, was a financial genius.

Before times became as difficult as they have been lately, Harold's weekly income as star-producer was computed to average somewhere in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars a week.

The amazing dream that poor little kid back in that Ohio town dreamed has come true.

What the movie stars and others all over the world have done and continue to do every day, you too can do. Hans Dreier, the set designer at Paramount, is not a movie star. Yet his dream has come true. And his was a dream seemingly incapable of fulfilment.

But let us begin at the beginning . . .

Hans Dreier's father and his father before him were merchants. His mother's people were shipbuilders and designers.

A small, tow-headed lad in Berlin, Hans spent most of his holidays over a drawing-board, drawing ships.

"Hans," the family used to say, "will not be a merchant like the Dreiers. He takes after his mother's people. He, too, will design ships to sail the seven seas . . ."

It wasn't long, however, before Hans began to disagree with his relatives. Designing ships he discovered to be about ten percent imagination and ninety percent mathematics. And this wasn't at all what he wanted. Hans saw himself as an artist, not a mathematician.

At the University of Munich he studied architecture. He would not build great office buildings and hotels. He would build houses.

Then Hans graduated. Then Hans discovered that prosperous if inartistic clients have a great deal to say about the houses they order built.

Hans Dreier remained true to his dream. And when he overheard one friend whisper to another that he would surely starve unless he changed his tactics, he wasn't afraid.

Then he went to work at the UFA studios. And here his dream came true. Here he designed sets. And the castles and cottages he planned were built without any changes. Even such a detail as the moulding in a drawing-room was as he wished it.

Dreier sets became famous. Paramount sent for him to come to America. That was over ten years ago. He's been with them ever since.

"I dreamed of work that would be ninety percent imagination and ten percent mathematics," he told me. "This work," indicating sketches of sets lying on the desk before him, "is better than that.

"I read a 'script. Then I design the houses and the rooms that I think the people in that story would live in.

"Take the old castle rooms in 'The Song of Songs,' for instance. They had to be rooms in which it would be utterly impossible for any woman to be happy. Heavy rooms. Luxurious in their way, but not suited to feminine occupancy."

"Without your dream of work more imaginative than any designing you knew," I asked, "do you think you would be sitting here today, do you think you still would have come to the studios?"

He shook his head. "Never," he said, "Never in the world. It was as if I wanted to do this particular, specialized work even when I didn't know any such work existed.

"Besides," he smiled, and his blue eyes deepened, "without my dream I should not have had the courage to turn back on other, sure things . . ."

MARY PICKFORD says: *"I can have the kind of a world I want!"*

Mary knows . . . When she was thirteen she was unknown, playing in cheap melodramas, sending every penny she could spare home to Canada to her mother and Lottie and Jack. Her father dead, she was the breadwinner.

Mary was only thirteen when she dreamed of herself starring on Broadway and earning five hundred dollars a week by the time she was twenty years old. She was in New York at the time, living with an aunt.

There were managers to whom little Gladys Smith—she wasn't Mary Pickford then—was known and with whom she was fairly sure of an engagement. But after she had her dream it wasn't on these managers that she called. They had no part in the life in which, already, she envisioned herself.

Mary went instead to the offices of the most eminent producers. To the offices of David Belasco.

"I became determined," said Mary, "to know the right people. Not so that I might use my friends to further my interests. But because I knew even then that you always assume some color from those you are with . . .

"Above all things I wanted to be associated with David Belasco.

"To this end I even considered writing the five or six actresses who were famous in New York at the time, telling them I wasn't a stage-struck child, that I'd served an apprenticeship of eight years in the theater, and that I wanted nothing from them but a letter that would get me to Mr. Belasco himself."

Then Blanche Bates, one of the half dozen famous stars to whom Mary had considered writing, opened in a Brooklyn theatre and Mary went flying over to Brooklyn hoping to see her.

Hattie, Blanche Bates' maid, knew that Miss Bates never saw anyone after the second act, but Mary's long curls and sweet face so enchanted the kindly colored girl that she went off to see what she could do.

"I can't see her, Hattie," Blanche Bates said. "You should know better than to ask it."

Still Hattie stood in the doorway. "If you saw her curls, Mis' Bates," she said, "you'd let her come in. They're so pretty. And anyways, all she wants is for you to give her a letter to Mister Belasco. It wouldn't take you more'n a minute."

"For goodness sakes," Blanche Bates said, exasperated now, "tell the child to tell Mr. Belasco that I sent her."

"So you want to be an actress," David Belasco said when Mary approached him after the final curtain had rung down on Frances Starr in "Rose of the Rancho."

"Oh no, sir," said Mary. "I *am* an actress. It's just that I dream of being a good actress, a beautiful actress, like Miss Starr. . . ."

"We'll see what you can do," Belasco told her. He ordered the lights on the undressed stage. And Mary proceeded to do a scene from her last production, "For a Human Life," pleading to a rickety kitchen chair, supposed to be a policeman, to save her from prison.

It was very melodramatic. But Mary, feeling herself a potential Broadway star worth all of five hundred dollars a week, did it well.

"Here," said the great Belasco when she had finished, taking her moist little hand and leading her over to Frances Starr, "is the lady you want to be like."

Frances Starr was very charming.

"You can be a much finer actress than I am," she said.

Mary thanked Miss Starr. Then, tears still shining in her dark eyes, she turned to Mr. Belasco to ask for his verdict.

"I want you to come back tomorrow," he told her. "I'll have a contract ready. . . ."

"A contract!" interrupted Mary. "You can't mean it?"

"Cross my heart," David Belasco reassured her, smiling.

LATER, in her little room, Mary wrote to her mother.

On the top of her letter she printed in great big glowing capitals:

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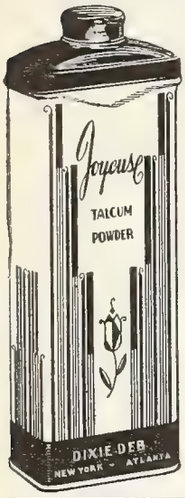
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"GLADYS SMITH, UNDER CONTRACT TO DAVID BELASCO"

It wasn't, however, as Gladys Smith that she played in "The Warrens of Virginia." It was then she became Mary Pickford, Belasco taking her baptismal name of Mary and her mother's family name of Pickford.

Still Mary was far from her dream. She wasn't a star. And her salary was two hundred dollars a week, not five hundred dollars.

When "The Warrens of Virginia" closed and there was no child's part available with Belasco, she went to California and worked in pictures for D. W. Griffith. But she did not abandon her dream for one minute. During a rumpus with Griffith, tempestuous and feverish while it lasted, she told him very frankly that immediately the company returned to New York she was going with David Belasco again.

Griffith laughed at her. "You've been in the movies," he said. "You're disgraced. Tell Belasco that and see whether he'll have anything to do with you."

"I will tell him," Mary answered, her eyes bright, "and he *will* have something to do with me. You wait and see. . . ."

And Belasco *did* have something to do with her. The very day she returned to New York, his manager called her to ask where she had been. Belasco was preparing to produce "The Good Little Devil." He had her in mind for the title rôle. For weeks they had been trying to locate her.

"I've been in California, making motion pictures," Mary said. And the next day she was equally honest with Belasco himself. However, he didn't send her from his office. He only laughed and asked if she could tear herself away from the studios long enough to be featured in a play for him.

Half of her dream had come true. In "The Good Little Devil" she was a star on Broadway. She had still, however, to earn five hundred dollars a week.

Then Famous Players filmed "The Good Little Devil" with Mary in it. And the five hundred dollars a week she had dreamed about for so long really belonged to her. There was now no part of her dream which hadn't come true.

"However," Mary said, "that was only my first dream. There have been other dreams since then . . . and they have all come true, too."

And you, who are reading this, you can have anything you want. If you want it enough. . . .

You can marry Prince Charming. You can become mistress of a charming home. You can acquire glamor. You can achieve success. You can have wealth. You can win fame. In short, anything is possible!

Remember: "Every idea tends to undergo transformation into reality. He who imagines, can try it!"

If You Met Lee Tracy

(*Continued from page 59*)

He is a good business man. He has an excellent knowledge of himself. He has enough energy for six men and he eats up work. He is generous in praise of people who have helped him along the way and of other players. He talked for ten minutes on the kindness and assistance shown to him by John Barrymore during the making of "Dinner at Eight."

He has a slightly ribald and cockeyed sense of humor. He is, I should say, without petty vanity of any sort but he has plenty of self-respect. He wouldn't double-cross anyone, I believe. But I'd hate like thunder to be the person who double-crossed him. He's considerate of other people and he's shrewd. He knows his box office. He knows his audience. He knows good publicity and bad. He plays the game, straight, and for all its worth.

Because, you see, he knows that once on the crest, the wave may break; once at the tip of the ladder it's a long, easy and slippery way down. Once you've made your strike, work it with all that's in you, because it won't last forever. He doesn't kid himself.

I listened while he talked of proper publicity to the publicty department. I watched while he dated some of his childhood pictures which were to be used in a story and while he insisted six times over that they were to be returned to him as his mother wanted them and had no other copies of several and we wrangled over the age he must have been when he was photographed, a baby with a bang, in the arms of a colored nurse.

The colored nurse has probably long since gone to her reward but I am here to state that in the language of 1933 Lee Tracy is still—a *baby with a bang!*

HE has played reporters so much and so often that he sometimes has a notion he is one. A brother—perhaps two brothers, I'm not sure—is in the newspaper business. Recently Lee was talking to the motion picture critic of a great metropolitan daily and the critic asked him, "Hey, Tracy, did you get a load of the story on so and so—" and then broke off to comment, "Lord, I always forget you aren't a newspaper man."

Lee Tracy had thought about that profession while he was deciding between medicine, engineering, law and the stage. In college it might then have occurred to him he could have made that grade too.

I saw a photograph of him at twelve in a baseball suit and a wide grin. Looked to me as if a couple of teeth were missing. I'll bet he was a great youngster, full of the devil. A holy terror, but a good sport and a straight shooter every minute of his life.

What his parents had to cope with, curbing and directing all that wild energy, beggars the imagination. But I'm sure he liked Indians and read adventure stories and led a gang and broke a lot of windows. . . .

But curb and direct it they did; as did the discipline of military school and later of his officers training. But it's all still there, at the drop of the hat.

I checked up on his pictures. "Big Time," "Born Reckless," "Liliom," "Night Mayor," "Blessed Event," "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Half Naked Truth," "Private Jones," "Clear All Wires," "The Nuisance," and most recently "Dinner at Eight."

Remember that scene with his mother in "Private Jones" and a shot or two in the "Nuisance" and the other pictures? Pictures in which he's hard boiled, energetic, go-getting, making you like rascals so much that I told him he was positively immoral, that I never wanted him to reform on the screen. I always wanted him to get away with whatever his screen racket might be. But remembering those other shots, I had a glimpse of another Lee Tracy cropping out through the part he played, and at the right moment. A very nice streak . . . entirely lovable.

And he has courage. There was a time playing in repertory when he was operated on for an accident which, occurring during his military training, had left a piece of steel in his anatomy. One night after the show he collapsed and the next morning the operation took place. He went on playing . . . but he couldn't dress himself and he couldn't sit down. He was a trouper, even then, as early as that.

If Lee Tracy gets hard knocks he'll stand up to 'em, whether he can sit down or not. And he'll grin. It won't be a resigned grin, however, it will be a fighting grin.

He's a grand person. I like him. I told him so without any further preliminary and I'll tell him so again, now, in cold print. You'd like him, too. You couldn't help yourself, and you wouldn't want to help yourself. You can apply the adjective swell to him about everything but his sandy head.

He smokes a lot. Much of that energy of his is nervous. He wears very elegant trousers pleated at the waist. Gray, the day I saw him. And a very blue shirt. We parted on a street corner, Mr. Tracy en route to buy tickets, as he was leaving for the West the next day. His mother was going with him and they were stopping off to have themselves a time at the Chicago World's Fair. I'll bet they're enjoying it this minute.

That's Lee Tracy, a great guy with no illusions about himself or this bubble called popularity. With plenty of ideas of his own and a swell sense of direction. He knows where he is going. He isn't stopping to sit down on a park bench surrounded by his laurels. He's on his way and he has his route all mapped out. He'll get there. More power to him, is what I say.

Burns and Allen—Meet Them Offstage!

(*Continued from page 41*)

George: What are you doing tonight?

Gracie: Nothing, but I can't see you because I'm expecting to have a headache.

George begged her to put it to the audience test—just try it out, and if it didn't go over, then they'd let it go. But Gracie didn't want to do that.

ONE night George pulled his half of the gag. "What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

Gracie looked him straight in the face and wouldn't answer. For one solid month, every night out on the stage, George said, "What are you doing tonight," and for one solid month Gracie wouldn't answer. But at last he wore her down, so once, when he asked the question she said, very fast, almost under her breath, with her head tucked down, "Nothing,-but-can't-see-you-tonight-'specting-to-have-headache." And the audience howled! It was George's victory.

Now when he tells about it Gracie does her little hands that "Oh-George-there-you-go" way and says, "Yeh, but plenty of times when things weren't good and you wanted them in and I didn't—and I was right."

Well, the hardships of those early days are over now and they can take it easy and sit back and enjoy life.

George writes the stuff while Gracie goes to the movies (if her eyes would let her, she would see five pictures a day) and shops. I say George writes the stuff but Gracie unwittingly supplies him with much of the material. Here's how Gracie explains that:

"You see, I always tell George he's pretty when there's just us two and he gets all slicked up. I say, 'George, you look so pretty.' And George says, 'It's silly, telling a man he's pretty,' and then he says, 'But it's funny and we'll use it tomorrow night.' So that's how 'Isn't George pretty?' started. And once he was telling me a lot of serious stuff and I laughed and said, 'Oh, there you go,' and he said, 'That's funny, we'll use it!' But I never know what's in until a few hours before we go on."

AND she's so earnest about it and her voice has the same quality and timbre that it has over the radio. She just *is* Gracie Allen. And if you don't believe it, listen to what happened during the California earthquake. They were working on "College Humor" and when the first temblor came, everybody ran off the stage because you can imagine how dangerous a movie set with all those overhanging lights would be.

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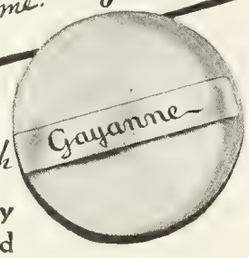
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However, Gracie was calm and collected. She had heard that the safest place to be in an earthquake was a doorway. There wasn't any doorway, but she saw an elevator on the stage—into which she ran. She stood there feeling perfectly safe. When suddenly she looked up to see the enormous lights swaying above her. And she realized that the elevator was not a real one at all but merely a prop—a part of the set—and that she and one electrician, who had not yet had time to scramble down from the parallel, were the only two human beings left on the stage.

She tells that now and laughs and George laughs, too, for he thinks she is about the cutest trick that ever was.

You know the story of their start—how George thought he was the comedian and Gracie was the straight, only to discover that when he read the comedy lines, nobody laughed, and when Gracie read the straight lines, they howled.

Honestly, they are just about the nicest little couple you've seen. George looks at the world with such sharp, clear-seeing eyes. Gracie thinks George is clever and brilliant and a marvelous business man and—don't forget—pretty. George is pretty.

Now they are living on the rewards their hard work has brought them. In New York, in their lovely apartment in the Essex House, Gracie and George entertain beautifully. In Hollywood, they have a nice rented house that delights them. But they have to tell each other every night before they go to bed that they'll not wake up in the morning to find themselves in some tank town playing a split week and fibbing gloriously about their next job.

Hollywood's Newest Racket—"Mother's Helper"

(*Continued from page 63*)

maker of Moscow said—the psychiatrist could scientifically map the child's future—and all for $50 per masque—the psychiatrist was extra.

Quite a few were made. Unfortunately, no one will ever know how it would have worked out, for two of Mr. Volstead's nosey boys got curious about what seemed a plethora of vodka in the masquer's studio. Now it will be six months and $300 before the process can be resumed.

A flourish of press and radio publicity announced the finding of a baby to play the youthful Maurice Chevalier in a picture. The same announcement said that while Baby Le Roy's infancy had been quite humble, he was now luxuriously established in Altadena, gold-suburb of exclusive Pasadena. A local columnist fixed the salary at $1000 weekly. This set-up looked too good to be true—a nineteen-year-old, inexperienced mother with a lot of money she was not used to having. And there was a prompt exodus of the sisters in the direction of Altadena.

THE high school-looking mother of Baby Le Roy listened in wide-eyed wonderment when the ladies of the diet and diagnosis pictured a future of certified milk and orange blossom honey for the infant star, providing, of course, that they had the selection of the dairy and nominated the bee queen. But the gathering adjourned when Mama Weinbrenner announced that Paramount was handling the youthful star's cash—paying all bills. And that was that.

The Fredric Marches have two homes, two picture contracts and one adopted baby—a combination not to be sneezed at in these parlous, fifty-percent-off days. For weeks the racketeers chased the Marches from Laguna Beach to Beverly Hills—never to find them home and they finally gave it up. So far as is known, the Marches alone have escaped the baby advisers, but it took a lot of gasoline to do it.

A side-line of the racketeer is letter writing. No sooner are the expectancies of cinemaland posted—and they are never tardy—than the scribes commence their chorographic approach, enclosing the blue-prints, elevations and specifications of babyland. Through these communications, they seek appointments. Miss Twelvetrees fixes the number of letters she received before her baby's arrival at over 5,000—and they came from every state in the union and quite a few from Europe.

Lately, there has been a thinning in the ranks of the babyland racketeer. Many have returned to the beaches and boardwalks, where they are once again operating the fortune-telling establishments, whence they came. Because of the general scattering to mountain and seaside homes, during the last summer, the racketeering industry rested up. Many were "reading up"—learning new and impressive medical terms.

Some of the more ambitious were taking English lessons along with a few of their sisters of the screen—trying to get rid of the "I seen" and "he done's," which, when thrown into juxtaposition with "metabolism" and "protoplasmic" in a discussion with youthful mothers, never seemed to be helpful.

But they'll be back! There are the John Gilberts, the Dick Arlens and a lot more to talk to—if the sisters can get past the door-slammer. The baby racketeer figures that as long as the present fashion lasts, there will be more infants, the same big salaries and inexperienced mothers—and, as said once before, "what could be sweeter?"

Incidentally, Hollywood now has a new kind of laundry. The white-clad driver will take the laundry if it's baby garments of the expensive, hand-laundering kind. But under no circumstances will he take any adult's laundry. It's Hollywood's exclusive laundry for the exclusive baby. Wash that off!

What About Lew Ayres Now?

(*Continued from page 49*)

year—as Ben Lyon and Neil Hamilton have done. Or I might be in two or three downright flops that would finish me off.

"All I can say is, I know I'm at least to have another chance. I've had two or three offers from other studios, and that's what I mean when I say 'I'm not through.'"

Some time ago, it happens that one of the men at the Fox studio told me it wouldn't surprise him if Lew came with them. The team of Ayres and Gaynor in "State Fair" was a mild sensation. And I know that several times after the phenomenally successful "Doorway to Hell," Warner Brothers told him that any time Universal let him go there would be a place for him on their lot.

He has watched the company whose biggest draw he has been let his contract lapse and, in the same year, seen "finis" written to his marriage. It takes a big man to stand up under two catastrophes like those. Disillusioned he is—yes. But bitter? No!

"I'm happier than I've been in three years. That's no reflection on Lola, either. She worked hard to make our marriage a success. But some people are fitted for matrimony and some are not. I guess I'm just one of those who are temperamentally unsuited to it.

"If I'm out riding with a bunch of fellows or playing tennis and feel like having one more set, I don't have to quit now because I know dinner is ready and my wife will be stewing if I don't get home."

Lew is less conscious of his appearance than anyone I know. He had on a pair of old corduroy pants, the pockets bound in leather, an old shirt which had been patched and darned until there was little left of the original. A battered felt hat was pulled down on his head. In one hand he had a bucket of white paint and in the other a brush with which he was dabbing at an arbor.

"If I were married now," he grinned, "my wife would be raising heck because I let even the workmen see me looking like this."

"Speaking of your new-found freedom," I remarked, "how is it that when you were married you'd never go out anywhere at night—no parties, no dinners, never to the Grove or anywhere like that—and since you're divorced I can't pick up a paper without reading that you were here or there?"

"In the first place," he retorted, "those reports of my social activities are exaggerated. I've read several times that I've been at the Grove when I haven't been near the place on the particular occasion specified. I have been to two or three of the night spots, but I think when you're single you *have* to do more of that sort of thing than when you're married. You can't sit home alone night after night or you find yourself becoming stagnant. You must go out once in a while."

HIS companion on these nocturnal excursions is usually Ginger Rogers, and the sharpshooters are hinting . . .

"Are you in love with Ginger?" I blurted, gulping with embarrassment. "Are you two going to marry when your divorce is final?"

"No," he answered positively. "I like Ginger more than any girl in Hollywood, but she doesn't want to marry and neither do I. You know I've always gone with only one girl at a time. And it's nice to know someone well enough to be able to call up in the afternoon and say 'What are you doing tonight?' And it's even nicer to have her know you well enough to say 'Nothing' if she doesn't happen to be busy, rather than have her try to make you think she's the most popular girl in town and insist upon your making dates a week in advance."

He laid down the paintbrush and we went inside to inspect the playroom which was being built. The woodwork is a dark, stippled brown and the walls a rough finish in a lighter brown. Off to one side is a long, narrow bar with racks built behind it for glasses and beer mugs. What he wants with the bar, I don't know. He rarely takes a drink.

"I've saved my money, thank God," he said irrelevantly. "I want to work, of course, but if I don't find the right parts right away I don't have to worry."

He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. One of the officials at Universal wanted to tell him they are working on a new deal for him.

Lew's ability to look at facts squarely and in their true perspective is evidenced by his comment when he returned to the living room. "I know they're not going to give me my raise—or even keep me on at the same salary. They've had every chance in the world to do something for me out there—and they haven't done it. If I've got to take a cut, I think I'd be better off at some other studio. I'll be new there and they'll take more interest in me."

He had started his last picture for Universal—"Don't Bet on Love," in which Ginger Rogers played opposite him. Before it was released, there came the offer from Fox. I was anxious to see what Lew would do. Well, he signed with Fox. His first picture with his new studio will be one with Lilian Harvey—tentatively titled "My Weakness." And I'm *still* anxious to see what Lew will do. I hope he'll find the "smash hit that will put him back right on top." But if he doesn't, I know he's sincere when he says that he'd be content to do good, honest leading man roles for a number of years. And—he *has* saved his money. And he has a much saner, wiser outlook on life—although a somewhat disillusioned one—than the young man who was a box-office sensation two years ago.

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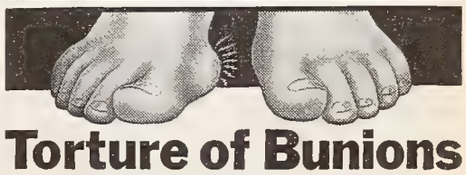
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Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 93*)

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Barbarian," "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight." Next is "The Worst Woman in Paris," Fox.

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Captured," Warners. Working in "Secret of the Blue Room," Universal. Next is "Little Women," RKO.

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warners; "I Cover the Waterfront," U. A. Working in "I Spy," British International.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight." Next is "Prisoner of Zenda."

MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Heroes for Sale."

MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Warrior's Husband," Fox; "The Girl in 419," Paramount.

MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Tonight Is Ours," "The Eagle and the Hawk." Next is "Chrysalis" and "Design for Living."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "A Lady's Profession," "International House."

MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "High Gear," Goldsmith. Working in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount; "The Man Who Dared" and "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.

MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, England, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise," "Evenings for Sale." Next is "White Woman."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "King of the Arena." Working in "Fiddlin' Buckaroo," Universal.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Separated from Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount; "Morning Glory," RKO. Next is "The Worst Woman in Paris," Fox and "Convention City," Warners.

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Buria. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Clear All Wires," "Reunion in Vienna," "Midnight Mary."

MILJAN, JOHN: Married. Born in Leeds, So. Dak., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Made on Broadway," "Never Give a Sucker a Break." Next is "Fog Bound," RKO.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Starred in "Made On Broadway," "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight." Working in "Another Language." Next is "Two Thieves."

MOORE, COLLEEN: Married to Albert Scott. Born in Port Huron, Mich, August 19 M-G-M player. Featured in "Power and the Glory," Fox. Next is "Turn Back the Clock," M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Oliver Twist," Monogram; "Gabriel Over the White House," M-G-M.

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Reunion in Vienna," "Never Give a Sucker a Break." Working in "Dancing Lady." Next is "March of Time."

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Road to Heaven," "Humanity," "Power and the Glory." Next is "Mad Game."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Gabriel Over the White House," "Dinner at Eight."

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie Johnson," Warners; "The Infernal Machine," Fox; "Tomorrow at Seven," RKO.

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," First National. Next is "America Kneels," First National.

McCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. RKO star. Co-starred in "Rockabye," "The Silver Cord," "Bed of Roses." Working in "The Doctor."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, England, December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Rackety Rax," "Hot Pepper," Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Life," M-G-M; "Auction in Souls," Tiffany.

NISSEN, GRETA: Married to Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia; "Melody Cruise," RKO; "Life in the Raw," Fox. Working in "From Arizona to Broadway," Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "5 cents a Glass." Working in "Life Worth Living," Fox.

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son-Daughter," "The Barbarian." Next is "Laughing Boy."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "College Humor." Next is "Too Much Harmony."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. RKO player. Featured in "The Great Jasper," RKO; "It's Great to be Alive," Fox. Working in "Only Yesterday," Universal.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Sailor Be Good," RKO; "Supernatural," Paramount; "Tomorrow at Seven," RKO.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Canyon Walls," "Life in the Raw," "The Last Trail."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Destination Unknown," Universal. Working in "Flaming Gold," Radio. Next is "The Bureau of Missing Persons," Warners.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cohens and Kellys in Trouble," Universal; "Tugboat Annie," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Cage," Universal; "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winifield, Kan., July 8. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Hell Below," "Made on Broadway," "Strange Rhapsody," M-G-M.

PICKFORD, MARY: Married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Can., April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Universal player. Featured in "Out All Night," "Scrappily Married," Universal; "Professional Sweetheart, RKO. Working in "Love, Honor and Oh Baby," Universal.

POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mt. View, Ark. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933." Working in "Footlight Parade."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Married to Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Lawyer Man," "Private Detective." Working in "Double Harness," RKO. Next is "The Kennell Murder Case," Warners.

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Undercover Man," "Pick Up." Working in "Midnight Club." Next is "Chrysalis."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Zoo in Budapest," Warners; "Rules for Wives," "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia. Working in "Brief Moment."

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Little Giant," "Big Shot." Next is "Red Meat."

ROGERS, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Featured in "5 Cents a Glass."

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Broadway Bad," "Gold Diggers of 1933," Warners; "Professional Sweetheart," RKO. Working in "Rafter Romance," RKO.

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Too Busy to Work," "State Fair." Working in "Life Worth Living."

RUB, CHRISTIAN: Married. Born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Silver Dollar," Warners; "The Road to Heaven," Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Terror Abroad," "Melody Cruise," RKO. Working in "She Made Her Bed" and "Mama Loves Papa," Paramount.

SALE, CHIC: Married. Born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Lucky Dog," Universal. Working in "Full Speed Ahead," Columbia.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Va., January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Sunset Pass," "Stairs of Sand," "Man of the Forest." Next is "To the Last Man."

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount star. Featured in "Madame Butterfly," "Pick Up." Starred in "Jennie Gerhardt." Next is "The Way to Love."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "A Lady's Profession," "Song of Songs." Working in "Midnight Club." Next is "Torch Singer" and "Tillie and Gus."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Ladies They Talk About," "Baby Face."

STARRETT, CHARLES: Married. Born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "Our Betters," RKO.

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Born to Kill," "White Sister," "Looking Forward."

STUART, GLORIA: Married. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "The Girl in 419," Paramount; "It's Great to be Alive," Fox. Working in "Secret of the Blue Room," Universal.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Out All Night," "Scrappily Married." Working in "Love, Honor and Oh Baby."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Lilly Turner," "Mary Stevens, M.D.," "She Had to Say Yes."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Style," Reliance. Working in "Mama Loves Papa," Paramount.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "The Infernal Machine," Fox; "Goodbye Again," Warners; "The Wrecker," Columbia. Next is "Red Meat," Warners.

TODD, THELMA: Separated from Pasquale de Cicco. Born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Fra Diavolo," Roach; "Mary Stevens, M.D.," Warners.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Flight," "Stranger's Return." Working in "The Dancing Lady."

TOOMEY, REGIS: Married to J. Kathryn Scott. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia; "She Had to Say Yes," Warners.

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Clear All Wires," "Never Give a Sucker a Break," "Dinner at Eight." Next is "Turn Back the Clock."

TRACY, SPENCER: Married to Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Face in the Sky," "Power and the Glory." Working in "Shanghai Madness."

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "A Bedtime Story," "Disgraced." Working in "Big Executive."

VELEZ, LUPE: Unmarried. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom Fame," RKO; "Hot Pepper," Fox. Next is "Joe Palooka," U. A.; "Malibu," M-G-M.

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night," "She Done Him Wrong." Next is "I'm No Angel."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Divorced from Bobbe Arnst. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Next is "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "So This is Africa," "Diplomaniacs."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. First National player. Featured in "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Picture Snatcher," M-G-M.

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Mind Reader," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Goodbye Again." Working in "Lady for a Day," Columbia.

WILSON, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. RKO player. Featured in "Scarlet River," Professional Sweetheart." Working in "The Death Watch." Next is "Speed King."

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "So This is Africa," "Diplomaniacs."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Columbia player. Featured in "Tampico," "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia. Working in "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount.

WYNYARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Born to Kill" and "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Next is "The Fountain."

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Zoo in Budapest," Fox; "Heroes for Sale," Warners; "Midnight Mary," M-G-M. Working in "The Devils in Love," Fox. Next is "A Man's Castle," Columbia.

YOUNG, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Henderson. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live," "Hell Below," "Tugboat Annie."

YOUNG, ROLAND: Married. Born in London, England, November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "A Lady's Profession," Paramount; "Pleasure Cruise," Fox. Working in "Fog Bound," RKO and "She Made Her Bed," Paramount.

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MODERN Screen



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MODERN Screen

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"A Good Number!

.... I should say, 'numbers'.... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor" ... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."



Move your feet?

"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."

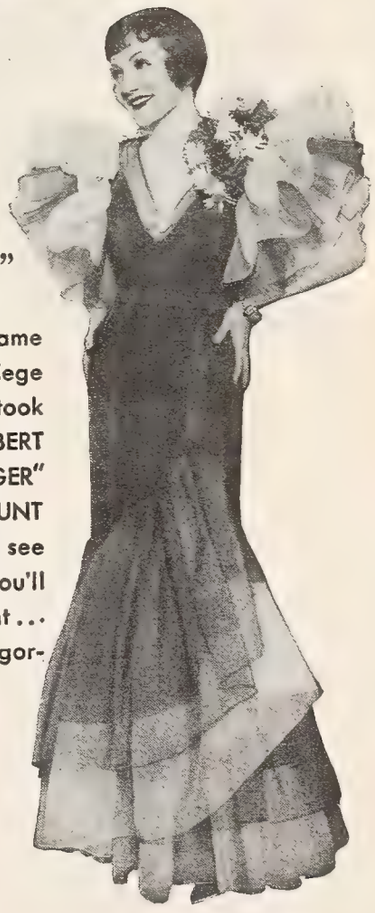


He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.



Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

REVIEWS

A tour of today's talkies



Zita Johann and Preston Foster in "The Man Who Dared."

[● Recommended.
●● Specially recommended.
Brief reviews on page 80.]

- ● Another Language
- ●● Lady for a Day
- ●● Captured
- The Devil's in Love
- F.P. 1
- The Fiddlin' Buckaroo
- Headline Shooter
- ● Her First Mate
- ● The Man Who Dared
- The Midnight Club
- ●● Morning Glory
- Rafter Romance
- ● The Stranger's Return
- ●● This Day and Age
- ●● Three-Cornered Moon
- ● Tugboat Annie
- ●● Voltaire

LADY FOR A DAY
(Columbia)

EXTRA swell. A rousing cheer to Columbia for putting out one of the most entertaining pictures this year and to May Robson for a performance that is perfect! Story, direction, cast, in fact everything, is swell.

The story concerns Apple Annie (May Robson) who sells her wares in order to keep her daughter in the most exclusive school in far-away Spain. The daughter believes her mother to be wealthy, as Annie writes her letters on expensive hotel stationery which tell of her extensive social life. When the daughter falls in love with a well-to-do young Spaniard, the two, with the young man's father, come to America to look up the mother. And then the fun begins.

The cast is letter-perfect. Warren William is good as a superstitious gambler, who always buys an apple from Annie for good luck. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee round out the cast. This is a "must see!" Children will enjoy it, too.

THIS DAY AND AGE
(Paramount)

POWERFUL entertainment. Another bouquet to Cecil B. De Mille for this stirring, highly emotional picture of high school kids who take the law into their hands when the courts fail to bring (*Continued on page 8*)

"Follow our Hollywood way-



Official in all the biq studios..

"We're washing almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies," says N'Was McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. "Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box."



● "The new fashions you see on the screen are smart and so practical—really thrifty, if you follow our Hollywood way of keeping everything new looking with Lux," says Joan Blondell, smart young star appearing in "Footlight Parade."

"My maid always uses Lux for my stockings, gloves and lingerie, of course. But since saving has been the fashion at the studio I've learned how many of my frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux."

● YOU, TOO, can keep smart fashions crisp and fresh with Lux at absurdly little cost. Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali is expensive because too often colors fade and delicate textures are spoiled. Of course, with Lux there's no rubbing, no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

NRA MEMBER U.S.

LUX

TRUST TO LUX







(Above left) The irrepressible Zasu Pitts and her long-suffering film husband, Slim Summerville, score again in "Her First Mate." (Above right) With so talented a trio as Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore and Miriam Hopkins, it is easy to recommend "The Stranger's Return." (Right) And here we have Richard Arlen and Claudette Colbert supplying the love interest in "Three-Cornered Moon."

justice. They witness the murder of a campus tailor by a gangster named Louie Garrett and his release by a "fixed" trial. When he commits another murder (this time one of their school-mates), they are aroused to action. They capture Garrett and carry him to a cave where the students of all the high schools gather for a trial. Through jeers and bodily torture, they wring a confession out of Garrett and, amid songs and yells and cheers ride their victim to the court-house.

The entire cast is outstanding. Charles Bickford plays Garrett, Richard Cromwell is the leader of the high school gang and Judith Allen is Cromwell's girl, who helps the cause by vamping Garrett's bodyguard. One of the most powerful pictures ever brought to the screen. Everyone should see it, both young and old!

MORNING GLORY (RKO)

GRAND show. If you're not already a Hepburn fan, you'll join that long line of admirers after witnessing her superb performance as Eva Lovelace, the eager, wistful little country girl, who comes to New York convinced she will become America's greatest dramatic actress. Katharine plays the role of this odd little girl with such fervor and vitality that the remainder of the cast is left somewhat in the shade. However, that does not mean that Adolphe Menjou, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan do not do good work. They do. Menjou gives a sincere performance as the theatrical producer, Mary Duncan clicks as the temperamental star, and Fairbanks is most convincing.

But just the same, the picture belongs to Hepburn. Go see it . . . all of you.

TUGBOAT ANNIE (M-G-M)

SEE it for Dressler and Beery. You're probably due for a disappointment here. We warn you, this is *not* another "Min and Bill," but maybe that would be expecting too much, anyway.

Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are, of course, swell. The weakness lies in the story, the first part of which is taken up with gags that are forced and boring. It concerns Tugboat Annie, her good-for-nothing husband, Terry, their son, Alec, and their struggles on board the old tug. Later Alec becomes a captain of a large ocean liner and a stirring climax is reached when Annie and Terry use the old tugboat (now being used for hauling garbage) to tow the liner in from a storm.

Robert Young and Maureen O'Sullivan are okay as the heart interest, but it'll be Marie and Wally you'll go to see. Kids may like it.

THE MAN WHO DARED (Fox)

YOU classify it. This picture is based on the life of the late mayor of Chicago and will send you out of the theater talking. It's different from the average picture. Some will enjoy it greatly and others . . .

It starts out with the arrival in America of a young Czecho-Slovakian couple and their struggles to keep alive. Both determined to give their children the best. The second half of the picture deals with the son's rise in politics and his final assassination.

Preston Foster, as the son, gives the finest performance of his career. However, you'll want to hand the biggest laurel wreaths to Irene Biller and Leon Waycoff as Foster's immigrant parents. Zita Johann is okay as Foster's wife. So-so for children.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal)

GOOD 'n' funny. Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville score again in this rollicking, fun-provoking comedy. The human lil' story concerns a peanut butcher (Slim) who has a yearning to become a great navigator. For years he has saved his money to buy a beautiful ship and sail the seven seas, only to have his wife (Zasu) sink the whole nest egg into an old rickety ferry. (Y'see a boat's a boat to Zasu!). Of course the ferry turns out to be their life-saver. Both Zasu and Slim are swell as usual and most ably assisted by Una Merkel and her sweetie, Warren Hymer. Step the whole family out, and we guarantee you'll laugh yourself sick.

THREE-CORNERED MOON (Paramount)

GOOD entertainment. Here's a pix that's brimming over with clever situations, uproarious comedy and some real down-to-earth characters. Mary Boland is a riot as the scatter-brained (*Continued on page 76*)

I LOVED A WOMAN . . . SO DID MANY MEN!"



Together...the mighty Robinson and the divine Francis... because at last the screen has found a story big enough for both —a heart drama that hits like the shock of worlds colliding! Everything you'd expect to happen when the screen's woman of fire wraps her arms around the screen's man of thunder!

The story of an all-consuming passion . . . crashing all barriers! . . . Defying all conventions! . . . Sweeping a man and woman on to the desperate destiny of those who play against the rules!

EDW. G. ROBINSON

surpassing even his great triumphs of the past in

"I Loved a Woman"

A First National Picture with a cast of stars including

KAY FRANCIS

Genevieve Tobin . . . J. Farrel MacDonald . . . Henry Kolker . . . Robert Barrat . . . George Blackwood . . . Directed by Alfred E. Green

Another WARNER BROS. Hit . . . Coming to your theatre soon . . . .

BEAUTY ADVICE



"NERVES," NERVOUS HABITS, NERVOUS TROUBLES—THEY'RE ALL ENEMIES OF BEAUTY. CONQUER THEM!

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

By Mary Biddle

NERVES play the very dickens with beauty. Whether real or imaginary, nervous ailments, tenseness, jitteriness—all are deterrents to looking your best.

This is a funny subject for a beauty article, you think. But think a little longer and you'll decide that it isn't. What do you suppose puts at least fifty percent of the wrinkles in people's faces? What keeps girls in the too-skinny class? What prevents you from sleeping well and makes you heavy-eyed, sallow-skinned and lacking in vitality? What will often impair your digestion—and consequently blemish your skin? Nerves!

On page 74 of this issue, Jean Harlow has given you a swell article. She tells you that good health is the basis of beauty. She gives you a great deal of good information, some crackerjack exercises and a number of common sense hints. In my article, I want to supplement the material in hers. To enjoy the full boon of good health and the gift of beauty it brings with it, you must conquer nerves.

Watch out for them! They creep up on you. Take a nice, young, healthy and "nerveless" young girl—put her in an office where a thousand irritating details confront her during a week, or get her married to a young chap without sufficient income, and let worry—and probably children—come into her life. . . . First thing you know, you have a young person who is so nervous she can't sleep, can't eat and can't spare you a civil word.

Catch nerves in time! That's one piece of advice. And another is: don't get the stupid notion that there's something rather attractive about being nervous. Don't look down upon even-dispositioned, rather placid people. Some folks will say, with a sort of pride, "Of course, I'm a very nervous type." They're delighted with the idea. Well, train yourself to consider nervousness as you would consider a bad skin or a bad figure—and avoid it.

One of the best ways to conquer the first symptoms of nervousness is to do a little deep-breathing. When you get the feeling that in one more second you'll just have to scream—when you're waiting for the boy friend to telephone you and think that you can't stand another minute of waiting—just do a little deep-breathing. Fill up your lungs and your diaphragm with (*Continued on page 94*)









These "no work" washdays

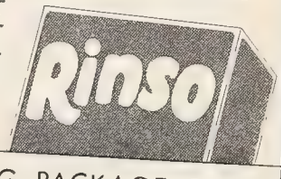
save *clothes*—save *you*—save your *hands*

WHY SLAVE over a washboard, when you can get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter *just by soaking?*

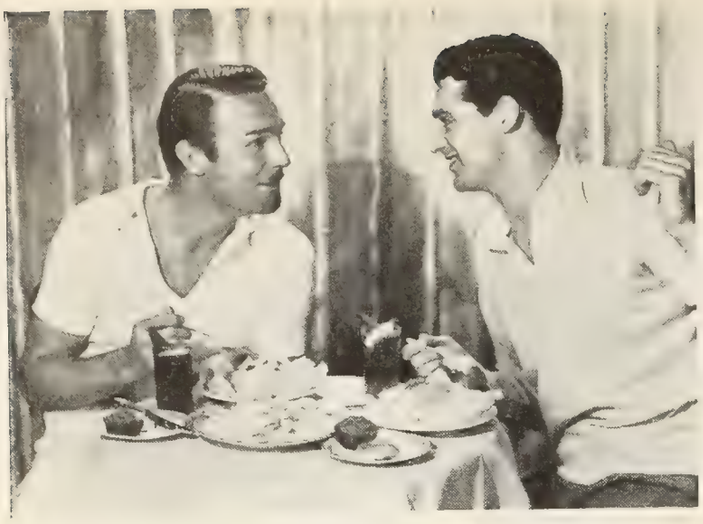
Save work, save your hands—change to Rinso! Dirt floats out in Rinso's lively suds and all you need to do is rinse. Clothes come so white—so sweet and clean—they don't even need to be boiled.

The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—recommend Rinso. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.* One box lasts and lasts. Use Rinso for dishes and all cleaning Get it at your grocer's now.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP



• THE • MODERN HOSTESS

Cary Grant and Randolph Scott claim sea-food combines economy with tastiness

IF you have a good memory, you may recall that way back last April we told you in this department about Cary Grant's favorite fish dishes. Well, at the time we were discussing fishing and fish with Cary he said, "See here! If you want to talk to a real authority on fish—particularly shell fish—you ought to get hold of Scotty some time. That lad's a hound for lobsters and crabs and shrimps and such—he could eat 'em every day and like it. Get *him* to tell you how he thinks they taste best."

"Scotty," as you probably know perfectly well, referred to Randolph Scott with whom Cary Grant shares a home. We'd been intending to corner the young man and find out everything he knows about shell fish, ever since Cary had boosted his stock as an authority on the subject. But somehow we never seemed to get the time, the place and the man, all together until the other day we spotted him with Cary as they were lunching together after finishing eighteen holes of golf. We joined them.

Cary recommended the shrimp in aspic, which he was busily working on himself, while Randolph assured us we were being just plain silly if we didn't order a crab flake and asparagus salad. Both men seemed to be enjoying their food so tremendously and both salads looked so delicious we couldn't for the life of us make up our minds which to have. Randolph settled the matter very neatly by telling the waiter to bring us some of each. Both salads were elegant and later we are going to tell you how to make one of them and how to get the recipe for the other one.

With the salads the men were eating potato chips and corn muffins and stuffed celery—and we noticed they had mint in their iced tea which, we think, adds a certain delicious something to its flavor. Then they ordered pineapple pie, just in case you're interested, and you really should be for you will find the recipe in this month's leaflet. All in all, it was a very satisfying lunch and you can do no better than to treat your family to a similar menu one of these warm days.

(Above) Cary Grant and Randolph Scott busy over a sea food luncheon. The Modern Hostess gives you their favorite recipes. (Right) No—not scallops, codfish cakes! Small, crisp—and brown—and delicious.



Courtesy of Gorton-Pew Fisheries Co., Ltd.

As soon as we decently could, we dragged into the conversation Cary's remark about Randolph knowing the last word on shell fish. Randolph chuckled.

"I'll bet," he said, "if all the shells of all the creatures I've consumed were stacked in one pile it would make quite a sizeable bunker. I've even gotten Cary eating shell fish with the same enthusiasm, you'll notice."

WHAT'S your favorite shell fish, Mr. Scott?" we asked.

"I haven't any," answered Randolph. "I like them all equally well when they are well cooked. It takes both brains and skill to do right by shell fish; by any fish, in fact. The flavor of most fish is so delicate that it has to be prepared with infinite understanding. One trouble is most people never seem to eat fish except in the most obvious and banal forms. For instance, take lobster. Most people think lobster can be eaten only cold boiled, hot broiled—sometimes in a salad and even less frequently in a sauce Newberg. Now there's a dish called Baked Spanish Lobster that a chef in a little Spanish restaurant out here is famous for. You must get to know that one, at once."

We have since made it's acquaintance and found that dish all that Randolph Scott reported it to be. And it is with a touch of justifiable pride that we report we speared the recipe and are passing it along to you at the end of this article. We're sure you will vote this a magnificent dish, with the lobster itself served most elegantly on a

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for October, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

foundation of ground pecan meats, mushrooms, hard-boiled eggs and bread crumbs; then covered with a sherry-flavored sauce and baked. Fresh green peas are the only vegetable which should ever be served with this combination, and there really should be hot biscuits, too. And then just watch everybody go to it.

"How about that crabmeat chow-mein?" put in Cary, and we could tell from the light in his eyes that here was another newly crowned especial favorite.

"That's right," agreed Scotty, "I almost forgot about that. Well, *there's* a celestial food, whether or not it has a single root of its origin embedded in the soil of the Celestial Kingdom. The crabmeat is shredded fine, combined with chicken broth, fried onions and celery and poured over crisp fried noodles. And of course there must be Soy Sauce to eat with it. You don't need a drop of Chinese blood to enjoy that dish! Even if you detest Chinese food, you'll like this."

You don't indeed. We tested it and tried it on friends who couldn't be pushed or pulled into a Chinese restaurant. We also gave it to Chop Suey and Chow Mein addicts and both groups were enthusiastic. It's a perfect luncheon or supper dish and you needn't serve one other thing with it, except some olives and the traditional tea, of course. For desert plain cookies or sliced pineapple is sufficient. Try it some Sunday evening when friends drop in.

HOW about other kinds of fish besides shell fish?" we wanted to know.

"Well, I've always liked fish cakes," replied Randolph. "The other day, at lunch," he went on, "I asked for 'some of *that*,' pointing to an order that had just been brought in to an adjoining table and found to my surprise and pleasure that something I took to be scallops was really good old-fashioned codfish cakes. But these were small and crisp and so good that if you can learn how they were prepared you'll be glad I mentioned them. And you'll certainly want to try them.

We did learn how, and we included the recipe in this month's Star Recipe Folder. (You may also see how they *look* in that picture at the beginning of this article.) In the Folder you will also find the recipe for that shrimp salad Cary Grant is shown eating, and for the famous crab meat Chow Mein we were telling you about. We have also included the pineapple pie which Randolph and Cary ordered as the perfect ending for a meal containing a fish dish. These recipes are tidily printed on convenient filing cards and we can hardly wait to send them to you, so do fill in the coupon on page 12 and mail it to us right away. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

And here are those recipes we promised you. We advise you to cut them out and save them to add to the other Randolph Scott recipes you'll get in return for mailing the coupon we mentioned.

(*Continued on page 83*)



BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE DIVORCE

EPIDEMIC

By HARRIET PARSONS

HOLLYWOOD had some special fireworks of its own this Fourth of July. Beginning July 2 with the announcement of the Pickford-Fairbanks divorce, there ensued a steady stream of divorce statements and rumors. No sooner had the first cannon cracker been touched off than there followed a succession of front-page skyrockets. The Coe-Dix, Lombard-Powell and Eilers-Gibson marriages all exploded within a week, making a Roman holiday for the newshounds. Then, just to top things off, Dave Hutton started divorce proceedings against Aimee Semple McPherson. Trust Aimee and Dave not to be outdone by any mere movie stars.

And now comes a new sort of divorce. The "trial divorce"—sister (or perhaps we should say sister-in-law) to the "trial marriage." Gloria Stuart and her sculptor husband, Gordon Newell, have decided to have some of that. They're not quite sure whether they want a divorce or not. They're living in separate establishments. (And they immediately proceeded to make a date with each other the very first Sunday after their separation.) Perhaps they feel that the breakdown of the ordinary routine of married life will revive the spark of romance once more.

Now mind you, most of these divorces did not come as a complete surprise to Hollywood. Rumors of trouble in





Wide World

(Left) Richard Dix and his lovely wife, Winifred Coe, really seemed to be making a go of it. Then there was the baby. But— (Above) The Fairbanks divorce has been cruel to Mary. But it was inevitable. And young Doug, too, was not immune from this dread divorce sickness.

. . . The contagious disease, "break-upitis," has spread like wildfire through Hollywood. An insider discloses hidden facts





(Left) Reconciliation, quarrel. Quarrel, reconciliation. That was the history of the Eilers-Gibson split-up. Now, you know, all reconciliations are out. (Above) Well, they predicted it wouldn't last—the marriage of Carole and Bill. Was it another woman? Another man? Or both?

Pickfair began some three years ago and have continued more or less steadily ever since. The Eilers-Gibson separations and reconciliations had recurred so regularly that they were becoming almost routine. Dix and his wife had separated once before, to be reunited by the birth of their child. The Lombard-Powell split came as more of a shock, although even in their case there had been underground rumors that all was not well. However, even though no one of these divorces was completely unexpected, coming in a batch as they did, they were somewhat breathtaking.

Nor was it entirely coincidence that they happened just that way. Back of that rapid-fire succession of front-page yarns is an interesting story of newspaper warfare. It was because two rival dailies were breaking their necks to out-scoop one another that those divorce announcements came as close together as they did. The divorces would undoubtedly have occurred anyway, but probably not as soon or as noisily, had the papers not precipitated them.

'Twas like this. The "Examiner" led the way with the Fairbanks scoop. The "Times" yelled foul play, because the story was not given to them at the same time, and set out with a vengeance to even up the score. The "Examiner" slipped one over again with the Dix yarn. Then the "Times" registered with an exclusive announcement of Carole Lombard's departure for Reno. And so it continued. There's no doubt that the two papers brought pressure to bear to cause all these stories to break just when they did.

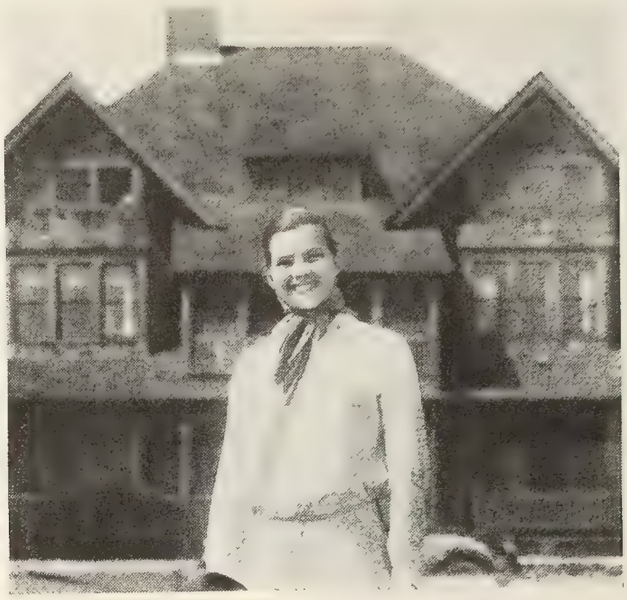
But there are some inside facts that the energetic newshounds either didn't know, or didn't feel free to print.

For instance, one of the most dramatic incidents in the Pickford-Fairbanks upset was when Mary Pickford picked up the morning paper and was confronted with a large ad announcing that Pickfair, with all its furnishings and *objets d'art,* was for sale. The first knowledge Mary had of that ad was when she saw it in print. I believe it is not generally known that Pickfair belongs entirely to Doug. Mary signed over her interest to him some time ago. Nevertheless, it has been her home, she has paid her share of the expenses, and many beautiful and valuable things in the house belong to her. Although she knew Doug wanted to dispose of Pickfair, it was a cruel shock to come upon that ad in cold print.

And that is only one of many heartbreaking moments that Mary has experienced lately. There was the day she received the affectionate cable from Doug assuring her that he loved her. Later in the (*Continued on page 110*)

THE TRUTH ABOUT KATHARINE HEPBURN'S MARRIAGE . . . By MARTHA KERR





(Left) Two early pictures of Katie—one taken at the age of five, at which age one could easily determine that Hepburn jaw. The other was taken when she was nineteen. In the background is the Hepburn summer home at Fenwick, Connecticut, whither the mysterious Mr. Smith drove Katie on that dreadful night. On the opposite page the small picture shows Katharine in her costume for the role of Jo in "Little Women."

Decoration by FLOHERTY, Jr.



ANY honest story of Katharine Hepburn's marriage cannot disregard the fact that she has made herself a target for most of America's gossips and tattle-babblers. You've heard the rumors, surely. She goes to New York regularly to visit a mysterious "Mr. Smith" . . . she once shared an apartment with him . . . she loves him . . . she denies that she is married. . . .

Listen to me, you who have glimpsed greatness in this fragile actress' "Bill of Divorcement," "Christopher Strong" and "Morning Glory" rôles. You are her friends and you will understand.

I know the truth.

It is as simple as this: Ludlow Smith is the first, last, and only man she has ever loved. They were married at the home of her parents on Bloomfield Avenue in West Hartford, Connecticut, on December 12, 1928, in the presence of her family, a few friends, and the servants. Katharine's grandfather, the Rev. S. S. Hepburn, the oldest Episcopal clergyman in Virginia, officiated.

Those are the facts, unimpeachable and undebatable. It is a pity that they have been kicked about so unmercifully by the second-guessers who have tried vainly to solve the secrets behind Katharine's own statements.

If you have read the now famous interview she gave reporters on her return from Europe, you were no doubt deeply shocked. She had come back to find herself a



. . . Katharine lied about her marriage. But it was a gallant lie. And there was a gallant reason behind all her evasions



Reporters have chased "Mr. Smith" until he —and they—are out of breath. He will say nothing. He merely smiles—and side-steps all questions. Why?



celebrity, remember? Her first picture, "Bill of Divorcement," had rocketed her to a seat high in the movie heavens. With news cameramen besieging her, flashlights exploding in her eyes, and reporters stabbing the air with questions, she first experienced the salty taste of fame—and the bitterness that accompanies it.

"Are you married?" those reporters demanded.

"I am not."

"Aren't you the girl who was married to Ludlow Ogden Smith in 1928?"

Under that burning query in two dozen eyes, Katharine Hepburn hesitated. Faintly, she understood that this answer would mould her entire future.

"It must have been another Katharine Hepburn," she told the reporters.

Why, why, why did she lie?

A startled world began to wonder, and to propound one silly conjecture after another. Here, for the first time, is the real answer.

It was because she was frantic with anxiety about Ludlow Smith. It was because she loved him so much and valued her marriage so highly that, in the confusion and haste of arriving home from abroad, she let a sort of school-girl panic seep into her heart. Fame! Here it was flashing in a dozen camera lenses, flying in scribbled black lines across a dozen notebooks. Would it mean that Hollywood and the blighting (*Continued on page 112*)



. . . AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG*

TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE — talking pictures' newest wonder — forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

FOX

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SPENCER TRACY • COLLEEN MOORE

RALPH MORGAN • HELEN VINSON

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard — Story by Preston Sturges





GALLERY OF HONOR

We honor Busby Berkeley for the creation of the stunning chorus numbers in "Footlight Parade." (Left) Mr. Berkeley and a mob scene. (Above) On the set, showing the huge space and equipment needed for a bit of water fantasy that takes place in Warner's new musical.



We honor Preston Foster
for his excellent portrayal
in "The Man Who Dared."



Photograph by Hurrell

We honor Lionel Barrymore
for his superb performance
in "Stranger's Return."

DO YOU KNOW THE

AND





. . . She has often said, "Lupe will never marry!" And Johnny declared more than once, "No second marriage for me!" Here is the inside story on their real plans

I'LL marry Lupe the minute my divorce becomes final —if she'll have me."

Johnny Weissmuller's eyes were opaque with invisible distances as he proclaimed his love. The girl, in her brief shorts and sweater and sneakers, looked across the room at Johnny with a new and a strange and a sweet dignity. And answered him with a pledge, while exacting a promise.

"Yes, if our love is *then* as it is now. If we can be sure it won't be spoiled by marriage. If we can preserve the precious companionship and understanding we have found together."

Lupe's tempestuous heart is at peace. The bewildered Johnny of a year ago is no longer afraid of Hollywood and its storms. Each of them has found in the other the ingredient for the happiness they both have sought. Their love has made them immune to idle gossip, to unkind criticism, to malicious attacks.

"I love Johnny very deeply," Lupe declares simply and honestly. "I have loved others, but not like this. Johnny is in my heart. He makes me humble and happy.

"I was bitter against the world. Hollywood had been cruel to me. Everything I did and said has been misinterpreted and misunderstood. No one had taken into consideration that I, a sixteen-year-old girl, had come here alone; alien alike to the language and the manners of the country. Motion picture stars thought it was funny to teach me bad phrases, to tell me they meant one thing when they meant another. And then they would laugh and say, 'That Lupe, such language!'

"But Johnny and his sweetness have made me forget all that. We have shut out the world; we live for each other. I am content with an exquisite contentment. I have my flowers, my home, my career—and Johnny. It is enough. Other people don't mean anything to me any more. I leave everybody alone, if they'll only leave me alone!

"Johnny and I go to shows and fights and night-clubs. We sit in a corner and laugh. Over silly things which escape others. We're like kids. We understand each other and forgive each other's bad qualities and appreciate the good qualities instead. *(Continued on page 96)*

INSIDE ON JOHNNY LUPE?

By SONIA LEE





Johnny and Lupe attended the Air Races in Los Angeles recently. "Johnny and I go every place together," says Lupe, "for ours is a perfect companionship."

PITY THE POOR STAND-IN GIRL!



On the extreme left is a picture of Lillian Kilgannon. She's the regular stand-in for Marlene Dietrich. And she was stand-in once for Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong." She has a duplicate of Marlene's costume for "Song of Songs"—a duplicate in line and color, but of poor material and shoddy workmanship. A costume never seen—like its wearer—except on the set.

By GLADYS HALL

THESE stand-in girls have always fascinated me. Time and time again I have watched them standing-in for Marlene Dietrich, Connie Bennett and many others. Standing-in and then—just stepping out again. And always I have wondered what must be going on in their minds, in their hearts; wondered what resentments must scorch them, what jealousies sicken them, what hopes that some day, they, too. . . .

"We are shadows," Lillian Kilgannon, stand-in for Marlene Dietrich, told me. "We stand in while the set is being lighted, sometimes for an hour or more, so that all may be in readiness for the star who may then do the scene in five minutes. Everything is set up, you see, cameras focussed, sound okay, the big scene that means more fame for the star, ready to be shot and then—we just step out. We are the shadows."

Stand-in girls are, nine cases out of ten, as pretty as the stars they stand-in for. Less groomed, less dramatically pretty, perhaps, but very close to the star's standard. They are as young. They may or may not be as talented. They haven't had the chance to know. And they must, being human, say to themselves, "There, but for the grace of the devil, go I!"

They have always impressed me much in the same manner as would a pair of twins, one born extraordinarily beautiful, radiant and popular and the other a paler, dimmer shade of that beauty and popularity.

They are the Marthas, these stand-in girls, to the Marys who are the stars. They are the drudges of stardom upon whose lay-figures are draped the hard work, the behind-the-scenes rub-a-dub-dub of the stars' glitter and triumph.

They are, in a sense, less than extras. Because extras, at least, can see themselves in flashes on the screen. The extra has a chance of being recorded. Her work, however trivial, *is* photographed. If she speaks a line the mike takes it. The camera has no eyes for the stand-in. The mike has no ears.

STAND-IN girls, you know, do exactly what their name implies. They have to be the same height as the star. They must be the same build. They must have, or acquire, the same shade of hair. They wear the same make-up. They wear the same color and cut of gown, although of inferior material and workmanship. They must be, mainly, the same general type. And their job is to stand on the set for the star during all such times as the scene is not being actually photographed. They stand in while the set is being lighted. During that time, the stand-in remains there in the position the star will take when she comes on. So that the cameramen, director, *et al,* will know exactly where the lights and shadows will strike the star's face.

The stand-in must, and often does, go through the action of a scene with the leading man, with other members

• • • Nearly as lovely as Dietrich, Bennett, Gaynor. Yet unknown!



Illustrated by
JACK WELCH

Under a downpour of studio rain for an hour, Lillian had a bad cold—but still . . . Then Miss Dietrich did the scene in a few minutes.

They're shadows for the stars—shadows who do the dirty work • •









(Above, left) Mary Jane Irving, stand-in for Janet Gaynor. Miss Irving was a child star in the silent days. Now she's glad to earn twenty dollars a week. (Above, right) Rosita Fourcher, stand-in for Connie Bennett.

of the cast, rehearsing lines, rehearsing relative positions on the set, rehearsing bits of business with minor characters, so that all will be ironed out and in readiness for the star to go into immediate action.

The stand-in must, sometimes, stand *back* of the camera and give lines to other members of the cast while they are rehearsing. She is there, in brief, for the sole purpose of saving the star any unnecessary exertion or fatigue. She is the smoother, this unknown stand-in girl, of the stars' Milky Way. And for these unheralded services, she receives from twenty to forty-five dollars a week against the four to six thousand of the star.

LILLIAN KILGANNON stands-in for Marlene Dietrich. Lillian is vivid and ambitious and young. Very pretty. Her father is James Kilgannon, a character actor. Her mother was in musical comedy. Lillian herself once worked in the "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" series with Burr McIntosh. In those days, she dreamed of stardom for herself. She still does.

She said, "I work stand-in instead of extra because I think I have a better chance of getting a break this way. At least I am not one of a mob. I work steadily all through a production. I get $20 a week and overtime. Miss Dietrich, I believe, gets four to five thousand. That doesn't bother me. It isn't her money I envy her, nor her beautiful clothes and cars and houses. I don't believe she is so very happy. But I do envy her her chance to be someone. I envy that so much that, honestly, if I could, I'd gladly do what she does for *my* salary and let her have my job at her salary. That's how little the money end of it figures with me. And I'd be so *grateful,* if I were a star and things were done for me as they are for Miss Dietrich and others.

"I remember, one time on the set, hearing her refuse an interview to some magazine writer. I thought, then, how grateful I'd be if I were important enough for anyone to *want* to interview me. I'd be so grateful for all the studio does for the star—photographs and considerations and beautiful dressing-rooms and all."

Lillian is working as stand-in because she believes that she can learn more this way than she could by working extra. She said, "You have to follow a production through, from the first day to the last, as I've said. And that's very good training. You dare not miss a day.

"I remember one time when Miss Dietrich had a bad cold. She stayed at home. I had a bad cold, too, but I had to be there. They could use me as a model, you see, to rehearse some of the other players. And, being about so steadily, you get to know the director and the cameramen and the crew and they get to know you, which is valuable. Then you learn camera (*Continued on page* 86)

B A B E S

Here are four engaging little rascals—if ever we saw four engaging little rascals. (Left) Buster Crabbe is telling small Mickey Icaza that if he'll practise his Australian Crawl every day, he may grow up to be a Lion Man, too. (Below) William Gargan and his young hopeful, Barrie. (Bottom) Baby Le Roy, wanted in Hollywood for more picture-stealing. (Bottom, left) Guy Kibbee and his little daughter, Shirley Anne. Isn't she pretty?







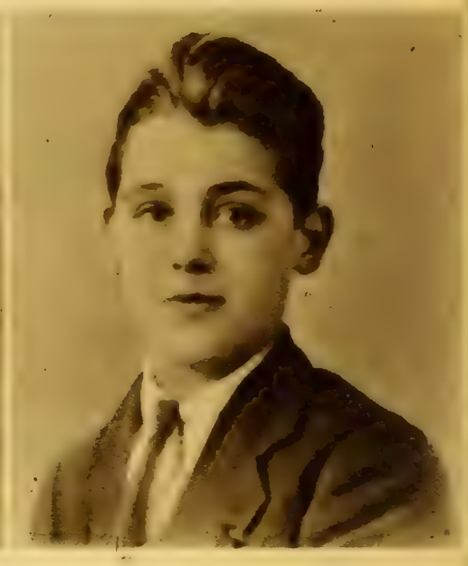


THE LIFE STORY



Master Grant—Archie Leach he was, then—just prior to the age of his humiliating bath-tub experience.





(Center) Cary at four—a very serious young man. (Right) About twelve. He belonged to the Cadet Corps, then, during the war.

Early days in England . . .

By WALTER RAMSEY



OF CARY GRANT



Cary's class at the Bristol Road School, where he began his scholastic career. You'll find the young man under the window. He fell in love around this time. But his love was sadly unrequited. And Cary decided that girls were worthless creatures.



James Leach—Jim, to Cary, always—who was a good scout and a grand parent. He was a clothing manufacturer in Bristol.

The Great War . . . The "stage bug"—and arrival in the States

WHEN Archie Leach was about three and one-half years along in life, somebody in the family got the bright idea of bathing him in the kitchen. A portable bathtub was brought in and set in the middle of the room near the stove for warmth. In humiliating view of the entire family, Master Leach was stripped and bathed! So outraged was his juvenile modesty that he screamed for hours. "That is not only my first memory of how humiliating life can be," grinned Cary Grant (who is that same Archie Leach twenty-six years later), "but it is also the first time I have ever seriously objected to an audience!"

Practically from the very beginning, Cary Grant has been surrounded by an audience of some sort. Even in his most impoverished moments, which most of us spend in boring seclusion, Cary, a stilt-walker, was being followed about by swarms of people holidaying at Coney Island. In another financially embarrassed interlude of his life, he slept at nights stretched out on a desk in the outer office of a friendly actor's agent in New York. Even in his sleep he was exposed to the scrub women and the janitors. When a fickle fate finally smiled on him, he knew the large audiences that patronize New York shows, and later the even larger audiences of the screen.

The life of the proverbial goldfish has been private compared to the life of young Archie Leach, the juvenile public bather.

Archie was born in Bristol, England, on January 18, 1904. His parents were Elizabeth and James Leach. There had been one other child, older than Archie, who had died in his first year. His father was a clothing manufacturer of medium circumstances. They lived in an eight-room house in the outskirts of Bristol, a thriving town of about 300,000 souls, 120 miles from London. They were a happy and modestly prosperous little family. An enormous garden of hollyhocks and apple orchards surrounded the house.

In the evenings, Jim Leach would take his young toddling son with him into the garden and, with a pipe glowing in the twilight, talk to him quite as though he were old enough to understand what he was saying. The first words Archie ever spoke were to his father. One evening he asked, to the delight of Jim Leach, "What's your name?"

"Jim," replied his father. From then on Archie never did, and never has, referred to his parent by any other title than Jim. They were buddies from the moment he could talk.

WHEN Archie was four he was entered in school, even though he was a year short of English school requirements, because Jim figured he was a year smarter than the rest of the children, anyway. It was Bishop's Road school and before he learned his a, b, c's they taught him to recite "Up In a Balloon So High." Because he learned it faster than any of the other children, he was invited to stand up and recite it to the class in "honor recitation." For this extra special occasion his mother made him a Fauntleroy suit and the four-year-old Archie faced his first professional audience with flying colors.

At the ripe old age of six, Archie acquired a romantic audience of one, a Miss Edna Smith, "six going on seven," plump daughter of the local butcher. Archie's method of wooing was to show off in front of Edna. He did nip-ups, nobs and handsprings for her exclusive entertainment. But if she was entertained, she never said so. She merely watched in phlegmatic calm and nursed on a lollypop that was inseparable from her mouth.

One day, in the hope of eliciting some sort of oral comment from Edna, Archie "walked the fence" with a bowl of hot soup juggled on his head. Just when the lady was on the verge of actually removing the lollypop and saying something, Archie got so excited at a sign of life in his love, he lost his footing and landed hard on the other side of the fence. Edna walked away in disgust and never again returned to watch his antics. Thus died his first romance.

From Bishop's Road, Archie went to private school, Tellesford House, and from there to Fairchild Academy, where he stayed until he was twelve. The death of his mother when he was ten and Jim's subsequent marriage to another woman, marked strictly the ending of his real kid days. The little "world for three" that had been so peaceful in the hollyhock garden was gone for good and with it had come a strange and different new world further complicated by England's first year's participation in the World War.

When the war broke out, the boys of Fairchild Academy were organized into a Cadet Corps. And theirs was a real and active participation of "helping the boys." As a full-fledged member of the Cadet Corps, he volunteered for "service" in Southhampton where, along with other "older" (twelve to thirteen years of age) cadets, Archie handed out life belts to the real soldiers as they went on the small boats. The cadets were called "official demonstrators." They would wear a belt and then demonstrate to the soldiers just how they were to be buckled and strapped in the least possible time. When the cadets were not at Southhampton on their "demonstration" jobs, it was part of their school work that they were to run official messages and otherwise make themselves useful to the service.



Cary with a pal and no less a personage than Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Cary made his first crossing on the Olympic. He nearly popped with excitement when he discovered Doug was on board.

THREE years passed. Bristol was constantly threatened by air raids. The boys of the Cadet Corps had been detailed to turn off certain lights assigned them during these times of great danger to the town. When an enemy plane was reported nearing the city, a siren would shriek warning and the cadets would jump out of bed and do their duty by the lamps, and then run for their lives to the cellars.

It was thrilling, exciting, horrifying duty for young boys. But to Archie Leach it was the entire reason for his existence. He took great pride, that though his "nine lights" were two miles away from his home, they were often the first to go dark, assuring that neighborhood of his protection, the best he could give. One night he had been particularly tired when he went to bed. He slept so deeply he did not hear the warning sirens until his father came to waken him. They had been going for three dangerous minutes, and he had not heard them!

It was a cold, moonless night. The boy was beside himself as he grabbed only the protection of his cadet coat before leaving the house. The sirens shrieked louder and longer, the raid was drawing closer and closer, his lights were two miles away! The kid's thin body was racked with raw sobs as he ran and stumbled toward "his lights." Suppose all the other lights in the town were already turned off, and only his remained to mark the city for the enemy. Faster and faster he ran, and never had the distance seemed so long. His teeth chattered with the cold, but his body seemed consumed with a burning fever. He was blind with tears and sick at heart. In his kid-like exaggerated fright, he pictured himself responsible for the destruction of a neighborhood of his townspeople, perhaps of the entire town.

When he finally reached his "lights" and dimmed them, he was on the point of collapse. For ten minutes he lay crouched against a house straining every nerve to catch the whir of those horrifying motors. He hardly dared to breathe. In the far distance he heard bombing, but he smiled to himself. His educated ear told him that the raid had missed its mark by many, many miles.

But Bristol was not always so fortunate in escaping the many air raids, in spite of the vigilance of her cadets. On one terrible occasion tragedy hit very close to Archie's home. Reg Bolton, a famous comedian in England at that time, lived next door to the Leach's. During one of the raids, Bolton's wife, out of curiosity, stayed outside rather than running for the cellar as the others did. The result was that she was decapitated by a bomb that was dropped ten feet from where she was standing.

TWO more red years of war; then the Armistice; the confusion and bewilderment of adjusting life once again to normal after those hysterical, horrible, and yet somehow thrilling days of the war. Such customarily exciting events as "the first pair of long trousers" and the first "mixed party," in which self-conscious white-flanneled young "men" invited self-conscious befrilled young "ladies" for a dance, seemed anti-climactical to young Archie Leach.

He had grown into a strong, dark, extraordinarily handsome boy. He had plenty of bids for dances and social events from the smitten young débutantes of the town. But women and social life had become very unimportant to him. During his remaining school days at the Academy he went in for all forms of athletics. He became an outstanding stunt athlete. Later, his ability at handsprings, high-jumps and stilt-walking was to tide him over a very bleak period of his life in far-away New York. But in the meantime it was just a hobby which he alternated with his "chosen profession," electrical work.

At school nothing fascinated (*Continued on page 103)*

HOW DOUG "DISCOVERED" HIS FATHER



The keen, decisive older Fairbanks. The sensitive, shy younger one. It was hard for them to be pals. They had never had a chance. But sympathy and intelligence helped.

By KATHERINE ALBERT

FATHER AND SON—BUT NEVER REAL FRIENDS UNTIL—MODERN SCREEN GIVES YOU THE EXCLUSIVE STORY

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., suggested to his son that it would be a swell idea for the two of them to take a nice long trip to Europe, young Doug hesitated. Two thoughts were at war in his mind!

One was that he wanted to get out of Hollywood desperately.

That exhibitionistic town was slowly killing him, for whatever he did or said was being given an interpretation which he had not intended.

His appearance at any public place made a Roman holiday for the chatter columnists.

The failure of his and Joan's marriage and a run of average program pictures, which caused his release from Warner Brothers, were still fresh in his mind.

What he wanted to do was to look at himself impersonally and make a drastic change in his personality. But in Hollywood he knew that he would not be free to do this. Too much talk had flown under the bridge of gossip.

He wanted to learn to write better. He wanted to appear in a play. He wanted to do one or two good pictures—just to prove he could—but he did not want to be a part of Hollywood. And he knew he could not get a grip on himself as long as he stayed in that town.

One side of his mind cried out for flight and freedom.

But did he want to go to Europe with his father? That was the other fly in the ointment.

This was the second thought: "I have never been alone with my father for so long a period of time!"

They had played golf together, watched football games, discussed minor matters, but they had never done anything so intimate and confining as traveling together. As a boy, young Doug had been with his mother. As a man he had been with Joan. His father had never been close to him.

And suddenly, as he thought it over, he realized—with a terrific shock—that maybe he didn't even like his father. Certainly, he didn't know him and a wall of timidity had always stood between these two.

How would all that bounding optimism wear on a long journey? Would his father even begin to understand when Doug, Jr., told of his desire to take a good, long look at himself and see what had caused his failures?

These were the questions that faced young Doug just a few months ago. But the need for getting away was stronger than the doubts concerning his father's companionship.

The two of them entrained for New York.

As the train pulled out of the station, Doug looked at his father sitting on the seat opposite him. How familiar the face was! But the man himself was a total stranger. Perhaps the trip had been a mistake after all.

They were silent for a long time.

"Are you happy?" the older Fairbanks finally asked his son, somewhat uncertainly. *(Continued on page 107)*





CAROLE LOMBARD (left) in a Banton gown of classic beauty. Chalk white satin, with a Grecian shoulder-line and a wide belt of tiny mirrors. There is an accompanying cape, which ties under the chin in a bow. (Above) Travis Banton himself, with Lil Tashman (what fashion show would be a success without Lil?) on the left and Adrienne Ames on the right. Lil's dress is black ciré—that shiniest of fabrics—combined with petals of black velvet. Isn't the shoulder line intriguing? Adrienne's dress is simply made of white crêpe. With it she wears a cape of ostrich feathers and there is a muff of ostrich feathers, too.



WITH FAMOUS STARS AS MANNEQUINS

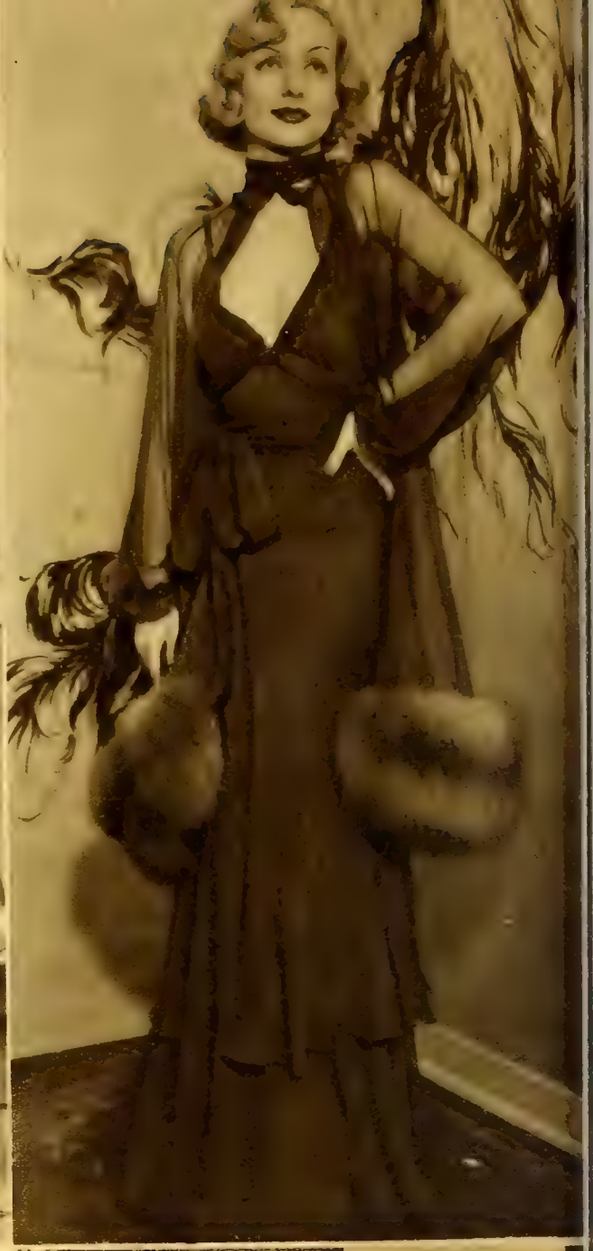
TRAVIS BANTON OF PARAMOUNT PUTS ON A SPECTACULAR FASHION SHOW

ONCE AGAIN Carole Lombard (above, left) in a dress which illustrates a new fad—monkey fur. On her gown of sheer black crêpe, the fur is used to form a bertha and to make the entire lower skirt. (Center) Claudette Colbert's evening ensemble of ice-blue satin caused Mr. Banton's audience to gasp with delight. The tunic is of massed beading. The three-quarter coat is accented with the beading at the high neck and wide sleeve ends.

HELEN VINSON'S simple and dainty semi-formal gown (above, right) proves that the great designer occasionally thinks of you and me, as well as of the movie stars. The skirt is heavy white crêpe. The blouse is white organdie, trimmed with—of all things—rick-rack braid. There is an accompanying jacket, which, when worn, lifts the costume into the swanky class—it's of white crêpe, bordered at neck and sleeves with luxurious silk fox.







HELEN VINSON (above, left) having modeled one simple gown for Mr. Banton, is now allowed to go in for great splendor. Her wrap is of silver lamé, generously adorned with white fox. There's a gown, too—also of silver lamé —very sleek and sheath-like. (Center) The visiting ladies envy Claudette's figure as she models a hostess gown of black velvet, trimmed with beading at the sleeves and neck. (Above, right) Eel-gray chiffon, a lovely shade for blondes. The gown has two circular flounces and a three-quarter jacket bordered with blue fox. (Right) It's by way of being a boa—that black velvet arrangement Claudette is wearing with her simple white crêpe gown. Black velvet gloves go with the costume, too.



EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 3, NO. 1 HOLLYWOOD, SEPTEMBER, 1933 NEWS SECTION

SEPARATIONS, DIVORCES—AND RECONCILIATIONS

Famous Couples Change Their Minds—and Change Them Back

Adrienne Ames and her wealthy husband, Stephen Ames have separated. The reason is—no, not Bruce Cabot—that her career and his business keep them apart anyway. No divorce is contemplated.

The exotic Leonore Ulric and her husband Sidney Blackmer will get a Mexican divorce. Miss Ulric charges cruelty.

Now—about the Lombard-Powell divorce: Carole states that there is no other man nor other woman. Bill, she says, wants to retire—and travel. Carole loves her career. Therefore, divorce. No alimony. No settlement.

Apparently, the only ones who are ready to make up are the Laurels and Hardys.

Clara Bow Through Perhaps —Sam Rork Death Cause

It is probable that, due to the recent death of Sam Rork, Clark Bow will not continue in pictures.

Sam Rork was the It girl's best friend. Indeed, it was to him Clara has always gone for advice. She had no desire to make a picture come-back, but Sam's insistance finally induced her to try again. And now that the producer has passed on, Clara has little incentive to continue.

Vacation Trip for Janet Gaynor. Marriage Rumors Still Buzzing

Little Miss Gaynor—who, gossip writers insist, will wed Winfield Sheehan, Fox mogul, when her divorce from Lydell Peck is final—is now enjoying a grand vacation. First, there were four weeks' of complete rest at a Wisconsin camp. Then a motor trip through the Canadian Rockies, including a few days at beautiful Lake Louise. After that, back to the States and a look-in at the World's Fair, and a motor tour through the east. Nice?

Garbo Back at Work at Last! Gilbert Definitely Cast Opposite

"Queen Christina," all rehearsed, is now actually on the move out in Hollywood. Greta looks simply divine in the mediaeval costumes required for the rôle. The Swedish star is in what is known as fine fettle and everyone is happy. Including John Gilbert, who, after much dickering back and forth, is finally set for the rôle of the Spanish prince who comes a-wooing the Viking queen. The sets for this film are said to be magnificent. Wonder if this will revive costume pictures?



THE TALKIE YOU MAY NEVER SEE--"THE WAY TO LOVE," WITH MAURICE CHEVALIER AND SYLVIA SIDNEY. SEE STORY AT THE RIGHT.

STORK BUSY IN MOVIE CENTER

Girl Babies Coming Into Fashion—At Last!

It's about time! After the number of boys who have arrived in town lately—well, there had to be some way of equalizing the population. The John Gilberts and the Skeet Gallaghers kindly arranged to have girls. Skeet and Jack have bought up between them all the cigars in town and a new shipment of extra-special smokes has been ordered in time for the John Considines (Carmen Pantages) and the Robert Youngs, who'll be celebrating during November and December respectively.

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Her sudden death was a great shock to the film colony. She was working in "Little Women" when it happened. Miss Hale asked that no flowers be sent to her funeral. "Instead, it would be a tribute . . . if you would remit an equal amount . . . to Louise Closser Hale's charity foundation."

Flashes from Here and There

Buddy Rogers will play the lead in Paramount's "Take a Chance."

Charles Bickford's star is soaring again after "This Day and Age." He has been rushed into four pictures, including DeMille's "Four Frightened People."

Tom Mix and author Zane Grey have formed a partnership—Grey to do Westerns for Mix to act in.

Zasu Pitts has been teamed with Skeet Gallagher. First film will be "Dummy's Vote."

Conrad Nagel is going to do two or three plays in the East. The first will be "There's Always Juliet." His family will join him later.

Dorothy Wilson's contract with RKO has not been renewed. She will free lance.

Estelle Taylor, now that Dempsey has re-married, may follow suit. The man is said to be Rowland Brown, director.

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S WALK-OUT TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

Chevalier's Contract Quarrel Also Up for Much Discussion

Sylvia Sidney walked out of "The Way to Love," when the Chevalier film was but three-fourths completed. Her doctor stated if the star continued, a throat operation, causing a scar, would be necessary. Ann Dvorak was put in Sylvia's part.

Paramount's physicians claimed Sylvia could work, yet allowed her a vacation in Hollywood. She chose to airplane east.

Meanwhile, Chevalier declines to resign, declaring the studios have entered into an agreement to "keep my salary down." Yet, M-G-M offered him $150,000, or 10% of the gross; RKO raising the ante to 15%, and Paramount bidding $250,000 flat per picture!

Lyle Talbot Romancing with Lola Lane, Lew Ayres' Ex

They have been playing on the stage in Hollywood in "One Sunday Afternoon"—the same play Gary Cooper is doing in the talkies. The romance started, folks say, the day the two met for rehearsals. And, like the weather out there, it got warmer and warmer as time went on until the stage hands had to practically repaper the theatre in asbestos. We'll let you know what happens.

Virtuous Role for Harlow in "Age of Larceny"

Hollywood's naughtiest, sexiest platinum blonde is going to be awfully nice and prissy for once in her screen life. In other words, in "Age of Larceny," Miss Jean Harlow won't be the gal she used ter was—in "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man" and others. She'll dress, act and talk like a girl you could introduce to your Aunt Matilda without the least qualm. This must be quite a relief for Jean. It must be a strain, playing "bad" always.

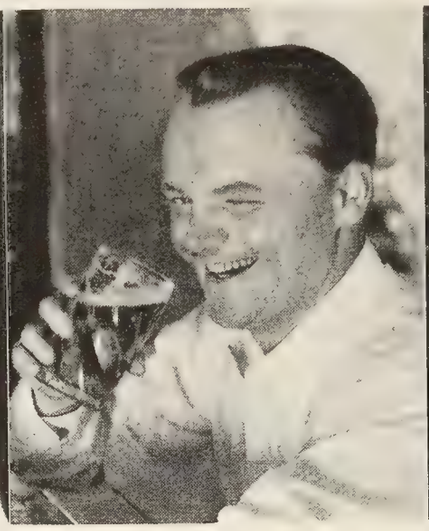
La Bennett Enters Into Three Publication Libel Suits

Connie Bennett is having a busy time with her law suits. Three of them—all against the press. An American newspaper, an English one, and a fan magazine are being forced to give an account of their opinions to La Bennett and counsel.

The charges, which used to come under the head of that old-fashioned, ill-sounding word "libel," are now picturesquely termed intrusions against "personal privacy." But no matter what it is called, it's gonna cost plenty!

. . . The inside on the Winchell-Jolson scrap . . . Norma Shearer develops temperament—but recovers . . . Joan Crawford's revenge on Bill Gargan . . . and other news







Meet Will Rogers' daughter. The spunky little kid went ahead and got a job at Fox, under the assumed name of Mary Howard. In Lilian Harvey's "My Weakness." (Center) Bill Cagney, Jimmy's brother, is in pictures, too. With RKO. (Right) Arline Judge doing all she can to help celebrate Beverly Hills Fire Prevention Day.

THE blow that was heard round the world. That's what Hollywood is calling the headline results of the sock Walter Winchell took on the jaw from Al Jolson. Just one blow was struck, and perhaps fifty million people know about it.

Walter was walking down the aisle toward the ringside of the Hollywood American Legion Stadium last Friday (boxing night in Hollywood). As he neared his seat, he passed Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, seated in the tenth row. He claims he said: "Hello, Al." But he got no further. Al rose from his seat and aimed a heavy sock at the writer's jaw . . . it landed . . . and before either of the men could throw a punch, friends stepped between them and stopped the brawl.

Jolson: "My wife (Ruby Keeler) and I understand that this story that Winchell has just sold for motion picture production, 'Broadway Through a Keyhole,' is being called, 'The inside story of Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler and a well-known gangster in New York.' This has made my wife very unhappy and when Winchell walked down the aisle, I just saw red. I couldn't hold myself, and if I see him again, I will no doubt let him have it in the same spot!"

Winchell: "The plot of my story has no connection with Al Jolson and his wife. I am thankful it (the blow) came when it did. The advance bookings on the picture are over $300,000 as a result. It did me a flock of good (in headlines) and other places!"

The "other places" are in the bank. Winchell got a check from his producer for ten G's for "extra publicity."

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW



J. B. Scott

Hi, Jeanette MacDonald! Here she is arriving in New York after her concert tour in Europe. She's busy now working on "The Cat and the Fiddle" with Ramon Novarro for M-G-M.



Jack Pearl (Baron Munchausen), Evalyn Knapp and George E. Stone at the Roosevelt Roof Garden in Hollywood. Der Baron iss vorking in "The Big Liar" and "The Hollywood Party" for M-G-M.



J. B. Scott

Here's Gene Raymond and MODERN SCREEN'S own Harriet Parsons at the Roosevelt Roof Garden. Yes, Miss Parsons is the author of that swell divorce story you'll find on page 14.

● What, ho! Connie Bennett's up on her high horse! Soon after the Marquis left for the South Seas to film his picture, Connie was rumored going places secretly with Gilbert Roland. But since she has been spotted and even photographed (MODERN SCREEN, September) with Roland, she evidently decided it was safer to treat the whole thing openly. She and Gilbert are seen everywhere together now, but, according to Connie, that does not mean there is anything amiss between her and the Marquis. Henri is fully aware of the friendship, and what's more, approves of it. He realizes that Connie must have an escort while he's away, and who better to pick than her leading man?

● Lupe Velez had a birthday the other day, and Johnny Weissmuller's gift to her was a huge cake with pink icing and eight men's sweaters. Lupe likes to wear these gaudy sweaters to the prizefights, which she and Johnny attend about four or five nights a week.

Incidentally, don't be surprised if these two suddenly decide to ankle to the altar. Lupe, quite frankly, speaks of the coming event, but we understand Johnny's sorta holding out. A young gal by the name of Irene Jones is the cause.

● The electric sign on a local theater reads: "Mae West and free electric refrigerators."

● Hollywood gossips almost wrecked Benita Hume's romance with her boy friend back in England by reporting that things were sizzling between her and Chevalier, merely because he drove her to the studio one day.

After receiving a frantic call from her sweetie (Jack Dunfee), who had heard the gossip (the call, by the way, cost him $450!) Benita packed her bag and started homeward. However, when she got to New York she decided she shouldn't wait any longer before becoming a married woman. It wasn't safe! So she and Dunfee were married across the ocean by radio.

ELEANOR AND ART MEAN BUSINESS

● Sooo, that whirlwind romance between Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett (swell crooner) really was serious after all. Art appeared on the scene just about the time Eleanor and Junior Laemmle had their little tift, and naturally, folks thought Art was merely subbing until Eleanor and Junior kissed and made up. But now comes the hot news that Eleanor and Art have actually taken out that marriage license which certainly changes the perspective on that trio!

Rather odd that, just as Eleanor gives up her screen career to go back to swimming, Art gives up his radio work to take up a picture career. His first rôle will be in Joan Crawford's pix, "Dancing Lady."

● Bill Powell, who has been hiding out at Lake Arrowhead ever since the divorce story broke, surprised everybody by suddenly taking a train for Reno, where Carole Lombard is taking up residence pending her divorce. Can it be that Bill is trying to bring about a reconciliation? Some say he was pretty broken up about the whole thing. Then again, he may have wished to contest the suit.



LEARNING TO CROON A LULLABY

Acme



LEADING MAN FOR GRETA GARBO

(Above) Will he be a crooner, too? Meet Master Gary Evans Crosby. And note the proud looks on Dixie and Bing Crosby. (Right) John Gilbert—Garbo's leading man in "Queen Christina." Until this last minute decision, it seemed as if Lawrence Olivier would be chosen.

● Stop the presses! Hold up the last edition! Norma Shearer has developed temperament. She says so herself and is just as amazed as you are. For there was Norma, always to be depended upon, always sane and level-headed.

But not very long ago she read something about herself which displeased her and what did she do? She screamed and yelled and threw things.

"I'd always heard about temperament," said Norma. "I was so delighted when I found I had some of it. But, honestly, I'm awfully handicapped when I start to throw a real temperamental fit, for Irving just sat there and laughed at me. Wonder what really temperamental people do when they're laughed at? I couldn't figure out—so I laughed at myself, too."

● Alan Dinehart and his bride, Mozelle Britton, say that as far as they're concerned the recent studio strike couldn't have come at a better time. It gave them a chance for a little honeymooning that otherwise would have been postponed for several months. Right after they were married, Alan was rushed into a picture up at Lake Malibu, and after that three other assignments were awaiting him. So when the strike occurred, stopping production for a week or so, Alan and Mozelle decided that this was the time and the place for that honeymoon. They rented a rustic lil cabin right near the lake and had one swell time!

● Reports from Merry Ole England are that Sally Blane is quite the center of attraction among theatrical and social circles. First, the hot romance between her and the Earl of Warwick caused a lot of interested chattering, and recently, she created another big stir when she walked off with Lili Damita's fiancé, Sidney Smith. Lili and Sid have been thataway for ages, but now Sid is devoting all his time and attention to Sally.

● Have you heard about the little blonde who, upon being asked how she liked Roosevelt's reforestation movement, replied: "I've never done it, but I'd love to learn the steps!"

● Never have we seen a gal look so happy as did Hannah Williams (now Mrs. Jack Dempsey) as she danced with her handsome new hubby at the Cocoanut Grove a couple of nights after they were married. Her face fairly radiated happiness, and Jack did a little beaming himself! They were the center of attention at the Grove, with everyone in the place offering congratulations *including* Estelle Taylor, who was just three tables away with her current flame, Rowland Brown.

● Sally Eilers no sooner arrived in Hollywood from her trip abroad, than she hopped right over to see Hoot, who is still recuperating from his smash-up. They talked and talked and talked, but still couldn't decide whether they really wanted to divorce each other. And this in spite of the fact that Hoot has stated that he's madly in love with June Gale, and Sally believes that a divorce is the best way out.

It's just a matter of time!

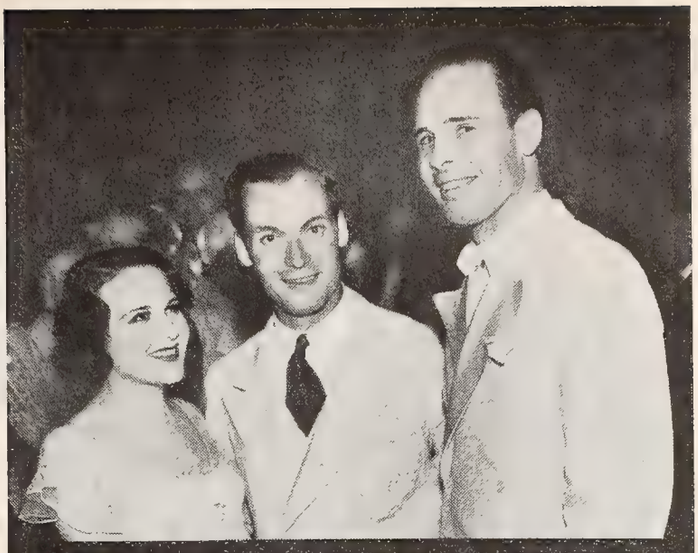
● Another "new deal." Karloff (that super creepie man of the movies) who had agreed to disagree with Universal officials over a new contract, has agreed to make

Lupe gives adopted daughter Joan a lesson in etiquette!



TALLULAH'S BACK AGAIN!

J. B. Scott



REVEALING MARY BRIAN'S BROTHER

J. B. Scott

(Left) Tallulah's back in Hollywood. Here she is with Lil Tashman, both of them looking as chic as you please. (Above) Mary Brian with Russ Gleason—other chap is Mary's brother, Terry Danzier, who performs at the Roosevelt Roof where this was snapped.

two a year. First one will be "The Return of Frankenstein," and rumor is that it will be released during the summer so that the audience will welcome the chills!

● Lupe Velez came into a room full of people the other day with her adopted daughter. She's a sweet little kid and has a nice shy manner. As Lupe introduced her to everyone she shook hands very sweetly when suddenly Lupe shouted at her, "For heaven's sake, didn't I tell you to be a lady and hold your stomach in when you say howdydo!"

● Mae Murray was terribly provoked the other Sunday night at the Miramar when a pretty young miss vamped her good-looking boy friend, Ashton Stanley, right from under her nose. In fact, Mae was *so* provoked that she stamped out into the foyer and threw flower-pots out of the hotel window.

However, the next Sunday Mae was again at the Miramar, looking very luscious in a white chiffon. Stanley was not at her table. He was at another table with that "pretty young miss!" Before the evening was over, we noticed Mary McCormick (Mae's former sister-in-law, or something like that) go over and whisper something in Stanley's ear, and now Mae and Ashton are cooing once again.

GLORIA'S TRIAL SEPARATION

● Another film star and her husband are resorting to a "trial separation" in an effort to save their marriage from going on the well-known rocks. Like Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, Gloria Stuart and her sculptor-husband, Blair Gordon Newell, are going to maintain separate establishments, and when they see each other, it will be by appointment only. Gloria and Blair have been married for several years and recently, when their conflicting careers were bringing discord into their home, they decided on this friendly separation.

● When the movie-going public learned that Stanley Smith (and not Dick Powell) was slated to play opposite Ruby Keeler in Warner Bros. next musical flicker called "Footlight Parade," such a howl was put up that the studio had to send Smith back to New York and start the cameras grinding all over again, this time with Dick in the cast.

● Ever since Clark Gable was forced to withdraw from the cast of "Dancing Lady," M-G-M has been looking around for someone to replace him. It's been a terrific job. Finally, the studio officials hit upon Bill Gargan. The same big he-man type. Sure, he'd be swell! Everything was settled, until Joan Crawford heard about it. And then things began to pop. It seems Joan absolutely refused to have Bill Gargan in her picture.

And this is why: Bill once made the remark that Joan Crawford wasn't an actress. This was right after the production of "Rain," in which Bill, you remember, was the leading man.

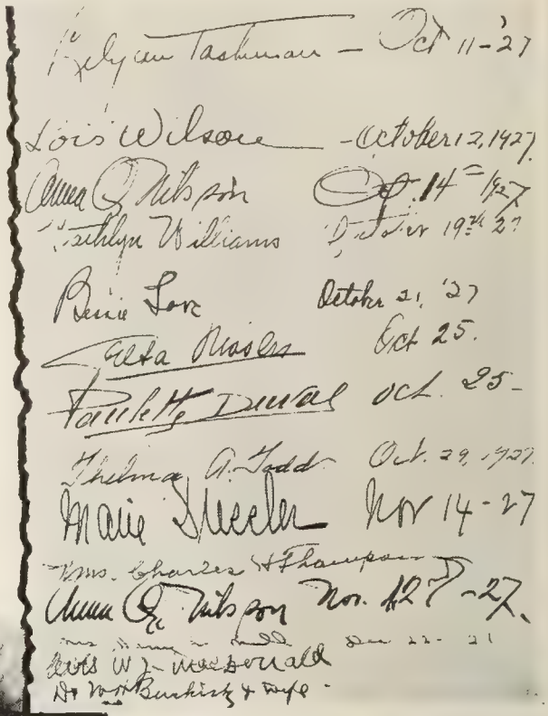
● Will Rogers and Andy Devine, who has a part in Rogers' next picture, have become great pals. Now Andy chews gum, too.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 82

Frankenstein returning . . . Nick Stuart-Bobbe Arnst romance

I'VE DRESSED







(Left) Greta Nissen, for whom Mr. Greer succeeded in designing gowns in spite of a dressmaker mother and a temperamental director. (Below) Estelle Taylor beat Greer at his own game once. (Opposite page) Lil Tashman! A "holiday" for dress-designers. And (right) little Bessie Love in her Greer wedding gown.



By HOWARD GREER

LIKE every person who lives in Hollywood and does anything connected with motion pictures, I've been interviewed many times.

I've been asked a thousand questions concerning not only my own work but the likes and dislikes, the personal tastes and habits of the stars. But, I must now confess, I held out on these interviewers.

For I knew that some day if ever I could get away from satins and chiffons and furs long enough, I'd sit

Hollywood through the eye of a needle. . . ! Here are a great designer's

THEM ALL . . . !

One of the most lavish and beautifully spectacular spots in Hollywood is the exclusive gown shop of Howard Greer. Here, not only every star in Hollywood, but women of fashion throughout the world come to buy their clothes. Greer designs personal wardrobes for the stars as well as some of their picture creations.

If you were to visit the shop you would see an ordinary sized book lying on a black and silver table at the head of the stairs. It is Greer's autograph book and upon its pages every great, near-great and once-great star has written the famous name. There in firm, bold script is the name "Greta Garbo"—one of the few autographs of this star in existence.

We have persuaded him to tell all, exclusively for MODERN SCREEN. Beginning with the old guard of screen luminaries he will work his way through the famous book up to the present day—and no exciting, amusing or glamorous incident will be left untold.

For five years Greer designed for Paramount, leaving the studio to open his own magnificent establishment. Not only is he an ace designer of Hollywood but one of its most famous wits.

MODERN SCREEN is proud to present to you Howard Greer's memoirs, gleaned from his famous autograph book of stars.





down and Tell All myself. My autograph book was a constant taunt. Every time I looked at it I was reminded of the circumstances under which the names were written.

At last the thing goaded me until—here I am, typewriter on knee, mind seething with memories. This is the works! When this series is finished I'll have no more stories to tell. Or will I? For new stars are being discovered every day. And eventually they all come to my shop.

But right now this is the story—all of it—as far as it goes. And I promise not to hold out a thing!

The first name ever inscribed in this book must have been a good omen. Lilyan Tashman, known for her ability to wear clothes and launch new models, signed her name at the top of the first page even before the shop was officially opened.

The *fournisseurs* and painters were still fussing about the rooms. Harold Grieve, later to become the foremost interior decorator in Hollywood and, incidentally, the husband of Jetta Goudal, was still sketching the big exotic flowers which lend a bizarre charm to the walls of the upper entrance hall.

The workroom equipment had not yet been installed and the fitters and finishers were hard at work in a small bungalow near the shop upon the models for the initial

intimate and amusing recollections of the stars of the present and the past



Madge Bellamy, that once great Fox star. When Mr. Greer opened his Hollywood shop, Madge was his first customer.

collection. Everyone was working at top speed.

I was dividing my time between fittings on my mannequins in this hot, stuffy little cottage and trips of inspection to the shop, now rapidly nearing completion.

THREE weeks before the Grand Opening (and that *was* an opening) I was commissioned by First National to dress a picture in which Lilyan Tashman and Lois Wilson were co-starring. I had known both of them for years—Lilyan in New York before either of us ever thought of going to Hollywood, and Lois at the Paramount Studios where I had costumed her for many pictures.

But I'll wager that neither one of them ever had had fittings under such unusual circumstances. We had no fitting room (the models had to stand for their fittings in the workrooms, surrounded by sewing machines and dummy figures) and the two stars were forced, in the face of having no other retreat, to use the bathroom for privacy while changing their clothes.

I will never forget that bathroom—nor will Lilyan and Lois! One of its most important fixtures had a demoniacal way of overflowing at the most unexpected intervals. It was late October and as hot as only California can be at that time. Although at the time no one thought it funny, I still treasure the picture of the beautiful Lilyan Tashman rushing from that bathroom in a gorgeous satin gown with a long train which she had let fall to the bathroom floor and which was soaking wet.

The third name in the book is that of Anna Q. Nilsson. This was written before the unfortunate accident which kept her out of pictures for several years. Anna Q. reminds me of enough incidents to fill an entire book of memoirs just about her. She was the first person for whom I ever designed a dress in Hollywood—and that was eleven years ago! I had been brought from New York to design particularly for a most important and terrifically temperamental star—Pola Negri (about whom more later)—but at the time of my arrival Pola was having a rest between pictures and my first assignment was for "The Rustle of Silk" with Anna Q. and Betty Compson.

Anna Q. was one of the most gracious stars for whom I ever worked and one of the most courageous, certainly. Since the accident everything she has attempted has seemed to be ill-fated.

Just recently she tried a come-back via the legitimate stage and did "Hedda Gabler" in one of the Hollywood theatres. I attended the dress rehearsal which took place the night after the earthquake. The actors, stage-hands and invited members of the large audience were still shaky from the previous night's quakes. The curtain went up an hour and a half late!

ANNA Q. was to walk behind footlights and speak the lines of a play for the first time in her life! The paint of the scenery was not yet dry and all the members of the cast had been warned to walk about the stage with care. Anna Q. had no time to practice wearing her dresses—most of which had long trains—so she stepped upon the stage severely handicapped. All this would have been enough to make a *seasoned* actress forget her lines. But on top of everything just as Anna Q. entered the scene another tremblor shook the town.

The walls of the theatre creaked, several women in the audience shrieked, a piece of furniture on the stage fell over and Anna Q. clung perilously to a freshly-painted doorsill. A stage hand darted out from the wings and shouted to the half-paralyzed audience, "Keep your seats. *Please!*"

And Anna Q. opened her mouth and spoke the first line she had ever spoken before an audience!

Here's a name which only the old-timers will remember. Kathlyn Williams—the gal who chilled wild animals with a neatly-flung look in the good old days of serial thrillers. She was still a most important person at the Paramount studio when I first went to the Coast.

She now works when she feels like it, for she is still immensely rich. She was wise enough to save her money when she made it. Here's an example of her caution in money matters and this happened years ago when she was in the *very big salary* class.

She wanted a new ermine evening coat. She could have afforded a dozen ermine coats but her money had been invested elsewhere so carefully that she couldn't get at it. So, in order that she might not feel she had squandered a sum, she did what she called "an extra picture," the money to be earned for this one luxury alone!

Bessie Love—well, there's a name that had meant a lot for years and was to mean still more, a few years later, when "Broadway Melody" was made.

I always remember Bessie for her giggles and her appalling trust and faith in whatever one told her was correct in clothes. I wish there were more like her!

I did her wedding dress and I still consider it one of the "lucky" wedding dresses, since the marriage "took" and there are no signs of its breaking.

Heavens! Here's a name which upsets me! Greta Nissen—one of the most beautiful girls ever to be in pictures and one of the most difficult with whom I've ever worked. Miss Nissen herself was not difficult but she had with her—and I mean *always* with her—a mother who, from reports, had once been a dressmaker in Sweden.

Well, there's no one more hard to please than a retired dressmaker. I often wonder, since they know so definitely what they want, why they bother to take up the time of the people who are supposedly (*Continued on page 114*)

READY FOR WORK . . .

. . . Norma was ready to sacrifice her career, if need be, to nurse her husband back to health. The story of that—and what's happened since—should be read by all her fans



She has been called calculating and cagey. The last few months have proven how untrue all that is. (Below) With Irving Thalberg and Irving, Jr., who's getting to be quite a big boy.

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

I WANT to tell you what has been happening to Norma Shearer.

She is back, now, from a long holiday in Europe and, revivified and refreshed, with new wells of energy springing up inside her, she is ready for studio work.

A star returning from a vacation is not such an amazing phenomenon, you say. The boats bring them in all the time. But this was a different sort of vacation and one that involved a terrific sacrifice at the outset.

In Norma's own words the trip was "just children and nurses and husbands and wives and more fun than I've ever had in my life."

But I'm getting ahead of my story. I'll get to that trip and Norma's return in just a minute. I must first flash back a bit and tell you something about the happenings that took place before the tour was decided upon.



When "Smilin' Through" was completed, Norma was given two months' rest before her next picture. Upon the eve of her return to work her husband, Irving Thalberg, came down with the flu.

She immediately notified her employers that she would have to be excused from work just then because her husband needed her.

Irving convalesced, suffered a relapse and then his heart began to give him trouble. Eighteen hours a day at a strenuous studio job weakens a man's resistance.

Those were anxious days when Irving, fretting about things at the studio, must not be told anything which might worry him.

There were rumors of studio upheavals, of political shake-ups. Rumors that Irving was being gently and neatly deposed during his enforced absence. Norma had to deal with these things as best she could, alone—and stand between the sick man and those nebulous and disturbing matters. She had to take his place, as nearly as she could, in studio tasks (*Continued on page 101*)



John Boles



Gloria Stuart



Margaret Sullavan



Slim Summerville

FORECASTING YOUR FAVORITES

IF it can be said of any producing organization in Hollywood that it is imbued with legend, that studio would be Universal, with her low Spanish buildings sprawled over acres and acres of a North Hollywood Valley, her many "sets" that have stood for years, and the colorful groupings of real and motion picture cowboys that habitually group around her gates and entrances.

But deeper than all external "color," is the spirit of the two men, father and son, who are not merely the production heads of Universal, but actually its life and its morale.

The Laemmles, benevolent and revered Carl Laemmle, Sr., whose smile is slow and kind, who at one time or another has held the contracted services of three quarters of the great names of Hollywood, and his son, Junior, whose eyes are alert, and whose smile is quicker to come because his is the newer blood of enthusiasm that lives for the future.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., born only twenty-five years ago; born, in fact, on the very day his father started his first motion picture, is the youngest executive in the industry and the only head of a studio who was "born in the business." When Carl, Sr., handed the entire management of Universal Studios over to his son when Junior was twenty-one years old, Hollywood shook its head and muttered: "It won't be long." Since then, "Junior" has made them admit that a boy of twenty-one *can* operate a studio and have complete charge of paying out ten millions a year, if that boy is *born* to the business.

Newer organizations, with glittering new stars and personalities, may come and go. Movie trails may be blazed on foreign fields. But I think it might well be said that Universal, like Tennyson's famous brook, probably will go on forever.

Even in the midst of their most ambitious film undertakings, "All Quiet on the Western Front;" all the Boris Karloff thriller series, the sensationally successful "Back Street," with John Boles and Irene Dunne, there has been an atmosphere of siesta and calm pervading the sun-baked lot with its great, pepper-shade trees. The visitor feels that even the hectic life of the movies has somehow become more leisurely and tempered here. The throb of production is muffled. One senses that a great deal of time and thought has gone into the preparation of those companies on the various sound stages. The constant rush of speed that is so noticeable on other lots is mysteriously missing here.

I had not talked long with Junior Laemmle in his comfortably appointed office on the studio grounds before the affable and gently-mannered young man himself supplied the keynote of this impression:

HE said, "My father and I enjoy making pictures. Our production schedule is never so crowded that we are forced to lose intimate, personal contact with every picture being produced on this lot, from the Westerns and short features, to our 'specials' and feature productions. We try not to lose sight of the fact that the movies are a creative art as well as a commercial industry.

"Perhaps a year or so ago I, personally, permitted that idea to run away with me. Our production output was tremendously slowed down so that more time and effort could go into the polishing of certain 'dream pictures,' such as 'All Quiet on the Western Front' and 'Back Street.' My idea at the time was that a great story was the thing.

"But, you will notice in our 1933-34 production schedule, something of a change in this policy of the past two years. Not that we are going to put less time, effort and enthusiasm into our films, but only that we are going to speed up the tempo of production.

"Last year we made twenty-six feature length films. This year there will be thirty-six. The recent two months shut-down of production at the studio allowed the necessary ample time to prepare carefully the stories and scripts of this increased production. Last year fifty percent of our screen material was original screen plays. This year a decided majority of our stories are from established plays and best sellers and popular books. In



Paul Lukas



Leila Hyams

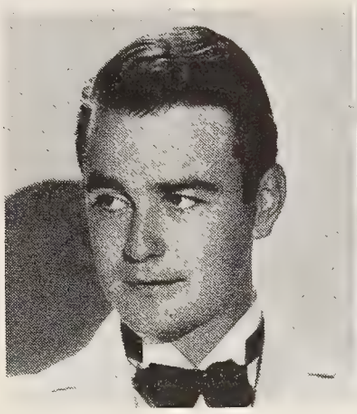


June Knight



Onslow Stevens

By
WALTER
RAMSEY



Lew Ayres

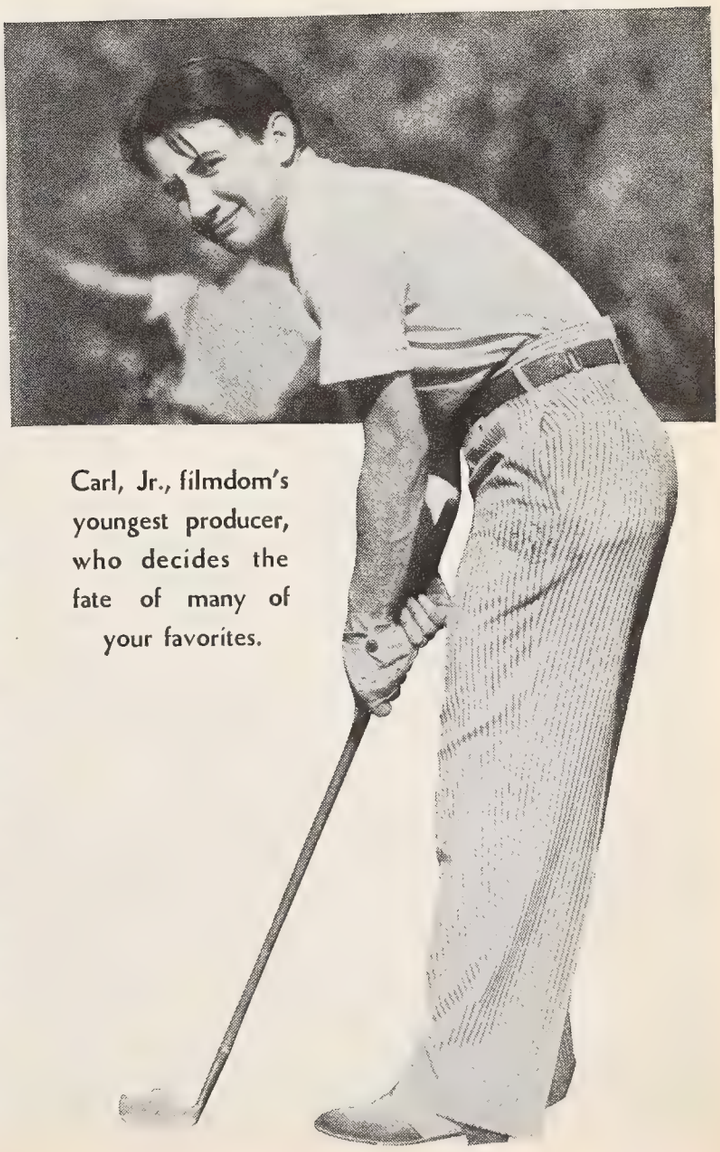


ZaSu Pitts



Russ Columbo

...Hollywood shook its head when, at the age of twenty-one, Carl Laemmle, Jr., was put in complete charge at Universal. A mere boy to decide how ten millions a year should be spent! Now he confides in you what's in store for his stars



Carl, Jr., filmdom's youngest producer, who decides the fate of many of your favorites.

this category are: 'Only Yesterday,' now in production with Margaret Sullavan, John Boles and Billie Burke, under the direction of John Stahl; Charles Norris' 'Zest,' Fanny Hurst's 'Imitation of Life,' 'S.O.S. Iceberg,' 'The Good Red Bricks,' 'The Man Who Reclaimed His Head,' two elaborate musicals, 'Blossom Time' with John Boles, and 'The Great Ziegfeld,' and many others.

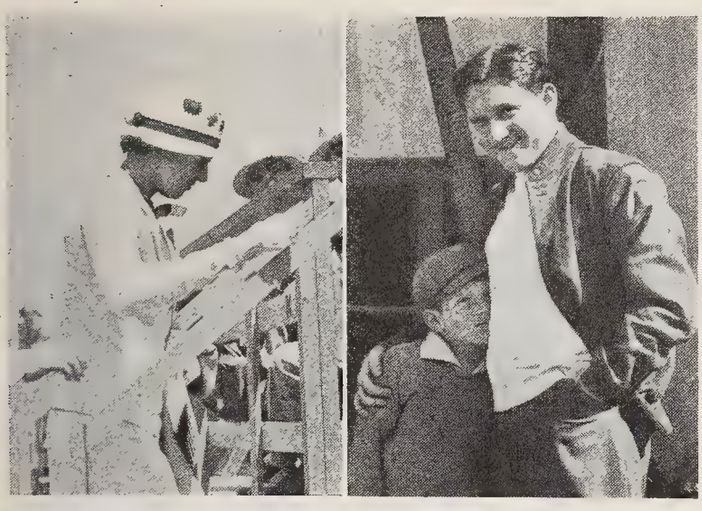
"You can judge by this that we have not changed our original idea that a great story is the thing, but there is one important factor which will be a change. And that is, Universal is going on a great 'screen personality' hunt. From now on, our policy will be great stories *with* great personalities.

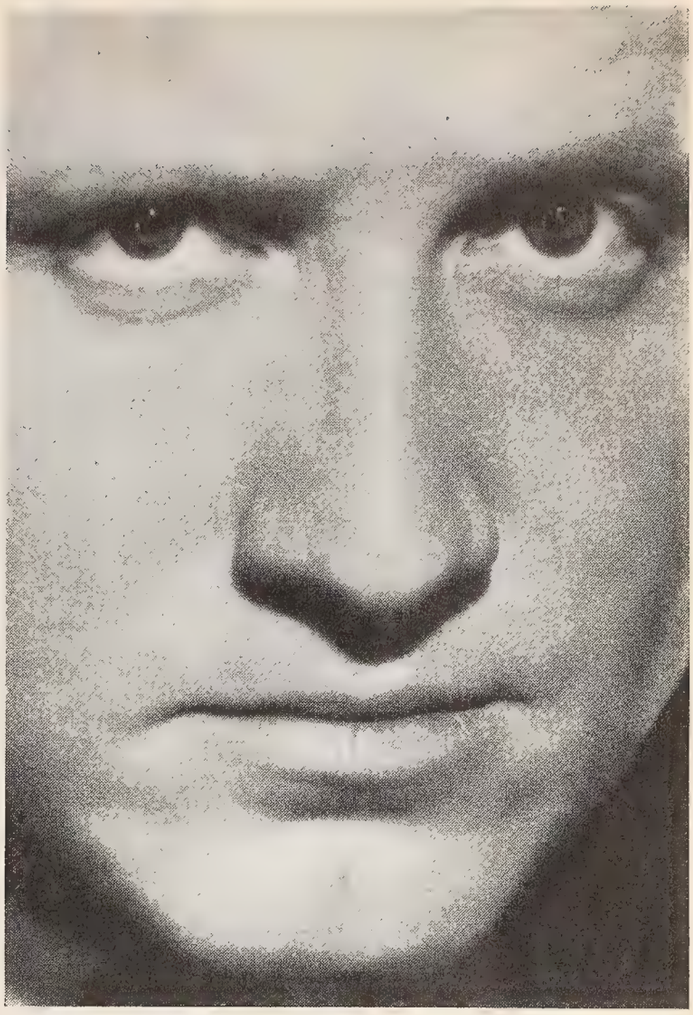
LIKE every other studio in Hollywood, Universal has discovered that the greatest movie success is based on the greatest movie personalities. *We want stars.* We are planning to develop them, borrow them. We must have them to successfully carry out our elaborate plans for the year.

"So anxious are we to discover and exploit sensational screen personalities, that we are at present conducting a Junior Stock Company to (*Continued on page 99*)



"I'm glad I married BEFORE I came to Hollywood," says Spencer Tracy





(Further left) Louise Tracy. He married her because she was pretty and nice and agreeable and—well, because they fell in love. They have stayed married because of a thousand and one bonds that Hollywood cannot break. (Left) Johnny Tracy with his pa. (Opposite page) Tracy and Colleen Moore in a scene from "The Power and the Glory."

By CARTER BRUCE

One of the frankest stories on marriage ever given by a Hollywood actor

THE day I had lunch with Spencer Tracy in the Fox Hills commissary, two divorces had "broken" in Hollywood and the news of two others had preceded them by a bare seven days. In order, they had been the sad, legend-shattering separation of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks; the "surprise" divorce of Carole Lombard from William Powell; the parting of Richard Dix and his wife and, just that morning, the "trial separation" of Gloria Stuart and her sculptor husband.

Everywhere you heard: "What's wrong with Hollywood marriage?" It is only natural that we eventually got on to it, my almost-red-headed host, and I.

Before Spencer finished talking I had an idea I had heard probably the most illuminating truth on the subject of Hollywood marriage I would ever hear from the lips of a Hollywood actor. He didn't say *this* thing or *that* thing is wrong with Hollywood marriage. Because he, personally, happens to be in that rapidly diminishing category of Hollywood's happily married, he did not under-estimate the pitfalls that have snagged other marriages.

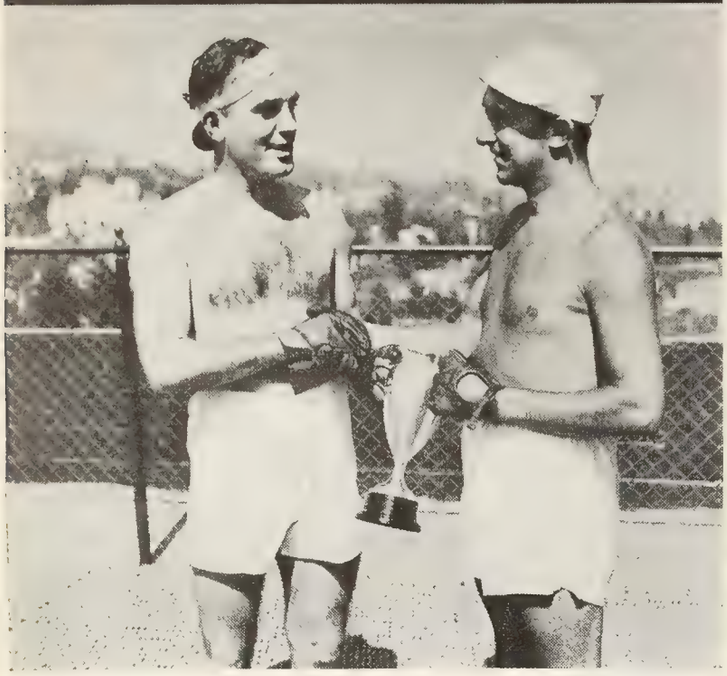
I am not going to try to phrase Spencer Tracy's off-screen personality in that typical interview I'm-telling-you-about-him sort of way. All I ask is that you listen in, as I did, that warm August day, to Spenc's ideas about marriage and then you let me know what sort of fellow you think he is.

HE said, "I'm glad I married *before* I came to Hollywood because I wouldn't have had the guts to try to make a go of it with anyone after I had been here for a while.

"If I had not been married when I came to Hollywood, I know that I should never have married, and I would have missed the finest (*Continued on page 92*)

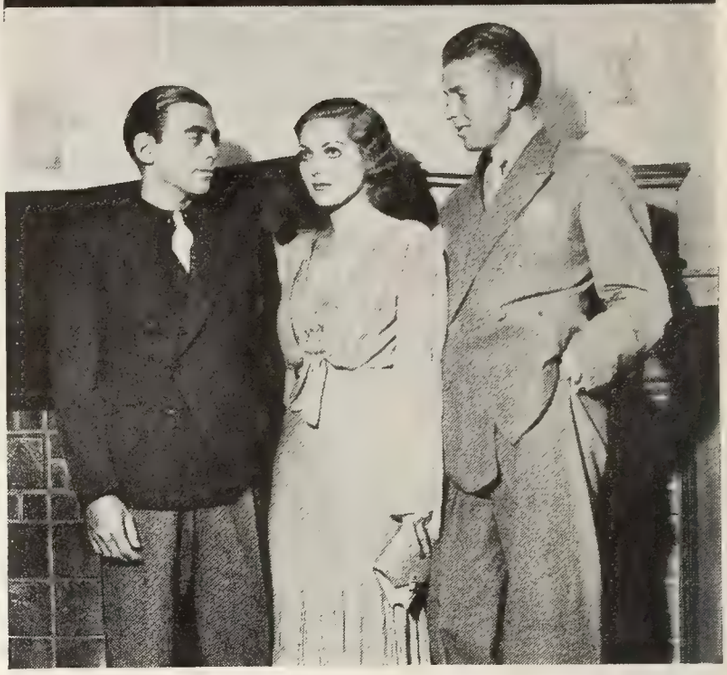
PICTURE NEWS!

YE HANDBALLE CHAMPE



(Above) Atop Hollywood's Equitable Building is the Butler Health Club, to which many stars belong. They had a handball tournament recently. Pat O'Brien defeated all comers. (Below) Sue Carol and Ken Murray at the Roosevelt Roof. Another marriage?

MEET ADRIENNE AMES' HUSBAND



(Above) Stephen and Adrienne Ames—now separated—and Bruce Cabot, who, the Ames' insist, is not the other side of the triangle. (Below) Gloria Stuart and her husband, Gordon Newell, who have started something new—a trial separation.

All pictures by J. B. Scott

ANOTHER MARRIAGE FOR SUE AND KEN!



TRIAL SEPARATION FOR GLORIA



Would YOU like to visit JOAN CRAWFORD in Hollywood?



WHAT would you rather have than a free trip to Hollywood?

Don't gasp! You probably think nothing in the world can top that! But, there is!

Yes, as fantastic as it seems and sounds; there is. How about a free trip to Hollywood and a week's visit with Joan Crawford?

Joan will be glad to see you. She is all set to entertain you. She wants to take you on a dancing party at the famous Cocoanut Grove. There, she'll introduce you to movie royalty and they will become your friends! You'll be dated up for beach parties at Santa Monica and at Malibu. Joan will see to that. She's a grand hostess, you know. And she'll find a choice spot, just off the set, so that you can get a real close-up of her at work. Then, you will lunch with her in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's cafeteria. And she'll see that you meet Clark Gable and Jean Harlow and Robert Montgomery. And ALL the stars on the M-G-M lot!

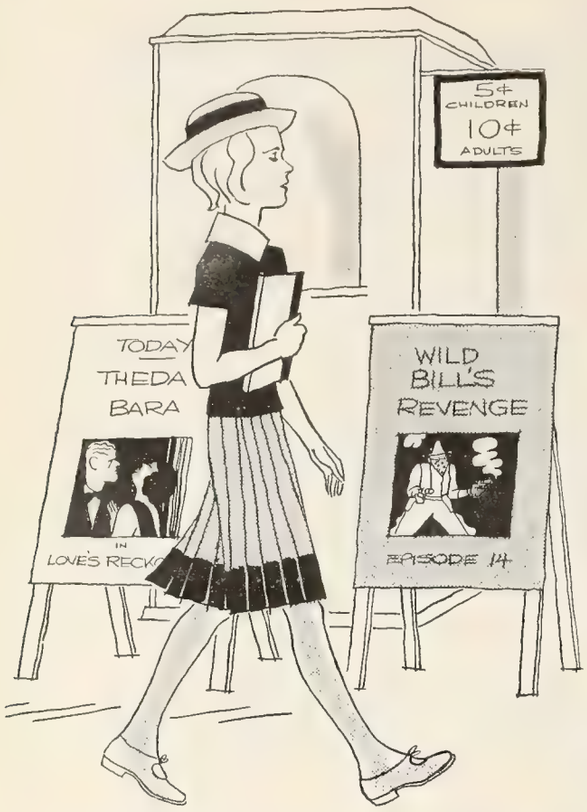
What's the catch in all this?

It isn't a catch—it's a contest!

And, next month, MODERN SCREEN is going to tell you all about it. In the November issue. When you read the details, you'll agree that this is just about the best contest with the biggest prizes that has ever been held anywhere at any time! In fact, there's going to be a prize for everyone who enters the contest. And the prizes besides the first—the trip to Hollywood and the week as Joan's guest—are just as exciting.

The Editor

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



BETTE DAVIS HAS NEVER SEEN A SILENT MOVIE.



ADRIENNE AMES WAS ONCE A STAND-IN FOR POLA NEGRI



GROUCHO MARX SANG IN A "GIRLS' TRIO" BEFORE HIS VOICE STARTED CHANGING



LEON TROTZKY ONCE DID A "BIT" IN A U.S. MOVIE





BRUCE CABOT USED TO BE A BOUNCER IN A HOLLYWOOD CAFE

Portraits



The gal who knows all the answers—and tells 'em! Mae West and her curves and her diamonds and her love of prizefights and her priceless remarks have been publicized until there's practically nothing more to say. People are still asking her if she is married. To which Mae replies that she isn't now and never has been and, furthermore, there's no one scheduled, as yet, for the role of Diamond Lil's husband. Mae's next picture is "I'm No Angel." She says she'd love to do the role of Catharine of Russia sometime.



Will Rogers has just finished "Doctor Bull," which is a picturization of that excellent novel, "The Last Adam." In it Rogers plays the role of a Connecticut small-town doctor. His next picture will be "Always Tomorrow." Not long ago, Will took a day off from work to fly down to Arizona to offer a hundred dollar prize for the best calf-roping at a local rodeo. He always lunches in the Fox cafeteria, whether working or not, usually with Spencer Tracy and Director Frank Lloyd, who are his chief pals.



Photograph by Hurrell

Robert Young had himself a grand time working in "Tugboat Annie" with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. When that was completed, he hopped over to the Universal lot (M-G-M consented to loan him) to do "Saturday's Millions." Dolores Del Rio (below) is working in "Dance of Desire" with Joel McCrea. The lovely Mexican has gone very modern, with bobbed hair and everything. Outside her modernistic home is a kennel for her dawg—an exact replica of the home. My, my.







Frances Dee will play the role of the sweet, womanly Meg in RKO's "Little Women." Above you see her with Joan Bennett (Amy), Jean Parker (Beth), and Katharine Hepburn (Jo). There seems to be quite a romance between Frances and Joel McCrea. Joel is building a honeymoon cottage on his ranch. When folks ask him questions about it, he replies "It all depends on Frances." Wouldn't these two make an ideal couple? "Speed King" is now planned as Frances' next picture.

Photograph by Robert W. Coburn





Won't Joan Bennett be lovely as that elegant little minx, Amy, of Miss Alcott's immortal work? Joan was delighted to get the role, for Amy was always her favorite character. Above you see the four girls again with Spring Byington, who plays their mother. Joan is very much in love with husband Gene Markey, who is much better looking in real life than he is in his photographs. They live very quietly. Papa Richard Bennett visits them often—Joan is his particular pet.

Photograph by Hurrell





Can you imagine this sensitive, extremely intelligent and rather shy man as a bank clerk? Well, he was. And how he hated it! When his artistic nature asserted itself, Ruth Martin Howard backed him up every step of the way. (Left) In his "Berkeley Square" costume. (Opposite page) With Mrs. Howard at the Beverly-Wilshire in Hollywood, before the trip to England.

LOVE IN THE LIFE OF LESLIE HOWARD

. . . It's quite an unusual love—for Hollywood. Because it's so serene. And because Ruth Martin Howard is quite content to play the role of wife and mother—and constant inspiration

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IT was about twenty years ago. In London, England. In the various brokerage houses, shops, offices and banks, that year's crop of young Britishers were starting out in business, adjusting themselves to being adults and earning their own living, planning how they might get on faster.

In Cox's Bank, however, there was a young clerk none too pleased with his new estate. He had been trained in clerking and banking at Dulwich College and he was by no means a dull young man, so he did his work well. But he hated it none the less. He thought:

"This is life. This is being a man and earning your salt!" And he also thought: *"This is Hell!"*

His family was distressed. Not every family can place their boy in Cox's to begin with. His father thought him ungrateful, to say the least.

This young man's name was Leslie Howard.

It never occurred to Leslie Howard to quit his job, however. He was only nineteen. And when you're that young, it's no easy matter to stand up and tell your family you're going to chuck the polite, dependable living they've been at such pains to arrange for you.

So every day Leslie Howard went to that bank on Charing Cross near Whitehall. And every day he hoped that it wouldn't seem quite so dreary, that he wouldn't hate it quite so much, that the rebellion within him would have worn down a little. But it never did.

No one, of course, could go on this way very long, giving their very youth to a thing they so completely loathed. Instinctively, all living things, be they vegetable, animal, or human, will turn to that which they need.

So Leslie Howard began to write plays. One act plays. And the amateur theatrical society of the suburb in which he lived with his parents began to produce them. This pleased him. He'd always felt he could write. And he had no desire whatever to act. In fact, he was so shy that even the thought of getting up on a stage before a lot of people made him turn a little sick and cold.

He's still self-conscious, as a matter of fact, famous as he is today.

"I've still difficulty," he told me. "I'm still shy when I play a fairly straight part. I doubt really if I'll ever get over it. I'm always happier doing the odd sort of fellow I played in 'Animal Kingdom.' In such a part I can lose myself."

After Leslie Howard began writing plays, life was a little better. Endurable, anyway. When he left his desk at night, there were the amateur theatricals to look forward to. That was pretty good. But there was also the next morning . . . and the bank again. And that was pretty bad.

To many men, the beat of the war drums was far from a welcome sound. It called them away from sweethearts and wives and children. It called them away from jobs in which they were getting ahead.

To others, never meant to live in the ruts and grooves into which economic conditions had forced them, these drums sounded escape. Escape and maybe great adventure.

Leslie Howard numbered among the latter. And the day he walked out of Cox's bank to join up, he was walking out for good and he knew it. He knew this was, for him, the break; that he never *(Continued on page 102)*

J. B. Scott















1. Marie Dressler—because she's Marie Dressler. 2. Marion Davies, for, among other things, her beautiful generosity. 3. Clive Brook, for refusing to become Hollywoodized. 4. Joan Crawford, for her inquiring mind, her intensity, her capacity for growth. 5. John Boles, for keeping his chin up through adversity. 6. Dick Barthelmess, for his dependability. 7. Barbara Stanwyck, for her amazing loyalties. 8. ZaSu Pitts, because she has suffered the tragedy of being funny for so long.

What is this Legion of Honor to which these players are nominated?



FAITH BALDWIN'S LEGION OF HONOR

NOWADAYS committees seem to abound and flourish in order to select "bests". Best books, best actors, best screen stars, best plays and the like. Their selections never please everybody, but the passion for pinning figurative or literal medals prevails. So it occurred to me that I would like to draw up a legion of honor selected from the screen players. Having made my list, I realize that it isn't complete and that I may be deluged with criticism from fans who feel that many of their favorite heroes and heroines have been neglected. However, at the outset, I desire to state that my list is not based upon performance. All of the people I mention have given us good performances. Some have given consistently sterling performances, and some spectacular ones. But my Legion of Honor is predicated upon characteristics which have nothing to do with acting. And here it is.

I nominate to my legion of honor:

Marie Dressler, because of her indomitable faith in mankind, her sacrificial giving of herself, her unquenchable humor, her tenderness, her magnificent comeback, and her struggle to keep on keeping on in the face of her recent long illness, an illness which, after a consultation of her doctors with her producers, unknown to herself, resulted in a set of stringent rules. Marie was to take two hours for lunch, during which she was to rest in her dressing-room. She was to stop work at four in the afternoon. She was, in short, to spare herself all she possibly could. But did she, and does she? She did not and she does not.

It is a legend on the lot that Miss Dressler turns back her watch and so works "overtime" and, as for resting in her dressing-room when there are so many people she wishes to cheer and amuse, advise and help—well, just look for her in her dressing-room, that's all!

Marie Dressler is a great actress by virtue of a talent which is inborn and which she has developed. But she is more than this, she is a great personality and a great soul. and her character entitles her to my Legion of Honor. It is something she has built herself, from excellent material, down the long, glorious, adventuring years of success and failure and success again. A character which is the reward of a giving and not a merely taking spirit.

I NOMINATE to my Legion of Honor:

Clive Brook, because of his refusal to be affected by Hollywood in any way, shape, manner or form. Here is a gentleman who is impervious to the altering winds of chance and rumor which blow so freely and at such cross purposes out Hollywood way; whose private life has serenity and dignity and is unpublicized; whose attitude toward press and interviewers is courteous and gracious, but whose personal sanctity has not been penetrated by the sharpest eye or the quickest ear; a man who is not

Every fan will be interested to learn Miss Baldwin's choices and reasons





For Ernest Torrence, Miss Baldwin pens a heart-felt requiem. There is always to be reserved in every fan's Legion of Honor a special place for this splendid actor and gentleman. And to Kay Francis—great honor for having, and using, her common sense as well as her beauty.

good copy because he i
lines are made.

Clive Brook, like a
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she has, and because of her ceasel
self as a person and as an actress; be
to learn, to be somebody, to achieve in a
what it has taken other people generations of g
ing and the sheltered life to achieve.

There are no pretenses about Joan Crawford. S
doesn't understand anything, whether it's a word, a situ
tion or what-have-you, she'll ask. She reads, voraciously, with a dictionary at her elbow. Her grounding in past and current literature must be far better than that of most of us who have had the leisure to read for several decades. She doesn't skim books, she reads them, thinks about them, digests them. Therefore, because of her desire for a fuller life, a life not merely on the surface, she has been criticized.

But this has not stopped her, although it must have hurt her.

She is not like most of the women on the screen and stage and in society who, when they attempt to make a home, call in a decorator and give him *carte blanche*. When Joan Crawford changed her house from the Spanish to an English period, she did not merely give Billy Haines the order; she worked with him. She read about period furniture, she learned, and when Mr. Haines suggested this or that change, she asked "Why?" No going it blind for Joan Crawford. She wants to know *why*.

Not long ago, she wondered if she could ever achieve the nonchalant smartness in dress of notable women of the screen. There had been a time when her taste in clothes ran rather to the flamboyant. When her taste in almost everything ran that way, too. But that time was no more. Take the little matter of clothes, important only because it points a moral. When she decided to be smart, with that smartness only one in a million really masters, because it is compounded of line and simplicity, of utter suitability, of a dash of astonishment, of perfect grooming and yet an air of carelessness, she went at it in the right way. She studied for

(*Continued on page 88*)

HERE'S PEGGY AGAIN...!



By JAMES FIDLER

A COME-BACK FOR MISS SHANNON! AFTER BAD BREAKS AND LONG WAITING. WISH HER LOTS OF LUCK!

HAD you wondered what had become of Peggy Shannon? Had you feared that Hollywood had cast her into the discard, that pictures no longer wanted her? For a time, it looked that way. For a time, it almost *was* that way. Do you know why?

Peggy, you remember, made her début with great fanfare and ballyhoo as "The New It Girl," "The New Clara Bow." That was when she was rushed into "The Secret Call" to substitute for Clara. What was the result? Why, the result was that Peggy began her picture career with a million fans hating her. A million Bow fans. They wrote letters which burned Peggy's fingers as she opened them—and nearly broke her heart as she read them. She had begged the Paramount studio not to bill her as the new Clara Bow. She thought it bad taste and bad judgment. But—there you are . . .

After "The Secret Call," Peggy was shunted into a series of mediocre pictures which did her considerable harm. And then, for a time, nothing was heard of Peggy. But she isn't Irish for nothing. And she isn't lovely to look at and talented for nothing, either. She has fought for a come-back—and won. So be looking for Peggy again. In RKO's "The Deluge," first. And then with Lee Tracy in "Turn Back the Clock" for M-G-M.

And now—meet Peggy all over again. Find out what sort of a vivacious little person she is—off screen.

She curls on the divan one minute. She's up and mixing cocktails the next. Before she has been in a room an hour, she has sampled every chair, sofa and footstool handy. She's like a miniature cyclone; maybe cyclones are in her blood, for she was born in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, where they sweep through at least a few times every year.

Her real name is Winona Shannon. Flo Ziegfeld made the change. When Shannon was very young, she visited the Follies backstage with Ziegfeld's secretary, whom she knew well. Winona had just come to New York from Pine Bluff, and she still wore a gingham dress and allowed her hair to hang to her waist in two braids. She looked pretty green. Ziegfeld's press agent seized Winona's hand and dragged her across the stage, where he stood her up beside the producer and ordered the photographer to shoot them. Next morning, the picture appeared in the newspaper with the information that Ziegfeld had discovered a new pearl in the rough—a gal from way daown in Arkansaw. Flo couldn't make a liar out of his press agent; he had to give Winona a job.

"But Winona—that name will never do," muttered the impresario. "It sounds like a medicine ad—'Winona taken twice daily will build your blood. Take Winona for emaciated bodies.' You must *(Continued on page 106)*





SOCIAL HOLLYWOOD TURNS OUT FOR THE LOS ANGELES AIR MEET

Scotty, Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman, snapped all the grand pictures in this feature at the Los Angeles Air Races. 1. John Farrow insures their comfort by renting a couple of cushions for himself and Maureen O'Sullivan. 2. It was all right for Adrienne Ames to be here with Bruce Cabot; he was the young man whose companionship her husband okayed. 3. The handsome Tito Falconi, famous Italian ace, thrills the crowd with some daring planing. 4. That's Virginia Cherrill wearing smoked glasses. And of course you've guessed who is about to pilot her to a seat. Cary Grant. 5. The Spencer Tracys. 6. Art Gobel, who won the flight from Oakland to Hawaii. With him—Anita Page and Monroe Owsley. 7. A general view of the big outdoor event.





AT THE AIR RACES









WATCH THE STARS ENJOYING A THRILLING HOLIDAY



1. Lupe and her Zhawnee arrive at the arena. 2. Who else but Jack Gilbert, looking very genial, and his wife, Virginia Bruce. 3. And here is Hollywood's most popular girl, Mary Brian; this time with Gwinn Williams. 4. The Charles Farrells are seated just in back of Mary. 5. Fay Wray favors the photographer with her attention as hubby John Monk Saunders concentrates on the action. 6. Hoot Gibson with his new girl, the lovely Joan Gale. Later, Hoot did some flying himself. His plane crashed and there to the right (7) is a picture snapped immediately after the accident. 8. So enthralled are Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay that they are unaware of the cameraman's presence. 9. The beauteous Helen Twelvetrees and her husband, Frank Woody.









5





7





9





MORE FIRST FAMILIES OF CAMERALAND ARRIVE!

1. Mrs. Robert Montgomery applauds as Bob looks on. Behind Bob is Roscoe Turner, cross-country race winner. 2. And here we have "Schnozzle" Durante (Jimmy, the well-dressed man) accompanied by his wife. 3. Lilian Harvey is interested in the race and Ernst Udet, German war ace, seems interested in Lilian. 4. A pair of aces, Udet and Falconi, accompany Mary Pickford to a reception after the meet. 5. Stuart Erwin and June Collyer attend with the Ralph Bellamys. 6. The young woman leaning over the rail is Mrs. Paul Lukas and of course you recognize Claudette Colbert. 7. Irene Dunne looks skyward. 8. Myrna Loy is going to sprain her neck if she isn't careful. 9. Isobel Jewell with Lee Tracy. 10. Wally Beery stands by as Los Angeles' Mayor, Frank Shaw, broadcasts.





















ROMANCERS, HAPPILY MARRIED FOLKS AND YOUNGSTERS ATTENDED

1. No less an aviation light than Amelia Earhart greets our Mary on her arrival. 2. The Ruggles lads, Wes and Charlie, attend with Wesley's pretty wife, Arline Judge. 3. Phillips Holmes takes Florence Rice to the big event. 4. The lady behind the field glasses is Helen Vinson and with her is the boy friend, Al Hall. 5. Jean Harlow is there, too, looking less sirenish than usual. 6. Will Rogers who knows a thing or two about planes himself, talks it over with Mildred and Harold Lloyd. 7. Richard Barthelmess brings his wife and her son and his little daughter, Mary Hay. 8. And here's Will Rogers, again, this time with the Missus. 9. Alone in the bleachers—Jack La Rue.























(Above) Adrienne Ames had Milgrim tailor for her this classic suit. The single-breasted, single-button coat of dark brown men's wear woolen has slightly padded shoulders, nipped waistline and wide revers. The skirt is beige and white striped, slim, straight and simply made. (Top small picture) Patricia Ellis wears with her blue suit a stitched red hat, red gloves and a red belt. (Lower small picture) Joan Blondell's picture hat is of chocolate brown taffeta, stiffened and stitched. (Right) Black chiffon is smart, practical and fetching for dinner dresses. Frances Dee's is of slightly stiffened chiffon, with full length sleeves.

By Margery Wells

JUST at the beginning of this season, there is going to be an awful mixture of fashions presented, from which both the wary and unwary customers will have to make their choice. It's hard to keep a clear head in the face of so much that is new; hard to know just what to buy, which will last out the season and do as much for you next February and March as it does today.

You will find prices higher. This fact is unbalancing enough in itself. But all the more reason for beating the game by refusing to spread your budget over too thin a surface. Buy one good thing, or more—as many as you can easily afford—but be certain that they are fool proof insofar that they follow recognized lines of fashion which will last. Then here are the warnings:

Demand simplicity.
Avoid tricky trimmings.
Select good, wearable materials.
Don't go in for outré styles.
Keep your colors harmonious.

At the beginning of this season, as at the start of all





Patricia Ellis appreciates the flattering value of black satin, which has been used in the costume at the left. It's a three-quarter coat and skirt. The revers, cuffs and blouse are of white sheer material dotted in black and her hat is one of the new stitched sailors, set slightly askew and its brim turned down over her blond hair. (Above) Plaids are always youthful looking and, just now, particularly smart. Una Merkel certainly knew all of this when she chose her simply made dress plaided in blue and gray. Her hat carries out the scheme, as a big strip of the same light woolen material is used for its softly folded brim.

other seasons on record, many new ideas will be tried out. Which will stand the test of time? That is the burning question.

Take, for instance, all those shoulder lines you will see that perk up toward the ears. Be restrained in this direction. They may not last. At first they will look new and interesting, but when you begin to see the streets and drawing-rooms filled with them, you may not think that you look as distinguished in your own as you did when the first new thrill was upon you. (*Continued on page 95*)



Patterns

TO ORDER PATTERNS AND PATTERN BOOK

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.



2845—Dorothy Jordan's charming sheer wool frock (pictured above) is our star pattern for this month. The pattern itself is shown immediately right. Simple to make, extremely wearable, and adaptable to sheer wool (as stated) or to washable rayon crepe. A brown and yellow check would be lovely. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 36 and 38 bust.

2819—There are many reasons why you'll like this new ensemble. The coat is so dashing with its raglan shoulders, and so easily wearable. The dress has intriguing scalloped seaming and a grand scarf neckline. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 36 and 38 bust.

2806—Its smartness lies in its extreme simplicity. It emphasizes the new feeling for height through the French bretelles over the shoulders. Plaits give a graceful swing to the skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

For back views see page 92

2845 2819 2806

. . . All the news on what is being worn and done in the fashion world of Hollywood. Plus an extra treat in the form of a grand sweater pattern



And here is the treat. Do you knit your own? Do you want to? Well, here is a sweater, worn by Mimi Jordan, which can be started and completed in a day—so the experts say. It will be wonderful for wear with your fall suit. Thick, lightweight wool is used, with large bone needles to take care of the stitches. Write to Modern Screen Sweater Pattern, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for the complete instructions. Send a stamped, self-addressed large envelope, please.

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

PICTURESQUE! That's the ticket on which you travel to smartness this fall. These new rhumba costumes will make you feel more exciting than you've ever felt before. And romantic! You should see Joan Crawford in her new white satin one. It's tubular—all the newest silhouettes are—and then three huge ruffles go swishing and swirling around the bottom. Her satin cape crosses dramatically in front and the ends swing back across the shoulders.

Pansy blue crinkled crepe fashions Loretta Young's latest dance frock. It does dazzling things to her gray eyes and light hair, and the taffeta "sweeper" that finishes it is of burgundy red. Loretta carries a burgundy red chiffon hanky with the costume.

● And here's another item for you blondes. If you want to look as mysterious and lovely as a summer night, choose an eel gray chiffon gown. No fluffiness, mind you. Straight slim lines and no adornments. That's the way Carole Lombard does it. She appeared in such a gown at a casino in Reno recently and simply took the place by storm.

On page 34 there's a picture of Carole in the dress.

● Cigarette cases are springing up in the most unexpected places. Now they pop up from belts! Conservative, wide suede belts with steel heads that you'd never suspect of hiding cigarettes until you jerk a certain end. And you know how tobacco does get into your handbag and ruins the daintiness of it despite all precaution? Here's the way Heather Angel solves that difficulty. She has a very ornamental zipper arrangement on the outside of her bag that looks most attractive and innocent of duplicity. Then, you do a little *(Continued on page 91)*

DON'T SCOFF AT "GOOD HEALTH"



By JEAN HARLOW

As told to

VIRGINIA T. LANE

IT'S basic, this secret of charm. All the other qualities that tend to make a person popular rest on it. Without it, beauty means nothing. Life, itself, becomes just a routine matter without color or fascination.

But if you have *vitality* you have everything.

The vital people are the ones who intrigue. We pick them for the winners every time. They do things. They carry you along on their enthusiasm, their buoyancy. And when they concentrate that tremendous energetic force on any set purpose—zip, they accomplish it. Like that.

I think it must have been mother who first pointed this out to me. She has been the heroine of every chapter in my life. I don't say that with undue sentiment. It happens to be so and I am proud to acknowledge it. A sensible mother with good, sound ideas is the greatest asset anyone can have. She starts you out right. Mine taught me an invaluable lesson: That to have the gusto for life that makes for charm, you have to acquire the day-by-day habit of health. She made it sound like fun. It was fun. As a youngster, I played a kind of game with her to see how much stronger I could grow each day.

Even when that terrible spectre of childhood, spinal meningitis, took me, we kept on playing it. Not for an instant did she let me suspect her fears. Crooked legs, a twisted spine—there was no mention of them.

Undoubtedly, there must have been many black hours for her while she waited to see if the serum would do its work. But I was not aware of them. I remember only wondering how long it would (*Continued on page 99*)

"The basis of beauty," cries Jean—who makes an amazing confession here

You may *think* you see them...



—but there are so many things in life that, at a glance, look so exactly alike. So remember that a spool of thread is not J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. thread unless you see the name on the spool-end. Don't assume you are getting Clark's or Coats best six cord until your eye has proved that you are. The spool-end tells. Examine it before you buy. An easy way to be sure you are getting the thread you have always depended on. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS · CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a Century—as Today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD



New Natural Make-Up gave her lips more Allure!

LOOK at her lips. Lovely, aren't they? But they used to be conspicuous with paint. Yet once she adopted this new kind of lipstick, her lips became her most charming feature. For Tangee Lipstick gives your lips natural-looking color . . . without a trace of paint! And it keeps your lips satin-smooth and kissable!

Lips Colorful . . Without Paint

Ordinary lipsticks coat the lips with paint. But Tangee cannot give your lips a painted look. It isn't paint.

Tangee actually changes to the color hidden in your own lips. In the stick, it looks orange. But on your lips, it's *your* shade of rose! You'll have to try Tangee to see that this is true.

Use Tangee and see your lips youthful with fresh, natural color! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks . . . at all toilet goods counters.



The New Tangee Powder Brings Soft Underglow

Try the *new* Tangee Face Powder, which produces a soft underglow that makes your skin look younger, fresher, more natural! Because Tangee Powder now contains the same magic color principle as Tangee Lipstick . . . therefore blends with your natural skin tones!

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢
Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER! MM10
The George W. Luft Co., Inc. 417 Fifth Ave., New York (Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)
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Reviews—a Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 8*)

mother of four children who squanders the family fortune in the stock market. The pampered children are then forced to face the cold, cold world and work out their own destinies. And how they do is plenty good entertainment. Claudette Colbert realizes the worthlessness of her artist sweetie (after he runs off with the blonde next door) and falls for a substantial doctor (Richard Arlen). Tom Brown, William Bakewell and Wallace Ford, as the three sons, all do splendid work. The high-light of the picture is the scene where the son, who aspires to become a great actor, finds his part requires him to utter but one word: "Yes!"

First rate entertainment for everyone.

THE STRANGER'S RETURN (M-G-M)

If you like Barrymore. An enjoyable, if not totally exciting, story centering around a picturesque farm in the middle-west, with Lionel Barrymore giving one of his grandest characterizations as the human old "Grandpa." Miriam Hopkins gives a nice performance as the stranger who returns to the farm, meets and falls in love with Franchot Tone, who is already married, and finds her salvation in work. Tone is completely natural and believable in his rôle. Stuart Erwin comes in for some chuckles as corn-whiskey-drinking Simon.

Although the tempo is slow throughout the picture, there are dramatic spots that stand out. The photography is exquisite and, we repeat, Barrymore is superb. Okay for children.

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont)

Something different. A far-fetched picture centering around a floating island built in the middle of the ocean for the purpose of providing a landing field for airplanes. Leslie Fenton is the inventor of the island and supervises its building, all the while being aware that some hidden menace is working against him. The day of the grand opening he learns the menace is his assistant, who tries to sink the island and kill the crew with a poisonous gas. A famous English flyer (Conrad Veidt) comes to the rescue, prompted by Jill Esmond, with whom both men are in love. Exciting and different. Children may not understand what it's all about.

RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO)

You'll like it. A funny little comedy that will give you a good evening's entertainment. The story is about two young things who can't pay their rent. George Sidney, the big-hearted landlord, figures things out this way: The young man (Norman Foster) is a night watchman. Therefore, he only needs a room during the day. The young gal (Ginger Rogers) sells refrigerators over the phone by day, so she needs a room only at night. Result: One room for both. Each hates the unknown roommate. They meet elsewhere, spend a lot of time telling each other about the trying roommates. Laura Hope Crewes and Robert Benchley add their brand of humor in a couple of priceless parts. Good entertainment for the whole family.

THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount)

Crook drammer. Here we have a pretty fair number in a crook comedy. Clive Brook, Helen Vinson and Alan Mowbray are three high-powered jewel thieves. They employ doubles who take their places at the night club they own while the three originals go about their

(*Continued on page 78*)



Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Leslie Howard and Paul Lukas in Warners "Captured." An unusual story of the war—which you all must see.



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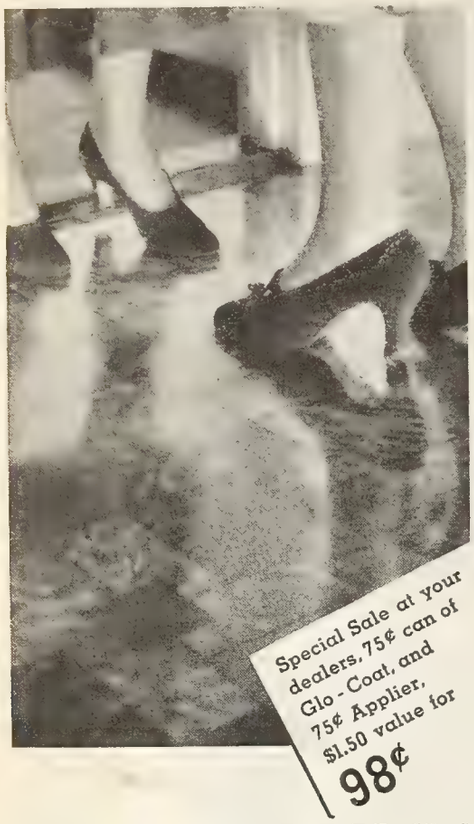
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Reviews—a Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 76*)

work of robbing society matrons of their gems. George Raft plays a detective who joins up with the thieves, falls for and reforms Helen and breaks up the gang. Alison Skipworth is swell as one of Brook's victims. Fair entertainment, but not the type recommended for children.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE (M-G-M)

Good. An enjoyable drama about a young wife whose married life is almost ruined by her husband's smug, meddling and impossible family. The sisters criticize her and the jealous mother insists on continuing to rule her son's life. When the young wife speaks her mind, the mother becomes insulted and the husband sides with his family. Later he realizes his mistake and it's a happy awakening.

Helen Hayes is very human as the mistreated bride, Robert Montgomery does all right in a part that doesn't particularly suit him, and the late Louise Closser Hale is perfect as the dominating mother. Not recommended for children.

HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO)

If you like action. All about the dangerous and rather hectic life of a newsreel man with some stock shots of earthquakes, fires and floods that are plenty dramatic. Bill Gargan plays the part of the newsreel man and Frances Dee is a sob sister. She is engaged to Ralph Bellamy, but he does a fade-out when he realizes she and Bill are in love. Fair little picture, with Gargan giving the best performance. Children may enjoy it.

VOLTAIRE (Warners)

Reviewed last month. Just to call this excellent historical film to your attention again . . . It's Arliss' last for Warners, you know. He is superb as the brilliant 18th century wit and the picture is remarkable for its authenticity. Reginald Owen's performance as King Louis XV is second only to that of Arliss. Allan Mowbray, Doris Kenyon and Margaret Lindsay are in it, too.

THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE (Fox)

A fairly good opus. Don't let the title of this one fool you. It's not nearly as exciting as it sounds. It's a story of a young doctor (Victor Jory) and his friend, David Manners, who are stationed in one of those hot spots in Africa. They're dyed-in-the-wool pals. Vic gives David a helping hand when he needs it, and when Jory is accused of murdering the wicked major, Manners helps him escape. So, when Jory



Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery in that human drama, "Another Language."

meets and falls for Loretta Young, but learns she is betrothed to Manners, he goes noble. A fever breaks out in Manner's post, he dies, and Loretta and Vic take on the job of battling the disease. Children won't go for it particularly.

CAPTURED (Warners)

Reviewed last month. This is superb. It gives you a different slant on the war; there is suspense, excitement and pathos in the story of the two Britishers—Leslie Howard and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—and their German captor, Paul Lukas. There's a girl, of course—Margaret Lindsay—loved by Howard but in love with Fairbanks. Young Doug's performance in this is the best thing he has done. Howard, always convincing, is a bit too restrained.

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO (Maynard-Universal)

So-so. A fair western with Ken Maynard as a government agent who gets into a pack of trouble when he joins up with a gang of thieves in order to get 'em. He does some fancy cross-country dashing that will make the kids cheer. Gloria Shea is the gal and, tho' Ken's performance is okay, his horse "Tarzan" completely steals his thunder.

FOR BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT MOVIES, SEE PAGE 80





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How nice it makes my ROUGH, CHAPPED HANDS *feel!*

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. . . "Let's go to the movies. What's playing? Wonder if its any good?" Well, take a look at the short reviews here and make sure before you waste a perfectly good evening—and that hard-earned cash of yours!

● RECOMMENDED. ● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

● **ADORABLE** (Fox)—Janet Gaynor as a winsome little princess in a delightful story of a mythical kingdom. Henri Garat plays opposite. A new and perfect leading man. Acting excellent. **Very good—take the youngsters.**

● **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **BABY FACE** (Warners)—Barbara Stanwyck as an ambitious gal of the slums who uses men to get where she is going. A bank president gives her a surprise in love. **Very good—but pretty dull for children.**

● ● **THE BARBARIAN** (M-G-M)—The desert, the shiek, warm, romantic love and a cold dignified English lady. Maybe she doesn't weaken! Ramon Navarro is the shiek and Myrna Loy is the girl. **Exciting—not especially interesting for children.**

● **BED OF ROSES** (RKO)—A story of two gals just out of prison. All about virtue, sin and what happens. Connie Bennett is more beautiful than ever. Pert Kelton does a swell Mae West role. **Good—but put the kids to bed that night.**

● ● **BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY** (Columbia)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **BE MINE TONIGHT** (Universal)—Foreign musical comedy (English speaking). Lots of good singing and excellent acting. **Very good if you like music—tots may like parts of it.**

● ● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox)—A very modern twentieth century young man suddenly finds himself living in the eighteenth century. He wished for it and he got it. Leslie Howard is the hero and what a hero. Heather Angel opposite him does a difficult role very well. **One of the best—nothing in it for young folks.**

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—A beer picture full of foam and fun. Frank Morgan and Joe Cawthorne are the battling pères of Buddy Rogers and Marian Nixon. Greta Nissen is the vamp. **Very funny—take the kids.**

THE BIG BRAIN (KBS-Tiffany)—George Stone as a bootblack who uses old and new means to become a big shot in Wall Street. **Fair—the youngsters won't like it.**

BIG EXECUTIVE (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—A powerfully gripping war story with an unusual love triangle. Leslie Howard, the husband, discovers his wife (Margaret Lindsay) loves his pal (Doug Fairbanks, Jr.). **Excellent—children won't be interested.**

● ● **CAVALCADE** (Fox)—Historical drama (if you don't know it already) with Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard. A great picture—its scenes will overwhelm you with their power. **Excellent—take the children.**

● **CHRISTOPHER STRONG** (RKO)—Katharine Hepburn as a young girl flyer who falls in love with a married man. An unusual ending to a courageous fight against love. **Very good—not for youngsters.**

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia)—A scarey, blood-curdling mystery murder in a circus tent full of wild animals. **Good if you like this kind of entertainment—too exciting for children.**

CITY HALL (Wm. Berke)—Political drama. **Quiet but good—okay for kids.**

● ● **CLEAR ALL WIRES** (M-G-M)—The irresistible Lee Tracy as a foreign newspaper correspondent. He stirs up assassinations for news and surprises himself with what happens. **Good—take the kids.**

● ● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—Charlie Murray and George Sidney in another of these comedy series. **Very funny—tots will love it.**

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—Amusing melodrama and lots of funny nonsense on a college campus. Bing Crosby as a crooning college professor furnishes the music. Dick Arlen is a disgraced football star and Jack Oakie the goat of the campus. **Good—kids might like parts of it.**

● **DESTINATION UNKNOWN** (Universal)—Story about the effect a mysterious stranger has on thirteen people aboard a lost rumrunner when he suddenly appears and guides it to safety. **Very good—children will be bored.**

THE DEVEIL'S IN LOVE (Fox)—Reviewed starting on page 6.

● ● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (M-G-M)—An intriguing and sophisticated story about the guests invited to a dinner party. An all star cast including John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and others. **Excellent—but leave the youngsters at home.**

● **DIPLOMANIACS** (RKO)—Wheeler and Woolsey. **Kids will love it.**

DISGRACED (Paramount)—Helen Twelvetrees as a pretty little poor girl who believes rich man, Bruce Cabot, promise to marry her in spite of the fact he is engaged to one of his own kind. **Poor—not for children.**

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)—Story of a lad with the horse-racing mania. He falls in love. When he chooses Saratoga as the honeymoon spot things happen. Lew Ayres with Ginger Rogers as his gal. **Fair—kids will be restless.**

● ● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount) Fredric March, Jack Oakie and Cary Grant in a powerful drama of the horrors of war. **Excellent—take the youngsters.**

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warners)—A funny baseball yarn with Joe E. Brown. **Kids will go for it in a big way.**

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy and Betty Furness in a hospital story. **Good—children will like some of it.**

● **EX-LADY** (Warners)—Daring experiments to achieve the real thing in love. Bette Davis and Gene Raymond. **Good—pretty dull for children, however.**

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO (Maynard-Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

FLYING DEVILS (RKO)—Arline Judge, Ralph Bellamy, Bruce Cabot and Eric Linden as daring flyers in a carnival air circus. **Fair—children might like it.**

● ● **FORTY-SECOND STREET** (Warners)—A swell musical that is getting a long run. Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, George Brent and others are in it. **Excellent—youngsters will enjoy it.**

● **'FRISCO JENNY** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton as a tough gal whose son becomes her unknowing enemy. **Very good but send the kids to a Western.**

FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Jimmy Dunn in a not-so-good crook story. **Nothing in it for kids, either.**

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames in an amusing race track story. **Very good—take the tots.**

GAMBLING SHIP (Paramount)—Cary Grant and Benita Hume in a mild gangster comedy. Jack LaRue, Glenda Farrell and Roscoe Karns are also in it. **Fair—not much in it for the kids.**

● **GIRL IN 419** (Paramount)—Melodramatic yarn centering in a police hospital. Jimmy Dunn is head and Gloria Stuart is the unknown beauty brought in dying. **Good—youngsters might like the excitement.**

● ● **GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Warren William, Guy Kibbee and others put over some excellent music and swell dancing. **Be sure to see it—take the whole family.**

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—Hilarious comedy of an insignificant husband, a wife is enamoured of a brilliant author, the author (Warren William) and his secretary (Joan Blondell). Hugh Herbert is the husband, Genevieve Tobin his wife. **A good dose of laughter for everybody except young children.**

HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **HELL BELOW** (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery and Jimmie Durante in a gripping story of men and submarines. **Excellent—kids will like it, too.**

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—Snappy little comedy all about a musical star (Wynne Gibson) who employs a bodyguard to keep off a couple of unpopular sweeties. Eddie Lowe is the bodyguard and you know Eddie—**Plenty of pep and fun—for the youngsters, too.**

● **HER FIRST MATE** (Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)—A depressing and sordid story of an ex-doughboy down on his luck. Only the fine acting of Dick Barthelmess and Aline MacMahon recommends this picture. **Depressing—not for children.**

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—Hotcha Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in a little drama with lots of lovin' before marriage and after. Plenty of sex, laughs and tears. **Good—send the tots to a Western.**

HUMANITY (Fox)—Ralph Morgan as a country doctor with high ideals. His son (Alexander Kirkland) takes up the same profession for selfish reasons and thereby ruins his father's happiness. **Poor.**

● ● **I COVER THE WATERFRONT** (United Artists)—An exciting, breezy entertainer with Ben Lyon, Claudette Colbert and the late Ernest Torrence. **Very good—but not for the kiddies.**

● **I LOVE THAT MAN** (Paramount)—Snappy, fast talking Eddie Lowe with a racket for every sucker. He gets caught and almost reformed by the lovely Nancy Carroll. **Excellent—not much in it for the youngsters.**

● ● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox) Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Miriam Jordan and Warner Baxter as a very sophisticated foursome. Landi is a dancer with love affairs from Paris to South America and back again. Excellent acting. **Very good—children won't be interested.**

● **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE** (Paramount)—Funny slapstick comedy with lots of smart gags and shapely legs. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Stuart Erwin, Sari Maritza, Edmund Breese, Burns and Allen and others are in it. **Good amusement—don't leave the youngsters home this time.**

● **JENNIE GERHARDT** (Paramount)—A tragic love story with Sylvia Sidney and Donald Cook. **Good but sad—children will be bored.**

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Waynard as a cowboy who turns detective to catch a mysterious murderer. **A good Western—send the kids.**

● ● **LADY OF THE NIGHT** (M-G-M)—Loretta Young gives a superb performance in a swell little drama about a gal who gets all the tough breaks in life until a young attorney teaches her about love. Ricardo Cortez is the gangster. Franchot Tone the attorney. **Very good—the kiddies won't be interested.**

THE LAST TRAIL (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **THE LITTLE GIANT** (Warners)—Grand entertainment with Eddie Robinson as a former beer baron taking up culture. Russell Hopton is his side-kick. Mary Astor and Helen Vinson are the gals. **Swell comedy—take the kids.**

● **MAN OF THE FOREST** (Paramount)—Action, speed and comedy in a fight over water rights. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey, Vince Barnett and a family of mountain lions are in it. **Good Western—tots will like it.**

● **THE MAN WHO DARED** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners)—Story of a gal M.D. (Kay Francis) whose lover (Lyle Talbot) marries another (Thelma Todd) for political reasons. Almost a tragedy—but it has a happy ending after all. **Fair—dull for the youngsters.**

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—A yarn about a lot of tough youngsters in a reform school. James Cagney and Frankie Darro. **Good—plenty of action and excitement for the kids.**

THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **MORNING GLORY** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE NARROW CORNER** (Warners)—A love triangle with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ralph Bellamy, and Patricia Ellis. **Little plot but excellent acting—not for children.**

● ● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—Speed, laughs and gags with Richard Dix in another swaggering role, this time as a cagey ad man. Elizabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon play opposite. **Swell—not very interesting for children.**

● **THE NUISANCE** (M-G-M)—Lee Tracy makes an amusing little drama as an ambulance chasing lawyer. Frank Morgan, Madge Evans and Charles Butterworth are also in it. **Good—for kids, too.**

● **OUT ALL NIGHT** (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville as a newly married pair who just try to take a honeymoon at Niagara Falls. **Very funny—okay for kids.**

● ● **PEG O' MY HEART** (M-G-M)—That old and beloved story with Marion Davies who is a delightful little Peg. Onslow Stevens and Juliette Compton are in it. The dog, Mike, is perfect. **Excellent—take the tots.**

● ● **PICTURE SNATCHER** (Warners)—Exciting and funny picture with James Cagney as an ex-jail bird who steals pictures for a scandal sheet. **Amusing comedy—youngsters might like parts of it.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Drama of a mother who regrets sending her boy (Norman Foster) to war to separate him from the girl (Marian Nixon) he loves. **Good if you want to weep.**

● ● **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Fox)—A daring drama of the life history of a much hated and feared railroad man. The sequence of the story is unusual. Spencer Tracy does a superb piece of acting. Colleen Moore and Ralph Morgan support him. **Excellent—children won't go for it.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—William Powell in a crook story. He turns detective and saves the girl he loves. **Very good acting, but plot is vague—not much in it for young people.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—A radio star is publicized as America's "Purity Girl." Ginger Rogers is the gal. Norman Foster is the Kentucky hick who believes it all. Zasu Pitts, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins are swell. **Good comedy—take the tots.**

RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **THE REBEL** (Universal) A not very exciting story of the Napoleonic invasion of the Tyrol in 1809. Picture is breath-taking for its glorious mountain scenery. Also, it brings back the lovely Vilma Banky. **Unusual scenery recommends this picture for everybody.**

● ● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—Sophisticated comedy. John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard are superb. **See it but don't take the youngsters.**

ROME EXPRESS (Universal) Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston making romance on a continental train. **Excellent melodrama—kids will go for it.**

● ● **SECRETS** (United Artists)—A beautiful love story of the old frontier days. Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard. **Excellent—okay for kids.**

● ● **SHE DONE HIM WRONG** (Paramount) Mae West in a sizzling hot yarn of the gay old days. **The best—but send the young folks to bed.**

THE SILK EXPRESS (Warners)—Murder and mystery on account of a load of silk. Neil Hamilton and Shelia Terry. **Fair—nothing in it for kids.**

● ● **THE SILVER CORD** (RKO)—Irene Dunne as a courageous young wife who denounces a selfish mother's love for her sons. Superb acting. Laura Hope Crews is the mother. **Very good—youngsters will be bored.**

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—The glamorous Dietrich in an immortal story of beautiful passion that will go down the ages as something more than a memory. **Good—decidedly not for young folks.**

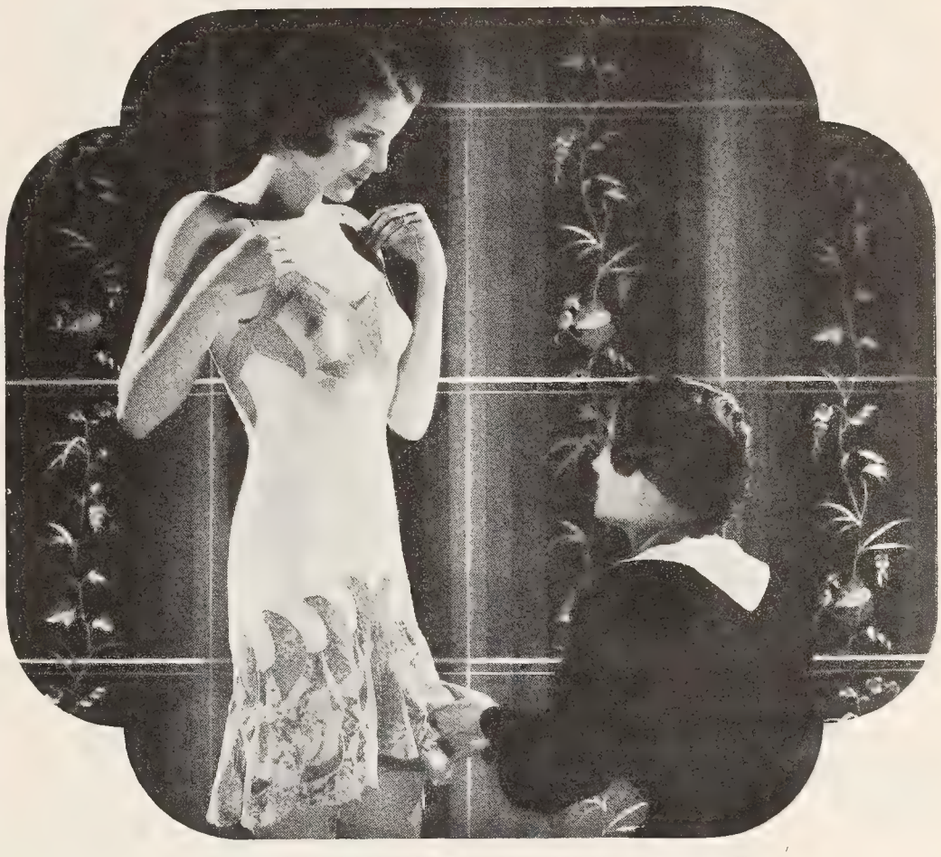
THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount)—A not so very funny beer story. The cast including Richard Arlen is excellent. **Fair—kids won't stay till the end.**

THE SPHINX (Monogram)—Lionel Atwill as a phoney, deaf and dumb philanthropist whose hobby is murder. **Good if you like mystery—children won't care for it.**

● **STORM AT DAYBREAK** (M-G-M)—A fast moving, vigorous drama centering around the time of the world war. Walter Huston, Kay Francis and Nils Asther in a convincing love triangle. **Very good—young folks won't enjoy it.**

(Continued on page 93)

Silhouette Expert at BONWIT TELLER *says* "*Use* IVORY FLAKES"



***H**ere we are in the Corset Shop of Bonwit Teller, New York, with the department head. She says, "Ivory Flakes is the soap we advise." Yes, it keeps silk and elastic strong because Ivory's purity won't dry out even a baby's skin!*

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And the head of Bonwit Teller's famous Corset Shop says, "Whether a customer buys a foundation that costs $5.95 or $225, we say, 'Wash it *often* with Ivory Flakes. We have found that a stronger soap is actually almost as ruinous to elastic and silk as perspiration itself.'"

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Try Bonwit Teller's tested method: *Lukewarm* water—very important. Ivory Flakes, *most important*, because they are made from pure Ivory Soap. See how quickly these *curly* flakes go into rich Ivory suds (no flat flakes to stick to the fabric and cause soap spots!). Squeeze Ivory suds through garment. Use *soft* brush on soiled edges. Rinse in several lukewarm waters. Squeeze. Wrap in Turkish towel. Squeeze again. Hang away from heat (not on radiator, please!). Before garment dries completely, limber it with hands.

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Kissproof *Indelible* **LIPSTICK**

Let's Talk About Hollywood

Clark Gable convalescing . . . About Will Rogers' darter . . . and other news

ALTHOUGH Chaplin is busy working in his next picture, he and Paulette Goddard (who, incidentally, is his leading lady) managed to find plenty of time to go cruising on Charlie's 55-foot yacht, the *Panacea.* They have perfectly grand times together. Charlie does some of his famous pantomime for the entertainment of Paulette, whose laughter can be heard all the way down the boardwalk. In his more serious moments, Charlie plays his accordion and how that man can play! Another time, we saw them out on the deck posing for funny pictures. Charlie's skipper, Captain Johnson, was the photographer.

● Well, well, Gloria Swanson has at last put her signature on a contract. 'Tis with an independent production, too, and is for two pictures a year for a period of two years. Rather a coincidence that she will make them on the old Pathe lot, the spot where she rose to the very peak of her dazzling career.

● Pretty June Knight certainly got a coupla bad breaks lately. A heavy romance was reported to be going on between her and Max Baer, the prize-fighter, with a wedding scheduled to take place as soon as Baer's divorce became final. Then, also, she was up for the feminine lead with Baer in M-G-M's picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

However, now that Baer's wife has decided to stick by her hubby, there will be no wedding bells for June and Max—and that cherished fem lead goes to Lupe Velez.

● Clark Gable is still a very sick man. He returned from Oregon, where he had been receiving treatments at a Hot Springs Sanitarium, only to be rushed to a hospital for a tonsil operation. He was in such a weakened condition, and his resistance at such low ebb, that the doctors had to put him through a series of treatments in order to build him up so that he could stand the operation, which most people think of as a rather minor affair. The operation was a success and right now things look a bit brighter for Clark than they have for a long time.

PROUD PAPA!

● Will Rogers is right proud of his 18-year-old offspring, Mary. Fresh from a finishing-school in New York, this young lady walked into the casting office at Fox Studio and applied for work as an actress under the name of Mary Howard. And it wasn't until she had passed her screen test, and was given a part in "My Weakness" (Lilian Harvey's picture) that the news leaked out that she was Will's daughter. Both Will and Mary were terribly mad when this news popped. You see, Mary wants to make good on her ability, not her name.

● Eddie Buzzell, director over at Universal, has quite a unique way of directing a comedy. He stops every now and then and bursts into a song, a dance and a joke or two. He claims this keeps his cast in good humor.

● Although Dick Powell's recent personal appearance tour was rated as a howling success, to Dick it was somewhat of a flop. During his last week, he caught a nasty cold, but because the manager begged him to finish out the week (his house was packed for the first time), Dick continued to sing "I'm Young and Healthy" with a temperature of 103. After the last performance, he was rushed to the hospital with a serious case of pneumonia.

The irony of the matter is that Dick has spent every dime he made on the tour for medical care. Now isn't that a tough break?

● If there is a good Bostonian flavor to the speech of Eric Linden and Frances Dee in the forthcoming "Little Women," credit John Davis Lodge, scion of the famous New England family of Lodges. On the job as an actor in "Little Women" (he plays the role of tutor) his broad a's and meticulous use of English "as it is spoke" in good old New England circles, quite took the fancy of the director. He put young Lodge, much to that gentleman's surprise, to work to tutor Frances and Eric in their speech. And so the a, e, i, o, u's have been resounding through Stage two, RKO lot, ever since.

Incidentally, Lily, three-year-old daughter of John Davis Lodge, is following in her father's, not her grandfather's, footsteps. She's an "actress" in the picture with her father.

PLEASE NOTE

In connection with the article "Hunted Men of Hollywood," in the July issue of Modern Screen, relating to Duncan Renaldo, we are in receipt of a letter addressed to our editor in which the wife of Renaldo claims that she did live with her husband for some time preceding his trip to Africa and claims also that she did not try to win sympathy because of her child.

We gladly call the foregoing to the attention of our readers.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 13*)

ASPARAGUS AND CRAB FLAKE SALAD

1½ cups chopped asparagus tips
1 cup flaked crabmeat
¾ cup shredded lettuce
¼ cup chopped stuffed olives.
French dressing.
mayonnaise
lettuce

Combine asparagus tips and crabmeat, moisten with French dressing and place in refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Just before serving, add the chopped olives and shredded lettuce. Mix well and pile in nests of lettuce leaves. Garnish with mayonnaise.

BAKED SPANISH LOBSTER

3 tablespoons butter
½ cup bread crumbs
½ cup ground nut meats (preferably pecans)
4 scallions (or 2 small onions) minced fine
2 hard cooked egg yolks
2 sprigs parsley, minced
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon thyme
½ cup cooked mushrooms (fresh or canned)
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 cups lobster meat (fresh or canned)

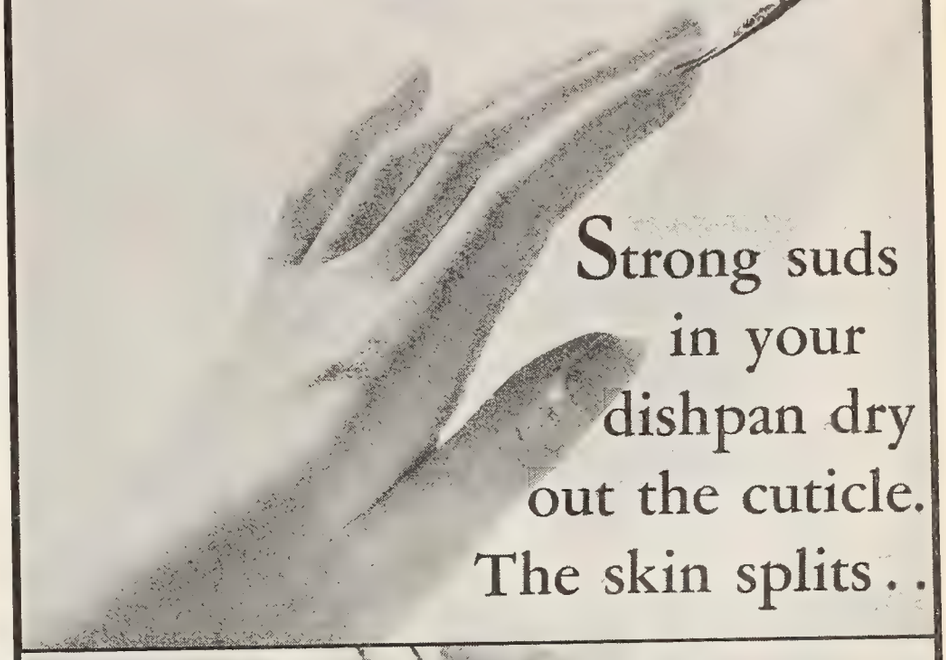
Melt butter, add crumbs and fry to a golden brown. Mix together the nut meats, scallions, egg yolks, parsley, salt, pepper, thyme and mushrooms, add to fried crumbs. Mix well and cook over low flame for 5 minutes. Spread this mixture on the bottom of a greased, heat proof, casserole and cover with pieces of lobster, canned or freshly boiled. Sprinkle with the lemon juice and cover with the following sauce:

4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup scalded milk
¼ teaspoon salt
a few grains pepper
2 tablespoons cooking sherry

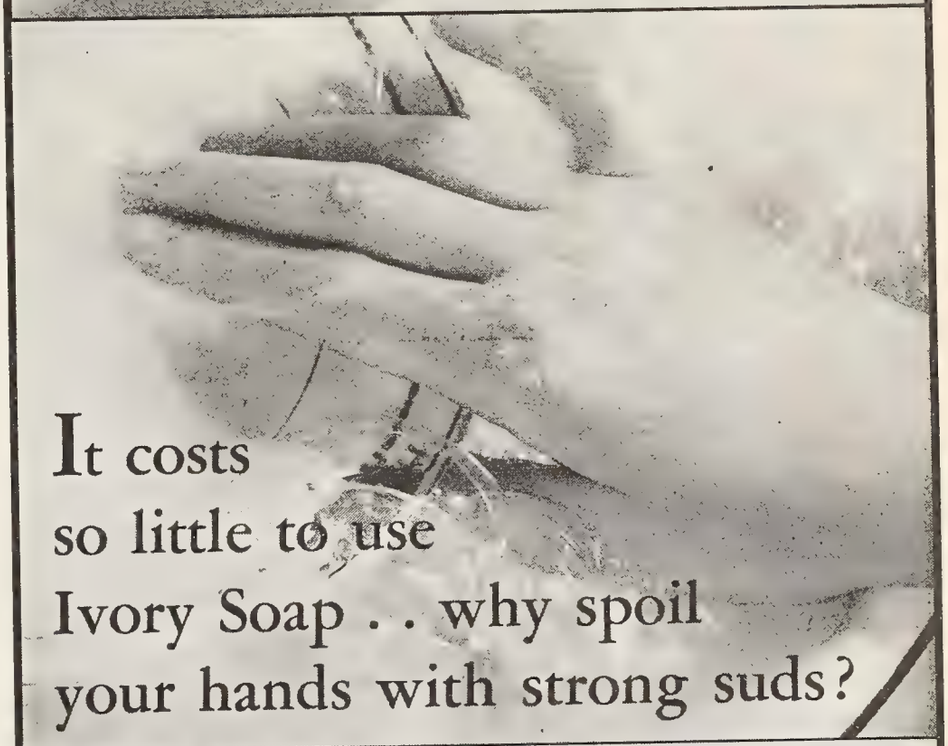
Melt the butter, add the flour, blend well. Add the milk slowly. Cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly; then add salt, pepper and cooking sherry. Pour this sauce over the lobster in the casserole, sprinkle thickly with buttered crumbs and bake in hot oven (45°) for 15 minutes or until the crumbs are nicely brown.

The Modern Hostess' grand recipes come to you every month in MODERN SCREEN. They cost you nothing—except an envelope and a stamp

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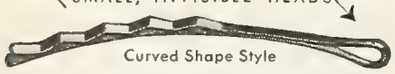


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BETWEEN YOU and ME

Mr. Reader and Mrs. Reader! And Mrs. Reader's sons and daughters, too! Here's where you tell MODERN SCREEN your pet and particular views on the talkies

Dear Friends:

Many of you liked my "write-me-a-post-card" idea. In fact, some of you wrote me a letter to tell me so! Now I have another labor-saving device, my patent letter-writer. You just fill in the blanks. Why don't you try it?

My favorite actress is.....because

My favorite actor is.....because

The best picture I have seen in the last month is.....

I want a story in MODERN SCREEN about.....

My favorite photograph in this issue is.....

Among the lesser players, the one most fitted for stardom is.....

.....

My favorite story in this issue is.....

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Then just put your name and address here.....

.....and mail it to me today.

This page is reserved for you and I hope you'll use it.

The Editor

Please address all letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Myrna Has Made Good

R. H. McILWAINE of Lakeland, Fla., has something to say about Miss Loy:

I consider myself an average moviegoer, though perhaps not a fan in the accepted sense of the word. That is, I do not follow "guides to films," nor worship at the shrine of any film divinity in particular. Indeed, I accept unquestioningly what is shown at the neighborhood theatre Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Yet, the pourquoi of this note is to give that little girl, Myrna Loy, a great big hand! I have viewed this actress more or less consistently through the years; in fact, from the days when she wore her hair in befrizzled Zulu fashion, exaggerated the slant of her eyes (doubtless with a nod to the Chinese), bared her prominent teeth, and draped her form in a yard or two of silk.

Never could I have imagined that, from such lurid beginnings, Myrna Loy could have evolved into the competent, poised and versatile actress she is today. Much credit is due her for getting on in spite of, and not because of, her early rôles in the then-silent pictures.

(*Myrna is playing in "Night Flight" now.*)

A Little Checking Up. And a Lot of Erudition!

A. C. HINTON of Victoria, B. C., writes indignantly:

It is an astonishing thing that, with the talent available, picture producers are unable to produce a really technically perfect picture. For instance, in "Cavalcade," there are several silly mistakes. Namely, an English boy wearing an American sailor's uniform. An American tune "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," is played, instead of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Toys played with by children in 1900, manufactured in 1933. Badges of rank of Robert were two stars which, in 1900, meant the rank of captain. One star is for lieutenant.

In some phases, the psychology of the picture was bad, too. I maintain that no man, who had been the butler, the debtor and friend of another, would treat that man's wife with disrespect, as was done by Alf when Diana Wynyard was insulted in the Public House.

In "The Barbarian": What about the Shepherd's hotel boasting a revolving door? And don't producers

know that waiters at Cairo and Mena dress in Gyppo style? In Egypt a Colonel is called by his Egyptian rank, which is not "Colonel," and he should not be wearing medals! British officers also wear the sword frog on their Sam Brown belts.

A Plea for Animal Actors

R. VIVIAN of Berkeley, Calif., I wish to voice a protest against the deliberate and planned fights between animals which are becoming so common in this season's pictures. During the past two weeks, I have seen three films in which animals have been set to tear one another to pieces.

When scenes of this type first appeared, they were said to be authentic; real fights which expedition cameras were accidentally on the spot to photograph. Perhaps that was true.

We all know that there will be conflicts in nature no matter what we do, but there is no excuse for producers cold-bloodedly arranging fights for these dumb beasts, just to try to reproduce so-called thrills.

It is beyond understanding how people, who recoil from the abuse of animals in their daily surroundings, who willingly sign petitions to prohibit bull fights and the more inhuman features of rodeos, can enjoy such cruel exhibitions on the screen.

I'm for bigger and better animal pictures just as long as the public wants to see them, but let's hold out for a square deal for the beasts that "act" in them.

(There's a point in justification of the producers, however. When such fights are "arranged," trained animals are used and the fights are not actually bloody, as the scene pretends, any more than fights between human actors are.)

Praise for the Boys

FRANCES HELMER of Forest Hills, Long Island, writes:

In writing my first letter to a screen magazine, I think I voice the opinion of a group from whom you do not hear often—those guided in their movie-going by your reviews. So, when a criticism seems prejudiced—well, it is just too bad.

To be specific: The notices on "Forty-Second Street" gave well-deserved recognition to the girls' work, but, charming as they were, wasn't the acting of the more mature male players worthy of more praise? Again and again we read glowing accounts of the picture's beauty, its settings, the dances—and the phase that was spectacular—but what of the comedy of George Stone and his knowledge of pantomime? And how about the sincerity and vigor of Warner Baxter's playing? Most reviews dismissed him with half a line!

Perhaps the younger group of fans attend movies because of the continued ballyhoo about shapely damsels constantly posing in provocative bathing costumes, but there are still some of us who prefer acting.

(Continued on page 93)



JANE GETS "LURE" WITH MOVIE EYES





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You can have exactly the same *"eye-appeal"* movie and stage stars do...instantly ...by darkening the brows and lashes with the wonderful make-up discovery they use. With DELICA-BROW! Let DELICA-BROW make *your* eyes literally wells of *allure tonight*—bigger, brighter... *irresistible.* DELICA-BROW is waterproof, too. Remember the name. Get it at any toilet goods counter, or at the 10¢ stores.



Miss BLONDE

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OF COURSE you do! Then don't let dull, faded blonde hair spoil your chances. Use Blondex, the special blonde hair shampoo, that safely brings back all natural gleaming beauty. Prevents darkening, too. Contains no dyes —no injurious chemicals. Gives new life to scalp. A million delighted users. Now Blondex comes in the new, inexpensive 25¢ size. At all good drug and department stores.

Pity the Poor Stand-In Girl!

(Continued from page 26)

angles perfectly, because you have to take them. You learn not to be afraid of the camera. You learn about voice. You learn to read lines and you learn all about make-up and proper lighting. You learn from the stars themselves, watching them as you have to, every minute.

"Miss Dietrich is inclined to be moody when she works. Temperamental, you writers would call it. She is friendly and sweet one day and the next, she doesn't offer to shake hands with me. That's one reason, I think, why standing-in is *not* good work for a girl. It gives you an inferiority complex. I've learned to submerge myself completely where Miss Dietrich is concerned. I never speak to her unless she speaks first. I've made it a policy not to be forward, ever—which is a paradox, as I've observed you have to be forward if you hope to get along.

I ONCE stood in for Mae West. On 'She Done Him Wrong.' She's the grandest sport in the world. She's always singing funny songs between scenes, and kidding with the cast. And when she works she works with a concentrated fury that is like a driving inspiration. She is the most human and considerate star I've ever watched. Several times, when I was about to stand-in for her on that picture, she'd come over and say, 'They're nearly ready for me. You sit down awhile; I'll do it.' And that, in spite of the fact that she was wearing those tiring built-up shoes and tight corsets.

"It's nervous work, too, of course. Not only the exhausting part of standing in for long stretches of time, but the feeling, all the while, that it is all for nothing, getting you nowhere. Then there is nothing to do with our spare time. Unlike Miss Dietrich, I have no lines to learn. No one comes to interview me. I haven't any dressing-room or place to rest or lie down when I'm tired. I can't have visitors on the set as the star can if she wants to.

"We are not even the equivalents, we stand-in girls, of the understudy on the stage. An understudy, if the star is ill, gets a chance to go on and do the show. If the star of a picture is ill, they get another star, that's all. Actually, being a stand-in is complete frustration. Because there is no frustration *more* complete than to work for no result.

"Someone once said, 'You do the dirty work.' We do, but that's not what bothers me. It is that the dirty work is not a means to an end, but the end itself. There are lots of instances, all the time. For one, we took a rain scene for 'The Song of Songs.' I had a cold that day. So did Miss Dietrich. And I stood in under that deluge of studio rain for one hour so that, with the positions all set, everything ready to shoot, Miss Dietrich stood under for three minutes.

"Well, I am doing it because I hope that some day my break may come and when it does I will know what it's all about. Being the shadow of a star may help me to stardom."

JANET GAYNOR'S little stand-in is Mary Jane Irving. Mary Jane was once a child star. She played in such pictures as "Almost A Husband" and "Water, Water Everywhere" with Will Rogers. She played in pictures with Bill Hart and Bessie Barriscale, back in the days when those grand troupers were grand stars. She has been on the screen since she was two years old and she says she'd rather stand in at the back door of pictures than the front door of any other profession in the world.

She is so much like Janet in real life that, viewed at a distance, one day on the set Janet's mother came up to her and began talking to her about some personal matter. She'd taken Mary for her own daughter.

Said Mary, "It doesn't mean a thing, this job of standing in. It doesn't get you anywhere except the chance to be around. The most awful part of it is that anyone could do it. It doesn't take talent. It doesn't take individuality. It takes the mere accident of being born something the same type as the star you stand in for. And that often hurts more than it helps. It is so ironical. I remember one day on the set when Janet and I were on together for a moment, reflected in mirrors in that bedroom set of 'Adorable.' Our reflections seemed to blend together, to merge so that you couldn't tell which was Jane and which was me. It was the wierdest experience. I felt dizzy and I found myself hoping that when our reflections were disentangled, she would be me and I would be her. Confusing, but you get what I mean, don't you?

"One time, on the same picture, I had to rehearse a scene with Henri Garat and other members of the cast *fifteen* times. It just didn't seem that I could step off that set without really doing it for the camera. But I did. And Janet stepped on and did it in five minutes and one take.

"I'm not envious of the things Janet has, though. Of course, there are times when I'm tired, when we've worked late and things look dark to me; times when I seem to sag under the burdens that are mine, the partial support of my sisters and brothers, the strain of it all. Times when the sight of Janet driving away in a car to a world without such worries as these seems cruel. But the only thing I *really* envy her is the chance to *do* the thing I'd love so much to do myself. It's her work I envy her. I sometimes stand in the background and imitate her songs and

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

Marion Davies, because of her sense of humor, her tremendous generosity, much of which has never been made public, for her great strides in her profession in the last few years; for her popularity—she is by far the most universally popular person in Hollywood today and has been for a long time—for her charm and intelligence and appeal. I remember seeing her at Palm Beach years ago. She was not yet on the screen—was in, I think, the "Follies." She was at that time merely a very pretty girl, like other pretty girls, with no particular indication that she was to develop into the beloved and brilliant and merciful personality she is today. Yet she has done so.

I have never heard anyone say an unkind word about Marion Davies and, therefore, I very much doubt if she says an unkind word about anyone. She has financed more people in trouble and illness than I can count. Her charities are not merely of the cold check-book kind. Anyone with means can write a check and let it go at that. She gives something of herself, always her personal interest, her personal warmth. She is a very fine person, Marion Davies, with her delectable beauty, her gamin wit, her naturalness and her great, comprehending heart.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

Kay Francis, for her intelligence, as well as for her beauty. This is not a press agent affair, this intelligence. It is the real thing and the manifestation of an alert, open mind and a keenness of thought which goes straight to essentials. Kay Francis is a fine actress, but she would have been a success in almost any other profession she might have cared to adopt; an excellent business woman, for instance. She is one of the few women on the screen to whom directors listen, from whom they are willing to take suggestion and advice. She might, therefore, have been a super-director herself. Perhaps some day she will be. She has the keenest eye for bunkum I have seen in a screen star, and she can even perceive the fine line between sentiment and sentimentality.

It is very easy to praise her beauty and her clothes sense, her performance and her carriage—and everyone does. But she goes into my legion, not because of these things, treasurable and important as they are, but because of her mentality.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

ZaSu Pitts; because of her fight against odds; a fight she hasn't won and probably won't win, because the public who adore her as an unusual and excellent comic can't see her as a great tragic actress although Von Stroheim himself selected her for that dramatic role in "Greed."

It must be salt in an open wound to know that you can do the big and inspiring things and yet be condemned to roles which make people laugh. Have



Ruth and Beulah Green, age 27, living at 15 West 81st Street, New York

Twin Test reveals Pebeco superior to other Leading Tooth Pastes!

"We'd like to measure Pebeco's efficiency scientifically against 5 other leading tooth pastes," we said. "How about testing them on twins?"

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(*Signed*) David B. Freundlich, D.D.S.

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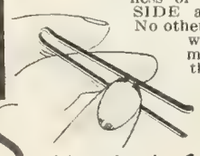


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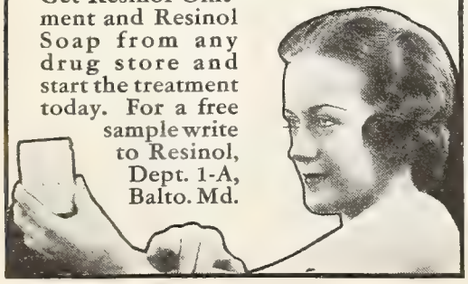
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you ever noticed the real beauty of her strange little face and of those long hands, which, in her comedy parts, she makes so expressive of fluttering helplessness? She is, I imagine a repressed woman, inhibited, even neurotic. Why wouldn't she be? She would have ample release from all inhibitory qualities were she permitted the roles she could and would play magnificently. But she isn't. The public is accustomed to see her falling down stairs and chasing seals and flitting through uproarious honeymoons with Slim Summerville. The public, argue the producers, might, therefore, laugh at the wrong time were they to see her in a serious situation, and ruin a picture. Audiences associate ZaSu Pitts with comedy, not tragedy and that, I think must be *her* tragedy.

It is well-known that she played the part of the mother in "Journey's End" and that she gave a wonderful performance. But the part was taken away from her and the scenes replayed by, I think, Beryl Mercer, in the finished production, because I suppose the producers again felt that an audience which thought of ZaSu as comic would continue to do so. I hope audiences, in the main, are more intelligent than that. I hope that some day they may be educated to the art which Miss Pitts is not allowed to display.

ZaSu Pitts is a sacrifice to shortsightedness. Meantime, she goes on playing her really funny parts, and preserving some sense of balance and taking care of her children, her own and those she has adopted. I hope someday that she will find her real star in the ascendant. But for her courage and her patience, ZaSu Pitts, a changeling if ever there was one, deserves a place in my legion of honor.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

Ernest Torrence; because his death leaves an irreplaceable gap in the hearts of so many people and because it leaves too a place on the screen which cannot easily be filled; because, apart from his gifts as a great actor, he was a fine musician and composer. Ernest Torrence had a fine singing voice, he played the piano magnificently, he composed lovely songs, both words and music. I knew him many years ago and used to sit and listen to him play, his great height hunched up over the keyboard, stooped over the keys, the big hands making exquisite melody. And because too, he was happily married for thirty years, a beloved husband and father, and a man whose private life was beautifully beyond reproach.

Not long ago I saw the old silent "The Covered Wagon" once more. It still has drama, it still grips you; and mostly because of Ernest Torrence's unforgettable performance. His life was that, too, an unforgettable performance, which was not acting. Hail and farewell. People forget quickly, that is the way life goes, but none of us who knew him will forget Ernest Torrence, he towered spiritually above most men as he towered over them physically.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

Barbara Stanwyck; because of her loyalties and her fearlessness, because of her impulsive gestures in the name of those loyalties, because of her sacrificial glowing youth and, above all, because of her recent cry, "Let us alone; let us be happy." She is not the first person to learn that it is hard to be happy in a profession and a community which takes happiness as a mortal affront and in an age where the gossip columnist is king. But she has character and stamina. She makes mistakes, but she keeps on, trying to be happy, trying to prove it to us. All honor to her, Barbara Stanwyck. She's had a pretty tough time.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

John Boles, because of his off-screen personality, vibrant and vital, amused at life and wholly friendly; because of his courtesy; because of the pleasant ways of his private life and because of his refusal to admit there could be a failure for him. For the day came when it looked as if there might be. After all, his first screen success was based upon his glorious singing voice and he wandered, singing through the various technicolored, much be-uniformed parts assigned to him, and created a furor. But technicolor perished, for the time being, and also, for quite a long stretch, the musical offerings of the screen were few and far between.

But there was a period during which John Boles could not rely upon his voice, but solely upon his acting. He did so; and was successful. Do you remember him in "Seed?" He proved that ability to look handsome and sing a love song was not his sole ability. And through the chances and changes of screen fortunes, he has kept his head and gone his way serenely.

There we have them, ten of them. And somehow, I dare not stop without offering a couple of honorary memberships; one to Mickey Mouse for his eternal hold upon the heart of the populace and his versatility, and one to Baby LeRoy, picture-stealer de luxe, whose little head has not yet been turned by Hollywood and whose mother has just bought him a ranch. Ride 'em, Cowboy LeRoy, and please accept your nomination because certainly every Legion of Honor needs a baby.

HAVE YOU A PHOTOGRAPHIC FACE?

All the inside dope on how to judge your face for its screen possibilities. This information comes from one of Hollywood's greatest cameramen. Watch for it—soon!

Charm Gossip

(*Continued from page 73*)

zipping and out pops your favorite brand. And nary a contact has it with the inside of your purse.

● And while we're on the subject of purses, have you seen those wooden ones which are a million times more marvelous than they sound? They blew in on a fall breeze and it seems as if they're here to stay. Mimi Jordan and Janet Gaynor are among the cinemalites who rushed right out and bought one. These bags are of thin birch bark with big brown wooden clasps and they're lined in brown and white gingham. Terribly smart and *washable*.

● This may be a romantic age, but it certainly has a pleasingly practical side. The bags are not only washable but the dance sandals now come in unscuffable versions. Something I've been looking forward to for years. They're of tooled leather in various shades to match the dresses.

● Having trouble with your nail polish chipping too easily? Or does your dark polish refuse to go on smoothly? Irene Dunne has a remedy. She applies a colorless polish first. That seems to make the bright polish have a much more finished look and gives added lustre to the nail.

A new Chinese red shade is very much in vogue when you're wearing white. If you're going in for cypress greens and wine reds in your costumes, then by all means try that new opalescent nail polish and use platinum color for the very tips. These days you have to be careful or the wrong nail polish can ruin your romance.

● That sartorial genius, Adrian, is doing surprising things this season. First of all, he appears to shun every bright color. All the shades he is using have that dusty, powdered look. Even the sheer velvets in turquoise and aquamarine of which he is so fond.

His belts are all wide and stiff. Crushed girdles are passé for the moment.

And he's making the most astonishing use of padded cording nearly the size of your thumb. On Maureen O'Sullivan's new white satin pajamas, for instance, which he just designed for her, the trousers are tailored and the blouse has a Russian tunic effect. That padded cording provides the main feature. It extends over the shoulders, giving them that very wide air. You see it again around the bottom of the blouse. The sleeves are formed of fringe, which falls below the cording, and the fringe is repeated at the ends of the belt.

Adrian gives warning about the black and white velvet hats which are the mode of the moment. To look well, they must be kept thoroughly brushed.

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CHARLES ATLAS (*actual photo*)

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No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Where do you want powerful muscles? Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? *Give me just 7 days!* I'll PROVE that *Dynamic-Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or weights and pulleys—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book. Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 87-10, 133 East 23rd St., New York City.

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"I'm Glad I Married Before—"

(*Continued from page 47*)

experience and the greatest friendship of my life.

"Don't get me wrong . . . I'm not trying to say that I can make a go of marriage in Hollywood, where a lot of the other fellows can't, because I'm smarter or wiser or less susceptible.

"You see, I was fortunate. Marriage happened to me two or three years before Hollywood did and by that I don't mean that someone legally ordained to the job said a few words over us and therefore we became 'married.' Real marriage doesn't happen that fast. The day Louise and I 'stood up,' we were just two half-scared and also half-starved young stock actors who had felt mutual attraction, part mental, but a greater part sex.

"Marriage came to us over a period of years during which we shared each other's life. Those years weren't any too fat, either. When I married Louise, I thought she was a pretty girl and about the best actress I had ever seen. But I didn't know then that she was the kind who could laugh on an empty stomach . . . who could kid away the tough sledding and never care that she wore the same dress day in and day out months at a time.

IT was not until six months after the birth of our son, the night my wife and I clung together in tragedy because we knew our little boy was deaf, that the real and great meaning of marriage was borne home to both of us! From that moment on we were bound to one another in a *friendship* that passed understanding, in an experience that bound us more closely than original vows had done, and which could not be undone if ten judges should pronounce the word 'divorce' between us.

"In time that overwhelming sense of disaster passed and as Johnny grew into a regular little he-guy, normal and happy, we grew, too. Learning together to cast pity out of our hearts and supplant it with an absolutely normal attitude toward the child, only served to strengthen the bond of marriage between us which was now the bond of the finest friendship of my life.

"Good times and good breaks as well as struggles are a part of marriage . . . and ours came with the offer of a swell contract to come to Hollywood and make movies. Lord, you don't know what a great break that seemed to us!"

"WELL it only stood to reason that if I was going to make movies in Hollywood and become a Hollywood actor, that pretty soon we were going to start hearing rumors about *me!* Because practically no one in Hollywood knew a darn thing about me and absolutely nothing about my wife, I was actually rumored 'smitten' with one or two, or maybe it was three of the pretty girls who played opposite me on the screen.

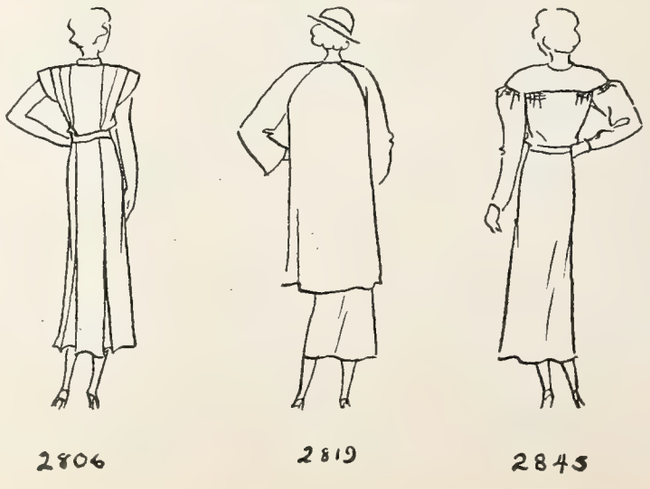
"I'd be a downright liar if I tried to make you think that I hadn't ever been attracted to one or two of the glamorous women I have met in Hollywood. Of course I have! What man in the world wouldn't be?

"But I have never met one of them that I feel I could make a go of marriage with, providing I were a bachelor . . . *and* providing any one of them would want me, which I seriously doubt. It's not that the women in Hollywood aren't as regular and as fine as any you would meet anywhere in the world, but my point is this:

"By the time they get around to the idea of marriage, they have taken most of the tough and rough spots by themselves and there's nothing left but luxury, easy living and two distinct *selves* to bring to marriage . . . the woman and the Fame!

"Maybe I'm silly and old-fashioned, but I think it takes a lot of shared background to make a happy marriage and *not* all that youth and beauty and money you spoke of in the beginning.

"Sure, I've heard 'rumors' that Mrs. Tracy and I might separate. They make me laugh. They're too silly to even deny. I don't think anyone could ever say enough words between us to dissolve the amount of marriage we've experienced—long before Hollywood and her standards happened to us".



Here are the back views of the patterns shown on page 72. As you can see, Dorothy Jordan's dress (2845) may be made with long sleeves.

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 81*)

● **THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE** (Paramount) A southern girl seeks romance and gets mixed up with gangsters. Tragedy, love, and unexpected happiness. **Very good—but leave the children at home.**

● **THE STRANGER'S RETURN** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—A good Western with action and excitement. **Good—kids will be thrilled.**

● **SWEEPINGS** (RKO)—A self-made man who hasn't instilled his own high ideals into his children. Lionel Barrymore. **Excellent acting, but picture moves slowly—children will be bored.**

● ● **THIS DAY AND AGE** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **THREE - CORNERED MOON** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **TODAY WE LIVE** (M-G-M)—An emotional drama of an English girl's love for two men during the World War. Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. **Very good—children might like parts of it.**

● **TOMORROW AT SEVEN** (RKO)—Chester Morris in a creepy murder mystery thriller. Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh as hick cops are simply screams. **Good—kids will go for it.**

● ● **TRICK FOR TRICK** (Fox)—Murder and mystery and two magicians. **Excellent—take the youngsters if they are allowed to see this kind of picture.**

● **TUGBOAT ANNIE** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **VOLTAIRE** (Warners)—George Arliss in a delightful portrayal of that famous writer and wit of the eighteenth century. **Very entertaining and enjoyable comedy for the whole family.**

● ● **THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND** (Fox)—Comic story of a mythical country where the gals are heroes and the men are nursemaids. And then those Greek warriors come along. **Excellent—kids will like it, too.**

● ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—A gem of a triangle about two women and a man. Robert Montgomery is the man. Ann Harding and Myrna Loy the rivals for him. Alice Brady furnishes some swell comedy. **Very good—tots might be bored.**

● **WHEN STRANGERS MARRY** (Columbia)—All about a young engineer who takes a spoiled society deb to the African jungle. **Good—several thrills for the young folks in the last few reels.**

● ● **THE WORKING MAN** (Warners)—A George Arliss but not up to his usual type of picture. **Good but children will get restless.**

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 85*)

Short Paragraphs and Requests

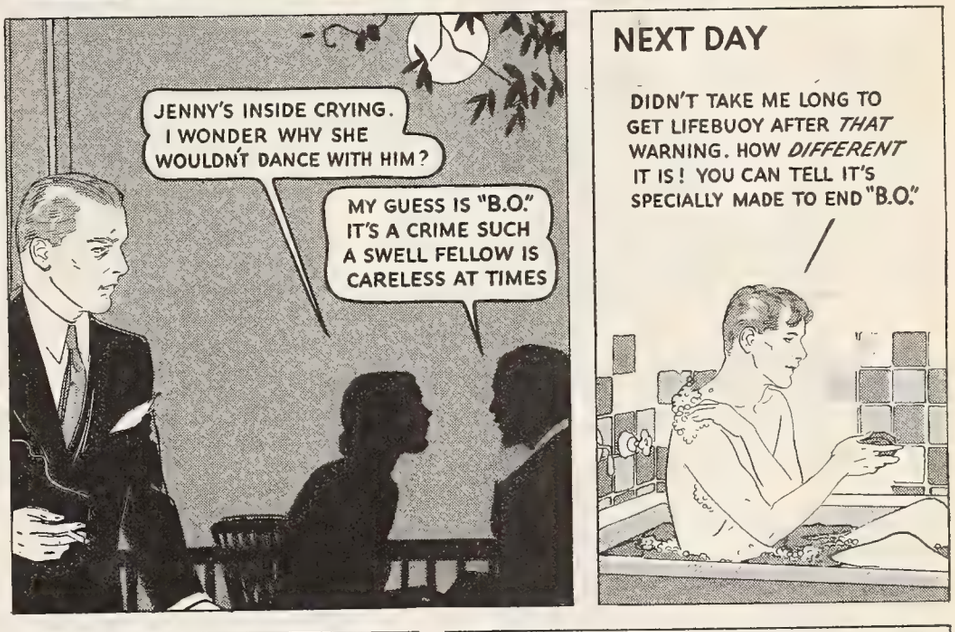
RUTH NOLZE of Delaware, Ohio, says: "While this teaming business is going on in the movies, why not let us see Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres together again? They were ideal in "State Fair," Lew seeming more romantic with Janet than the elder, brotherly-appearing Charles Farrell."

DORALENE WINTERS of Cleveland, Ohio, thinks Helen Hayes is wellnigh perfect. "I have seen all of her pictures," she writes, "and they're wonderful, 'The White Sister' stops them. Perhaps it is because Clark Gable was the male lead. The unhappy ending also added to the film's beauty." (*Helen is in "Night Flight" and "Another Language," Doralene.*)

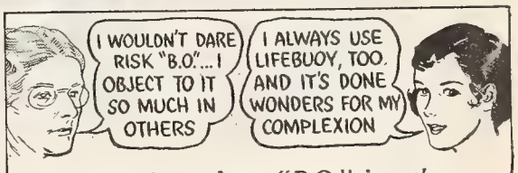
CLARA USELMAN of Elkhart, Ind., says, "This divorce episode that has hit Hollywood isn't making a hit with the fans. Many are keenly disappointed in their favorites and the stars' statements that 'we are going to be legally parted, but are still friends' has incited disgust in the paying public. Do they think we are imbeciles or is it a sign of modernity to be able to 'take it'? I'd just like to know."

VOICES IN THE DARK





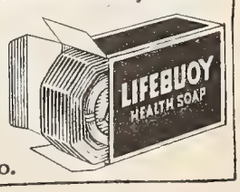




YOU *can't* condemn "B.O." in *others*—unless you play safe, yourself. Bathing with Lifebuoy is a delightful habit, anyway. Its lather is soft, creamy, luxurious. Leaves you feeling fresh as a daisy—pores *purified*, freed from every trace of "B.O." (*body odor*).

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Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 10*)

air and let it out slowly, to a count of ten. Think of nothing else except the count of one to ten. You'll feel better.

EVEN if your figure is good, get into the habit of doing a few exercises in the morning—just to start the day in a nice, healthful, systematic manner. I don't care what sort of exercises you do, so long as you do them faithfully. Bending and twisting never comes in amiss and a little jumping peps up the circulation no end.

The above are things that anyone can see to. But, sometimes, nervousness is a deeper matter. It has been going on for years and is hard to cure. The people who can't eat and can't sleep are the ones I feel sorriest for. The eating problem requires very delicate handling. Better consult a doctor if you can't conquer it yourself. My first piece of advice would be to cut out that nibbling between meals. Oh, yes you do. I know how it starts: you don't feel very hungry—you think you'll just have some tea and toast. A few hours later, you are so hungry that you simply must have a sandwich. Then you have no appetite for your next meal. First thing you know, your digestion is entirely out of kilter and you can't eat a complete sensible meal to save your soul. Save your appetite till meal time—and then do justice to it. My advice would be to eat what you like—within reason. You should coddle your appetite a little bit—treat it to a few light delicacies until it gets into good working order. But avoid greasy foods and highly seasoned foods—they are hard to digest. If you can't take a large quantity of food at one time, concentrate on foods which will give you the maximum of nourishment for the minimum of eating. Light puddings for dessert. Ice cream now and then. A chocolate malted milk with an egg beaten up in it with your lunch once in a while. Cream soups. And—I take back something I just said—you can have *two* things between meals—a glass of milk in the middle of the afternoon, if you're anxious to gain weight. Or a glass of tomato juice if you feel your vitality ebbing away.

TO conquer sleeplessness, I suggest that you get yourself thoroughly tired out, physically, just once and see what happens. I'll bet you sleep like a top. Go for a long walk—do some strenuous housework—play tennis or golf. This will work for most people. Sometimes it won't, to be sure—when a person is so overworked that she becomes "too tired to sleep." Well, then, she must kid herself to sleep by roundabout methods. A nice hot bath would be the first step: Put some bath salts into the water. Cleanse your face with cream before your bath and then put on another layer of cold cream and keep it on while you're in the tub.

Massaging the scalp and the back of the neck is a grand way to relieve tenseness. If your girl friend or sister will consent to give your back a gentle massage or an alcohol rub, that is relaxing, too. Plenty of ventilation, light covers that do not hamper the body, and a very flat pillow—or none at all—are, of course, all important.

Don't lie in bed if you really can't go to sleep. Put on the light and read or get up entirely and start about some task rather than lie there and fret. The next night you'll be so tired you'll go right to sleep.

I have one more "off track" beauty suggestion to make in this article. Along with nerves—and one of the causes of them, as a matter of fact—mistreated feet are a great beauty deterrent. At the end of the summer, your feet will probably, if you have been outdoors a great deal or at the beach, be in good shape. See if you can't keep them that way. Many an irritable disposition, many a premature wrinkle in the face, has come from mistreated tootsies.

In this connection, I want to tell you about some grand little gadgets that have been on the market a short while and which were designed for foot comfort and foot health. They're like the foot of a stocking, only they fit better and wear better. Inexpensive and just as washable as a stocking is. You can wear them inside your house sandals when you want to go without stockings. It never *was* a good idea to put on any sort of shoe right next to the bare foot. Inner soles get wet with perspiration, get dry and crackly and just aren't good for the feet. Also, if you suffer from calloused soles, these little trifles, worn over your stockings, will give you extra protection and save you from burning feet on busy days. They won't show above your shoes. They come in several styles and you can take your choice for oxfords or for pumps. With the cold weather not too far off, they're a grand idea for folks who suffer from cold feet. Write and ask me about them if you're interested.

In addition to the beauty hints given above, Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads, for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know about some delightful new manicure-accessories—including a platinum finish for nail-tips, drop a note, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Avoid "Fussy" Fashions

(*Continued from page 71*)

Far better it will be to select a dress or a coat that is cut with square shoulders, to be sure, but on a line that runs from yoke to sleeve allowing more softness at the shoulder line. This will not tire you as the former sort will.

Again, in the matter of evening clothes you will be apt to see many flounces, ruffles and frills. All right. We are having a Victorian revival. But make it good Victorian instead of a bad example of that period. Ruffles and flounces are quite O. K. when there is not too great an abundance of them.

You will find that the fabrics this season are the keynote of all styles. They are so delicately and beautifully woven, with such unusual technique used in their compositions, that they just naturally bear the burden of whatever distinction the costume, for whatever purpose it will fill, has to offer. This is another reason why you can afford to keep the making of the dress down to its simplest elements, giving the material a chance to show for all it is worth.

COLORS run next in importance after fabrics. There is a strong tendency to use daring combinations of tones, as a brilliant red against black; one of the new olive or reseda greens used with brown or tan. Black and white—large splashes of white under the chin—will be a high style note. And for evening, all of the brilliant hues which are known to the color chart will have full play. Fuschia tones, ranging all the way from the lavenders to the purples are extremely good.

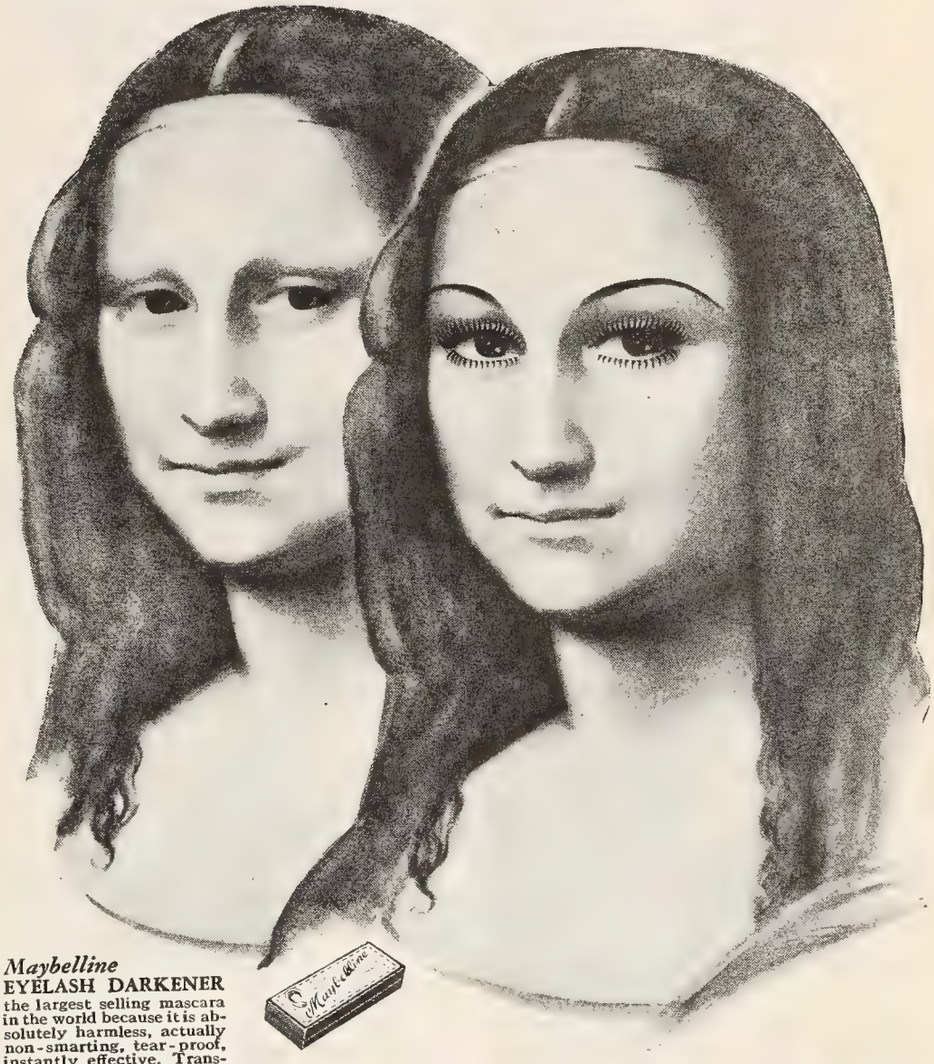
Watch out for the hats. They are changing their shapes in a marked degree. No longer does a hat perch on the side of the head at a perillous angle. It takes on much more of the shape of the head and still it is draped, as to its crown, with an upward, pointed feeling which takes nothing from its chic or its daring, but which certainly makes it more wearable and becoming to all types of faces. Soft wooden fabrics are used for hats, and felts, of course, but also silks, satins, and velvets. Even leathers of soft, pliable texture are employed with a dashing effect.

Accessories are very important. For instance, a pair of gloves can make or mar the effect of an entire costume. There will be a black street dress of wool with a daring red scarf tied tightly about the throat—a nasturtium red with yellow in it—and then there will be a pair of fabric gloves, wide of cuff, dyed so that they match the scarf.

A brown suit will have a blouse of bottle green and a hat which not only matches, but is made of the selfsame material, and brown gloves.

Remember then, to think of your Fall and Winter clothes as a series of fabric and color combinations with due attention given to restraint in designs.

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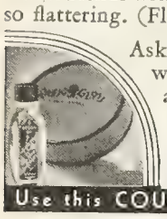
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The Inside on Johnny and Lupe

(*Continued from page 23*)

"When my name was first linked with Johnny's, I didn't even know him. And then I thought, 'I might as well meet him.' I did. We liked one another.

"Bobbé Arnst had said that Johnny left her alone and so, when we became friends, I said to Johnny, 'I want you to be free. I don't believe in possession. Three nights a week you go wherever you please—the other nights are mine with you! But on his days away from me, he'd turn up at my house just the same. He didn't want to leave me. Because he knew he was always free. People should never be enslaved, not even by love.

"We have been very honest with each other. There is no concealment of our individual thoughts or our actions. While I was in New York in 'Strike Me Pink,' I talked to Johnny over the telephone every night. He was lonely. And I'd say to him, 'Johnny, don't stay home, take girls out.' I knew what Johnny was doing every minute of the day. I knew who was with him. Where he went. And when people would come to me and say, 'Did you know that Johnny—' and I could break right in with, 'Yes, I know that Johnny was dancing at eleven o'clock last night Los Angeles time with Miss So-and-so at the Ambassador!' And they'd go away mad because they couldn't make trouble between us. Because Johnny had my confidence and love.

JOHNNY has given me a motive for living. It makes me happy to select the dinner menu with an eye to his likes and his needs. I make certain that there is a basket of fruit close to the swimming pool so that Johnny may have some when he is through swimming. He's like a little boy in many things. He loves desserts, ice-cream, especially. And at first I used to say, 'Would you like some more?' But no—he didn't want any more—he was full. So now, the maid who serves and I have an understanding. I attract Johnny's attention. She removes the empty dish; puts a second helping before him and he eats it. Like a little boy.

"He is my ideal of what a man should be. He is a comrade and a lover, and a friend and confidant. He has strength and tenderness and understanding; he is kind and gentle. I can depend on him.

"I used to be selfish; I admit it. But now Johnny is far more important to me than anything else. I consider him first. I like to do things for him, adore looking after him. It's only when I'm asked whether I still care for Gary Cooper that I realize what a different person I am from the Lupe who *did* love Gary.

"It's so easy to censure, to find fault with another person's shortcomings. But Johnny knows me. He understands what's behind everything I do and say. He knows me as no other man ever has, because he has found the real Lupe, who hid away so that she might not be hurt too much.

"We have our small quarrels—like other people in love. But we have a password. When Johnny or I say something unkind we say 'hurts'—just that one word. And we immediately change the subject.

"If we should marry and the day would come when we no longer loved one another, we would even then avoid causing pain. I would want Johnny to come to me honestly, before anyone else had a chance to tell me, and say: 'Lupe, I love someone else.' And I would give him his freedom quickly and decently. But I would want to know about it as soon as he himself knew. I would want him to have that much confidence in me, and that much respect for my pride. And if I should be the one to no longer care, I, too, would go to Johnny first.

"I have no sympathy with those who try to hold to a past love, or with women who can make their own living and yet demand excessive alimony. Marriage is a partnership; both get an equal amount of benefit from it. Both share the happiness of it.

LUPE is a composite; she is a paradox. She is the mother and the naive child; the perfect home-maker and the great, the electrifying artist. One moment she is in the kitchen frying chicken to Johnny's taste, while the cook watches her deftness with respect; the next she is discussing with fervor a dance routine or the psychology of acting.

Her delights are varied. She will sit on the floor and display her fabulous jewels, and with equal enthusiasm report on the progress of the flower plot she planted herself.

Johnny's and Lupe's lives are bound together by the simplicities which they both enjoy.

Johnny swims in the pool in Lupe's garden, while the girl idles in the rope swing he has put up for her in a giant sycamore tree. He plays ping-pong while she romps with her dog.

"It's not the big things that really count," comments Lupe. "They don't make happiness. It's the little things."

She feels her responsibility towards Johnny's career. For long periods, she sits at his side while he practices the exercises which will deepen his voice. She goes over his next day's scenes with him; gives him the benefit of her experience and her subconscious and sure knowledge of what great acting constitutes.

"Lupe," declares Johnny, "has taught me not to be afraid. I was always scared

of other actors, of directors, of executives. I was in a blue funk when I had to go on the set. I am more sure of myself now."

"We're all equal," supplements Lupe, "you're no worse, you're no better than the next person." Her uncanny analysis of motives and people has done much to destroy the inferiority complex from which Johnny suffered. She has imbued him with a confidence, with a realization of his own possibilities.

Johnny is militant where Lupe is concerned. He resents those who refuse to penetrate to the inner Lupe, the fine Lupe who deals wth realities, with truth, and will not compromise or cater to public opinion.

NO one has ever understood or appreciated Lupe," Johnny is vehement on this point. "She does so many fine things, and then refuses to discuss them. While in 'Strike Me Pink,' she heard that the boys and girls of the chorus were being given a cut in salary. She went to the producers and offered to lower her own salary sufficiently so that the chorus would not have to suffer. But no one wants to hear nice things about Lupe. They'd much rather listen to ugly, nasty gossip about her. And, gee—she's perfectly swell."

"I've changed a lot in the last year." There is no sign of mutiny in those famous stormy eyes as Lupe appraises herself. "I never go to parties. I avoid crowds. So that people can't say, 'Lupe does this wrong. Lupe does that.' I answer greetings and that's all. It doesn't mean that the fire in me is extinguished—no! It is still inside me. I have it for my work.

"Hollywood will never again have the power to make me unhappy. As long as audiences will pay their money to see me on the screen, as long as Johnny is with me, nothing else matters. I am satisfied."

The friendship between Lupe and Johnny is incomprehensible when objectively considered. Lupe, the flame; and easy going Johnny. But when they are together, when their perfect accord is measured, the explanation becomes evident. They supply the lacks in each other. Supplement each other. Johnny erases that loneliness of spirit which has been Lupe's for so long. Lupe gives him a poise and a sense of values which he might not have achieved alone.

And such is their perfect understanding that, when paragraphs in the press hinted that Johnny regretted the interruption of his friendship with Irene Jones, a local dress designer, through Lupe's return to Hollywood, neither one of them bothered to deny the story.

"I wanted to for Lupe's sake," Johnny declared. "But she said it wasn't important, that I didn't have to prove my loyalty to her."

And Johnny, who said only last year, "I will never marry," says today "Lupe has removed fear from my life. I'll marry her if she'll have me."

And Lupe, who has said that marriage was not for her, says today, "Johnny has renewed my illusions. I am no longer bitter. I'll marry Johnny if I can make sure that our love will last."



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Don't Scoff at "Good Health"

(*Continued from page 74*)

be before I could climb on my pony again. You see, I was accustomed to thinking of myself as *well*. Since then I've learned just how important that is. Any number of people talk and fret themselves into being ill. Haven't you heard them? Very likely they grew up listening to such remarks as: "Don't sit in that draught, dear. You know you have a weak chest!"

INSTEAD of that, I was made to forget myself. The family treated me as if nothing was wrong. It proved the finest tonic I could have had. Grandfather had given me a pinto pony, "Baby," and almost as soon as I was permitted out of bed I was riding him. Bare-headed, often bare-footed, I trotted around on him until I tired. Then I'd curl up on the grass and go to sleep. Only once did "Baby" and I have a serious argument. That was when I took him to the aviation field to see his first airplane. It swooped down over us and he evidently didn't share my love of planes. In a frenzy of fear he turned a complete somersault and landed on his back. His saddle was broken in two. So would I have been, if I had not managed to jump clear.

When I wasn't on "Baby" I was sending my nurse into spasms by scaling trees. Mother, however, just laughed about it. Anything to keep me interested in the outdoors. I was extremely elated over being pitcher of the neighborhood baseball team until the ball whizzed right into the middle of my tummy.

I was developing fast into a robust and very tanned youngster. Each time our family physician examined my back he marvelled.

"It's amazing what being out in the open air has done for her. Fresh air and sunshine—that's the trick!" I can hear him say it yet. Today I have only two vertebrae that protrude slightly. A famous doctor recently passed on me as being ninety-five per cent physically perfect.

For one thing, I was never allowed more than one piece of candy a day. I gradually lost all desire for it when I found out that too many sweets cause an ugly skin. I am so accustomed to drinking two tumblers of hot water as soon as I get up in the morning that I do it automatically. A little lemon juice and a dash of salt dissipate that flat taste. Hot water is the best thing in the world to dilute the acid in the stomach and aid elimination. Try it if you want that glow to your skin. Consistently, I mean, like you take your morning coffee. Regularity in meals and in sleeping doubles your energy.

The person who says he can get along on four or five hours sleep a night and eat any time is fooling himself. I know, because people in my profession have a tendency to do that—and invariably they drop out, exhausted, in the middle of their careers. Chronic fatigue and an unbalanced diet are our worst enemies.

PLAN for your health, just as you would plan for a new wardrobe or for a vacation. I have had to and it pays! It's so easy to slip into lax ways, to live a half-life and miss that exuberant joy and zest for everything that come with a thoroughly healthy body. And when you do your planning, leave a big place for sports in it! I've always been intensely fond of them. I taught myself to swim. For some unaccountable reason I had no faith in swimming instructors. With all the determination I could summon I went to the deep end of the pool and plunged in. My strokes are not so accurate, perhaps, but they give me plenty of exercise. When I am not working during the summer, I stay in the water most of the time.

I taught myself to drive in much the same way—by slipping under the wheel and turning on the ignition. It would not have been so good for the driver's nerves had he seen me, probably. But it steadied my own. From that moment I was confident I could manage any auto made.

It's a wonderful thing—self-confidence. That confidence which is born of splendid, surging vitality. I can truthfully say I have never known fear. There was no bugaboo in my young life. There is none now.

Summer after summer we spent high in the Rockies in Colorado and I became something of a mountain goat, climbing up peaks, racing down hills. It made me limber and my flesh as hard as a rock. But the principal thing it did was to strengthen my spine. I adored the absolute freedom of those summer months, the sweet pine-scented air and the whistle of strange birds. Children seem to be born with an instinctive love of nature anyway. It is only when we stop indulging this love as time goes on that we lose the exultant joy of living. Personally, as soon as I cease taking an active part in outdoor life I begin to feel miserable.

For example, about three months after I started on a personal appearance tour three years ago, there was a very perceptible change in my condition. My skin took on a sallow cast and I wondered why. I had to appear on the stage five times a day, so I spent the majority of my hours in a stuffy dressing-room. The only air I had was coming from my hotel and going back to it. I was not getting enough exercise, not enough sunshine. It wasn't long before I fell a victim to the flu. For four weeks I worked with a temperature never less than 101 degrees. The

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Forecasting

(*Continued from page 45*)

provide an apprenticeship for a few promising youngsters who have personality and need development.

"In the meantime, I can say without reservation that I think we have the greatest screen find of the year in Margaret Sullavan. Practically unknown to movie audiences, she is slated for so important a picture to our schedule as 'Only Yesterday.'

"An entirely different type is June Knight, recently put under contract by this studio. June has fire, vivacity and a keen sense of showmanship. She was formerly a professional ballroom dancer and was the last 'beauty' to be glorified by Ziegfeld. She will do several musicals for us and light, sophisticated comedies such as Constance Talmadge made when she was appearing on the screen. I am expecting a great deal from June.

"Gloria Stuart, who has been with us for several years, is another girl who is going to be given every opportunity to develop artistically. When she returns from her present engagement with Eddie Cantor in 'Roman Scandals,' she will be teamed with Paul Lukas in 'Giant Plane.'

"Our surprise star of the year will be Russ Columbo, the radio headliner. Columbo has an extraordinary voice, plus a great romantic appeal. His first role for us will be a bull-fighter, a minstrel sort of fellow who mixes wine and song with his romance and is a dashing Don Juan. The title of the picture will be 'Men Without Fear', and production starts in November.

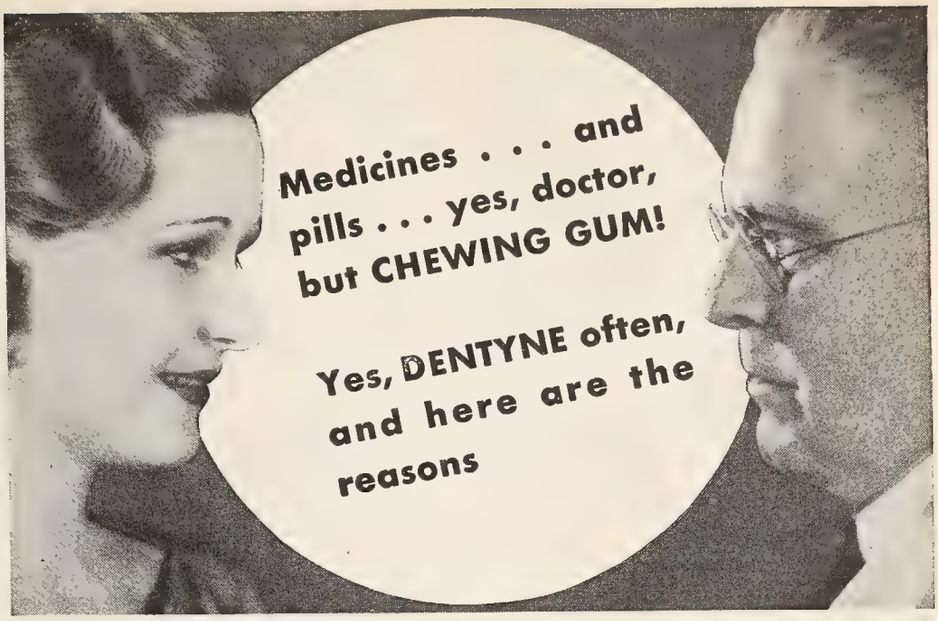
"We are recruiting our former star, Lew Ayres, for two pictures this year, Leila Hyams has come to us under contract for several pictures, Onslow Stevens, who was seen opposite Marion Davies in 'Peg o' My Heart,' has been engaged for 'Suicide Club' and 'Imitation of Life.' We consider Mr. Stevens one of the most interesting leading men now appearing on the screen.

OUR difficulty with Paul Lukas will be in keeping him on hand for the many pictures we want to use him in. He is so popular in his own particular field that we have a constant waiting list wanting to borrow him. Our leading juvenile, Tom Brown, is tremendously popular with young collegians throughout the country and we are now searching for a really strong story for him.

"With the return of musicals, John Boles is solid gold at the box-office. Not to sound superstitious about it, but I am always delighted to sign Boles to one of our pictures because the pictures he has done for us have been sensationally successful. I rate him as a lucky omen for 'Only Yesterday' and 'Blossom Time.'

"Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts have proved at the box-office that they are the most popular comedy team of the past year and, with good comedy

(*Continued on page 101*)



If we called Dentyne "Extramenthotolomin" and charged a high price for it, you might find it easier to believe this story. But here are the facts in this report. Read them.

This all starts about three thousand years ago. Primitive man chewed tough, wild meats. He gnawed roots. And *that chewing* developed the structure of his mouth. It kept the salivary flow normal. It *cleansed* the *mouth* and *teeth*. It brought the blood flow to the mouth tissues, keeping them vigorous and healthy.

Years ago *chewing* went out of fashion and then our troubles began—decayed teeth, malformed mouth structures, diseases of the mouth and throat tissues.

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Don't Scoff at "Good Health"

(*Continued from page 98*)

one reason my system stood it was because I had built up a sufficient amount of surplus energy previously to carry me through. But I'll never forget the utter weariness of those days, the deeply dyed indigo spells that came over me.

THE doctor had prescribed a fattening diet for me in order to raise my power of resistance. In a very short time I went up to 120 pounds and stayed there for the remainder of the tour. When I signed a contract to do "Red-Headed Woman," the business of taking off those extra pounds began.

It can be a very dangerous business unless you use discretion. Nothing saps the vitality so quickly as rigorous reducing. The diet I am including here was given me by a specialist after tests had been made. I lost a pound a day on it and felt fine all the while. But it might do harm to another person, particularly if their system cannot stand much protein.

Breakfast: cup of coffee, a poached egg and one slice of toasted white bread.

Lunch: small piece of meat, baked or mashed or boiled potatoes, tea, a tapioca or custard pudding.

Dinner: the same variety as lunch with the addition of one boiled vegetable.

Balance is the keynote of health. You must renew what you spend of yourself. Sometimes it is difficult, I know, but you can usually scheme a way to do it. When I am on the set from ten to sixteen hours, I have no time left to exercise. I overcome that handicap by having a masseuse work over my muscles during the noon hour. Outside of that I never have massages. I do not believe in having the body rubbed and beaten into shape.

I have found these exercises helpful so I have placed them on my morning program whenever I am not due at the studio. The first is for hollow, undeveloped chests and rounded shoulders which seem to be a common complaint. I overcome my own inclination to stooped shoulders by ten minutes of deep breathing followed by this performance: Stand about two feet from the wall, hold yourself erect and place your hands about a foot apart on the wall with the fingers pointing towards each other.

Push forward from the shoulders and at the same time resist the push with your arms. Keep your head high and well back. *Bend* until your chin almost touches the wall and continue resisting with the arms. This plays one set of muscles against the other and straightens you up in no time if you're faithful to it. It throws the shoulders back into their normal position and consequently gives you room to breathe properly.

To keep the hips down—a real economic necessity these days with the styles what they are—do a little kicking. Hold on to a chair on your right side to steady yourself and raise the left leg in front of you, keeping the knee straight. Then kick backwards *hard* with a short, swift kick that tenses the muscles. Do this about ten times before turning to the other side and repeating the motion. Make a habit of it and your hip troubles will be over.

And as for the "tummy," that very perplexing part of the anatomy to which the new dresses love to call attention; here's my favorite way of coping with that problem: Stand with the feet about eighteen inches apart, the hands resting at the sides. Slowly rotate the hips in a complete circle. See to it that the upper part of the body remains as straight as possible, *not* rotating.

The matter of internal and external baths is as essential to vitality as common sense diet and rest. To begin the day right, there are the two tumblers of hot water I've mentioned already. They take care of the cleansing inside. A warm shower with a cold one afterwards starts the blood circulating fast so that you feel a grand glow of enthusiasm. Hot baths are enervating. They soften the muscles too much. I dip my face in a pan of ice water four or five times and that is the best "beauty treatment" I've ever discovered. Then, while my cheeks are still tingling, I use a stiff brush to wash my face—not stiff enough to coarsen it, but just enough to bring the blood to the surface. The only makeup I use off the screen is a lipstick. And at night I go through the same home facial treatment that most women do; cleansing cream first, a wash with warm water and pure soap, and an application of tissue cream.

It has always been my belief that the body needs to be free and unhampered to be graceful. If you bind it in any way you do yourself an injury. Around the house I usually wear a loose blouse, shorts and tennis shoes both summer and winter. I never wear high heels unless I am going to a formal affair. There was a time when I considered them essential to looking smart. I thought I could not be poised without them. Now it's all I can do to be poised *with* them. They throw the body into an unnatural position and for constant use they're certainly not the proper thing.

When I finished "Hold Your Man," I was bone-tired. You know the feeling? I rested and the more I rested the more weary I seemed to get. One day Colleen Moore and her husband inveigled me into playing golf. I came home exhausted—and blissfully slept. Since then I have been playing eighteen holes nearly every day. Now I feel as if I could double for the strong man in the circus, I'm that strong. It's grand—health. And the sparkle you acquire out in the sun is what makes you shine.

Forecasting

(*Continued from page 99*)

stories and plenty of new gags, there can be little lessening of their laugh appeal to the public.

"We will not make as many horror pictures as last season, but will make several novelty-imaginative films, one of which will be 'The Return of Frankenstein,' which brings Karloff back in the role of the monster he made famous.

Not in fifteen long years has Hollywood offered greater opportunity to those who can qualify for movie stardom, but never has Hollywood demanded such a demonstration of personality and inherent talent as it now must to meet the rigid demands of the future."

As he finished this, Carl Laemmle, Jr. turned to his secretary and dictated a notice to the press:

"Universal Studio has just made an appropriation of an additional two million dollars for its 1933-34 schedule."

This startling announcement brings the budget of Hollywood's youngest producer to over twelve millions. We have a hunch that those extra millions will be carefully used to produce new stars! Let's watch the results!

Ready for Work

(*Continued from page 43*)

which required immediate attention. For two months, against considerable odds, she nursed and protected him, while production was held up on her picture.

THEN the doctor told Irving that he must take a much longer vacation.

Irving said he could not possibly do it—that it would be absurd for Norma to leave Hollywood for so long a period, particularly since she had not been working for some time. It would mean that her image would be kept off the screen for more than half a year.

But Norma did not hesitate. Her husband was ill. He needed rest. If he went back to the studio at once he might suffer another relapse. There was no choice possible for Norma.

And she tosses the sacrifice off with a word: "Any woman would have done the same, of course."

But "any woman" is not a motion picture star. So much is not involved in a like decision from an average woman. Norma was definitely taking a chance with her career. Two or three excellent stories were on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer shelf awaiting Norma's decision. She notified the Powers to use them for other actresses.

She did it, as I have said, in the most matter-of-fact way, without making publicity capital of it. When someone commiserated with her over her long,

(*Continued on page 105*)

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Miss Lola A. Sharp

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"I had tried all kinds of reducing remedies without results. But I found BonKora different. It has taken off 45 pounds in 8 weeks. My hips reduced 10 inches. I wear dresses 4 sizes smaller. BonKora gave me new health, too. I am a trained nurse and I always recommend BonKora to my patients if they are stout."—Miss Lola A. Sharp. Trained Nurse, Bristol, Ind.

Trust a trained nurse to recognize the best way to lose her own fat. And thousands of men and women everywhere write that BonKora, the new Battle Creek Reducing Treatment, took off their fat even when other remedies had failed. It gave them new health and strength, too.

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Mrs. F. W. Moran, 2349 Lake St., Kalamazoo, Mich., writes, "I lost 70 lbs. in 14 weeks taking BonKora. Reduced from 210 lbs to 140 lbs. It improved my health, too."

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15 pounds? 25 pounds? 70 pounds? More? Take BonKora, the new, safe Battle Creek Reducing Treatment.

BonKora takes off fat new "3-stage" way. Triple action; triple speed. Reduce fat all over if you wish. Or if you are just fat in certain parts—chin, shoulders, waist, hips or bust—this fat goes first. You can stop then, if you don't want to reduce elsewhere.

Don't starve. Take BonKora daily and you can EAT BIG MEALS of tasty foods you like as explained in BonKora package.

No dangerous drugs in BonKora. In fact this treatment *builds health* while reducing fat the *quickest way*. This new health, combined with new slender figures, makes users look YEARS YOUNGER, too.

Don't be fat any longer. Get BonKora, the new Battle Creek Reducing Treatment, from your druggist today. ***Read special offer below.***



TEST OFFER. Fat Goes Quick—*Or Pay Nothing*

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Love in the Life of Leslie Howard

(*Continued from page 57*)

no matter what happened, would go back.

One evening, while he was garrisoned in the English town of Canterbury, family friends invited him for dinner. There was another guest. A girl. Ruth was her name. Ruth Martin. She was enough of a beauty to charm any man. But it was the little, individual things about her that especially intrigued Leslie. The shape of her eyes, for instance. The proud tilt of her chin. And the sympathetic way she moved her hands.

Ruth Martin liked Leslie, too. His lean, sensitive face, that puzzled look of his, his slight weariness, and the shy, hesitating quality of his smile, she found far more thrilling and romantic than the swashbuckling of the other officers and men.

They had so much in common, these two. Even on the first evening they met they kept interrupting each other all the time. And although she was charming enough to have supported the most romantic poses, she never struck one or expected him to.

He married her. At St. Mary's Church. In the early afternoon.

He was soon to sail for France and they both were young enough and gallant enough to take life as they found it.

The war over, after some trench work and one or two such experiences as men put in the back of their minds and never talk about, Leslie Howard took his bride back to his father's house just outside of London.

And now his most trying, difficult experience lay before him.

They sat around the dinner table that first night, the four of them, two senior and two junior Howards. Obviously, Leslie's mother and father liked the charming, intelligent young person he had married. Undoubtedly they were relieved he had married. Marriage keeps a man's nose down to earth. And they had a notion this was precisely what Leslie needed.

"You mustn't plan to go back to the bank right off," Leslie's father said. "You and Ruth must take a fortnight for a real honeymoon. You'd better report, however. Tell them just when they can expect you."

"I've been thinking," Leslie Howard ventured, "that I wouldn't go back to the bank.

"You see," he continued quickly, anxious to have it over with, "I find myself tremendously interested in the theatre. I want to be a playwright. Or even an actor."

HIS mother and father exchanged glances. Then they turned, in final appeal, to their daughter-in-law. Surely this clear-thinking young English woman would see that it most decidedly was not to her advantage to encourage Leslie in any such idiotic notions.

But she didn't appear to see anything of the kind. She, too, seemed a trifle mad.

"I quite agree with Leslie," she told them gently, with a smile that was meant to be placating. "You see, he's told me how he hated the bank, how because of it he used to dread every new day. The war got him out of it. If he didn't try for the things he's really interested in now, he'd never forgive himself. And I'd never forgive myself."

The day following, still in his uniform, he began the rounds of the theatrical agents. He was quite honest. He didn't pretend to any experience. The agents laughed at him. Every day a hundred discharged soldiers, unwilling to go back to routine desk jobs, came to them with quite the same story.

But Leslie kept on. By the law of average the more agents he insisted put down his name, address, and telephone number, the more chance he had of landing some kind of an engagement.

He might not have relished being a business man, a clerk cooped up in a bank all day, doing the same dull things year in, year out. But I contend, nevertheless, that he would have made an excellent business man even though he would have been unspeakably bored every minute of his life. He's proven very wise about all the business details which pertain to his work, details most actors never understand. Today, for instance, he's increased his income many times because he had the perspicacity to become co-producer of the stage productions in which he stars, taking a minimum salary and fifty percent of all profits, including among other things, any movie rights for which the play may sell.

But, to get back to his story. . . .

Weeks passed. At Cox's, the job was held open. That worried Leslie Howard frightfully. That kept alive the possibility that in the end he would have to go back there.

FINALLY, that stroke of luck Leslie had counted upon, materialized. One of the agents with whom he now was listed, one of the agents who had laughed at him, had an appointment for him with a manager. This manager was sending out a road show to play "Peg O' My Heart."

Leslie was engaged to play Jerry at the comparatively inadequate salary of four pounds a week. And then—the young Howards' luck was running strong this day—Ruth Martin Howard was engaged. As general understudy to the ladies of the company.

It was midsummer. They played the English coast towns. Cornwall. Devon. They were poor. But it isn't hard to be poor when you're young and it's midsummer, and you're at the sea, with

the one being you love more than life.

Other province engagements followed. While these served Leslie Howard's purpose, they were all very well. While they gave him a chance to serve a necessary apprenticeship, he was content with them. However, immediately the road show managers began entrusting him with more important roles in more important companies, he felt it was time he turned his attention to smaller roles. To smaller roles in London.

So, casting his lot with the Pinero play, "Freaks," Leslie Howard came at last to London. The production itself ran two weeks, but the serious young man, playing a serious young man in the play, had turned this time to good account.

The plays that were to make Leslie Howard famous, until Broadway and finally Hollywood would seek him out with golden promises, followed, one upon the heels of another.

Ruth Howard gave up the stage. A year or two later their first child was born. Ronald. He's fourteen now. Six years later there was a daughter. Leslie.

With the first fruits of his success in the theatre, Leslie Howard bought a charming country house just outside of London. It is here the four Howards return eagerly whether they've been on a holiday at a villa in southern France, sojourning in a New York penthouse during the winter theatrical season, or spending months on end in a Beverly Hills house or a bungalow at Palm Springs or Del Monte. It's home. It means happy days. Joyous days.

The Life of Cary Grant

(*Continued from page 30*)

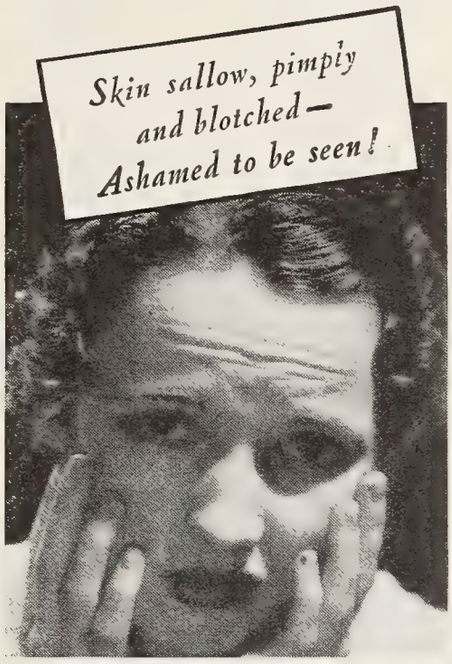
him as much as the electrical lab. He loved to experiment with lights and particularly with lighting effects. Whenever a musical comedy would come to town, Archie would work himself in backstage, mostly through a desire to watch the electrical appliances. Once he made quite a hit with the head electrician by offering a very effective suggestion about colored lights. It was through this contact that Archie got his first taste of the stage, the only interesting, exciting life he had discovered since the war.

The electrician gave him a job as an assistant, but more exciting still, when the troupe left for Norwich, Archie got a small part (no lines to speak, but plenty of pantomime).

Archie might have gone on to develop into the Boy Barrymore of rural England if Jim (and a rather irate Jim, too) had not come to Norwich and forced his budding genius son to return to Bristol and his school work. Reluctantly Archie was enrolled in Clifton College, which should have been a rather agreeable adventure considering that Benita Hume sat right in front of him during history session. But, though Archie and Benita talked over daily lessons and scholastic assignments, not even the slightest romance developed

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These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

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between the two youngsters, who were destined to meet again in distant Hollywood ten years later.

I SIMPLY was not interested in girls," Cary Grant explained of Archie Leach of those unhappy college days. "My short experience with the traveling troupe had made me restless to be about more exciting adventures of life than schooling, or school boy romances. I spent my spare time practising handsprings, stilt-walking and acrobatics of all kinds and descriptions. At the end of three months in Clifton, Jim was convinced that I was getting no good out of it. He permitted me to write the troupe asking if there was another opening for me, and when they replied that they could use me as a stilt-walker during their engagement at the Hippodrome in New York City, I was so overjoyed that Jim finally broke down and said I might accept."

Archie was sixteen years old when he came to America for the first time. He crossed on the Olympic and, thrill of thrills, Douglas Fairbanks, then king of the movie world, was aboard. Young Archie immediately hooked on as close to the fringe of Doug's entourage as possible. He literally shadowed the movie athlete about deck, listening to the amusing anecdotes he told and watching his physical feats with the widest-eyed admiration. When Doug discovered that his young fan was himself quite an acrobat, they spent hours in the ship's gym performing stunts and chinning exercises.

New York proved to be the most exciting and glamorous place Archie had ever seen. When he was not walking on his fourteen-foot stilts across the stage of the Hippodrome, he was touring the city from the Bronx to the Battery. One very serious accident marked the Hippodrome engagement. During an evening performance the strap around his right foot broke and, after trying desperately to hop off the stage on one stilt, he lost his balance and fell headlong among a group of chorus girls. Two of the girls were slightly injured and the ligaments of his leg were badly wrenched. During his convalescence another stilt-walker was engaged, which meant that he was left high, wide, but not so handsome, practically broke in New York. The manager of the troupe, taking pity on the boy, finally offered to pay his way back to England and his family. He accepted the money, but he did not return to England.

Instead he nearly starved to death. Evidently there were no other shows in New York that needed stilt-walkers or even a good acrobat. Archie tried selling neckties and books, but these commodities, too, were apparently on the "no can use" list with New Yorkers. He had no friends in America. There was no one the lonely boy could turn to for help. He was intensely miserable and hungry for nearly three weeks before someone put him on to the idea that he might get a stilt-walking job at Coney Island where stilt-walkers were often engaged for advertising purposes to catch the eye of the Sunday crowds.

ARCHIE had lost ten pounds during the weeks of his enforced diet. His ankle was not yet well from his fall on the stage of the Hippodrome. Yet he gladly accepted the jockey cap, the black trousers and the five-foot stilts from the promoters advertising Steeple Chase Park.

It was an extremely hot summer at Coney Island. The intense heat, the throbbing, milling crowd that swarmed about him, making his stilt walking doubly difficult, would set his brain in such a dizzy whirl that he frequently fell crashing to the pavement. The crowd, thinking the "stunt" was part of his act, would laugh and applaud as he struggled to his stilts once more, afraid that one of his employers might hear of his accidents and give his job away to some more robust "stilter."

The salary he received was barely enough to pay for his room with a scant bit left over for one good meal a day. But Archie was not long in learning a few tricks of the Coney Island trade. Around meal-time each day he would stilt walk up to one of the numerous hotdog and sandwich stands and "rest," followed always by the large crowd that surrounded him. The proprietors were usually so delighted at the rush of business that resulted from the "tall man's" patronage, that they would hand out free meals.

But the Coney Island season is short and with the coming of fall there were no more advertising jobs for a young stilt-walker.

The small amount of money he had saved soon melted away and for three nights he slept on a New York park bench. Had it not been for a young fellow named James Ashley, who was an office boy for a successful actors' agent in New York, the seventeen-year-old Archie might have become a public charge. But in making the rounds applying for a stage job, he confided to the sympathetic Ashley (and Cary insists that Ashley was probably the only sympathetic office boy ever known in New York) his financial troubles, and that young benefactor turned over to Archie a key to the office, which helped solve one problem.

At night, after everyone had gone from the elaborate office, Archie would sneak in and curl up on Ashley's desk for his evening rest. During breakfast and lunch, he was usually Ashley's guest and so great were his new found pal's efforts in his behalf that he eventually landed an extra job at the Hippodrome.

But a year and a half of hard luck in New York had temporarily broken the spirit of the kid who had had such high plans when he arrived. He saved all the money he could out of the Hippodrome job and managed to rake together enough to take him back home to England.

But Archie was not done with America. He was just temporarily retrenching. "I'll be back," he said to that famous skyline as his boat vanished into a world of fog. "I'll be back again, soon. And then just you watch my smoke!"

(*To be continued*)

Ready for Work

(*Continued from page 101*)

anxious vigil at Irving's bedside, she said, "Why, I enjoyed it! I have loved being at home, having a vacation from the studio, having all this time to be close to my family. I am essentially a lazy person." Lazy! With all the things she had to cope with!

She did confess (and this may surprise the people who have maintained that Norma's ambition dictated that marriage) that she had agreed, on her wedding day, to quit the screen whenever Irving should ask her to do so.

"The only stipulation I made," she said, "was that he be very sure of what he wanted before he made such a request. If he should really want me to retire—after due and deliberate and reasonable thought—then I would do it. I promised him that. Irving thought, in the first, romantic flush of the honeymoon, that he would want me to be merely a wife—some day. But, as the years have gone by, he has become interested in me as an actress—quite apart from his interest in me as Mrs. Thalberg. A showman's interest!"

WHEN she said that she and her husband were going to Europe, the Charlie MacArthurs (Helen Hayes) decided to go along. The Thalbergs would take little Irving, Jr., and the MacArthurs would take their daughter Mary.

"The holiday began at once," Norma said. "Mostly, on a boat, you're going somewhere for the holiday to begin. This was different.

"Our staterooms formed a little island all our own and we had such fun—all children and nurses and husbands and wives.

"We got off at Panama. In Havana, except for the crowds that met us at the boat but soon dispersed, we were free to come and go as we pleased.

"I've always been bored with sightseeing," said Norma, "but I enjoyed it this time. We all of us laughed so much. We went to a charming beer garden where the children drank white rock and thought they were having beer.

"A great weight seemed to be lifted. The cares of the studio were entirely gone. Irving was behaving like a robust boy instead of the very sick man he had been a few weeks before. He and Charlie were like a couple of kids together."

They did not stay long in New York and when they sailed on a wonderful new boat, a veritable floating palace, they had no idea where they would go in Europe.

IT was Charlie and Helen who suggested Antibes, France, because they had spent their honeymoon there.

They went to Antibes to stay a week—and they stayed a month, lolling on the sands, watching their children play, letting the sun restore them.

But Hollywood intruded. Helen was suddenly called back to work at the

(*Continued on page 109*)



"Quick, dear—my crying towel!"

Sydney Fox and Jack Oakie

SYDNEY: "Why, Jack—you're weeping! What's the matter?"

JACK: "I've (*sniff*) I've just signed up with (*sniff, sniff*) an Antarctic expedition!"

SYDNEY: "Well, that's no reason for crying. Brace up. You're not afraid of the icebergs, are you?"

JACK: "Nope."

SYDNEY: "Nor the polar bears?"

JACK: "Nope."

SYDNEY: "Nor the wild Eskimos?"

JACK: "Nope."

SYDNEY: "Then what the devil are you crying about?"

JACK: "Don't you see, silly, when I'm way up there in the cold, cold north, far from civilization, I won't be able (*sniff, sniff*) to buy my monthly copy of

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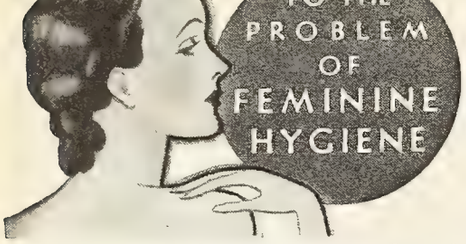
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City State

Here's Peggy Again

(*Continued from page 61*)

have a new name; something with pep; something like—like Peggy."

So Peggy she became, and Winona went into the discard, along with the gingham dresses and the (honest and truly) long bloomers that reached below the knees. She knew nothing about dancing, but she took lessons for three hours every morning and rehearsed with the chorus every afternoon and most of every night, until after two weeks she could step with the best of them. Maybe it was because she was so green that members of the chorus were kind to her, because as a rule, show girls aren't that way. Most of them will take the orchids right off a pal's shoulder if they can get away with it.

When the Ziegfeld show closed she went to Buffalo on the advice of a friendly executive, where she worked in a stock company for eighteen months. This was gruelling training, but when Peggy returned to Broadway, it was with the confidence that she knew how to act. Then followed a series of failures; she was cast in fifteen successive shows that flopped. Over and over, it became a monotonous story—two weeks of rehearsing and one week of actual run. Somewhere in her youth she had read: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The proverb made no mention of eight or nine or ten failures, but Peggy kept trying again.

She was invited to take motion picture tests, but she thought her mouth was too large, and that she would not screen well, so she rejected every offer. Until April, 1931. At that time, Paramount urged her to visit the Long Island studio and be photographed. She was promised that if the tests were not good, she would be given the negative film to destroy or do with as she wished. With this guarantee, Peggy submitted. The test turned out excellently, and she signed a motion picture contract.

SHE embarked for Hollywood without the least idea that she would remain. Broadway actors and actresses were returning from the West in droves, all of them with dire tales of mistreatment at the hands of studio executives. Peggy's contract necessitated the journey to California, but so certain was she that before long she's be back in New York that she left her mother behind.

No one met Peggy at the station in Los Angeles. Finally convinced that she was on her own, she hailed a cab and pointed for Paramount. The executive to whom she had been instructed to report was absent when she arrived at the studio. No one else knew anything about her, so for two hours she cooled her heels in the outer waiting room, tired, hungry, lonely for New York and wishing she had never taken a movie test in the first place.

The following day, when her identity had been established and studio officials decided she really was a Paramount asset, she met Sylvia Sidney, whom she had known on Broadway. Sylvia took Peggy to luncheon in the studio commissary, and there for the first time, Peggy met Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich and other stars whom she had long envied but never hoped to know. That same afternoon she was informed that she would replace Clara Bow in "The Secret Call." Clara, it seems, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Could Peggy be ready to take her place in the cast the following morning? Peggy could, she declared.

She was rushed immediately to the wardrobe, where from four o'clock until after midnight she was fitted into the ten dresses, shoes and hats that had been designed for Miss Bow. There followed an hour of make-up tests, after which Peggy went to the small apartment she had rented. She went to bed, but she did not sleep; she studied lines until time for her to dress and rush to the studio. She thanked God for the eighteen months with the Buffalo stock company, for without that experience she could never have memorized her lines.

Not until she had been in Hollywood for months did it become known that Peggy was married. On the advice of the studio publicity department, she posed as an unmarried girl. Because she wanted to be fair to her husband, Alan Davis, she refused to go out with anyone except Richard Arlen and his wife, Joybna Ralston. She was soon astounded (and incidentally, had her first introduction to Hollywood gossip) to learn that she was rumored having an affair with Arlen. In order to offset such a ridiculous untruth, she made dates with most of Hollywood's young bachelors. And again, in an effort to be true to her martial vows, she did not permit herself the pleasure of one man's company more than a few times, whereupon Hollywood gossipers termed her an outrageous flirt. That was enough for Peggy. She told the world she had a husband, and announced that if being happily married meant an end to her movie career, she would be quite pleased to return to New York.

Peggy doesn't want to go out much anyway. She doesn't care for the usual Hollywood pastime, such as first nights, Mayfair dances, Brown Derby lunches and bridge parties. She likes mountain hikes; she enjoys lonely trips to the seashore; and she sees lots of motion picture shows. Now and then she gets lonesome for New York, but she likes Hollywood better now that she did.

She has simple tastes, and she's an ardent movie fan for Jimmy Cagney and

Wynne Gibson. Told some time ago that Spencer Tracy might steal her newest picture, "After the Rain," she answered, "Okay, it will hold up the story." She is superstitious; what Southerner is not? She makes wishes on the slightest pretexts, and if enough circumstances do not occur to provide wishes, she invents new reasons.

Peggy likes backgammon, but she hates crossword puzzles, which atones for the backgammon. She has no fads, and collects nothing except souvenirs, such as the letter she earned as a member of the Pine Bluff High School basketball team. She plays the piano and violin—never simultaneously, she says—and reads and writes French so well she can hardly understand herself.

Her savings go directly into four percent government bonds, and when she has enough of them, she'll trade the bonds for cash to buy a house with trees in the yard, and she'll equip that house with at least two or three dogs; she loves them. Peggy is Irish, which accounts for her name and spirit; English, whence come her reserve and her tendency to think before she acts; and Austrian, from which ancestral blood she inherits simple charm and down-to-earthness.

Peggy is five feet, four inches tall, and when she tips the scales at more than 118 pounds, she knows the scales are wrong. The red hair is her own, and it is not bobbed; she dresses it at times to look that way. She has blue-grey eyes; call 'em hazel if you like, and when she uses them, she can make a mere man—like me—feel like pulling a tiger's tail, or biting a lion, or indulging some other such sport to prove what a caveman he can be.

Doug Discovers His Father

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Sure," said Doug. You couldn't say anything else to a stranger.

And then an amazing thing happened. As the train put mile after mile between them and Hollywood, it seems as if a dark cloud lifted from young Doug's heart. He looked at his father. Senior smiled. Perhaps, Doug thought, he would understand.

"I never want to go back there," he said. "Well, some day, maybe. But not now. I want a long, long time away. And then, if a marvelous picture comes up for me I'd like to go back and make it and then leave again. But I always want to be outside Hollywood—never again a part of it."

"Sure," said Senior, "I know." And looking at him, Doug realized that he did.

THE companionship began right then. It grew with each click of the wheels.

They had a swell time together in New York and discovered, amazingly enough, that they liked the same things and the same people. It was as if they

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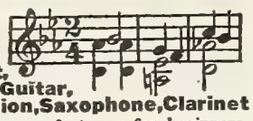
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were two strangers just discovering a mutual affinity.

On the boat—each wave putting Hollywood farther and farther away—that friendship grew and when, in London, they selected a flat they both knew that they had never been happier.

They were entertained, wined and dined. Their bachelor quarters rang with gayety. They liked the same foods and the same amusements and for one whole week they talked and laughed and reminisced like the old cronies they had become. All those years of misunderstanding and timidity that had stood between them were now gone. They were much more than father and son—they were friends.

This was what young Doug had wanted.

He applied himself to his writing and put Hollywood from his mind until the night when the telephone rang and these words came to his ears, "Hollywood calling Mr. Fairbanks, Jr.," and almost immediately, "Hello, Doug? Ernst Lubitsch. How soon can you get back? I want you to play the Noel Coward part in 'Design for Living.'"

With a vague, "I'll let you know," Doug hung up the telephone and turned to his father.

The struggle within him was intense. Here was this marvelous offer—just the sort of thing he wanted—but it had come too soon. He was not able to face Hollywood just yet. There were so many things he wanted to do, so much he wanted to prove to himself.

He had refused smaller offers, of course, but this was different. It was the Noel Coward play that he adored. The chance to work with Lubitsch. A great part that half the actors in Hollywood would give their right arms—and a couple of eye teeth thrown in—to do. But it had come too soon!

He was not yet far enough away from himself. He hadn't had as much of London and the companionship of his father as he needed. Why, they were just getting settled, just realizing how happy they could be together. He couldn't face Hollywood yet.

But if he didn't face it? Then, of course, he would be an errant coward. This was his chance to prove what he could do on the screen.

"What do you think?" he asked his father.

"You've got to do it," Senior said. "Be a quitter if you didn't. It's your big chance."

"But I'm not ready to go back yet," the son persisted.

THERE followed twenty-four hours of tortured indecision. At the end of that time he sent a cable to Lubitsch. He told him what time he was sailing.

As his father saw him off on the boat he slipped a little box into his hand. Young Doug opened it an hour later. There in the cotton lay a combination cigarette lighter and watch, engraved "To my boy from his boy." That made the trip back easier.

All during the trip he tried to acquire an attitude toward his return. Certainly it was the great opportunity, but since he wasn't ready for it, he might fail. Suppose, when the picture was finished, his friend, Noel Coward, the author of "Design for Living," should think he had done a bad job. Suppose the picture should turn out all wrong.

If it had only come six months later! Then he would have been ready. But now—now it was too soon.

His mother, Mrs. Jack Whiting, was at the boat to meet him. She thought that he was talking louder than usual and she knew, when she kissed him, that his face was hot. But he told her he had gotten a terrific sunburn on deck the day before.

And then, when he entered her New York apartment, he took one step forward and fell in a heap on the floor.

Fifteen minutes later ambulance sirens were splitting the air and Douglas, with a fever of 105, was being rushed to the hospital with double pneumonia.

It was weird about that illness. Doug predicted every turn it would take. One day the doctor told him it was not so serious as they thought and that he would feel better the next day. "You're wrong," said Doug. And that night the temperature went back to 105.

His mother had no idea how ill he was. Joan generously offered to come if he needed her, but Doug was afraid it would only worry him more if she came—the necessity of the trip would make his mother think he was more ill than she knew. They wouldn't tell Mrs. Whiting that his life hung by a thread, but when he was his most ill he looked at the doctor and said, "Tomorrow my fever will go down and I'll be better."

And the next day the crisis was past.

All during this time frantic wires and telephone calls had been going back and forth between Hollywood and New York. Lubitsch had wired that he would hold the picture up for as long as a month, waiting for his recovery. Paramount officials visited the hospital and the Paramount doctor examined him. The doctor said that he could not contemplate work for at least three months. "He's got to take a long, long rest. Can't possibly make the picture. I suggest an ocean voyage."

And this is the end of the story. A real happy ending, too. For Douglas satisfied his soul and made the gesture, showing that he was willing to face the Hollywood music again—much as he hated it. But a circumstance entirely outside himself had prevented him from doing it.

I saw him the day before he sailed—returning to England and to the cosy flat he and his father had planned together, returning to that new-found companionship that means so much.

If he had stayed on in England he never could have looked himself in the face again. He would have shirked a responsibility if he had turned the part down. But his illness saved him from having to see Hollywood too soon.

He looked marvelously well the day I talked with him about all this. He had recuperated with an amazing rapidity. And he was glad to be going back.

"I'm not coming to America again," he told me, "until I'm ready for it. This illness was really the hand of fate."

Ready for Work

(*Continued from page 105*)

studio. However, nothing broke the spell of Norma's and Irving's ecstatic vacation.

They took various trips in France and then to Germany "to take the cure" at a famous health resort. The cure lasted six weeks and when it was finished, they were as healthy as a pair of athletes.

Already they had overstayed their leave, but somehow they didn't mind. Since the birth of the baby, three years ago, Norma had not been away from the studio for any length of time.

They were two runaways and they loved it.

When the cure was finished, Irving said, "Where shall we go now?"

"Somewhere where we can hear something besides this babble of German," said Norma.

"Scotland?" suggested Irving.

"Scotland," said Norma.

IN Scotland they decided that they must not be runaways any more—that they must return to Hollywood. They could, they decided, sneak a few days in London and then they must get back to work.

And, when this decision was made, something curious happened to Norma. She had, as I've already told, not stopped to consider the effects that such a prolonged absence from the screen might have upon her career. She had, during those fine months of glorious vagabondage, put Hollywood out of her mind. But suddenly, when home was so close, she found herself eager to get back—with an eagerness for her work she had not felt in months.

Within her there was a terrific urge not simply to do a job well, but to give something fine to her work.

The anxiety she felt for Irving was gone. Every time she looked at him she re-discovered the abundant health he had stored up during the trip. It had all been worthwhile, so absolutely without unpleasantness. It was the perfect holiday.

And now she is ready for work.

The dark days are past. She did what any woman who loves her husband would do—made a sacrifice for him. But it is a gesture that very few film stars would make. And the rewards of her sacrifice have been great because, if she has lost anything by being away so long, she can immediately make up that loss with her new outlook on her work, her new and even more compelling energy and the real inspiration and satisfaction her holiday has given her!

Concerning Irving's plans—it is fairly well settled that he will produce, independently, pictures to be released under the M-G-M name. Norma, of course, will go where her husband goes. And it is said that several other M-G-M stars will sign up with Thalberg, too. All this has, of course, immensely whetted Norma's "readiness for work."

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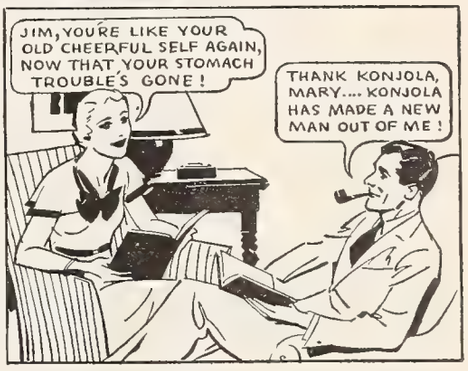
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Behind the Scenes on the Divorce Epidemic

(*Continued from page 15*)

day she discovered that he had cabled his brother at the same time, but in a very different tenor. It was a business cable in which he stated that if Mary wished to keep Pickfair, she would have to pay all expenses.

Doug has been criticized for making lengthy trips without Mary. Mary has been criticized for not accompanying him on his travels. This I know, that Doug did not ask Mary to go with him. I know also that at the time Mary was making "Secrets," she and Doug were planning to go to Europe together the minute the picture was finished. Retakes, however, held Mary over for three additional days. Doug did not wait.

More than once he has gone off on a long trip without telling Mary until the last moment. Often she has not known whether to expect him home for meals or not. You may remember the time Mary was on her way to New York by train and Doug dropped spectacularly out of the skies and caught her at Kansas City. What had happened was this: Doug had gone to his ranch near San Diego and remained there three days without letting Mary hear from him. She decided that for once she would go him one better and do a little walking out herself. So, without a word to him, she started for New York by rail. As soon as word of her departure reached him, Doug hopped a plane and reached Kansas City in time to meet the train.

There has been a great deal of talk about Doug's interest in a titled English woman. Whether that interest is romantic or platonic, I would not venture to say. I do know, however, that the anonymous lady repeatedly mentioned in connection with the Pickford-Fairbanks rift, is Lady Sylvia Ashley, wife of the Earl of Shaftesbury's son. And that she was, before marriage, Sylvia Hawks, showgirl.

This also I know, that for some time Doug has been anxious to dispose of Pickfair. The upkeep of the place is tremendous and he has spent less and less time there. He prefers Europe and feels that there is no point in maintaining such an elaborate and expensive place of residence in Hollywood. He enjoys the friendship and mode of living of the European, particularly the English nobility, more than life in Hollywood. Mary, on the other hand, prefers Hollywood and the people she has worked and played with for years. Who is to say which of them is right?

AS for Hoot and Sally; theirs has been a hectic and storm-troubled marital voyage.

Before Sally went to Europe, hers and Hoot's status was one of friendly separation. They denied both divorce and reconciliation statements. They lived apart, but went places together. They were mad about each other, as they always have been, but constant bickering had widened the rift between them to the point where they realized that any emotional reconciliation could only be a temporary one. When Sally sailed for Europe, they had an understanding. It was to the effect that she would see how she felt with those thousands of miles between them.

She did write him and her answer was definitely no. Hoot, meanwhile, had met little blonde Joan Gale. He was willing to wait a reasonable length of time for Sally to make up her mind, but not indefinitely. Little Gale was right there at hand, obviously crazy about him, and he was much attracted to her. She was not a prominent picture figure like Sally. There was no career to conflict. Whereas he and Sally had spatted constantly, he and Joan had never a word. The attraction grew, and eventually Hoot professed himself in love with Joan.

Then Hoot cracked up at the Air Races and for several days he was in a serious condition. When they dragged him from his wrecked plane, it was Joan he called for. And it was Joan who was at his bedside constantly. Sally, back in New York by then, wired messages of concern and solicitude. She telegraphed Hoot's close friends that her bank account was at his disposal and not to let him want for anything. But Hoot and his friends felt that if Sally had still loved him she would have put everything else aside to rush to him. A little unfair, considering that Sally knew he was in no danger and considering that Hoot had been openly telling the press about his feeling for Joan Gale.

Speaking of Hoot's friends. Their loyalty and devotion to him has in some ways rather hindered than helped a reconciliation. He has always turned to his men friends for sympathy during any quarrel with Sally. Joan Gale is the first woman who has ever figured seriously in the situation. Hoot ardently professes his love for her; yet every time he receives a wire from Sally he is all agog.

When, right out of an apparently clear sky, Carole Lombard departed for Reno to start divorce proceedings, Bill Powell gave out a statement to the press that her move was a complete surprise to him. That statement was not quite true. There had been a settlement three days before. Whether Bill's simulated surprise was an attempt to protect Carole or himself, I do not know. There have been two-way rumors, both that Carole was interested in another man and that Bill was interested in another woman. I do not think either is the real reason for the divorce.

I believe the fundamental cause of the Lombard-Powell split was a difference in age and temperament. When Bill and Carole first fell in love, Carole hesitated a long time before she made up her mind to marry him. Much as

she loved him, she did not feel that they could make a go of marriage. Bill, she pointed out, was much older. He had had his playboy days. He had been married before and divorced. He had long been one of the gay bachelors around town, and he was tired of it. He wanted to settle down and lead a routine existence.

On the other hand, Carole said she was not at all ready to settle down. Life for her was just beginning and she wanted to be free to taste it to the full. She was, she said, a very disorganized person at the time. And added that her family was equally disorganized, haphazard and impulsive. When Bill was courting her, he used to go to her house for dinner and was invariably completely bewildered by the whole household. That seemed a warning to Carole that she would not fit into Bill's scheme of married life. But she finally allowed him to overcome her doubts and fears; her better judgment, one might say.

Then, there was the problem of Bill's eight-year-old son by his first marriage. Bill was mad about the youngster, had him at the house, and got a great kick out of palling with him. He taught him to ride and was immensely proud of him. He was absorbed in studying the boy, watching his development. Perhaps, without realizing it, Carole was a little jealous of that relationship between father and son, a relationship in which she had no share.

WITH Richard Dix and his wife, it was a case of difference of career rather than of age or temperament. When Dix, the perennial bachelor, finally married, he chose a non-professional, a society girl. It wasn't long before it became apparent that she did not understand an actor's life. Sometimes Dix would work all night and she would be left alone. Then, when he was at home, he'd be too tired to go out. She was young and attractive and naturally she wanted bright lights and excitement occasionally.

Dix, after his years of bachelorhood, probably didn't find it easy to adjust himself to matrimony. At any rate, there were rows and eventually a separation.

The birth of a baby daughter brought them back together temporarily. Dix bought a house and once more he and Winifred Coe tried to make a go of marriage. However, even the baby could not bring them together for long. They have parted again, this time permanently. Winifred Coe has gone back to her people and to the life she understands. And Dix has gone back to his bachelorhood.

Claudette Colbert's comment on the rumor problem is: "If Norman's and my marriage ever does break up, it will be due to these rumors." Connie Bennett, who is also vehemently denying divorce talk, says, on the other hand, "Even if I didn't love Henri as much as I do, I'd stick to him out of sheer stubbornness just to thwart these rumor hounds." Which, even believing as much as I do in Connie's independence of spirit, I seriously doubt.

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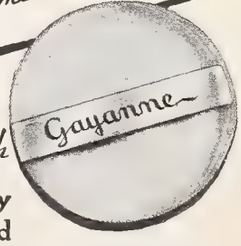
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Katharine Hepburn's Marriage

(*Continued from page 17*)

curse it puts on all its marriages might shatter her own marital security?

She trembled at the thought, I am sure, and tried to force her mind to flee from it. But here were reporters waiting with questions. She tried to avoid their queries into her private life. In vain, of course. So, with all the treasury of her happiness at stake, she lied valorously.

A white lie, as we now see it, but then . . . well, she denied her marriage and of all the low forms of life there is none meaner than the woman who, in the first flush of success, disavows the mate who helped her to triumph.

It was only natural that we, who knew the facts, should wonder . . . and worry. Not about Katharine, who has always been able to take care of herself, but about her marriage.

I want you to know about that marriage. It is a very special kind, you may be sure. When you understand how special it is, you will understand almost all there is to know about Katharine Hepburn. And Ludlow Smith.

Look at the man. He is six feet tall, broad, dark, and good-looking. His eyes show a sense of humor, keen understanding and sympathy. When he smiles, which is often, you are surprised at its contagious quality. His office is in mid-town New York where he makes an excellent living selling insurance. More than once, he has been mistaken for a foreigner; probably it is his dark but ruddy coloring and the way he wears his hair . . . rather long so that it curls about his face and ears. He is the sort of man who looks stunning in brown, who wears a soft hat and a tweed topcoat and smokes a briar pipe with devastating effect.

Travel is his hobby; that and photography. When he and Katharine go abroad, they take movies of their trips. Last year, they went through Europe by motor, over the Alpine passes and to Rome, Vienna, Berlin. On her first trip to Hollywood, his present to her was a moving picture camera.

HER residence being on the West Coast and his in the East would disturb, one might think, the happy balance of family life that was theirs before she turned toward the cinema. But it doesn't. Whenever she is with him, they go week-ending or for longer stays, if there is time, to her Hartford home; or, in the summer, to the Hepburn summer place on Long Island Sound. When she must remain in the West, he makes those visits just the same. Katharine has two brothers old enough for Harvard and two sisters old enough for Bryn Mawr. There is nothing the four of them enjoy more than rough-housing with "Kath's boy friend."

That is the man today, not much different from the Ludlow Smith who came into her life that glamorous evening at Bryn Mawr when she, a junior in college, felt the thrilling tap on her shoulder that claimed her as his partner at a dance to which he had come "stag."

There have always been schoolgirl romances but sometimes, in the memories of classmates, there is one which shines with a luster that defies time's tarnish. Such a one, her friends remember, was this between Katharine and Ludlow.

He lived in Philadelphia, a brief run from Bryn Mawr. I didn't know him then but he must have been one to wear becomingly the mantle of romance. His background included the wealth of a prominent Philadelphia family, a vast amount of foreign travel, and schooling that culminated at the University of Grenoble, near Paris. No wonder that this undergraduate girl saw in him her Prince Charming.

As for Katharine, you have seen her on the screen and can better understand the allure that she held for the "stag" visitor. But this you may not know. This girl who has been called wild, rich (in the Barbara Hutton sense), Bohemian, outlandish, egotistical, exotic, eccentric and blasé is really as charming and *human* a being as you could meet. Knowing these things knowing that her father is a well-known surgeon and her mother is a cousin of Alonso B. Houghton who was America's Ambassador to the Court of St. James, you find that she is one of *us,* although publicity departments might have us think otherwise.

And quite like many of us, when she graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1928, she did not want to stay at home. Why? Because the hypnotic glitter of the theatre had already fixed her in the spell it casts over its devotees. Speaking rôles in a scattering of Bryn Mawr plays had trained her most inadequately for a career, but to the ambition of youth this was no handicap. Her father, dead set against the theatre as a career for his daughter, discovered her mother dead set for it; so he compromised, and Katharine got what she wanted.

ONE of the first persons to learn of this domestic victory was Ludlow Smith. Amazingly, Fate seems to have placed him with her during many moments destined to become milestones in her life. This night she met him with shining eyes and said, "Dad's given permission. I'm going on the stage."

He thought a moment, deeply, have no doubt; for this was the girl he hoped to marry. But as yet he had not proposed. It isn't difficult to imagine the conflict in his mind. Most men don't willingly share their wives with a career. His answer to her that night is a clue to the bigness of the person we hear of today as the mysterious "Mr. Smith."

"I know a man who might help you," he told her. "Maybe we can get you a job."

That friend of Ludlow's gave her a letter to a producer named Edwin

Knopf of Baltimore. Within a few weeks, she was on the stage. At first, her rôles were trivial, to be sure, but her feet were treading the golden road she had chosen for herself, and there is no sweeter reward when one is barely out of one's 'teens—with all life ahead—than the planting of one foot before the other on the road to success.

You probably know the story of her swift rise to the foremost feminine lead in a show called "The Big Pond," of endless rehearsals where she worked until her nerves were ragged threads, of the "try-out" in Great Neck, Long Island, before a critical top-hatted audience.

That portentous night will remain forever a feverish jumble in her mind. Somewhere in it, after hours of speaking lines in the yellow glare of footlights and the thunder of applause had died, a man came to her and said in a flat, firm voice, "You won't do, Miss Hepburn. You're fired." At the end of it, another man drove her over roads that seemed endless to her home in Connecticut while she, with her head on his hospitable shoulder, tried to forget all the hurt and worry of her failure. That man was Ludlow Smith.

I wonder if that wasn't the night he said, "I'd like to help you much more than you've let me. I could, if we were married." And other things, too; nothing so trite as "I love you," but sweet mysterious phrases that only a Prince Charming can discover for his princess.

And then, on December 12, 1928, to repeat, they were married.

If I have been able to make you feel some of the "nearness" that these two persons felt for each other before their wedding, please believe me when I say this feeling was intensified tenfold after it. They lived through four glorious years so crowded with minor mishaps and triumphs that the time seemed like months instead. Though his business absorbed him, he was never too busy to listen to Katharine's new plans or to pat away the scars left by old cares.

Those four years, I tell you, were the happiest either of them had ever known. Living fully and loving deeply, it was inevitable that Katharine's talents should blossom presently like hibiscus under the sun.

It was the picture, "Bill of Divorcement," that introduced her to the world. And flung her headlong into the troublous stream that leads almost every famous movie marriage to the divorce courts in Reno.

SHE recognized readily enough the danger to her that lay in the fame that met her on her return from that fateful trip to Europe.

She remembered the pitiless newspaperman's eyes that watch each star through his days and nights.

When, by virtue of her own single performance, she found herself one of the screen's nobility, subject to the same Juggernaut-like system that can make one a subject for any rumor or scandal or gossip that lips choose to utter, it frightened her.

If you knew, as Katharine knew, the tragic consequences of all this, of the sad endings of so many buoyant Hollywood hopes, I wonder if you wouldn't have been frightened, too. I think you would.

Wouldn't you, in the same stirring situation, have lied about your marriage?

Look honestly at the picture as she saw it. She had been in Hollywood and knew long before you or I of the forces which destroyed Mary Pickford's and Douglas Fairbank's story-book romance, Joan's and Doug Jr.'s marriage. Janet Gaynor's and Lydell Peck's, Richard Dix's and his beautiful wife's, of William Powell's and Carole Lombard's.

"But that won't happen to me," she might have said had she been less wise. Instead, she faced the fact that it had happened to women just as much in love as she was.

Why not disaster in Hollywood for Katharine Hepburn and Ludlow Smith, then?

That thought turned her brain topsy-turvy and brought a valiant white lie to her lips the day her ship sailed into New York harbor.

It still brings white lies to those same grimly determined lips. Hepburn has chosen to stand by her story. "It was some other Katharine Hepburn," she said, remember. It is a curious position that she attempts to maintain despite documentary evidence and the certain knowledge of her friends, isn't it? At times, because she has refused to talk to newspaper men, she has been accused of stealing Garbo's potent thunder. Others who have taken her word for it that she is not married are bewildered by her transcontinental visits to Ludlow Smith.

I know writers who have tried to break through her sham by getting an admission from him. They have wasted their time. He says, "I can't tell you." If he likes you and trusts you he may add that he has promised Katharine to say nothing.

"But the reporters can always find out," you may argue. "If you don't tell them, they'll get the story somehow. You know what reporters are."

"I know what reporters are," is his reply, "but I know what Katharine is, too."

Well, that is my story of this girl's marriage. Because she has refused to reveal it publicly, much that is either weird or cheap has been hazarded about it. By now you know, I hope, that it is fine and precious and still dazzlingly romantic.

Her continued denials are a plucky girl's effort to save the most precious thing she possesses. To keep her private life clear, she believes she must separate forever the woman who is the actress and the woman who is the wife devoted.

Almost, I believe she will succeed. The final answer may be a long time coming, but even now I think we can foretell it. For unless most of her friends are mistaken, here is a girl who can willingly sacrifice the shallow glory of being Katharine Hepburn for the rich joy of being Mrs. Ludlow Smith.



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I've Dressed Them All!

(*Continued from page 42*)

being paid for ideas and suggestions.

After many, too many sessions of trouble and disappointments at the old Paramount Studios, I once again, in my own shop, found myself commissioned to make the clothes for Miss Nissen, who was scheduled to be leading lady in Howard Hughes' famous epic, "Hell's Angels."

There were three people to please. Miss Nissen was the easiest to satisfy, her mother the hardest and Mr. Hughes the most trying. There's a gent who knows what he wants and, whether it's correct or not, he's going to get it. He wanted the heroine of his film to be sensuously dressed and I'm telling you she was!

There was one dress with cut-outs around the waist, but the cut-outs had been filled in with transparent net, more for keeping the dress in shape than for modesty. Mr. Hughes, however, remembered that the sketch had shown the skin and, although the net looked the same to the eye of the camera, it looked like veiled skin to him. With a pair of scissors borrowed from one of the dressmakers on the set, he proceeded to cut away the offending spots of gauze.

Two years later Mr. Hughes' office called my shop again. We knew that the air sequences had been in work for many months and we supposed the picture was almost completed. But so much time had elapsed since the opening shots with Miss Nissen that she looked not at all like the same girl in the re-takes. A new heroine was called in to take her place, a girl then unknown but now on the very top rung of the movie ladder.

Platinum-haired Jean Harlow had a complete new set of costumes designed for her and while no designer could ever be proud of them as nice clothes, they unquestionably gave Miss Harlow a start, in the undressed parts which were to follow.

Later on in these memoirs I have some amusing things to tell you about Jean. But wait until I read her autograph in my book.

Now here's a big bold scrawl—as big as the heart of the woman who wrote it, Marie Dressler. When she put her name in my book she was unknown to movie fans.

She had decided to take a stab at pictures but I doubt that she was very optimistic about the outcome. She took a house in Hollywood where a woman friend she had know in New York lived with her.

Her passion was bridge and she used to telephone me two and three times a week to ask me to make a fourth. What little I know about the game I learned at Marie Dressler's knee—or rather, across the table from her. What a relentless teacher she was!

Some of the best meals I've ever tasted were served to me in Marie's house. Marie is an expert cook and what she can do to a turkey is nobody's business. Throughout her first winter in Hollywood I saw a great deal of her. She was given a part in one of Corinne Griffth's last pictures and scored in it. After that she did a comedy for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and her real rise began.

From that time on she was more difficult to see. She worked very hard, was ill a great part of the time and had countless social obligations. With it all —and I'm sorry to say it—and I guess I'm the only one who ever has, but it's true—Marie went just a little bit Hollywood when her second fame started to settle around her. Gloria Swanson in her hey-day was no more difficult to get in touch with than is Queen Marie in these days.

The next two or three pages of the book are given over to the names of those who came to my shop's opening.

ONE of the girls at the opening was Estelle Taylor. She was particularly interested in a chrome-yellow lace negligée, with a banding of yellow jewels and rhinestones. She was doing a picture at that time for one of the smaller studios and needed a negligée for one of the scenes.

When a saleswoman told her the price was three hundred and twenty-five dollars she went quite white. Nevertheless she returned the following day, tried the negligée on and studied herself for a long time in the mirror. We naturally supposed that she was going to purchase a copy of the robe from us. But not at all. She felt it was too expensive to buy but not too expensive to copy.

She appeared in the picture wearing such an excellent duplicate that we wondered how it was possible for anyone to carry such an amount of detail in mind. We have never taken great pains to get her into the shop since to see our models.

Here's a name that once meant *something* in the film world, to gossip writers and in newspaper headlines. The Princess Serge Mdivani—Pola Negri.

Pola spelled temperament not only with capital letters but with bright red ones, too. When she frowned everyone on the old Paramount lot trembled. She listened to no one's advice and for several years it appeared that her own ideas were as good as anyone's. In the end, however, she tasted the bitterness of defeat and oblivion. It's well nigh impossible to climb as high as Pola climbed and stay in such a dizzy spot indefinitely.

Pola had the waywardness of a child —a spoiled child at that!—and a charm that made people adore her if they were ever allowed near enough for that privilege. I have known Pola to hold up production on a big film—with thousands of extras milling about unable to work until the star of the picture appeared—while she sulked in her dressing room because her slippers had been dyed one shade off from the gown she meant to wear with them. Such fits of temper were amusing—but costly.

I happened to be in Berlin when Pola returned to Europe for her first visit after having completely bowled America over. I knew how important she was in Hollywood, but I did not realize how her fame had spread.

I WENT to the station to meet her train and found a cordon of police holding back curious, waiting mobs.

Pola, like the queen she could be when the occasion demanded, stepped regally upon the platform and smiled radiantly upon the press representatives from every civilized country in the world. Try as I might, I was unable to get near her. Eager youngsters mobbed her. The police were unable to get them back. After a great deal of difficulty I succeeded in getting a car which was the thirty-fourth in the procession of cabs and private cars which escorted La Negri to her suite at the Adlon.

Here another writhing mass of humanity awaited her—and more police were there to check them. Pola sailed majestically through the opened line and entered the hotel.

I went to the suite of rooms she had engaged in advance, still waiting to say "hello" to her. Some hundred newspaper men were following her about from one room to the other, asking her questions in English, German, French, Polish and Russian. Little tables were scattered through the rooms and eventually everyone was seated and champagne was opened. Toasts were drunk.

At long length the rooms cleared. Pola and her maid were the only two left. But I had hidden behind a screen. I came out and looked at her in amazement for I couldn't believe that any woman in the world could turn the world so topsy-turvy. Pola was calm—but tired. I could not think of anything to say and then, looking around the enormous rooms, I burst out with, "But Pola, why in the name of heaven have you taken such an immense suite?"

"Ah, but I will need it. I must have a suite this large to hold all the flowers which people are going to send me!"

Next month Howard Greer continues his fascinating memoirs. There's another grand story about Pola when, for once in her life, public attention turned from her to someone else. Mr. Greer also tells about the time Lupe Velez borrowed a dress, what Tom Mix wore to the opening, a strange experience with Katharine Hepburn, how he shopped with Norma Talmadge at Cartier's and many more absolutely inside and hitherto untold anecdotes. Don't miss next month's installment.

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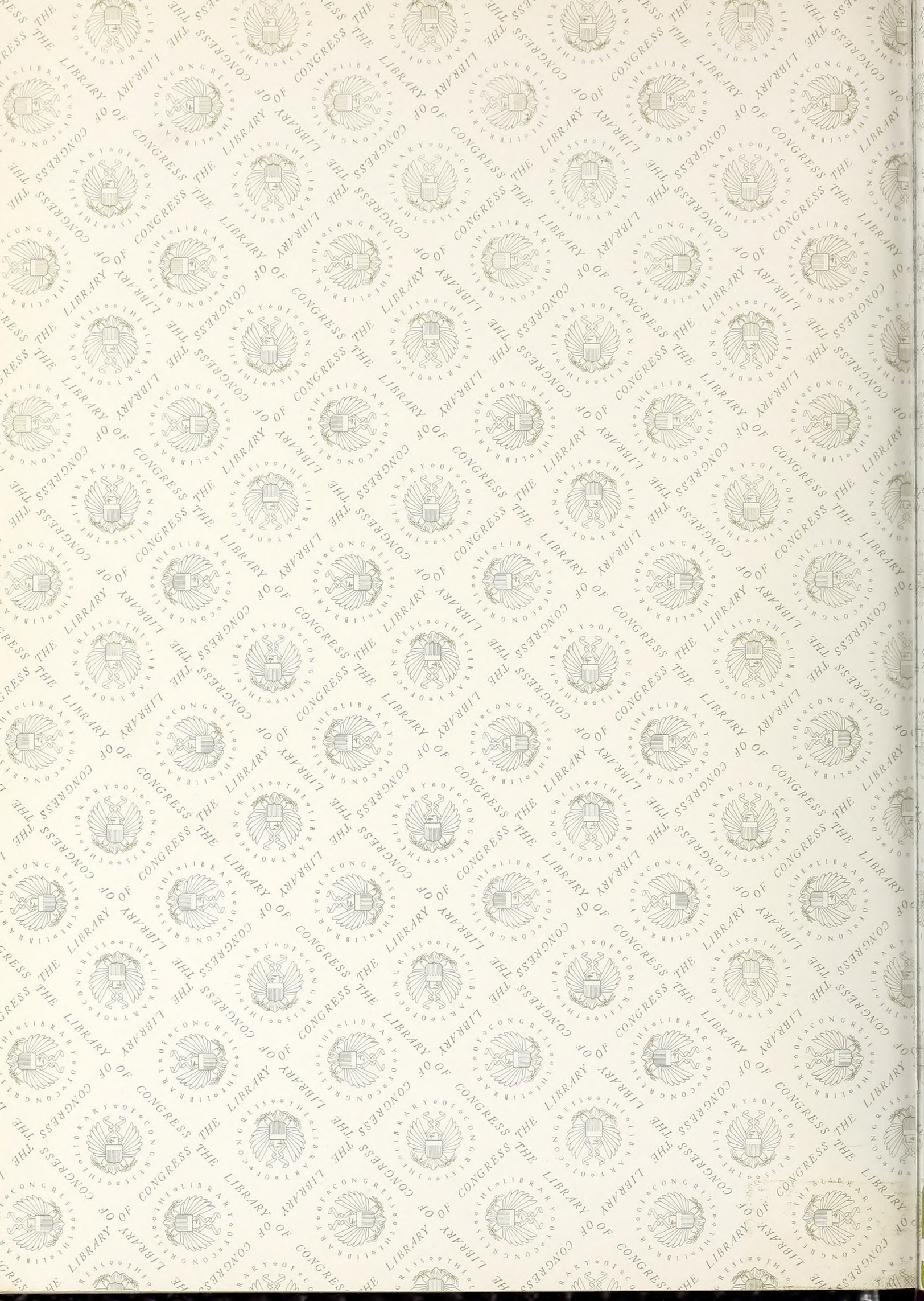
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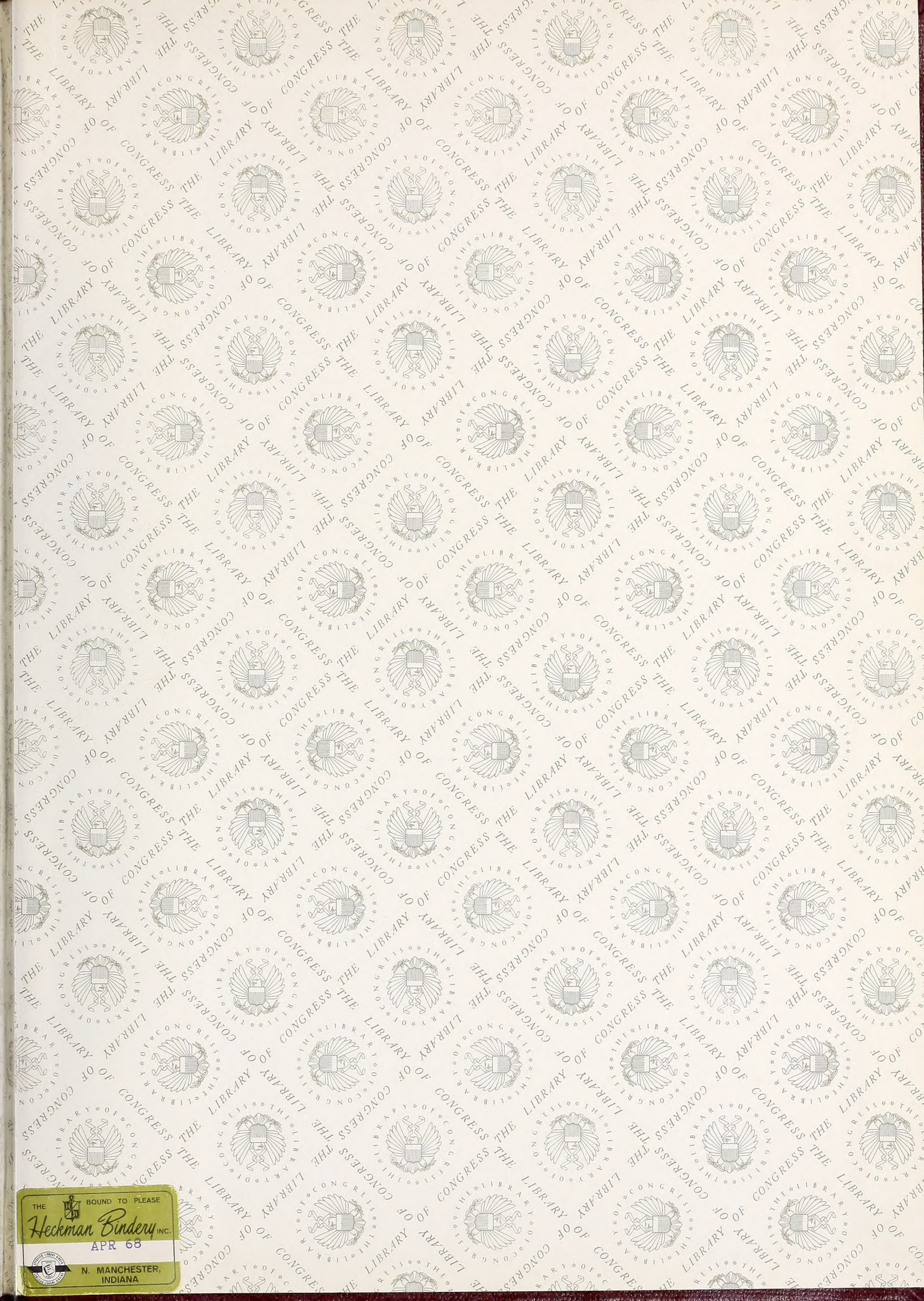


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